

I am the one who got left behind, the one who disturbs your peace of mind.
I am the survivor of your street wars, Gangs, prisons and ghettos, the one you played
would remain blind to the signs of destruction.

I am the one you said would be nothing, The one who yelled, screamed, pled and begged
for a true chance to be something, anything but a statistic, A dream, I wanted to be
great like Martin Luther King.

I am the gun you hold now and the one you held then, I am the crack, exstacy,
Meth, herion, and Valiums you sold your sister, mother, brother, father, girl and
friend.

I am your beginning, middle, end, first, second, and last.

I am the dirt that use to be your grass, I am the reaction after the shotgun blast.
I am the enemy and friend from the past you try to forget

I am all of the decoyatory names you've heard

I am the sky, stars, sun, moon and birds

I am words whispered that you've never heard

I am the fire that burns, the wind that blows

I am the blood that flows from bullet holes and fist to face blows

I am the prisoner that each one of you knows