

Here, Where They Sing The Blues

By Abigail Gallen

It is a sun,
hot like noon,
hot like the fires in their bellies they subdue
a sun that traps them here.

It is a man,
with skin that can't be touched,
clothing like a soldier that won't spare his lunch
A man that traps them here.

It is a fire,
And it is a word.
It is a liar,
And it is something they heard
That traps them here.

Here, on a day too hot,
Here, in this empty lot
Where the garden refuses to grow.

It is here where he was born,
And here where he will die.
Where the fire builds a fence
That will break him as hard as he may try,

And it is here where you told him to go,
And here where they all will say no.
And it is here where you forced them to lose,
And so it is here. Here, where they will sing the blues.

It is a gun,
shot at night
When it's dark, and there's no more fight

Left in them, for the day.
And when they wake up in the morning, you will make them pay.

It is a baby's cry
And it is a river, and a bank, that's dry.

And it is here, Where you trap them,
Where you kill them,
Where you draft them,
Where the sun burns as hot as it can at noon
And burns their footprints into the concrete in June

Where they close their eyes before reading the paper, before reading the news
Where they pray. Where they take what they can use,
It is here. It is here, where they sing the blues.

Abigail Gallen is a Youth Poet Ambassador of Allegheny County, 2020-2021.

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