

ghetto flag

the portrait of my childhood displays the ghetto flag
cemented in cracked poverty understandin' ya black
portraits of many homes with only dirt and debris as their lawns
with cold basements baring rusty boilers
becoming rich and famous is every child's dream
the only happy to harbor was to hold onto one another
on look out for the ice cream man
and all the older kids bearing the 'mean dawg pose'
some nights it's hard to sleep with no heat to coat ya in
but a mere child, jus' happy to have brothers, sisters, and a
home
the lady down the street knows voo doo
and is always ill-feeling
streets littered wit shattered glass and two of my uncles advise
to begin saving for bail
the street of prospect is blood-thirsty as i'se remember
huffy's adn haro's seeking to grow a 'cadillac man...'
sirens and gun shots after gun shot
surely two or three more dreams go
the poverty has an infinity pour to double burden the act
shoes of new, maybe shoes of used
a generation at war wit one another to better the lot, but
spoilin' the lot
surviving to adolence amid indifference
crap games, drinking, and drugs now crowd my view
the picture of this portrait done vanished peers by the masses
the old lady down the street knows voo doo
cops hectically hunt my neighborhood to get me