

#TheBloodCriesOut

Beef in the streets and none on the table
Pie in the sky won't cut it in Croydon
Man dem making bread for some bacon.
Living the dream of a nightmare situation
Look at my drip, all dripping and bloody
The Blood cries out loud a bradda just whet me

The Blood cries out from your nan's front garden
It's cries out loud from a tenth floor landing, a stairwell in Peckham, in Deptford, in Croydon.
It cries out help but no one's listening
A mum cries out from the loss she's feeling.

Like child soldiers recruited for a pointless war
Olders grooming youngers and so on and so on.
Absent fathers who've let the side down
Enabling mothers that are hiding the guns.
Chaotic homes where everyone shouts
These are the things that the blood cries out.

No time for photo opportunities
As journalist vultures circle our communities
Huge black mics with phallic like obsession
Probing lenses with voyeuristic intentions.
Twisting quotes like my sis's extensions
Ignoring the cries of my bloody condition

Churches are marching, the mosques overcrowding, Bobbies on the beat are beating
But the blood's still crying.
How many young will we have to bury
Before we go up stream and address the bleeding
Call out politicians who are just too greedy
Where the blood first cried out "somebody failed me"

Do you have this problem on your high street.
Cross the road for every stranger you meet.
Is your lad stopped by police every week
Or is it just My Ends where the crying won't cease

The blood cries out, "my brother 'slayed' me"
All in the name of a postcode I'm cage in
A place of abject poverty
Fighting a war of futility
A turf soaked in the life God gave me
"Wasted" cries the blood of a teen aged prodigy

These streets are ours and we must reclaim it
Like INSULATE let's glue ourselves to it.
Let's make a plan and then all stick to it.
Let's Turn chicken shops into workshops

Bookies into youth clubs
And church halls into nutrition hubs
That's what the blood cries out

Let's stop fighting for funding and discover the fun doing what's worth doing
Let's put fat cats on a slimming programme.
Help poor Kat put some weight on
Spend more time with her struggling son Jayden
Let's tell the MET that we're not all louts
Just a few of the things the blood cries out

The blood cries out "who's going to be next"
"Who'll avenge my death by making a change"
As the blood of our children cry out for healing
Let's remember the dead and not neglect the living
The only blood shed should be that which we're giving
The only cries heard should be that of rejoicing

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