

April 2018

My Streets

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Recommended Citation

James, Justice (2018) "My Streets," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2018 , Article 47.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2018/iss1/47>

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justice james

poetry editor

Justice is a senior Literature and Language focused English major with a minor in Sociology. Her goal after graduation is to continue Literature studies focusing on Black and other POC writers. Her hobbies mainly include watching American Horror Story and other thought-provoking dramas. It is one of James's ultimate goals in life to do/achieve something extraordinary.



my streets by justice

My streets are dressed in the pitter patter of foreign feet
Merengue, Kompa
The Sounds of Jamaica vibrate the earth
Beach channel, Queens
24th street, just blocks away from where you catch the A
The A can take you anywhere

My streets wear old jump ropes and Chuck
Taylors tailored for the lay-ups
For the free throws and the crossovers

My streets wear trash
Piles and piles of it from 20th to 22nd stacked by a rusty fence
guarding the Keyfood and its moldy mushrooms, rancid onions, and
the best.
fucking.
Haitian.
mangoes.
on the east side

My streets smell like musky-green
Like that good shit
Like wrapping swisher-sweets and Biggie albums
Everybody screaming "Where Brooklyn at?"

My streets are adorned with love
Every mother trusts them with her babies
My streets take care of them
Sometimes just take them

But my streets have always taken care of my granny
As she walks to church with my papa in her pocket
And Haiti running over her like a waterfall
Sloshing in her shoes
And my streets soak it up

