

## "What's The Verdict"

"What's the verdict" is what the judge asked.

Their suppose to be my peers but they don't care about the facts.

I was asked to stand as the foreman read it.

Family, friends and the courtroom was in silence as they sit.

"We find the defendant guilt of 1st degree murder" is what was read.

So many feelings and thoughts are running through my head.

Thoughts of my new reality swirl in my brain.

I can't cry, got to be sturdy even though it's a lot of pain.

Hearing my cousin crying and the air being snatched from the room.

On the bus, shackled and knowing I won't be home anytime soon.

Being in the hole than taking that long bus ride to a penitentiary.

i don't understand the concept of a life sentence cause I won't live to see a century.

Not being able to sleep because the verdict plagues my every thought.

But it's not over because it's appeals and a long fight that has to be fought.

Almost 15years later and things are starting to look good for me.

A lot of pain and loss has come from this verdict but it has molded me into the man  
you see.

Before I know it the verdict is going to change and I'll be back.

Allah's favor is upon me and I'm going to leave it at that.