

"Apathy"

By Oba William King

Johnny boy's got a shot gun, and he's loaded both barrels...

Johnny's boy has got a shot gun, there he's walking all alone

Johnny's boy has got a shot gun oh my God he looks so angry

Johnny boy has got his daddy's gun, won't somebody call his mom-

Jugglers with drinks, a silent emancipation for the reincarnations of God!

Can I be with you, can I be with you, can I believe in you!

Gun shots popped outside my window last night

Shoulda done...something, maybe...

Dialed 911 but the thoughts in my head said, they won't come...

Them gun shots popped and I was pooped, used all my strength to just lay low, lay just below the window sill.

Wonder who it was out there just got killed.

Life juice leakin outta him like an open spigot.

He leakin, and lonely, little life draining away, heart in fits

I'm gon' peek, I thought to myself I'm gon' peek, I'm gon' get up and look, I heard them pop. I hear them gun shots pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop!

Gun shots hot lead burnin through healthy flesh, another piece of untended fruit falling from the same withering tree. I thought about that magnolia.

Wonder how it feel to be free.

I heard him fall, said the old man in rumpled clothes. Seent it when they draw the chalk line round him where he was, what it musta took an hour. Looked like they was circlin' and twistin' ducking in and tracing round, outlining the kids body as he lay there I just stared - the Lifelessness.

Somebody's somebody... somebody's son, or brother, or friend or lover, he mighta been a teacher, gon' be a scientist, an astronaut , might be a father ... he looked just like me. He gon' be somebody's husband one day. He was...

"There already ain't enough of us!" I heard an old lady yell down the street.

But, somewhere out there, on the streets of Chi, another brother gonna die,
another mama gonna cry, another police chief gonna try to answer the same
burning question, Why?

I heard it again "Why did it have to be my baby..."

Again and again and again and again

Again in Baltimore, again in Philly, ATL, or somewhere out there in LA

In Oakland and San D and somewhere in Dallas, and Houston, and Cleveland,
and, and right, right there, right there in the middle of another Chocolate
City probably in a two mile radius from King Drive, or King Parkway, King
Avenue or King Boulevard or in DC or New York City.

Right about now or even later on tonight...some gun shots, gonna pop... and
nobody, ain't nobody gonna do a damn thing about it.

But me, I'm a story teller. Make me some happy stories.

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