

Yesterdays That Live Today

by lostblackheir

Why is it that teachers make less than lawyers and even jailers in some cases? Why is it that a girl would rather live on the streets than at home? Just some things I've decided to rant about in this poem.

Yesterdays That Live Today

Chapter 1 of 1

Why is it that teachers make less than lawyers and even jailers in some cases? Why is it that a girl would rather live on the streets than at home? Just some things I've decided to rant about in this poem.

Yesterdays That Live Today

Runaways litter the streets

like so much garbage

they clog alley ways

boys and girls

all shapes and sizes

with shadows in their eyes

live with deceit and lies

tossed away

they run away

unloved

or unwanted

silent screams unheard

seen yet ignored

they turn to drugs

and the streets

you call her a whore
and him a bum
but you never ask
what they're running from
maybe if held a little tighter
they could've been a doctor
or a writer
so many young minds
abandoned or wasted
because nobody has time
to save the future
from a life of crime
instead you make a good life
for lawyers and jailers
not to mention the drug dealers
why is it that crime is up
and test scores are down
babies go hungry
or get dumped in trash bins
what kind of world do live in
where teen pregnancy ain't no big thing
yet you bitch about uneducated mothers on welfare
because that's the future
what do you care
you're willing to put more and more youths behind bars
instead of educating and paving the way
so these runaways
don't become yesterdays.