

#1

Poem: Childhood

As Juveniles, One Of My Cousins  
Grandparents Owner A Funeral Home.

It Didn't Hit Me, As We Smoked  
Marijuana.

He Made Currency, Off Of Other  
Folks Death.

It Only Hit Me During Incarceration,  
While Being Oppressed.

In The Streets Since 13, On My Own  
Soldier.

On The Block, Where Truancy Rode,  
Looking For Last Students Of The  
Game.

I'll School You To The Cones, The  
Scars And The Torment.

The Popular Stars, Underdogs, And The  
Lames!

The Banquet Petite Women, BBW's, And  
The Size-Pieces We Regate.



Everybody Has A Role To Play,  
Minus Oscar Awards.

Some put their hands on the Rock  
Like Will, Hustlers - forced to  
Deal.

While Others Taught To Rob  
And Kill, Blood Spills, From  
Helpless Street Bories.

Innocent Youths Slain, From  
Stray-Bullets probably.

And Guess Who's Grandparent  
Is, Monopolizing, Off Of Our  
Ignorant Monotony?

The Connects In Urban  
Communities were not only The  
Dapi's, Frank Matthew was  
our inspiration, it wasn't John  
Gotti.

Mob To Open-Mic's, To  
Eventually Seeing My  
Counterparts In That 2014



#2

Poem: Childhood

BET Cipher.

In The SHU Listening To The Wall,  
Hearing A Crown Heights ARTIST  
Empowering Ciphers.

Sitting In A Sing-Sing Penitentiary Yard,  
Watching His Videos Play On The  
Tube.

The Block I Grew-Up On, Might  
Leave You Confused.

A Video-Game Crusader, Turner Tour  
Du For Fabolous, Is Spinning Records  
On Wendy.

The Lady From Across The Hall, Is In  
A Music-Video, Alongside Black Street.

To Use To Wonder, Why Grandma Would  
Stop Traffic, To Pick-Up A Penny.

Now It Make Sense, The Way She Make  
Cents, That's Deep.

I Watched Local-Talent From The



Projects Join "The Firm," "Half A  
Mill" ~~Off~~ The Wall Like Thriller.

My Childhood Girlfriend Allocated  
Herself To College, Availed All  
The Neighborhood Narcotic Dealers.

Now Her Little 5-foot Self,  
Driving 18-wheelers.

That's Provocation In My Eyes,  
It's Not Just.

We Were Teens Hopping The  
Train, And Hanging Off Of The  
Back Of The Bus.

Who Knew We'd Become  
Parents, Or Even Role-Models.

We Shopped At Dr. Jav's And  
Jimmie Jazz, And Drank From  
St. Ives 40-ounce Bottles.

Beer With Me A Minute,  
Reality Is, Bare With Me,



#3

Poem: Childhood

Hard to Swallow.

One of My Childhood Friends, Returned  
from the Army.

He Almost Perished in a Road-Rage  
Incident, So I Write This Poem,  
Airing Out Dirty Childhood Laundry.

Poem: Childhood

By: D. Best