The Fear

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KEVIN K. ALLEN

The Fear

Our people live in the same city as They do
Yet, we are neglected, shamed, discarded
If this is what America stands for,
Then I want out

We live in a cardboard box, waiting to die
They get to smell the grass, make friends
All I get to smell is gunsmoke and all I see are enemies
Walking in our neighborhood makes no sense

I watch out my caged window
Them running from car to car
Selling, making deals that will further their careers
With their 9mm's stashed in the small of their backs

Yesterday was a dark day for me
(Not that anyone cares)
We buried my brother next to my father
Later that night, we received a phone call

They said he was shot in the face
Five times by a rival gang
No one caught whoever shot my other brother
I go to another funeral two weeks from now

Lying in my bed, I hear sirens again, I cry again
My dreams always suggest a way out of here
I've never known what was Nice, Normal,
Nor respectable

In the sunlight, as I'm walking home
The Fear is upon me; something just isn't right
Reaching for my semi-automatic, at the last
Second, wheels squeal toward me

I never did make it out of that place
The streets still burn with indigenous anger
My mother still comes and visits me
In the cemetery