

We the People of The United Ghettos of America

We were born to fight but taught to fight for all the wrong reasons. So, who is to blame for the miseducation of the seed that was planted and grows in Americas melting pot? We can point the finger of blame in so many directions, and yes, the capturer was at the root of the problem but after fifty years of undeniable progress, it's a greater issue that desecrates the black community and it's us.

We lost our since of community and take pride in things that have no real value, and no real way to help stop the downfall of a people that should be thriving. The United States urban communities have been reduced to warzones and labeled with names like slum, ghetto, and jungle. In the past being called names such as animal, beast, gorilla, and savage to a young black king or queen would be words of war. Now in this America we glorify such offensive names as badges of honor.

Black Americans hold a big stake in Americas interest, some of us just don't see it. We hold so much power and don't know how to use it. We could have strength in numbers but were divided with no unity. We control our own destiny but will we fulfill it, and if you think we have reached the promise land, I'm here to remind you we have not made it and the struggle continues. However, in this revolution were our own worst enemy.

Education is the key to success, it's the only guaranteed way to make it in a capitalist society. Somehow, we seem to abandon that principal and search for success, without laying the groundwork of expanding our knowledge. We forgo high school to become a scholar of the streets, and this education will surely lead us on a path to higher learning, in a state or federal correctional institution. Schools have become establishments of criminal and gang activity rather than foundations of learning.

The National Center for Education reports that 73% of African Americans graduate from high school, while only 48% of them are black males. This means that 52% of black males between the ages of 14-18, choose the dangerous and unmorally path of street education. We are learning nothing my brothers but how to become criminals, undesirables, and then unfavorable role models that plague are communities with fear and despair.

How can we be leaders of our families, leaders of our communities, leaders of young men and women, leaders of the future establishment, if we don't educate and culture ourselves to do business and change policy, in an establishment that's made or various cultures and nationalities? Who will offer us a seat at the negotiating table if we don't understand their ethics and the correct way to do business? We need to focus on education in our community especially while its free.

We poison our bodies with alcohol, and in time the chemical substances poison our mind. Drugs and Alcohol are the biggest plight to the black man and woman in America, it's the single most dangerous antagonist, that destroys the foundation of a nuclear family, in Americas urban communities. It's sad we witness the pain and destruction they cause, and yet we still accept them in our communities, our homes, our lives, as if they were the answer to our problems, when in reality there only dragging us down.

Alcohol is legal but it doesn't have to be abused. Drinking has become a tradition that is passed down to children, like football on a Sunday afternoon, or moms recipe for collard greens. In most cases, alcoholism is inherited and passed down from generation to generation. It's not for us to decide if drinking is right or wrong but it is up to the individual to make sure it isn't abused. Remember what our children see us do, they will most likely do it as well.

Drugs, illegal narcotics such as cocaine, heroin, ecstasy, and molly, have ripped us apart. The abuser of these drugs will most likely meet their ill fate but the real oppressor that controls these chemicals are the dealers. We know that we are not at the root of the drug problem in this country but we are at the root of this problem in our own communities. U.S. prisons are overcrowded with young black men and women that pedal narcotics, trying to make our rapid escape from hell, the truth is we are rapidly sending ourselves to prisons and cemeteries.

Sex is another plight of the black community, sex could be and should be one of the greatest pleasures of life. It should be done in a moral and respectable way, it is not a drug but it can be addictive as well as abused. It's also the cause of one of the biggest problems black America faces, teenage parenting. Where I'm from if you're between the ages of thirteen and seventeen you're still a child, granted you're at the age where adulthood is beginning but you have yet to address the responsibilities of being an adult.

Were exposed to a culture of sex in this society at a very young age, without the proper education we fail to understand. Although, sex is pleasurable it can be harmful in so many ways especially, with teenagers. Although, teenage pregnancy can slowdown the personal advancement of a young man or young woman's life. It is far more things to fear involving sex, like diseases that can take their lives away. Teenage pregnancy can rob a child of its childhood, and make a young adult feel a sense of unfulfillment. They may start to feel they missed out on life and may tend to become irresponsible, in turn neglect their child's needs.

