

Poem

The ebonics sounded a bit off, perhaps I used them too frequently.
I won't use them in this draft and see how it turns out

Like all songs, comes a clean version.

I'll buy myself a saxophone
And play, the sweet, sour tune
The cats gather at the sound of home
Memories of a hot, nostalgic june

The scars, we wear
A silent, sublime story
Not resisting once, nor shedding a tear
Is how we hobbled our way to glory

My boy couldn't pronounce parsley.
He was young, and full of strife
For that, he was punished harshly
A punishment, that cost his life

Forget, your morals
Forget, your rules
Cats can become the biggest lions
Cage us up, and we start a riot

But in the end, I can keep it hidden
It depends, on what we choose
For we know that they want my rhythms
But they can't handle my blues

Angelina Lewis