"Brother"

Jonathan K. Stubbs

University of Richmond

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Come, my friends  
'Tis not too late to see a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and Heaven; that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

God Bless you Professor Willie Lavonsa Moore.
“Brother”

A peaceful spirit
A quiet way
Always attentive
Often not a lot to say
Until he got to know you
And then you would see,
the smile, the laughter, the insight—
   yes, then you would see the real brother—
   just being
   himself . . .

A kindred spirit
Who knew that many times life in our country
was not really ours,
For life involves freedom . . .
   being yourself
Life in your country means you can be yourself
   and laugh, and joke, and play — and tell stories, and not
have to explain
   you can be different and not have that count against you
But the poet says “We wear the mask that grins and lies”
But in your country,
   Not a piece of land but a peace of mind,
you can be
   not under the magnifying glass,
you can
   be . . .

Imagination
What was it like at brother’s earthly beginnings
   Fresh air and open spaces
   Close family and love
   Struggle and waiting,
   Sacrifice and dedication
   Put down but refusing to stay
   Blocked but not stopped
Sometimes almost about to quit, but knowing that
Help was always there,
   An out stretched hand,
   A pleasant smile, or silent
   prayer . . .

Remembering
   The early years
   Yes, play and laughter,
   Occasional tears
   Growing to be the best
   In school, community and beyond
College, a super-star
And yet, not big-headed
In the Ivys
Right in his League
At the Bench
A thorough and creative mind
At the Bar
Sensitivity, perseverance and courage
“You will not deprive this child of justice. I will fight ’til
my last breath”
And he did.

Again the poet says, “Life for me ain’t been no crystal stair”.

Brother,
Gone, but not long
We follow your footsteps
Brother
Gone, but still here — our spirits hold hands
Brother
Gone, but not far
Your memory remains deep in our hearts
Brother
Not gone, for to paraphrase the poet,
Dear Brother
AND STILL — TOGETHER, WE RISE!