

" INJUSTICE "

*Should I be mad, or should I be sad,
because my feeling, is far from glad.
I hate this place, more than before,
I stare out a barred window,
and sit behind a lock door.*

*I'm locked up in a cage, but they call it a cell,
an eight by twelve area, is where I dwell.
I'm treated like an animal, or should I say beast,
never getting respect, to say the least.*

*I think of my children, I love them a lot,
do they remember me, or have they forgot.*

*The projects/ghetto, is where I grew up,
between that and society, I became corrupt.
I started to use drugs, as a young child,
all of them harsh, and none of them mild.*

*I went to trial, because I was innocent and right,
but my lawyer sold me out, like I knew he might.
He picked my jury, out of my so-called peers,
now I'm the one sitting, and doing these years.*

*But my mind stays strong, even as they take.
'cause my spirit, they could never break.*

*The judicial system doesn't work, take it from me,
'cause if justice prevails, I would be free.
But society ignores this, until push comes to shove,
and it happens to someone, they really love.*

By Michael Gomes