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My City or Shall I Say Jungle

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My City or Shall I Say Jungle

By: Kennethia Stewart

Spoken Poetry

Cleveland Is My Home.

Cleveland has been home to all my life.
My city, the trash filled streets,
the abandoned business and house,
the muggy grey air
all seemed to fit together in perfect harmony. I love where I was from.
My city makes me proud
A city full of excellence
A city full of people work towards the same goal
A city full of people who loved each other and their city too.
Cleveland is my city
and I'm going to scream it loud.
Cleveland is my city
and yes, I'm proud.
Cleveland, known as the believe land.
Home of the free land.

Cleveland?

Cleveland been my home all my life.
I still live here but this is no longer my home.
Cleveland, WHAT?
Cleveland WHO?
My City is now known as the city that always has bad news.
A City full people who claim they want to make a change
But just don't seem to know what to do.
Cleveland, more Like Bleed Land.
Kids and babies' lives being taken,
At the hands of senseless gangs.
Young men and women turning to the rough streets of Cleveland
Because they have no love at home, they no longer have nothing to believe in.
What has my city become,
Or shall I say what has this city become.
I don't even know what Cleveland is anymore. This city now has me scared to
open my door.
The guns, the gangs, and the violence,
I don't want to see it anymore.
Babies crying.
Young people dying,

and we as a community is just lying about it all.
People say they want to see change,
but not enough people do.
People see the violence but afraid to speak about it.
People hear the gunshot but won't tell the police about it.
Cleveland, once called believe land,
Now all we do bleed land,
Deceive land,
Gang members run free land.
Now it's gun land, kids can't run around outside and have fun land,
More like dodging bullets and run land.
This is not my home.