What Home Is Like

I am from East Flatbush Brooklyn, NY

I know you probably don’t care, but I thought you should know

See where I am from we always have our guard up where smiling and laughing is sign of

Weakness

Where sternness is either respected

Or challenged

Where I am from you can hear the clamor of loud car stereos and steel pans

Just as loud as you can hear the shouting of poverty stricken bums, as you would pass by

Where I am from you either make a name for yourself

Or your identity will be taken from you

Where I'm from the kids grow up quick, they barely have time to enjoy their innocence.

Where I am from the good become victims and the victims become hopeless

Where the bad guys are just kids who were once victims and their hopelessness became

Ruthlessness

Where I am from we like to make or presence known, even if it is made by

The glamor of our clothes

Where we don't care where you’re from, just about your “heart" if you can handle the pressure

Or not

Where I am from we respect people who rise through the cracks of the concrete

As we sit on stoops green with envy as if it was an impossible feat

Where we look down on those who have failed and say to ourselves

"That’s the life of the weak"

Where I am from is actually not that bad, you have many different cultures that mix together

And gives our unique identity just like the great tasting food

But one thing we have in common:

We can’t succeed until we see the blood sweat and tears