

The Memory of Sam Cooke

Oh what a wonderful world this would be
If the deep indigo dye was not thoughtlessly caste –
If opportunity in her equability knocked at all doors
Allowing those bereft of means equal access to success
An equal chance for freedom
An equal chance for dignity and grace

What a wonderful world this would be
If it was not necessary to know much about geography
The status quo stuff; Like the French I took
In order to be valued, to be respected, to be affirmed

What a wonderful world this would be
Where the young man who ends in sad demise
On the unswept floor of a “by the hour” motel
Is redeemed by the beauty of those
Who choose to reminisce and evoke
The light, the music, the magic
No matter how brief
Oh, what a wonderful world this would be

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