



Bowels of Hell

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Pain raging from the aspiration of hope.
Hopelessness of the soul whirling,
striving for existence.

Nourishment for my offspring,
the future of tomorrow.
Stress of today
rage: love

Sanity a dream
Anxiety now purpose
Unsuitability a reality

The pharmacy of the streets
highs only food stamps away.
Numbing

fear of success: failure

A forty is a trick away, while
thoughts of tomorrow,
a blur.

Black man screaming from the bowels of her soul
Equality is demanded.
Approach denied
Distrust

Souls sinking into the tar pits.
No strength to survive.
No strength of self.