

Cold streets of poverty,
Brightened by broken streetlights.
Cracks in the pavement,
Cars paused by crooked street signs.

The wind blows the leaves,
Addicts address their needs.
Mothers raising their kids all alone,
Fathers leaving the scene.
Families falling apart,
Struggling, starting to starve.

Outsiders making donations.
Thinking they're doing their part.
But the situation doesn't improve,
They aren't really making a difference.

The struggle becomes a cycle,
And the cycle becomes a way of living.

- Davon White

The air of life is shared by all so should be all the laws

With in faith whose name to call

With in love whose heart to draw

With genders being opposite is how we exist

Would you keep the thoughts that you omit

If roles and places were to switch

- Tilson