

Art

By Nile Coy

"My art will be my salvation!" he screams.
"Art can't save you now,"
the snickers under my lungs whisper...
all the kids in the ghetto think
that hip-hop will save them
like kids in the 'burbs think that
punk rock or metal
will take them somewhere that they
can't feel the pain,
and my kids on the rural tip
think that they can write or act or
paint or pluck their asses out
of this backwards redneck town.
My word is truth:
Art is a tired old whore,
and you and I haven't the pimp hand
to get her coming back with much green,
not these days.

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