

Karate "Concrete"

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Reticent she returns to the streets Where she once floated above in hospital sheets Hands on the walls where small handprints still weigh With the burden of crimson indelible paints Where are the hands that once fit these young prints? What have they grabbed at ever since? Nights used to be dangerous here But now the mornings have exceeded her deepest fears Because that's when the concrete creeps in And perpetrates with more than the greatest sins And weighs down on what used to be known as the neighborhood Deliberate, slow, destructive defeat As new corners consolidate the neighborhood streets Where are the ones she stepped with right here Below the bar, now a bank clad with anonymous steel? Where are the sounds of the childrens once heard? Replaced with new parking and yellowed-out curbs Now she can only afford to return For a doctor, an in-law, or a day in the sun Some still cling, if the building still stands Some sing liberation from felonious hands But most will get lost in the peripheral sprawl Where new handprints signify on old concrete walls Florescent excuses for liht Steal all the shadows from the nights Parody or progress? You just want to tear it down As you're standing right in the middle of the wrong side of town

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