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Crossroads

Born in 1982, to a woman I never got to know. Raised by my single father, always at work angry when he got home. Moved when I was ten, new school new friends. Got a sense of belonging. Feeling alone at home pushed me to the streets to find the missing piece. Went to the park one day hit a joint and drank a 40 of Miceys. From then on I was never sober. Then one day I seen her I said hey she said high? Crystal I used to stop by tweaking weekend turned into Monday Tuesday. Every day she kept me up telling me to go out and play sleep is for the weak. Pick up a gun go out and have some fun. It ain't hard point and shoot. Just spit them out if they drop and shout let god sort them out. Wandering the lonely streets at night, shadow monsters peeking watching behind the streetlights. Living this life of gun sights bloodshed. In the county now at the court house guilty is what they shout, relief is what I seek. Leaving long beach over the bridge one last time, blue lights in the background. Deep breath ocean air last time I'm going to be there. Lock down up state going to save my breakfast plate. Workouts bird baths and books. Letters written unanswered forgotten.