Sex education must begin in a child's home, we expose them to television and music with extreme sexual content. Yet we don't inform them of the consequences or the morality involved in sex. The term babies having babies is real, we have to make sure our kids become responsible adults before they start having children. They must obtain an education, earn degrees then start families, or they will only make life hard for them and their children.

Crime is another component in the devastation of the black race in America. Throughout the United States inner city communities are riddled with black on black crime. It's so many of us incarcerated behind unnecessary violence, and where killing our own people with no regards for human life. It has become a serious task for our kids to make it home safe from school, with gang violence and drugs awaiting on every street corner.

The American penial system isn't designed to rehabilitate inmates back into society, it's main objective is commerce, the exchange of goods or service for profit. We have become a statistic, a number that represents a debt were paying to society, for crimes we committed mainly against our own people. We poison, rape assault, murder, and steal from each other with no conscious or since of accountability.

The justice system sentencing guidelines unfairly target minorities especially, with drug convictions. So why do we constantly take these penitentiary chances? We take them because we refuse to believe there is another way to become successful. We refuse to open our eyes, and realize we ruin are chance to be productive citizens in society. The criminal element in our community cannot be ignored.

In the end, all were left with is broken families in our communities. Fathers in Prison, Mothers drug addicted and vice-versa. In the absence of parenting, children find their direction from the cold streets. All they learn is how to destroy their family, their communities, and themselves. Education becomes secondary and everything else first in the neighborhoods we grow up in. Sex, drugs, and violence become the focus of our everyday lives.

We watch our sons become criminals our daughters become promiscuous, and our family structures crumble. We also look down on our neighbors with the same skin and struggles that we have, breaking down our sense of community. We invest nothing in ourselves but as a people are considered one of the largest consumer groups, helping push the economy and buy things with no resale value.

We hurt everything we love to represent things that really mean nothing. Childhood friends become enemies over city street or housing project names that they don't own, we get arrested on them, we lose our lives over them, we show so much love to them but they show no love back. It's time for us to leave our real imprint on the world not the false visual image society created for us.

In conclusion, simple and plain we must break this cycle. It is time for leaders in the community to step up and lead. We can't wait on outsiders to fix our problems we must do it ourselves. We can no longer sit back and watch our people self-destruct and destroy our communities, our homes, our livelihoods. We are the masters of our destiny, it's time we control them. In this century, it's time we take a stronger role and represent America the America we help build.

We have legacies and responsibilities to uphold, it's been a lot of soldiers that left blood in the soil and sacrificed for us to be treated like first class citizens, were letting them down. Du Bios, King, X, Garvey like so many others gave up everything for us the future leaders of tomorrow, we owe them better than what we have been giving them. No more excuses people the time is now.

Let's start in this very moment, let's do whatever we can from the smallest initiative to the largest, to continue this journey to the promise land because we came a long way but still so far to go. We are in the moment so let's seize it, its time good people, we are kings and queens not killers and dealers we raise princes and princesses not criminals and savages. The time is now let's move.



New Year's Eve

It was freezing this evening, New Year's Eve 2015 to be exact. Most Clevelanders were getting ready to head downtown, party all night and watch the ball drop at midnight in Public Square. Shit, well me I wasn't going anywhere, Darnell Hopkins black ass was spending his New Years at home with his family. Every year on January 1st I wake up to find someone had been killed the night before trying to celebrate the New Year, the price of celebration was too rich for my blood.

I didn't make it to the age of twenty-five by being stupid, and where I'm from seeing your eighteenth birthday was a blessing. It's just not safe to do fun things anymore in the city of Cleveland. Now don't get me wrong when I was coming up and there was violence, but these kids out here on the streets now are really lost. We call them the shooters, they range from the ages of around eleven to twenty-two and they are killing for nothing.

So tonight, I'll be in the house with my wife and a couple of friends, just watching movies getting it in, tequila, loud, and wings. I'm going to walk three blocks to the liquor store on Shaw Avenue, take some wings out the freezer to thaw, and then drive to pick my wife up from work. It's not like I'm totally against going out but its freezing tonight, and the shooters are lurking.

