

MY OLD HOME

So, yeah, basically a lot of people ask me how life was then. So here it is...

My old home smelled of good birth

Boiled red beans, kernel oil, and hand me down poetry

Its brick whitewashed walls widowed by first paint

The tin rooftop humming songs of promise while time is

Locked into demonic rhythm with the leaves

The trees had the wind hugging them

Lovin them a torturous love

Buggin when it was over and done

The round cemented pot kept the raindrops cool

Neighbors and dwellers spatter in the pool

Kid's playin football with his hand and sock

We had what we got and it wasn't a lot

No one knew they were poor

We were all innocent to greed's judgment
The country was combusting with life like a long hibernating volcano
With a long tale of success like J-Lo
Farmers, fishers, fighters, even tools had a place in production
The coastal line was the place of seduction
The coral reefs make you daze in reflection
The women walked with grace and perfection
And we just knew we were warriors, too
Nothing morbid, it's true, we were glorious BOOM!
Then one day it came, spoiled the parade like rain
Like oil in a flame, it pained
The heart attack sudden, odder than eleven
Harder than a punch in the womb
Harder than the lunch you consume
For us, it had a cancerous fume, or a lust
Men who made killing holy
Selling powerfully like healthy livestock
It made tides rock with a diligent mock
Confused are the people, infused in the evil
Professed to eject like Jews in the sequel, so when
It came in the morning, with a warning and without
The hurting was a burden, only certain was doubt
A mythical tale, no soul knows well
Liberty went to hell, freedom called for shells
Fierce was the blow, keep your ears to the show
It appears Orwell was right in '84
Had big brother kill Mother in her store
With all of us watching, we didn't love her anymore
Peep my poem, Mother was my old home

Goodwill is looted in my old home
Religion is burned down in my old home
Kindness is shackled in my old home
Justice has been raped in my old home

Murderers hold post in my old home

The land vomits ghosts in my old home

We got pistols with eyes, corruption and lies

Trusting snakes, and death without breaks

Suspicious newborns live in our horn

Used to the pain, rack bodies not grain

Chopped limbs not trees, spend lives not wealth

Seek vengeance not truth, the craziest youth

Hoist pain not plans, nigga, fuck your plans

Bandits will beat us down in my old home

Rumors are law now in my old home

Sedatives of faith in my old home

Rapers are praised in my old home

Demons dress well in my old home

Infants are nailed in my old home

Spirits are jailed in my old home

Grudges grow tails in my old home

Our roads have seen electric hate and

Our women labor beneath stubborn faith and

Our farms produce guilty grub and

Our kids depend on shifty luck, see

Our news is life for death is old, so

Don't blame me for truth I've told, say

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