

Fatherless Son

John "Komrad" Moye

Dear father –

nah, I mean Harold Max,

you never been a *father* so I can't call you that.

But anyway, it took a lot for me to write you,

and to be honest, I ain't even wanna write you.

I felt you wasn't worth my energy and time

I mean, I wasn't worth yours so why should you be worth mine?

However, I got a lot of things on my chest

and it's about that time to get 'em off my chest.

Now listen! I know you gave me life

but in respect to your role as a father, you ain't play it right,

and Lord knows that wasn't right ...

I hope you know that you wasn't right.

I was born on June 1st, you were gone by the tenth,

left me and moms all by ourselves to fight and fend.

Just me and her against all odds

against this ongoing war against black lives.

Racism, Sexism, Poverty and Drugs

Violence mixed with trauma turned me into a thug;

Damn! All these obstacles,

and overcoming 'em damn near impossible,

Especially, without a father ...

Especially without a father.

And on that strength alone
Statistics say I was prison prone,
sentenced to death before I left the womb.
Tragic!
Guess from the start I was doomed.
From the start I was doomed!
I prob'ly would a had a shot if you were here to give me tools,
but instead I had to get 'em from the streets.
Lived on the wrong street so I went to a poor school
And 'em teachers teaching there only taught us to be fools.
No books, I had to worm thru the dirt to get my jewels
And my momma couldn't teach me, 'cause she was too busy
working sixteen hours a day tryna feed me.
And when she couldn't, I had to figure it out.
Only twelve first time I had to flip me an ounce and...
"get mommy out of some jam 'cause she was always in one,
always short with the income, always late with the rent..."
And even though those times came and went
I can still hear her praying, pleading to God saying:
"My father, why do you not help me", why do you not help me?!
Every time I heard that, I said the same thing too,
but instead of God I was talking to you.
Now for the record dad, why did you not help me?
...why did you not help us?
Matter of fact,
you ain't even gotta answer that,

no need to dwell on the past.

It's no need to spar over old milk spilled,
that won't contribute to these wounds being healed;
that's a job for forgiveness and love,
so, with that said, I'm signing out.

Very truly yours,

Ya son, with forgiveness.

Much love!