I grabbed my Butters and sat on the couch too put them on. As I put on my boots a campaign ad pops up on the T.V. It's a presidential primary ad for Daven Tripp. I watch and listen in disbelief, I can't believe he is actually a serious candidate. Daven Trip was an Advertising Mogul who made billions of dollars in the eighties and nineties marketing for companies in the U.S. and China. He was a capitalist who lived by the model the rich get richer and the poor get whatever is left. The Muthafucka actually said that out of his mouth on National Live T.V. It wasn't surprising over the last twenty-five years he has said a lot of crazy shit.

He said shit like the holocaust didn't exist, all Muslims were terrorist, all Latinos were drug lords and should be deported, and my favorite most black people are lazy and should go back to Africa. Now you may ask how a person with those insulting point of views could even be considered for the U.S. Presidency? America in 2016 was in turmoil, racially and economically.

Over the last two years it had been over twenty police shootings across the country of unarmed black men, and not one conviction if charges were even sought. Over 2,000,000 illegal immigrants from Mexico and numerous South American countries have crossed the borders into Texas, California, Arizona, and New Mexico. Middle Eastern Terrorist Groups are infiltrating U.S. soil because of an open entry policy, and Chinese Nationals are invading the eastern seaboard, buying up everything with American tax dollars, controlling commerce, because America is seventeen trillion dollars in debt to China. The black youth in urban communities throughout The U.S. we're slaughtering each other with no regard for human life.

New Year's Eve

As I walked out the door onto the porch it was snowing like crazy. I checked my I phone for the current temperature, it read seventeen degrees, it was frigid out here. As I walked up 128th to Shaw Avenue, I noticed a car with tinted windows parked across the street. I could see that it was three guys in the car, and they were white it had to be the police. I shouldn't be worried I'm a law-abiding citizen, I work hard for a living, I'm a military vet, with no criminal record, and yet when I saw that car panic and fear kicked in. Three white cops and a black man on a dark snowy street, usually equals ambulance and jail.

Out of fear I got nervous and pulled out my cell phone to call my wife. As I dialed her job number and walked past the car with the cops in it, they were focused looking with all eyes on me.

"Marketing Connection this is Tamela how may I help you?"

"The beautiful Tamela Hopkins I can't wait to get you home tonight." I replied to my wife.

"I can't wait for you to get me home, I been ready to go." She replied.

"I'm walking to the store to get this bottle of liquor, its freezing out here." I said.

"Why you walk? I know it's only a few blocks but it's too cold to be out here walking you going to get sick baby."

"I should have drove, it's some thirsty ass cops parked on 128th they look like they wanted to fuck with me." I replied.

"Hold on babe, someone's calling in." she said.

"No go ahead I'm walking in to this crowded ass liquor store." I replied.

New Year's Eve

I walked in the store it was crowded people from wall to wall. Four lines, ten people in each one, and about twenty people shopping around. That didn't even include the people in the cell phone line buying a phone or paying a bill, and you also had the lottery line with people in it, oh and the fried chicken line wings and fries. It was pandemonium, and these Arabs was getting rich off the black man's dollar. Can you Imagine its 2016 and they done even capitalized on the fried chicken game? I looked around the store and see all these black people spending money and these Arabs collecting it, and I think what a shame we as a people are definitely doing something wrong.

I used to work for an Arab in seventh grade he was from Yemen. He told me that the people in the Middle East call the United States the Land of Black Gold. Now I'm not blaming the Arab nor am I racist, it's are fought we are not financially responsible, and economically in control of our own community. Nonetheless, I too was one of those misguided people spending my money too. What are you going to do you now?

I looked up and saw my nigga L.B. already standing in line I walked over to him. I put my hand in his back like I had a gun.

"Bottles on you nigga." I said in a disguising voice.

"Nigga bottles on you, you the one with the good job and military pension." He replied laughing.

"Grab me two fifths of 1800, one silver one gold." I said handing him the money.

"I got you my nigga, I'll meet you in the front." He replied.

As I stood in front of the store waiting for L.B. to come out this crackhead prostitute walked past me. She was high as hell and I know she was cold, it was freezing outside and all she had on was this flimsy jacket with the zipper down so you could see her saggy tittys, and a mini skirt with leggings. What was crazy, the bitch had on gloves and ear muffs, crack was a powerful drug.

