

Electric Wire

Deshaun is so damn lucky. His birthday is close to when momma gets money.
She only gets all that money one time in the whole year,
and his birthday is right next to it
This year he got brand new Jordans he didnt even wear. All summer they on the top
shelf. All white Jordans in the right corner
of the closet staring at me looking down on me I deserve them more I'm the one Who
always gets it from the mail.

I check the mail everyday for it and I always make sure
I smile when I hand it to her and all she says is thank you baby.

That's it!

All I get is a thank you? Deshaun gets a brand new
Bike, Deshaun gets remote control car, Deshaun gets brand
new Jordans that he don't even wear! Why can't she get this money
by my birthday? Who sends her this money? Don't they know
she got two kids? Why cant they send it twice a year?
Deshaun says its from the government. The government should change I want a new
bike, I want a race car, I want some all white Jordans
for the first day of school. Yeah that's right Deshaun didn't wear
those shoes all summer just to save them for the first day of school.

We took the short cut to school that day. Momma doesn't like us going that way
cuz we pass that house.

Deshhaun say it's a crack house but I don't see any cracks in it.

There's always people standing outside and today deshaun went up to one of them .

He turned to me and said

"Nigga ill buy thirty Jordans just take yo ass to school"

When school let out I ran so fast my shoes weren't on my feet when I got in the door

I walked in and heard momma crying in the kitchen

I told her Deshaun didn't go to school, told her I should get the Jordan's she got up
from the table slapped me walked into the bathroom and slammed the door.

I told myself Ill run away ill run to the crack house she don't want me anyway.

I walked outside on the grass still barefoot and there they were in the street one on its
side One flat on the ground white Jordans a little scuffed

I grabbed them tied them together threw em up on the line

I sat down on the stairs ants crawled across my toes ten pairs of tennis shoes hung on
the line like water droplets there shadows lined across my porch.

Bryan Sanders

Bryan Sanders started writing poetry at the age of 14. He got his start at the World Stage Anansi Writers Workshop. He has featured at the world stage, and gotten a writing scholarship to UCLA where he studied under Suzanne Lummis. He was a fellowship student in the Idylwild summer arts program and he has featured at Beyond Baroque, Charles Bibbs 626 art gallery, and Avenue 50 art gallery. He was chosen as an up and coming poet in Los Angeles by the newer poets festival and he is the host of a literary radio show known as *The Corner with Bryan Sanders* on *blogtalkradio*.

