

The Color PEACE

I ran into the building with my mother by my side,
With the urgent look on her face,
You'd think someone died,
but this time it wasn't the case.
We were waiting for a while,
about the time it would take a fat man to run two miles,
I knew who we were here for,
But did not know what for,
Men and women occupied the place,
dressed in black and blue,
armed with guns awaiting the cue,
Some of them were typing,
others interacting socially with one another,
I kept analyzing the room,
and thats when I saw my brother,
He was dressed in the color RED,
He looked tired and sad,
He had a trail of dry BLOOD running down the side of his head,
He had no shoes to cover his toes,
His eyes were closed,
And I worried if he was still breathing,

I sprinted toward his direction,
looking for any type of affection,
for every occasion where I see him is a blessing,
but I was halted by an unusually large man,
Who said How can I help you son,
my Name is Officer Dan,
I told him of my situation,
I let him know Ive been rather patient,
but its time for me to speak with my brother,
and let him come home with me and my mother
He unfortunately informed me,
My brother had been arrested,
He was charged with a serious crime,
and the bail was more than just a couple of dimes,
So I asked If there was anything we can do,
The officer told me he has one visitation,
I told him my mother will come along too,
He guided us to his inhabited cage,
where my brother arose tamed and seemingly unfazed.
We approached the cell,
the police man was the first to speak,
informing my brother of the rules,
as he inserted the key,

into his cell to enable him liberty for no more than an hour,
we stepped into a private room,
Labeled above read "inevitable doom",
my brother sat in an uneven metal chair,
where my mother towered over him like a Grizzly Bear,
She seemed to be aware of my brothers illicit actions,
Due to his past crimes and various infractions,
Mother began to cry,
And I ran to wrap my arms around her,
We sat in silence for the remaining 3360 seconds,
Because no one had anything to say,
I reckon.

I wished that I could stay with him,
But mother pulled me away from him,
Said I couldn't be with him,
Told me to say goodbye to him.
I held on to his hand,
Until the policeman made a forceful demand,
To separate me from my brother,
and my brother from my mother,
So I went home with my new family of two,
Since when i was born,

my co-creator told my mother they were through.

We arrived at our apartment,

my mother ran to her chair,

where she sat with her usual look of despair,

Why could I not stay with him,

Why did mother pull me away from him,

Why could I not be with him,

Why did I say goodbye to him.

I told my mother of my distress,

She said please stay calm child,

Lay your head down and rest,

Just for a little while,

So I let my eyelids fall,

allowing them to finally control themselves,

And I truly slept,

for the first time since my father left.

Fifteen years have passed,

And I am now 23,

My brother recently wrote to me,

Letting me know that soon he will be free,

He spoke of this corner where we would meet,

the corner that renders his ultimate defeat,

So I agreed without a question,
In order to deflect any opportunity for tension,
and counted down the days,
Until I could finally see my brothers face,
For it has been too long,
and I have lost too many days,
and too many Mays have gone by,
without really understanding WHY,
but my brother had an answer,
he wrote to me of this word peace,
preached that it can end the cancer,
that populated the towns across the states,
to finally put an end to the increase in crime rate,
but he was vague in description,
eager to begin filling out the prescriptions,
that would heal this separated nation,
From the colors of red and blue.

I waited at that corner September 4, 2003,
I was waiting for my brother who told me where to meet.
I waited at that corner September 4 2003,
I was waiting for my brother who told me where to meet.

He said he wouldn't be too long,
He said he would come right along,
To speak to me of different colors,
But to instill in me that we are all brothers,
I waited at that corner September 4, 2003,
I was waiting for my brother who told me where to meet.
I waited at that corner September 4 2003,
I was waiting for my brother who told me where to meet.
Ten minutes past our appointed meet,
I spotted a man wearing all blue walking down the streets,
Not to far out from me,
About a solid 500 feet.
Distracted... my brothers face was in the corner of my vision,
he was on the opposing side of the street,
and he looked in tip top condition,
He stood there waiting for traffic to pass,
I waited for the moment we would intertwine into one piece at last,
I waited at that corner September 4, 2003,
I was waiting for my brother who told me where to meet.
I waited at that corner September 4 2003,
I was waiting for my brother who told me where to meet.

A gun shot went off,
As the blue car drove off,
with that same man in the blue shirt,
Looking back at me with a fucking smirk,
I looked across the street,
from the corner where my brother told me where to meet,
And there lay his body,
And all I could see was the color PEACE.

For it has been too long,
and I have lost too many days,
and too many Mays have gone by,
without really understanding WHY.