

Nestled near Hallelujahs and hog maws
Between grieving mothers and study halls
Can't tell if it's Madea's cooking you're catching
Or if the view of generations past brings back olfactory memories
Of shotgun houses never being empty
And gunshots a rarity
Magazines: Jet, Ebony, Essence
On the porch across the street
You can see while the lush green seeks to swallow you into its life
Unassuming Oasis
Frequented by many on a regular basis
Ignored by even more as they speed through
Never being blessed by what is true
Truly the most accurate depiction of Black Fellowship
Nature at the forefront
We need the Sun to kiss us
Waiting until the conditions are just right
These grounds have grown celebrities
The swings have lifted families
Birthday Parties
Crawfish Boils
The escape from 4 walls
Subs shaking the ground
Thinking it's you
But it's another brother driving down
Now you're both bobbing to each other's tunes
My, what UNITY we've found

Right by the CC Antoine Playground