

Cristian Diaz, AY-0115
WordsUncaged Submission
(Poem)

“A Piece of my Ghetto” (4/10/18)

In a sad world
My brother was born a legend, and then he was shot
A young legend
And still was a legend when he died
Glorified through tattoos and war stories
I miss ‘em, and I die everyday to be with him.
It’s what we are, in this ghetto
products of our environment is what we become
Battle cries and sweet chariots that sing when thunder roars and the lightning strikes!
we feel lovely with pain and joy; its normal through this life.
In a sad world
we wore each others shoes and now I’m in prison
Mothers cry, and my mother cried.
she cries up tears like those who cried up at the cross
in the sad world
Where parents bury their babies
And the good die young
Where we can’t shake this monkey off our backs
In this sad world
Even birds are afraid of heights