

Corner Blues

What exactly do I know from growing up in Chicago?

I've seen the sharp divide between the rich and the poor,
taken solace in the skyline, the beauty of the Lakeshore.

But give me a second to explain my claim. Understand that Corner
Blues ain't equivalent to fame.

There's fear in our world, for every boy and girl. Death roams
around each and every corner.

Liquor stores stand just buildings apart. Youngsters hanging on
that corner and if we really had heart, we'd shut 'em down.

Shut 'em down, I say!
Don't even consider giving them your hard-earned pay.

But who else cares, besides me?

You see...

Who dares to stand up,
instead of bow down to that side of town,
where a black cloud hangs,
where red blood reigns,
never hiding the pain of young brothers and sisters who hold up
the wall,
making sure it doesn't fall
their presence felt, always.

Their Corner Blues driven from just around the way,
where mothers are struggling, and fathers have strayed.

Where no one peddles education where they live.
Where no one robs to pay tuition when Federal Student
Aid won't give.

Still bound to the corner, confined to the wall,
young bodies dropping often with every unproductive pause.

But who dares, besides me, you see...

To imagine life without Corner Blues?
To envision a new city.

to imagine young people breaking cycles,
this is what I foresee.

But the streets keep calling them,
like that's the only place they're destined to be.