

The Ghetto Ride

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It all began one late night
 You were with your friends
And I was with mine
 I heard your voice and I
Turned around to check you out
 From a distance I saw your
Bright eyes and your big Kool Aid smile
 For some reason I didn't like you
Nor did like your style
 But a couple of weeks later
I was on a ghetto ride
 I rode up and down
I rode back and forth
 I kept telling myself
That I needed to get off
I slid from side to side
Closing my eyes at times
Sitting there thinking of one
More thing to try
Knowing I'm not supposed to cry
So when I reached the bottom
I just jumped off and said
 Goodbye....