



"Black Heart Garden"

Poem by Charles Curtis, III
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Hearts are not always this color
At least the healthy ones
We are pumping grime through our veins
Hearts, are usually plump like cherries uneaten
We're unsweetened
We are the fruit left in the sun to rot slowly
Blended into a vacuum we make sludge unbearable, detested -foul garbage
We make for an ugly garden
Black hearts spreading like vines up in the gutter, we clutter
Still finding root here
Down in the metallic soil
We grow upward and downward and spiral around, never making it to the top to breath in the fresh air
above the pollution
Blacks hearts beating a lub dub that sound more like more like automatic gunshots
We are the fruit that nobody wants
Black hearts fighting to love
We beat in unison on days of harvest
When we are reaped into little black boxes
We all know suffering
There are no plums at the table, no fresh mangoes, or grape vines
Just slime
Fruit that once was decayed into a mush why don't nobody realize that there's still a garden here
We pray to the gardener but he's the one that stop watering us
Don't trim the hedges, we're left only to melt away
Beating still we show them that this garden of Black hearts can still love despite this viscous fluid
Yearning to love like the cherries we can never resemble
Unsweetened but never bitter...



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