

June 2020

Does My Life Matter?

Felony

After masked men in the name of the law swerve and jump out

Guns drawn

Traumatic

Terroristic

On the same corner that I seen police frisk Yo-yo and Tracy

Pulling out wads of cash

The most at the time that I'd ever seen

Years, over a decade later, it's me

Waiting to buy drugs

And for what?

What was left to us?

My brother, cousins, and daddy used and sold drugs

And all have been to the County

I just took it a step further

Convicted for murder

Serving my sentence

I've learned systematic injustice and disenfranchisement

Much too late to fully know what I'm up against

School to Prison Pipeline

I was an Honor Roll student

Still, I supplied coke to be stuffed in a pipe and put to fire

Why?

Can I blame it on injustice in a system that existed before I was an infant?

Raised in the Crack Era

Born into Reagan

To fund a war

Flooded drugs in communities like mine

Racist

Been killing us

Now prisons filled with us

From a War on Drugs

Laws setup by the same mutha fuckas

My crime

Being black

Tryna get some stacks
In a game I'd never win at
My opposition was the cops and the robbers
Crackers and niggas who hate
Why bother?
Tryna escape?
Not money or education can save me from The United States
Me not being a human is in The Constitution
I'm a slave because of the 13th Amendment
Minority communities heavily policed to put blacks back in slavery
Amend it!
All the contributions we've made to this country
Acknowledge it!
How better things could be if we've had the resources
Invest in it!
I wish I had it
I would have been an Engineer
But instead I'm here
Do they care?
Could they understand my fear?
Scared that I wouldn't see 18
They didn't out line me in chalk at a murder scene
But they got my ass at sentencing
A different lynching
But does it matter?

Live from the Pen,
J. S. Russell