

Chaos and Confusion

A brother with a lost soul who heart became cold after being exposed to a life style that has no hope. The street life is the road i chose so i sold poison to the masses trying to make a living, but it became a disaster because i couldn't stay out of prison. All my friends that i had when i was a child are dead or doing a bid. NOW, i am searching for my purpose in life. I'm trying to stay focus and consistent on the new path i am taking, but it gets harder everyday in prison under these oppressive conditions. I would hate to convert back to my old way of living because i know it will keep me imprisoned. I often sit back and think about everything that i am missing and the life style i could be living.

Growing up in a poverty stricken environment i've experienced a whole lot of violence but was conditioned to remain silent. Hearing gun shots and police sirens every night became a part of my life. It's a shame my young brain assimilated so much pain growing up in the streets of Baltimore city. I ask myself what is it going to take to change the conditions our people been living in for years thats constantly destroying our children? I've shed so many tears over the years but the problems our people facing still haven't went anywhere.

The chaos and confusion around the world continues to get worst sometimes make me think that living is a curse. I say a prayer every time i see a black hearse because i know another brother or sister is about to be put in the dirt. It hurts because the life style i was living had a major affect on the children where i live. Most of the youth in my community are doing a lot of the same things i did that lead me to getting this bid. I think about these type of problems every night before i go to bed and what i can do to help make a better future for our children.

My son is growing up in the same community i did so i know some of the challenges he's going to be faced with. The bad thing is that i am not there to be the father i know he needs to succeed and not be deceived by the false reality of the streets. Growing up in the belly of the beast which is the streets has had a major affect on our children minds to the point that some of them commit to a life of crime. I can't lie; sometimes i want to cry because our people minds have been distorted with lies to the point that a lot of us have developed a defeatist mentality. The chaos our children are living in, and the confusion of why its happening to them is something only conscious brothers and sisters can help end.

We have to make some critical decisions to complete this mission or the future of our children will continue to be prisons. I'm tired of seeing my people living in chaos and confusion, but if we don't put in the work that's conducive to our growth and development we going keep losing.

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Peace

Brother Kwesi