

Untitled

By Anais Torres

It's around midnight and the streets are bare.
Only the sounds of misfits fill the air.
As a group of teenagers gather on the corner
disturbing the peace of the streets.
Paper bags, covered bottles and packs of cigarettes
Are seen there as the teenagers stand huddling.
It's their *hood*.

There's the smell of sour rotten lemons, misty covered grass
and dry beer all at once.
They stand there..guns hidden safe while
jokes and laughter..cries of anger and rage seep
in the air.
Then the chatter is bought to an end as the tires to a broken
down Ford comes toward them.
Four men are in this car.

I only see the back of their heads from my window.
The front passengers side window comes down as the
biggest guy steps up to the car.
A gun is pulled from the car and instantly fires three bullets
from its chamber.
Two guys drop to the floor, not in fear, but in pain
as the bullet pierces the bodies.
Two more guns are pulled out of the car.
More shots are heard.
The teenagers scatter... many with injuries.
Some fight back as the battle begins.

Gun to Gun.
Car to Feet.
Gang to Gang.
Body for Body.
Death or Life.
Life or Death!

One bullet never has a name
and if it doesn't stop, you might be next.