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Written about my mind's been in the past few years....written early 2008/late 2007.



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Where My Black Converses Walk

My black Converses walk down the street

Never knowing what they might meet

Garbage clutters the filthy sidewalks

Everywhere I look, I hear the cars talk:

Sputtering smoke and evil fumes,

Zooming past those red lights that awaits their doom

Their drivers honk away, not caring at all

A phone to their ear, answering their next callâ :

I listen to my portable FM radio

Through my ear buds, above the stereo

Blasting through the window of a flamina 5.0:

Arguments being spewed this way & that

Breaking news: high gas prices are back??

Stunner, I say, not surprised a bit;

What happened to those prices that were lower than some chips?

It makes no sense, the world today

Weâ re fighting over things we could share anyway

Diseases, theyâ re spreadinâ quickâ

Where My Black Converses Walk

So fast, it makes me sick

And yes, weâ re talked about global warming

But havenâ t we heard enough warnings?

Theyâ re out there, those problems

Whether they beâ !.

- â l.on the radio,
- â !.on the stereo,
- â !.in the smoke and fumes of the cars,
- â !.in the air, past the stars,
- â lwith the clutter on the filthy sidewalks where my black Converses walk.

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