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Poem: Lost Soul

2021

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 I had growing up as a child are dead or doing a bid. Now I'm searching for my purpose in life.

Trying to stay focus and consistent on the new path I'm taking, but it get harder everyday being in prison under oppressive conditions. I would hate to convert back to my old way of living because it will keep me stagnated and I probably never get out of prison. I often sit back and think about everything I'm 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 an shame my young brain had to assimilate so much pain growing up in the streets. What is it going to take to change the conditions our people been living in for years that's constantly destroying our kids?

I've shed so many tears over the years but the problems our people struggle with still haven't went anywhere. The American government doesn't care about africans and never did because they are responsible for the enslavement of my ancestors. So tell me should I be proud to be a U.S citizen when the government whole plan was to diminish us and keep us as prisoners/slaves? Black lives will always matter to me, but not to racist amerika because they would rather see us in caskets, burning for change or locked in chains. My life experiences is not a game, and I pray that one day these conditions will change, but I'm afraid they will always remain the same. This is a story of a brother with a lost soul.

My purpose for writing this poem was to share some of my life experiences and struggles with the masses particularly the young people living the street life. Our struggle is one and the same so I felt that if I shared some of my pain with them they would see that the streets is a cancer and start striving to move in a different direction. The system of oppression forces young black men and women to gravitate towards the streets due to the poverty and lack of opportunities in our communities.

This is all apart of the plan to keep africans and other people of color in deplorable conditions. Marginalized and disenfranchised people in amerika have to wake up because if we remain dumb, deaf and blind to the facts, we will forever fall victim to the traps.

T- Trouble

R- Regret

A- Addiction

P- Prison

S- Spiricide

Footnote: Spiricide means the killing or continuous suppression of the existence, connection and expression of spirit in human consciousness. Spiricide is an afrakan term coined by the great Na Na Mwalimu K. Bomanji Baruti.

Peace

Lamont Kwesi Harrell Sr.