

where you thought you were in America
 but looks more like the slums of Mexico
 where instead of playgrounds children
 play in apartment building alleys
 instead of trees climb razor wire fences
 although careless - their hands and minds
 callous from existing never cut deep enough
 to bleed - where banda music blares from

expensive stereos money better spent
 opening minds and enlightening existences
 where night walkers walk during the day
 selling marked down souls in exchange for
 a fix a hit anything to help me forget that I'm....

regressing into a form barely recognizable
 as human - she bares a breast to offer her wares
 as sincere as baby offers soggy cookies
 I tell her I appreciate the offer, but one shouldn't
 pay for cookies let alone used cookies

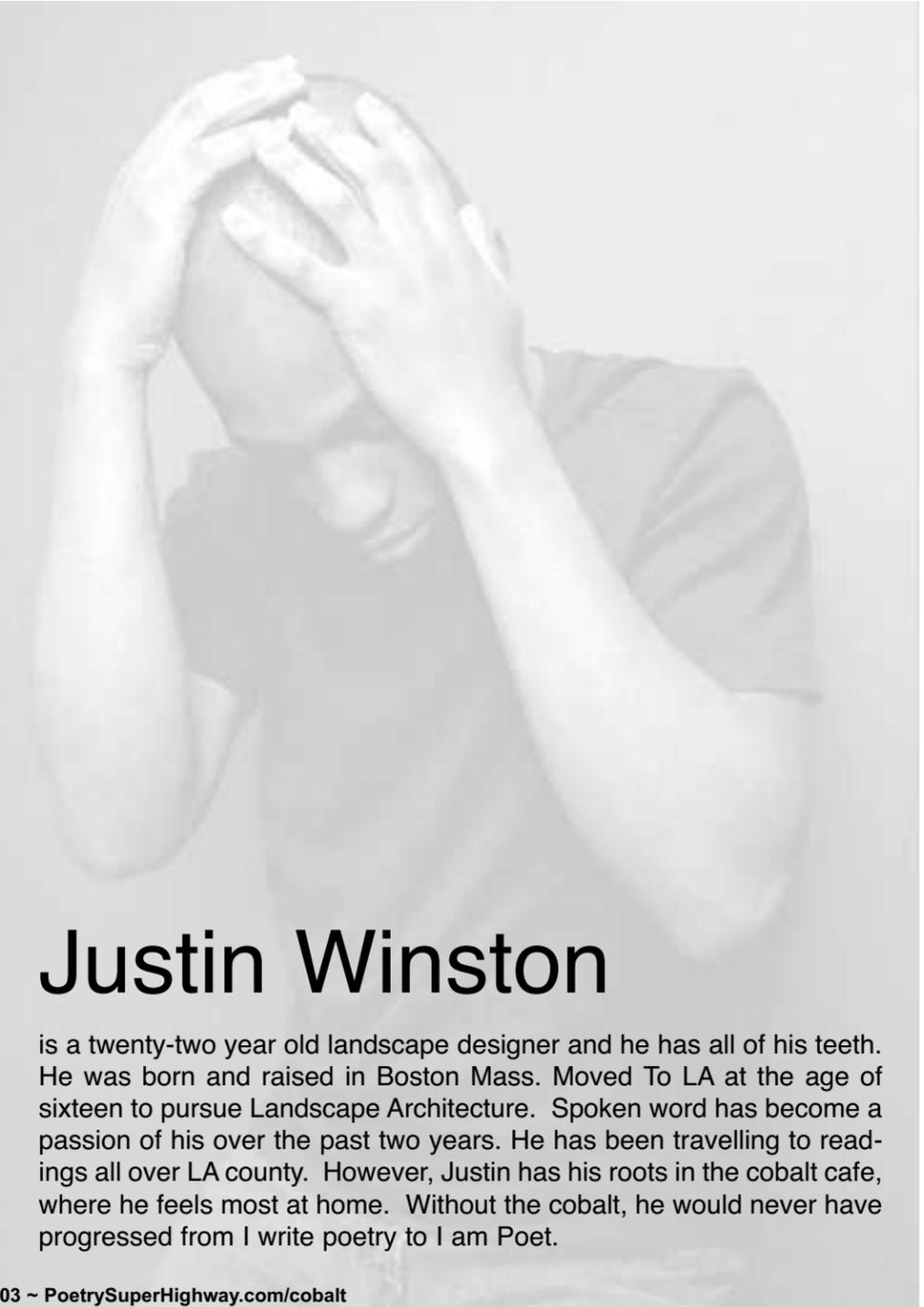
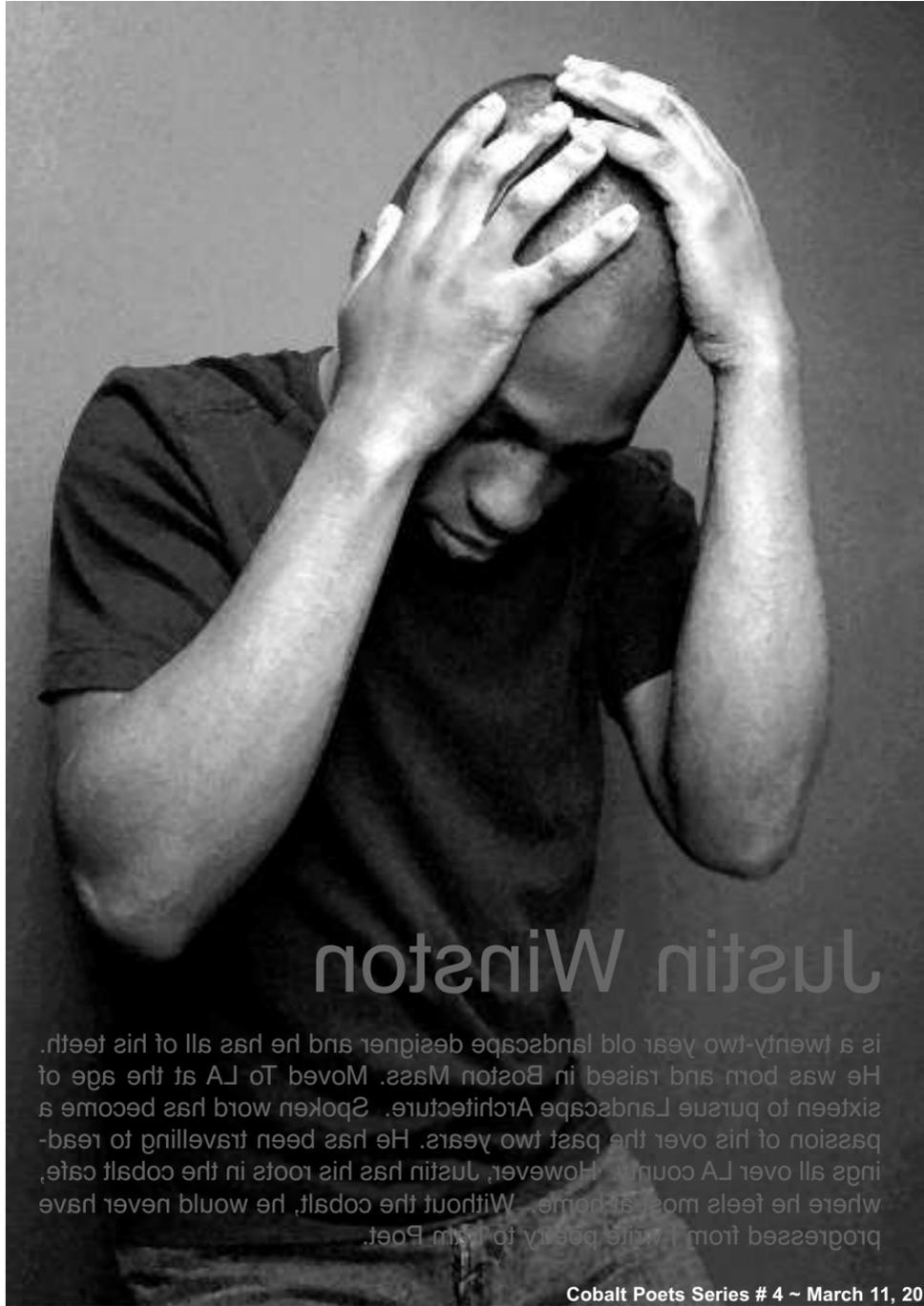
where the lower lower class is nameless
 and faceless need not mention races -
 they make us all look bad
 where ignorance and mental starvation runs
 more rampant than aids and they desperately
 need a cure

where greasy homeless men ride buses
 wearing pretend sanity and urine stained pants
 leading us to wonder just how far they fell from grace
 and just who sat in my seat before I did?

where mothers tell daughters to urinate on the street
 when people act like dogs you better watch your feet
 where stereotypes live and breed - wasn't
 a single Negro in sight except at KFC

where poor isn't an economical status
 its a mental state like those who think poor will
 always be poor

Welcome to the twilight zone...



Justin Winston

Justin Winston

is a twenty-two year old landscape designer and he has all of his teeth. He was born and raised in Boston Mass. Moved To LA at the age of sixteen to pursue Landscape Architecture. Spoken word has become a passion of his over the past two years. He has been travelling to readings all over LA county. However, Justin has his roots in the cobalt cafe, where he feels most at home. Without the cobalt, he would never have progressed from I write poetry to I am Poet.

is a twenty-two year old landscape designer and he has all of his teeth. He was born and raised in Boston Mass. Moved To LA at the age of sixteen to pursue Landscape Architecture. Spoken word has become a passion of his over the past two years. He has been travelling to readings all over LA county. However, Justin has his roots in the cobalt cafe, where he feels most at home. Without the cobalt, he would never have progressed from I write poetry to I am Poet.