

## 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 fools 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

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