

Community

By Rob Dz (Rob Franklin)

My people, you people, people we
see;

Living as one within our community-

My community is more than blocks
and streets;

It is folks within it that gives it it's
heart-

That rhythm, it beats at multiple
degrees;

That went from Mr. P's to Pearlie's-

Community, it's the way that we exist;

Through the struggles it allows us to
uplift-

Through the tough times, mothers
praying and crying;

Testifying from Fountain Of Life to
Mount Zion-

It's on us, for we set the communal
tone;

Helping one another so we never
stand alone-

For me, it's a side of town we may
choose;

Conversations over haircuts at Lord
and Lou's-

We can bring it forward to Style and
Grace;

And Lord knows how I miss R-Place-

See, community means interaction
with others;

Where we all exist as sisters and
brothers-

To commune is to live together;

Side by side working to make things
better-

Since these are the days when so
much is a mess;

To be in a community means we are
communally blessed-

In my community everyone plays a
part;

That is what gives a community it's
heart-

This is the community that I adorn;

And from it the heart can never be
torn-

Cause it's my people, your people,
people we see;

God bless the very fabric woven that
is our community.