

PICK-UP

There are Kings of the pile on each corner. Queens with red shoes and red highlighting their stoops. Jacks of all trades snatchin' from the ancient, hand-me-down, rusted, silver spoon. Jokers posed as frauds that take all of everything. Even the things they don't need, they figure they can sell.

These black numbers turn to red, these deadly red numbers. And all these muddied diamonds don't know what to do with their guiltless hearts. There is always Club of Spades, the club owned by the Ace of all trades. Man, the Ace gets cash in all kinds of ways... that I choose not to name.

Ace was big brother on the blocks when I was a kid. I was taught to build blocks and even trash blocks if I saw something wrong. Stack blocks, sale blocks, add to blocks, "Make them new blocks stretch when the old blocks are finished." That's what Ace would say, taught me just about everything I know.

But what I didn't know is that bullet would go straight through a baby seat to stop its peaceful sleep. Red lights charged at me, but I could not blink.

Now I'm here. Where I still hear loud shots, bangs, and noises and the Joker is in uniform working all the numbers. There's still Kings on the corners with sharp corners of their own, but at times we miss those Queens. There are no Queens here, and some of the same ole cards followed me here.

My life is like 32 Pick-Up. Cards scattered across the yard, around each block wires are barbed. And that is the only difference, the same ole cards within a control system.

THE END