

Revolutionaries' Waltz by Danny Cherry Pg. 1

I had grown weary of square-dancing with Pendleton's bigots and sycophants — my feet were yearning to dance the Waltz of Revolution; The steps of positive change. The garments of equality fit me perfectly, and my shoes of activism never wore down, even though I was always in motion. The Indiana Department of Correction's despots were powerful, yet dense and unorganized. If I continued to endure the hardships of their indescribable cruelties, some of my fellow-revolutionaries would join me to advocate for reform. My heart's sorrow flowed through my body collecting my internal pain, then released it in tears that fell from my eyes as I danced alone in the dark abyss — Indiana State Reformatory.

Deadly optimism had always clouded my logic. Inhumane treatment by Pendleton and other I.D.C. employees had begun to quicken me

Revolutionaries' Waltz by Danny Cherry pg. 2

From that terminal rapture. My initial fears when endangered inside Pendleton Correctional Facility had only resulted from my illusions of what the I.D.O.C.'s proclaimed "Incarceration. Education. Rehabilitation." objectives were. There were no educational and rehabilitative opportunities being afforded - quite the opposite. Once reality set inside my mind, I adjusted to the inevitable; martyrdom for exposing the truth. I was convinced - silence was worse than death; far worse than being assassinated. Truth had to be dug up, even though it had been buried deep; Pendleton marked the spot where I would commence the archaic revolutionaries' Waltz - shovel in hand.

My activism was atavistic - inherited from my fearless forebearers. Their footsteps taught me the difficult positions, painful movements, and humble tolerance required to gain mastery over the dance of civil disobedience. I had

Revolutionaries' Waltz by Danny Cherry pg. 3

been born to dance the dance of my predecessors;
Henry David Thoreau, Mahatma Gandhi, Dr. Martin
Luther King Jr. Those honorable and noble men
had mastered the revolutionaries' waltz; so
would I.