

911

By: Timothy Catchings

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It's been 5 years since the towers collapsed and perhaps I don't make it home tonight and my outcome is critical. My queens will mourn the death of a father that kept his family fed and a roof over their heads. I lay foundation. What? You think my hustle's in vain? You think I grind to spend my money at the boat man? Or get caught with some damn dope man? But if that's your thing that's cool. But if that's your thing that's cool. We're all preoccupied by makin' paper by any means but that's an extreme amongst many things. Amongst many things. Why we gotta sell powder to get power? Forget your \$5.15 an hour. I want your American dream without the nightmares, pissy hallways, weed and alcohol days. Making us forget we're living in a messed up environment because most of us are products angels and alcoholics and school systems that failed us or passed us on 'cuz can't none of us spell arithmetic but we can count and add it up real quick. Quick to add another word to the Ebonics list. Man, times are getting scarier. Babies bodies being found in vacant areas. Gun shots, malaria, AIDS carriers. I knew this juvenile once had a happy face now he has an evil brow. A three point shooter just broke his leg so he throws in the towel. Criminal thinking, breathe stinking from all the drinking. The new found crew gave the gun to you now they got you linking to the murder case-shouldn't have been there in the first place. Had dreams of being Jordan, now they're jamming your space. What a waste! That's just a taste. Now it doesn't matter your age. If you can pull triggers, they figure you can chill in they're cage for a front page on the News Dispatch. Parole slips unattached. Now it doesn't matter if your finger prints match. You're just they usual suspect from the projects who got rejected, disrespected, never the one. Always second but the first to go down in a raid. Ya'll set the stage. Crack plagued but it never grew where I stayed. 'Cuz where I played, glass laid, drinking was a trade, shorties be like, "Damn them books!" We got our minds on

getting' paid! But we ain't all drug dealers 'cuz through the bad times I had to
wade. Still remaining blacker than a spade.

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