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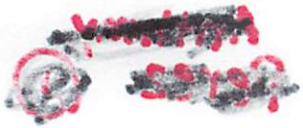


Youth violence in poem

By Anthony Perez

There
Was once
A great man.
There was also a dunce
Then there were two
Another
and more.
The more
People
The more problems.
Nowadays
It
Is not enough
To just graze.
Money's tight,
Drugs are easy dough,
But,
They are a problem,
They ain't no solution.
Lots of kids
Fall victim.
Many people
Fall to addiction

On and on, the battle goes
A battle,
With no end.
There is just,
Endless pain.
There's dough now,
But then you'll be below.
The people,
Afraid,
Confused.
That is the product
All that will come is the sum,
of bad,
having no dad.
no influence,
no structure,
addicts and alcoholics
abusive parents
a drug lab in the basement.
Many will die
Mostly in vain,
All that will come is pain.
We are small,
What can we do?
Even with a crew.



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On and on, the dark goes

A rather

With no end

There is just

Endless pain

The... a dough now

But then you'll be down

The people

Ahead

Confused

That is the product

All that will come is the sun

Of day

Having no dad

No influence

No structure

Addicts and alcoholics

Abusive parents

A drug lab in the basement

Many will die

Mostly in vain

All that will come is pain

What is it?

What can we do?

Been with a team

Each chapter in our life

By Anthony...

...

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Great man

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Just great

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Together,
It'll be hard,
But separate,
Even harder
Even with anger,
The fate is final.
The cards are drawn.
So what hope is there?

Luckily,
I have escaped,
The vast disgrace
And the humiliating face
Of pure evil.
I remain untouched,
But I'm still in fair ground.
I sit with people,
Who have ideas,
Perhaps one day we will stand.
It is still unclear what to do.
But,
One thing's for sure,
In the end, we'll not only prevail,
But we'll have found the holy grail.

Handwritten text in red ink, possibly a signature or stamp, located in the top left corner.

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Faint, mirrored text from the reverse side of the page, appearing as bleed-through. The text is mostly illegible due to its low contrast and orientation.