

Schooled in school

I have learned in school,  
where good teachers thought on nice stools,  
with decency and new books  
I have indeed been to school!

And I've been forced in school,  
where there were gangsters and crooks;  
wearing stainless chains and cuffs,  
in plain view and bound underground.

I was brought to school,  
by State officers and their hard looks,  
enclosed by brick walls, and holding steel hooks;  
and my knees bented on the concrete, not on wool.

Gotten to that school and teeth flew by blows,  
and blood, like graffiti painted the brick walls.  
One young man looses many sleep, laying low,  
who learned of his fate, thru the talks.

I heard wicked voices, full of rage within;  
breathing, evil sighs, and breaths taken in.  
The smell of hate like fire raging in.  
A sea of ego waves into evil men.

In their school the best is to fail;  
man's heart in himself shaken, and fail.  
We work for pennies per hour.  
And they cut each other's throat, a reign of false power.

Sure that school is no monastery,  
or Brother Paul's humble seminary.  
Schooled inside, lifers can taste their own death.  
Pull in all he can, before he is dead there!

To the school, men who cried, whimpering, for help asked askance.  
Minds and hearts, last thoughts and breaths expired;  
Many stay silent, or screaming others to silence,  
like the last Mohican who expired!