

## "PURIFY TEARS"

THE STREETS IS CALLING...

WHISPERING INTO THE EARS OF THOSE WHO LISTEN. DEAF EARS CAN'T HEAR THE SOUNDS OF A MOTHER KNEELING. HER TEARS PURIFIES HER PRAYERS. QUIET MUMBLES CARRIED TO THE HEAVENS BY AIR. SHE RESTS HER HEAD ON A PILLOW OF FAITH. SLEEPS WITH NO WORRIES OR CARES.

THE STREET IS CALLING...

HE'S BEEN HUSTLING ALL EVENING. STOPS AT THE CRIB, SEE MOM'S BUT HAS NO TIME FOR SPEAKING. HE'S READY TO GO CLUBBING. HE STEPS IN ON THE SEEN. WRIST AND NECK FLICKERING. THE LADIES IS JOCKING. HE'S LOVING THE ATTENTION. NOT KNOWING HE'S A SHEEP, AND THE WOLVES ARE WATCHING. HIS THINKING IS IMPAIRED BY THE DRINKING. HE'S FEELING LIKE HE'S ON TOP OF THE WORLD. NOT REALIZING HE'S SLIPPING. HE WALK TOWARDS HIS RIDE. COMES FACE TO FACE WITH A 4-5. FEAR ENTERS INTO HIS EYES. IN HIS HEART PLEASE HELP ME IT CRIES. A HAND SNATCHES HIS JESUS PIECE. THE VOICE OF THE DEVIL SINGS, "JESUS LOVES ME YES I KNOW". HE TAKES HIS CHANCE AND RUNS. HE HEARS THE SOUND OF THE GUN. THE BULLET WHISTLES PASS HIS EAR. IT STEERS OFF COURSE, CUZ IT HEARD THE QUIET MUMBLES LINGERING IN THE AIR. PURIFY TEARS ERASED HIS NAME OFF THE BULLET. SO DEATH, HE ESCAPES IT.

THE STREET IS CALLING...

SHE GETS UP CUZ SHE HEARS IT CALLING. SHE HURRIES TO HER SON'S ROOM AND FINDS HIM SLEEPING. SHE PUTS HER HANDS ON HER HEART AND THANKS GOD FOR BLESSING HER DAY WITH A BEAUTIFUL START. SHE GETS READY TO GO TO WORK. A SINGLE MOTHER TRYING TO MAKE THINGS WORK. HER EARS IS RINGING. SHE CAN HEAR THE STREETS CALLING. SO BEFORE SHE LEAVES SHE SAYS ONE LAST PRAYER, "LORD I PUT THIS SON OF MINE IN YOUR HANDS. PLEASE BLESS HIM ANYWAY YOU CAN, AND ALWAYS PROTECT HIM. AMEN". THE STREETS IS CALLING. HE GETS UP. HE CAN'T BELIEVE HIS LUCK. HE HEARS THE STREETS CALLING. NO TIME TO BE THINKING. CUZ TIME IS MONEY. DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO SEE MOM'S. SHE'S GONE TO WORK. SO HE PICKS UP HIS WORK. BACK AT THE SPOT. IT'S POPPING. ALL OF A SUDDEN THE DOOR DROPS. RUNNING IN IS THE COPS. TO THE FLOOR HE DROPS. NOW HE'S IN A CELL BLOCK. 7 IN AND 10 OUT, IS HISTIME OUT.



THE STREETS IS CALLING...

SHE HEARS IT, BUT NO LONGER CARING. HER SON IS SENT UP NORTH. SHE CAME TO SUPPORT HIM IN COURT. SHE STEPS OUT THE BUILDING. TEARS STILL IN HER EYES. HER SON FOR A WHILE WILL BE MISSING. THE WIND BLOWS AND DRIES HER TEARS. AND SHE HEARS IN THE WIND SOMEONE WHISPERING, "YOUR PRAYER HAS BEEN ANSWERED. HE IS SAFE NOW. THE STREETS WILL NO LONGER BE CALLING" SO SHE SMILES, AND THEN PURIFY TEARS START TO FALL FROM HER EYES.

BORIBOUNE SOUVANNASENG

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