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### The Pen is Mightier than the Sword

I have a dream . . .  
Martin Luther King, Jr.

I think, at first, of King . . .  
I see him on the monument,  
up there, gathering in the words  
with slow, powerful cadences,  
people nodding, “uh unh”

and I think of the pen in his hand  
as he must have jotted those words  
nights before.

and I think of the short, squat implement in his hand  
and wonder about its standing up  
to the semi-automatic, or to the  
submarine missile gliding silently in subarctic  
waters.

And yet it isn't King,  
nor even the small, still voice *he*  
listened to . . .

it is the *writing*, the *jotting* of a  
phrase: “beloved community,” “a force field  
more powerful than war,”

and the way each phrase enters  
the brain, the bloodstream,  
the very expanding and contracting  
of the lungs . . .

Until it is filtered, distilled,  
into the myriad choices that  
make our days, our weeks,  
our millennia.

**--Andrew Moss, 2010**