

Blooming Through the Cracks

Chris Smith

The children play
With the influence of drugs and poverty
Lurking in every corner,
Still they laugh

With high pitched screams
That fill the sticky air
Like smoke fills a billiards room.
A young girl with a round face

Picks a drooping Dandelion
From the crack of the old street
And pops the head of the wretched weed out into
The scattered gravel.

Wondering where the
Blue sky comes from and where
The leaves go in the winter,
The girl's hair so light,

So curled, blows across her face
Like grey clouds floating
Across the sky on a stormy day,
A gun shot fires three blocks away.