

King Konga, Essay

and there he stands -a little boy,
no shoes on his feet and dirt in his hands.
molding dreams from the clay of his fathers,
and fathers before him.

and there he walks -a little boy,
in a path already chosen.
and in his mind the strides will all match,
but his steps remain smaller.

(only love will lead to love)
behind all his notions of doubtful chagrin,
are old pickett fences that´ll be white once again,
and there he waits ready for a life to begin.

and there he sits -a little boy,
gazing through windows.
and all he sees in the absence of peace,
is a world out of reach.

tell me what´s ahead where the light doesn´t shine.
a little boy whose lost and a life he´s yet to find.

what will become of his helpless cry
as the youth of a little boy passes by?

only love will lead to love.