“Nephew, you got a dollar I can borrow? She said as she stood in front of me shaking.

“Naw auntie I’m broke.” I replied.

“Come on man you got something, buy some of this good pussy from me.” She replied.

“Man don’t nobody wanna buy that funky pussy, get yo ass away from me.” I said.

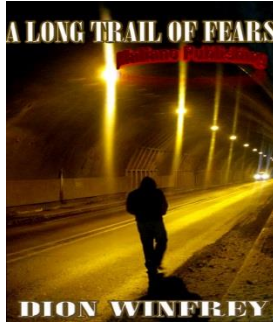
“Fuck you.” She said walking away.”

L.B. walked out the store and handed me my bag. We started walking towards the street we both lived on since kids. When my mother got remarried she moved in with her husband and gave me and my wife a childhood home. As we turned the corner of 128th St. I could see the police still sitting there. L.B. Seen them too so he threw his stash of dope in the bushes of an abandoned house.

“Damn the fucking cops still sitting here? What you doing tonight bruh? I asked L.B. as we walked.

“No plans yet.” He replied looking nervous.

Come to the house tonight, I’m having a soft turn up shit come now and blow one.’ I said as we walked. “Let’s go.” He replied.



A Long Trail of Fears Amil

Fear is all I know yo, I'm talking about the fear of the N.Y.P.D running in your house and putting two in the back of your head fear. Then there was the fear of the riots in your community because you know the cops would not be convicted or even if they would be charged. It was hard being black in N.Y. What I'm talking about it was hard being black in America but anyway I'm Amil, and I'm from Harlem New York, New York. If you're looking for African American culture we got it. It's the home of Langston, Malcolm, Satchmo. Eunice ,Du Bios, The Duke, Marcus, Billie, Lena, Bumpy, Nicky, The Bomber Joe, Bo jangles, St. Clair, Fats ,C.J., Baldwin, Belafonte, Ossie, Sammie, Thurgood, Sugar, Diddy, and a black man still worried about getting put in a lethal choke hold.

It is what it is you know, life could have been better but my family was grateful to have life. Speaking of my family, if we would fall in line with any of the past Harlem royalty, it would be the Bumpy, Nicky lineage. My family was criminals as far back as prohibition; my great grandfather ran hooch from down south to New York in the 1920's that's how my family became to reside in New York. My grandfather was known on a 116th and Lennox as a number runner in the 1940's. By the 1960's my father was selling heroin up in Spanish Harlem on East 96th st. In the 70's and 80's my father was the man getting money, and he had my uncles and cousins selling cocaine and crack all through Harlem. Most of them dead or in prison now, but since the 90's on it's been us, generations four and five my brothers, cousins and myself. The Smiths, Harlem Royalty.

Dion Winfrey

Amil

In this day and time this generation was respected on the streets, after many wars some won some lost the Smiths were loved in Harlem, not just Harlem but all of New York. The drug of choice for me was Marijuana I sold it all loud, regular, that cheap brown dirt weed I sold it all. Our thing was money, cash, hoes, cars and diamonds and we had to have them all. This was Harlem man we did everything big, we stayed fly, rode in the flyest cars, ate the finest foods, and slept with the sexiest women. It was all love out here, I loved Harlem and it loved me back.

The fear that I witnessed everyday was real, on every street corner niggas were dying out here, people were addicts, police were corrupt, babies having babies this can't be life. I wanted something more but the streets owned me, every time they called I picked up. Besides this was my birth right it's in my D.N.A. Not only did the hustlers and hoes love me in the hood business owners and community leaders respected that we conducted our business with a certain code of ethics. We didn't bring violence to nobody who didn't deserve it, we didn't sale drugs to kids, and we conducted no business around schools and churches. Civilians were off limits period.

Over time me and my brother Rashad built a ghetto empire. Rashad was older than me he had a reputation of being a brawler. He was a good dude but a no-nonsense dude, he ran his corners with an iron fist. People respect violence and Rashad definitely was about violence, so if you were going to come at him you better have an army because it would be a fight till the death.

A long Trail of Fears

Amil

Rashad also had the connect he was getting pounds of all type of weed from this Dominican cat from the Bronx, some nigga name Julio. They were locked up together all I know is Julio asked my brother to do something for him and Rashad did it, that was two years ago we been getting bells of weed ever since. Life was just good man, we were getting that money traveling around the world, V.I.P. at the best parties fucking the baddest bitches.

Fear was still present, it was like a mist of vapors that contaminated the air, it can't be escaped. Niggas was dropping like flies, a lot of them at the hands of the police. Rashad had us paying off the police but they would always get greedy and raised the rent, and if u didn't pay that was an indictment or a bullet. On top of that you had to worry about the jack boys that were always lurking. Shit was real on the battlefield.

One day my brother called me and told me to grab my gun and my two cousins and meet him at our spot. He seemed to be in a panic. As we pulled up in the driveway Rashad was sitting on the stoop.

“What's up my nigga? What's wrong?” I asked him as he paced back and forth.

“These fucking Latinos just shot at me in Flat Bush.” He said.

“Flat Bush? What the fuck you doing in Flat Bush?” I asked.

“Son, first of all I'm a King I go where the fuck I wanna go but I had to meet that nigga Julio up there and give him his paper.”

“Ok I see.” I replied.

“I meet this nigga and give him his paper. I'm walking to my car, this Puerto Rican nigga across the street hollering talking about the blacks stealing they packs.” He said.

He said he exchanged words with him and a nigga from the other side of the street start shooting at him. He exchanged a couple of rounds got in his car and drove off.



It had been a good day I thought as I pulled out of the convenience store parking lot on to Euclid Avenue. The tank is what we called it, I guess we called it that because the drug trade in the parking lot never stopped; it went on twenty-four hours a day it never stopped, it just kept rolling like a tank. In that parking lot, you can roll or get rolled on. No Limit Records also happened to be the hottest rap label in the game, and their logo was a military tank it just all blended perfectly. I was just about to go in for the night I only stopped there to get some shells and something to drink for the night.

I sat there and rolled up one for the road, I should have just pulled on Burgess and rolled it but I didn't I sat there. I was counting my paper I had made like three thousand dollars today. My nigga Meech walked up and asked me did I want to match, so we sat there blowing the weed I rolled up talking. I had one stone left when this fiend walked up asking did I have it. Something told me not to fuck with this nigga, I had never seen him before but I served him anyway. Twenty dollars for a dime piece, he bought that shit too easy and walked away. Meech asked me to drop him off so we pulled out.

As soon as we turned on to Euclid the lights flashed and sirens screamed. The police rushed the car, guns drawn they pulled us out the car, laid us on the ground in the rain, face in the mud and cuffed us.

“What’s the problem officer? We didn't do shit. I asked.

“Shut the fuck up you niggers are done.” The big white police officer yelled.

Then he walked right up to me and starts reading me my rights. It was the fiend I just sold the rock to, an undercover narcotics officer for the Cleveland Police Department.

I-71 South

Downtown in the city jail I started to realize this was my third drug charge since I turned eighteen, and the last time I was in court the judge made it clear if he saw me again he was giving me the maximum time the law allows. In all reality, I was fucked. As I sat there in silence thinking, I heard a C.O. Calling my name.

“Omari Pain? He yelled.

“Omari Pain cell thirteen pack up you made bail.” He yelled again.

I was happy to be getting out that hell hole. In Ohio, you would rather be in prison than be in the county jail, and you would rather be in the county jail than the city jail. Its dark all day you stay in your cell, you never leave it, and you eat sweat meat sandwiches. What is sweat meat sandwiches? It's supposed to be bologna but all I know if you throw that slimy shit on the ceiling, it's not coming down. My mother posted bail for me, picked me up and drove me home. Shit was real I knew in the next forty-five to sixty days I was going to prison.

That night at home I couldn't sleep. I started writing out a plan of all the shit I needed to do before I get sent down the road. Down the road, that's what we said in Cleveland and Lorain when you were leaving the county, and the state of Ohio put you on a bus down Interstate 71, and take you to the penitentiary where you would serve your time. I was definitely about to take that ride.

I-71 South

I hired an attorney, it didn't matter I should have kept my money. With my past criminal convictions, I was hoping the judge didn't give me ten years. There was no way I was getting out of this without going to prison. I paid my attorney off well enough that he was able to buy me six months on the streets, waiting for the prosecutor to offer us the best deal. In the United States ninety percent of court cases end with a plea agreement and mine would be no different. You can either take the best deal you can get or you can take the case to trial. If you do decide to go to trial, please have a great lawyer because ten years can turn in to forty real quick.

Ironically, the first thing a drug dealer does when they catch a case, is they start selling more drugs at a faster rate than they were before they got arrested. Attorney fees and prison aint cheap listen if you don't have any money in the penitentiary you may not make it out. You better have some family or a girl or a friend that love you or you will starve. You need to hustle to survive in prison, and it's all about food. Seriously food, tobacco and drugs are the hottest commodity in prison, and all the transactions made with cigarettes and drugs are so a man won't starve, in prison niggas are hungry. You got guys in prison washing the whole pod bowls and spoons for a couple packs of soup in a cup because they hungry.

So, I was hustling saving up money. I had a mother and a girl who loved me but in the end I knew I had to make sure I would be good not anybody else. When it was all said and done I had a pretty good lawyer. The judge really wanted to give me twelve years, but my attorney worked it out with five years, three to be served mandatory with good behavior. I could be out before my son starts his first day of school. My lawyer and judge were a part of the same college fraternity and that's how it

happened, fifteen thousand dollars and a couple of greased palms, and I made out with three years' in

Belmont Correctional Facility in Southern Ohio.

I-71 South

It's five thirty am, and Charles Reed pulls out of his garage at his home in Martins Ferry, Ohio headed to put in his twelve-hour shift at Belmont Correctional Facility in nearby St. Clairsville. He loved what he did, he felt good being a correctional officer, and it was his pleasure to give the undesired animals of the state of Ohio a hard time. He loved to see them in agony, in pain, frustrated, and angry. To tare a prisoner down and strip those of their self-respect on a daily basis really made him feel good.

Charles wasn't even from Ohio he was from neighboring West Virginia, he moved to Martins Ferry after getting a job at the prison thirty years ago. He was big, black, and a mean son of a bitch. He would talk to an inmate like an incompetent child and dared you to say a word. If you did get tired of it, he was hitting that panic button on you. When that button was hit about fifteen C. O's were coming dressed in all black busting your head, writing you a disciplinary ticket, and sending you to the hole.

He loved sending inmates to the hole especially the black inmates. While you were in the hole he was tearing up your cell trying to find some contraband to write you up with a new criminal charge. If he really didn't like you he would just plant something in your cell. Fucking with Reed, it was inmates that came in for six months, and ended up with five years.

I-71 South

When Reed arrived at the prison checkpoint he could see Warden Barn's car in her spot parking spot. He hated her, He hated that she was a woman running a man's prison, he hated all her stupid ideas of prison reform and really rehabilitating the prisoners, and he hated her because he felt that he should be running the prison. As he parked he saw Miles Gore another C.O getting ready to start his shift He was a middle aged white man who had been working at the prison since he was twenty he was about forty seven now. Reed and Gore had the longest tenures at the prison and had become good friends. Mainly because Reed was an Uncle Tom and wanted to be white, and Gore knew it, since he was his boss he sucked up to him, and talked to him about NASCAR and shit even though he really hated black people. He was just as big an asshole as Reed together they were the comparison of Al-Qaeda and The Taliban, fucking terrorist.

"Good Morning Corporal." Gore said to Reed.

"Good morning Sargent." Reed replied.

He loved the way he commanded respect from the white officers at the prison. His dumb ass didn't want to see it was only because he was their boss. He forgot how when he first got there most of the guards wouldn't even speak to his black ass, but somehow he thinks they see him as equal.

"Another day with the Animals and that fat bitch Warden Barns." Reed said.

"Tell me about it I hate that fucking Elephant, she treats these fucking convicts with more respect than she gives her officers, and where the ones that protect and look out for her fat ass." replied Gore.