

Delineations

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Delineations of life within the ghetto,
No appealing tales viewed on Jay Veno.
Striking reminders of the hood,
Scarcely anything of good.
Gunshots evolves into bedtime stories,
Gangsters, thugs and drug dealers glory.
To some it may seem as abrupt scenes,
To others the expressions of terrifying and mean.
Different situations, apart of life,
Bitter to some but others delight.
The necessities of block parties, liquor and drugs.
Criminal activities in the alley of someone being mugged.
Cops and robbers no longer a game,
Single parents struggling to maintain.
Candles for lighting, stoves used for heat,
Mistled young women becomes products of the streets.
Babies having babies with no way to provide,
Young men becoming fathers and decides to say bye.
Others find themselves attached to the fast life and jail,
Salvation Army and thrift shops becomes Bloomingdale.
Breakfast and dinner sometimes consist of the same meal,
Strong mothers breaks down when their young ones are killed.
Mies becomes relatives and reaches control the home,
Bills becomes a burden; no jail tone on the phone.
Drugs infested neighborhoods, white substance in a bag,
Young ones spend their day jumping rope and playing tag.
Education is no longer a primary must,
Infiltration on a street corner of a buy and bust.
But all is not bad, we do have some thing together,
Just a glims of Delineations of how some things are in the
ghetto.