

When It Took A Village

Our house had no maid;
back when older folks were respected,
and a hard look, at least expected.
We stayed in our lanes,
and kept off their porches,
and out of the way.
Everything was comfortable that way!

Our house was around the "Block",
there were parties right on the "Block".
The storms of block-party,
summer-time and songs to reminisce;
laughter, weed's and spirit's happiness.
What we thought were harmless.
Everybody did their best!

Our house was always, rife, full.
Then there was addiction too,
and crossings of the line.
We saw sisters and mothers in decline;
what we thought was harmless.
Then came coke, crack and heroin;
and we sat there and watched,
their lives waist away, and dope-snatched!

Now we are grown,
our past is in the wind blown;
like an old rose that blossomed.
And what we lived are dead in a cloud of ghost.
But it takes a village to finish the final
completion of this human soul,
untouched by this society's flaws.

Unmolested by the opinions of this goverment,
unaffected by the pressure of his, or her peers,
no fears, no tears, clear!
Flatline, no more time to be indecisive about the future;
having the complications of the "Tomorrow People",
why not indulge?
Your purpose flows in the veins of your babies, red , white, who?

It Takes A Village,
it's a need to interrupt what you believe to be civil;
one voice, one family, one child at a time.
Educate, clarify, advocate,
it's our job to stop the hate,
or our village will have a road through it,
and it will be just like Canada;
unprocessed, unfiltered, not taken seriously.
If you are to raise a child,
why would one purposely reduce his or her chance at succeeding?
It Takes A Village, don't pillage, rape or plunder!