Pray Thee to Anacreon in Heaven* (A Green Stained Knee)

An ode to Colin Kaepernick

It was a knee, a grass stained knee
No grand Tommy Smith-John Carlos
Victory stand fisted, black-gloved salute

No flip the bird or mooning the moon
It was a knee, a green grass stained knee
A silent, nonviolent, protesting knee

In a contested view of a freedom song
Sung all wrong—land of the white free
Grave to the black slave—it was a knee

A symbolic dissent to the dreaded Scott
Decision: No rights need be respected—
Defiantly rejected, refusing to be a knave

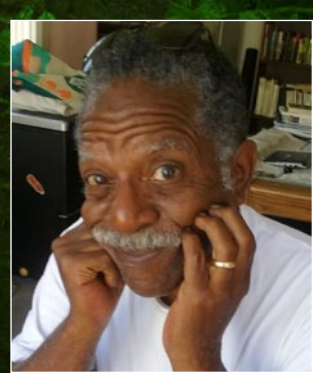
Fully aware of the camera's red glare
Irate fan boos bursting the pre-game air
Refusing to be a slave, he took a knee

An unforced sack, no clip, no trip, no block
Knowing he'd be dropped and Shanghaied
Off a San Francisco dock, he took a knee

On sidelines in cleats and near-clean pants
No end zone dance, touchdown run, or catch
Just a man who stood by taking a knee

**The Anacreontic Song was the title of the toasting tune to which Francis Scott Key's poem In Defense of Fort*

GT Foster



GT Foster, a twice-nominated Pushcart poet, is a California native, retired educator, married father and grandfather of 2. He was formerly managing editor of SPECTRUM, a poetry and art quarterly and host of Saturday Afternoon Poetry Deep Critique. He resides in Pasadena and has published his first novel, *The Boys Are Not Refined,* a Vietnam era, semi-biographic soldier's story. His poetry has been published by the Pasadena Weekly, San Gabriel Valley Quarterly, Altadena Poetry Review, Spectrum, and elsewhere.