

11 reasons why this is our home

Here, we all know the art of hanging,
over porch railing, out of second-story windows,
calling to each other like seagulls
across a vast sea.

*Lemme holla atcha for a secnd
How's them babies?*

Here, we peek out of closed blinds
like the bars of our prison cell

Here, we put big tires on tiny cars
so we remember how it feels to sit on a throne

Here, we pile into back seats
like cargo in the belly of a ship

Here, children suck on ice cubes
on hot summer days,
greasy scalps sizzling in the heat.

Here, hair beads smacking against a little girl back
sounds like a standing ovation
as she runs into her daddy's arms

Here, we bury our dreams deeper than
the cracks in our sidewalks

Here, our brothers and sisters sleep
on cold park benches,
wrapping themselves in the sorrows
of newspaper headlines

Here, saggy pants men waddle into corner stores
for a six-pack to drown their demons

Here, we carry more guns than children
then point them in the wrong direction

Here, we leave teddy bears for the dead
Then look to the sky, hands up
like we're holding a boombox
and the whole block sings along