

## Talking Walls

My slave ship was a Blue Bird Bus,  
The walls were windows revealing the unknown,  
I've lived in the state my whole life,  
Yet I've never seen these agricultural plains,  
Where are they taking me away from civilization,  
In the mist of sticks we wash ashore this plantation,  
Stuffed into this coffin with a sink and toilet,  
The walls give me a little of history,  
Of gang beefs and the projects they derived,  
From broken spirits by way of oppressed circumstance,  
Manifest barbaric action, violence and sodomy,  
The walls were tattooed and deeply tanned,  
By grafitti and massive amounts of burnt tobacco,  
Exhaled on him as his occupant's vented to him,  
Of the multiple layered stress experiences,  
As the walls tells the tales of so many before me,  
He still has the time and patience to listen to mines,  
As we talk I add to his tan but not to his tattoos,  
Because the last time I left behind my ART,  
I returned to this twisted museum of lost souls.