

Please... Post



Ghetto-Hell

- By Joe (OKera) Valentine -

Truth be told and game be sold — don't you buy it — I'ma be bold and tell no lie ... most of my homeboys of gun-shot holes are dead gone ... ambitious peers who didn't live thirty years as they met the malicious math of social engineers who gave us ghetto-hells ... wraths of paths of dilapidation ... vicious whirlpools which suction the vitality of those born only to be punished.

Our promising young ... REMEMBER Dorrian and Aiyana ... under constant threat beleaguered in a concentration of affinities in desperation because unlike what Ice Cube said ... gangsters don't make the world go round ... but in reality they hold our future's hostage and tear our dreams down ... ~~incessant~~ incessant sirens of ambulances arrive — HIGH TIDES OF AFRICIDE — invariably too late to curry once vibrant corpses morgue bound as top cops hurry away trigger ^{fingers} companions of deep fatality who've for the sake of sane rescue long ago forsaken provocative aspirations of a pleasant life of compassion ... a suburb undisturbed by fratricidal violence by those who make our children BOW DOWN from bullets of SELF-HATE.

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Easy & ... a Ni... Wit' ah Attitude... like I
and you didn't find it easy in them streets of BOYZ
made monstrous rude — TOO MUCH SCARFACE IN
THEIR CALLOUS MINDS— trained mutts for the shrewd
who truly rule in hate that's nude while our Tupac
struggled to crystalize miracles from unforgiving
concrete hearts of Black gang bangin' fools...
sprouting black roses of trepidation where too many
like Biggy are Ready to Die... notorious... to escape
the hood fate where the meter of life runs low.

~~PEACE AND SECURITY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA~~
Wycleff had a one and a million luck to
come outta that made-by great America rat infested
mud hut and project roaches built for US by those
who pay him to hush-up... sittin' plush in ignorance's
mush... while we endure so much our trust in hope
ever evaporates in exasperation as the brutality of
ghetto-hell spares none pain's rush a loved ones blood
gush... but we push against the nightmares of Jay-Z's
New York anthem and condemn the Rockefellers...
remember the Attica massacre and those looted by
exploitation... Roc-Wear thug icons... while our
idols swore to overthrow criminal Dons.

The Jazz master Guru flew away to give freedom
fighters and justice a fightin' hand... that be

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the wise plan and not Obama the "yes man" . . .
embracing comrades on every land who died
in pride while nurturing salubrious visions our
righteous paragons of love.

The bling rings as our eardrums are pounded stone -
death by those who forever sing of peace in oppression
. . . we've learnt the real lessons . . . better days
to come cowards keep professing to calm the
intemperant so we'll go on sinking in the indignities
of poverty's tyranny. Turn the meek cheek while
our world of boiling spirits in crises peaks in pendulum
swings . . . vacillations of Martin's myopic dream.

For those who live in blind trance . . . those caught
in Lady Liberty's romance . . . Oscar Grant never
had a chance, but what's new except more of y'all
in the slums or killin' with Uncle Sam's guns from
Iraq to Vietnam . . . a life in debt's balance. As for
Rev. King we love the man but like "Yes We Can"
. . . that integration plan just won't ever pan on
this racist land an open pandoras box of insidious
deception. America's Most Wanted dare not declare
on All Points Bulletin for Alan Greenspan and his
kleptomania clan.

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Whoops... didn't mean to let the cat out of the proverbial bag... my bad... so sad is our plight neglected by politicians shearing paradoxes and simmering dilemmas as we're up in Rodney King smoke of revolts that fade like eggs. We who gag and choke at your arrogant jokes... poking us in our provoked proud eyes... stoked fires by ravaging intransigent lies of economic trickle downs... to those without boots and golden parachutes who are serenaded by the sarcasm of global pariahs engaged in sadism by human imprisonment.

Our dynamic fearful transformation brought alive in our imaginations the domain of private elation of an panoply of ideas of brilliancy to eviserate without hesitation your plantations of pandemonium on our journey for a society worthy of we the begrimed... ghetto-hell a panorama of wretchedness... witness intrepid warriors — no time for timid tears which soon turn bitter dry in apathy of America's mainstream of saltwater lovers of Empire.

Those born of shantytowns of perpetual deprivation... there deep in privation of the Appalachians holding onto inflaming racist beliefs which divide

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have as our obligation to empty nations of have-nots because only a chosen few got the Earth's gifts for wellbeing for all but us!

No! Nothing will be thrown to us from billionaire yachts... first class super-jets evading our misery nor from the panacea of heaven or Obama's stimulus as the Federal Reserve gyrates in jubilation by the sly vocalization of Momma Grizzly Sarah Palin...

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