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way Back when

By: Jellal Ejon

way back when, everything was peaches & cream,  
you cant walk around, and try to sell me a dream.  
when I've walked thru nightmares; with demons creepin  
standing over me, and corner my room when I'm sleepin.  
Growing up in the hood, life was great,  
way back when! I never envisioned prison gates.  
I never envisioned gun towers, red & blue lights,  
never envisioned pepper spray, and race war fights.  
I never envisioned, leaving my son all alone,  
I never envisioned I'll be in prison, and my dad is gone.  
Growing up in the hood, I seen alot of gang violence,  
I never envisioned a gavel slam (BAM), 21 years of silence.  
Fighting for my life, I never thought would be,  
but I cant blame them! The guilt is all on me.  
way back when, I never thought about prison blue,  
made by inmates in a PIA prison, slaving for a cent or 2.  
I never envisioned, being placed inside of a cell,  
way back when, I never thought I'd see inside a jail.  
Here it is 15 years later, mom was sick, dad has died,  
my son I've abandoned, trying to count the times I've cried.  
I dont think when we were 5, we envisioned the pen,  
we were only trying to live! way Back when!