Do The Write Thing Poem (fiction)

Now Michael’s only 9 years old
Seeing someone killed makes his heart dead cold
Why did his friend Joey try to think to bring a gun?
Laughing into happiness and thinks he’s having fun
Wearing all these clothes and acting like a thug
Mom is asking questions and now they just shrug
Ask to go outside so they can play with friends
Michael never knew that his life was gonna end
Joey pulled it out and he accidentally shot
Now Michael fell down and he landed in the rot
What’s the point of living if your gonna get killed
Everything you do can make your life thrilled
The family knows and the funeral starts
This death is 56th on the charts
Michael’s soul left him and packed
Michael went to sleep and he never came back

How has violence affected my life?
Well I’ve gotten close to being stabbed with a knife
How do you think I feel with this kind of past?
I know that god is my guardian at last
Violence starts with gangsters and their attractions
Kids with the weapons and it has its satisfactions
I think that every single kid should just dis
I can use my senses to alone describe this
I can taste the hickory I can taste the victory
I can smell the blood from the victims and it’s sick to me
I can hear the guns and all the people’s screams
I can see it happen faster than laser beams
Last but not least I think it’s all the same
I can feel every ones love and pain
You might as well get all your clothes and pack
Cause your about to go to jail and never come back

This is the last verse and I should say
That those gangsters out there should pay
Wasting all their when they can get an education
Learning good math and all the good equations
Instead of on the streets and without sorrow
And the kids see them as some kind of role model
Dragging all them kids into thinking they’re good
Saying that the true home for them is the hood
That may be true for but not me
And I think that all of us should see
Being part of a gang and an alliance
Them gangs got a lot of anger management
Use the money that they robbed to see a therapist
Everything they lost is stored away and packed
They lost an opportunity and will never get it back