

#1 ~~Project~~

Wake Up

By: K. Shaun

Wake up,

To be honest, I'm hesitant to speak on specifics, not saying I don't want to help end the hopelessness of a lost generation that so many youngsters live in now, it's just, I remember being out there, thought I knew it all, wasn't trying to hear anything anyone was telling me. So, as it takes a village, and, each one teach one, I've got to do my part.

I want my pen to serve something the next generation can sink their teeth into, and think about, rethinking opportunities for redirection away from self-destruction and reckless conduct.

This is my life, nothing I write is pretend, cold admission, I had people sprinkle me with gems, didn't even realize it then, but to this day, a couple of things stick out in my mind, like, for example, old man Mr. Brown constantly telling me:

"Young blood, you better straighten up and fly right before you end up in the penitentiary!"

I knew he meant "penitentiary", it was so funny the way he said things, and I took it and him as a joke, not realizing the care he was showing me in those moments wasn't no joke.

The other gem came everytime I left the house, and on the way out, my Mom would say:

"Trouble easy to get into, and hard to get out of."

And like a damn fool I didn't listen, should've read between the lines, but instead, I missed what was hidden within the words of ole wisdom, and if I could do it all again, the last thing I would do is fight and refuse to allow them to plant the seeds of knowledge within my being.

Hardheaded me, I went a different route, in fact, let me paint for you, a more vivid depiction of what I'm living before I ask you to ponder this question.

#2

Could you handle being trapped in my cruel reality?
"WARNING, DO NOT PROCEED," you can't turn back if you follow me,

Arrested at 18 years old, convicted and sent to California's death row at 20 years old, still hard to believe the situation I find myself in, yeah, it's true, now I'm a part of a new generation of inner city youth stranded on death row for street level accusations, and never really had a chance to live my freedom, taken, just like that, and the irony is, I had at least thought, because I had never been in this kind of any trouble before, that I wouldn't get such a harsh sentence, so much for "ignorance is bliss".

Think it can't happen to you? Take a good look at me, I was you, but truthfully, have you ever imagined being me?, one of the many that have fallen victim to a systematic reasoning that states that I'm not fit to continue to live on earth? I'm not in prison like others, I'm on death row which happens to be located inside of a prison where I have zero communication with others that have fallen to mass incarceration in America, not fit for society, not even fit for prison, fit for death.

So called friends, done left me for dead, My Mom's the downest homie I have, even after all I put her through. And just like you, I gave my loyalty to the streets, in return, that didn't mean nothing, as the streets betrayed me, out of site out of mind, no letters, aint sent a dime, even though I was loyal and put my life on the line. I could say more, and it still wouldn't scratch the surface, and I aint said nothing that you already don't know, but I'm just confirming your reality by matching it with my own as you digest this message, as it couldn't have been said better than by Robert Nesta,

WAKE UP AND LIVE!!