

# The Coldest Day, of My Life.



The windChill factor of the icy Cold elements of Boston, the streets of Dorchester, Roxbury, Mattapan, etc.

BadBoys incorporated.

The life of a young black man, suffering from the ills of being abandoned by father, Mother and siblings, friends. The 70's mindset that shaped our mentality, the social-trends.

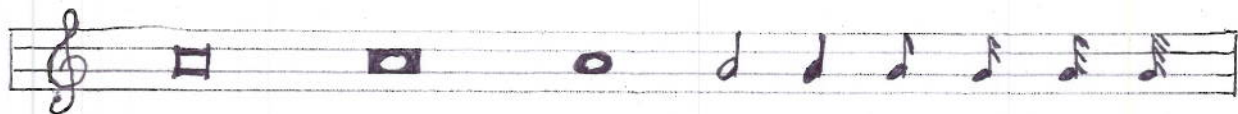
I'll share with you actual true experiences of my life out there on the streets.



2

I heard mom say and saw  
my father do the things I thought  
a man should or shouldn't do.  
Slowly slipping into the darkness, the  
many ways of an untold road leading  
us in the belly of the beast known today,  
As prison-industry.

My parents separated in the early 70's,  
as I listened the Radio, W.I.L.D -  
10.90 AM was playing Marvin Gaye.  
Mother, Mother, there too many of you  
Crying, War is not the answer, for  
only Love can Conquer hate... you know  
we've got to find some love here today.  
Whats going on? someone tell me - whats going on?



These were the songs that spoke of our conditions and  
never will our **MUSIC** change until we change what's  
in our own selves. Curtis Mayfield, he sang the poetic  
melody of truth... he said 'Freddie's dead that's what I said,  
another Lunkie is slain.'



3

Living and dwelling within a project complex, hundreds of people all crammed and jammed-up, hotter than hell itself. And you can smell and breathe diesel-fuel, toxic fumes slowly killing us. On every corner there's a store selling liquor to keep us drunk and intoxicated out of our minds beyond common sense reasoning. We seek the help of our Creator, but the churches are drunk too... from spiritual falsehood by Jack-leg preachers - people faking the holy-ghost. pimping and playing people with Bible stories, mom, do you have to pay to be a follower of Jesus? Did he actually die for our sins, or was it the sinful ways of those who murdered him? And momma would say 'boy you better watch what you say about the Lord. Well, they didn't seem to care much, and neither those who killed Kennedy, Malcolm X and King.

momma had no idea, that I was not ignorant to the forces of evil, as darkness began to slowly suck me into the abyss realm of hell on Earth.



4

Growing up in Dorchester, Browning Ave, my childhood was rich with friends and family, until that night. We played outside until dark, saying our goodnights not knowing it would be our last. That night my friend went home, he was hungry and ate the tuna sandwich he found in the refrigerator, went in his room to sleep not knowing it would be his last. His mother's boyfriend came home and raised hell over someone eating his sandwich, and the little girl said he ate your sandwich - he went in the room and got his gun... shot my friend in his sleep. The oldest brother ran to the room and he took two shots to the chest, but it didn't save the little one. This was one of the coldest days of my life.



Rest in peace  
1974



5

It was a early spring of 1975, I came home from the SARAH Greenwood school on Glenway. St, Elementary development. As I came through the hallway of Our 3 family building, I could hear the yelling and screaming, they always faught. My mom was a small woman but a tiger, and my dad was a tall man. I use to walk sometime ashamed that everyone heard how they faught like cat i; dog; it was the talk of Browning ave. I knew one day someone was going to get hurt real bad.

My dad had a drinking habit, and he would always after work stop at the Bar on Blue Hill Ave, Fields Cafe, and come home tore down. And my mom would start her AREtha FRANKLIN act, talking about R.E.S.P.E.C.T, then Milli Jackson into a full swing of Betty WRIGHT. Boy' she would call him a Serry ASS Negro' Worthless Tramp, Then all of a sudden she would turn around and say "Kiss my Brits. Bam' Boom' Crash' woman!! don't you ever... 9/11' ah-damn here comes Kojack' One Adam 12: Domestic violence, Dorchester Court. Honorable Judge King. Kick in Some Cash or that ASS is going to Charles. St Jail.



6

Seeing my dad go to jail was confusing, he was the hero in my life, and disliked my mom for calling the police... in my subconscious mind I had deep resentment. And this was one of the things that caused me to have woman issues. Torn between the love for my mother and my father, I was now two pieces of a boy 'Emotionally disturbed'.

In order for me to cope and deal with the situations confronting me, I intoxicated my mind with alcohol, pills, weed, etc. One of my friends older than I use to get it for me. Early Friday evening I cooked for him all over, on Saturday still no W.D. Sunday, the worry began and people questioned as to where he was. Monday morning it came on the news that they found a young black man hanging from a tree in a wooded area on Talbot ave... There's a old Graveyard behind The Joseph Lee school.

It gets greater later,  
for the anticipater,  
don't hate just participate.



Rest in Peace.

1974

TO BE CONTINUED: