

POETRY**Northbound Letters**

I heard the news,
you were back behind bars,
the scars reopened,
the madness must
have taken over your soul...
and I failed you,
I did not embrace you goodbye,
I did not say those words
you might have needed;
now I write you letters
that carry my soul
to you behind those walls,
behind those bars,
physical and mental...
I wish I could
break you out
with my words,
that the brotherhood
that binds us could break down
walls and rip apart those bars,
that your smile
would return you to freedom...

I remember you as a boy,
running free down those mean streets
as I hoped you wouldn't
follow the path of street warriors;
the path to redemption
lies in your soul,
in the purity of your heart
that will never be imprisoned.

By: Jesus Cortez

Incarcerated King

I remember you as a boy,
running playfully through the city,
among the wretched of the earth,
those rejected by America,
learning the ways of street kings.

You grew among the spirits of the departed,
the children of mothers the color of the earth,
children of the sun,
sons of the city that condemned
them to live amongst a dying city.

You became a king among children,
a God of the streets among sinners
and borrowers of hope,
a hope that you carried in your pocket,
a hope that would kill the hopes of others.

Who could blame your ways?
Who can judge your actions?
Who is without sin to say you are bad?
Who can say they would do otherwise?
Who carries your pain with the same honor?

You will always be the king of streets
that will remember your soul, your name,
until the day of your return.

By: Jesus Cortez