



BY
TIMOTHEUS
"Pharaoh" GORDON JR.

Leeks meet their demise in bogs
While the river
Slips
And
Slides
And
Cuts through the valley
And into the great lake
Wildlife rumbles and enjoys the plains
Beaches attract one to love another
On a starry night
Hopefully without the frost

Portrait of Chicago
I envisioned
When Earth and man coexisted
Courtesy of
Those great
Illinois
Tribes

The visitor LaSalle boasted:

“Someday,
a great city
will rise here.”

Giant from pair of influential worlds:

Africa and Europe
Built the foundation
For the city second to none

Without DuSable,

there will be no Chicago Fire

Without DuSable,

there will be no Harold or Obama

Without DuSable,

no Bronzeville, no Downtown, no K-Town

Without DuSable

no Louis Vuitton prince or Royal Airness or Scarface

It's where

The Windy City

Displays Janus' face

With ferocity 'n serenity

1 portion loves integration and socialization

Another's America's 3rd most segregated city

It's where

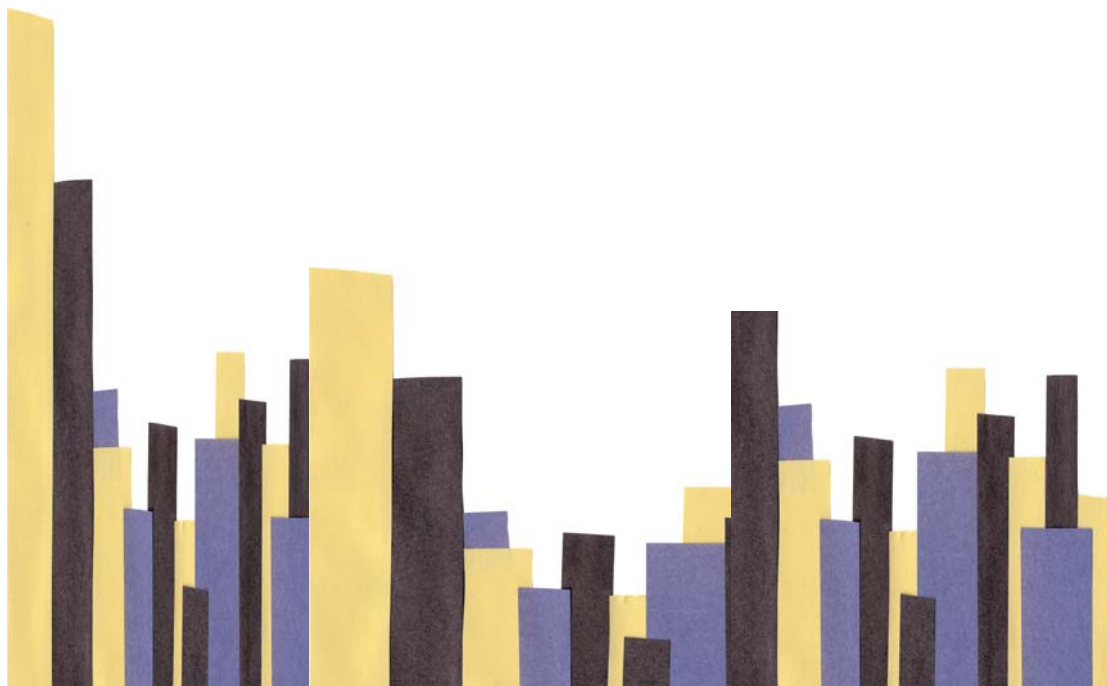
Liberty's muscle is shown

Sears Tower, Millennium Park

And the scholastic center in Hyde Park

War against Chi-Town? Then
Send in the cub pack
Or barrage of socks
Bring on the heat
Call out the stampede
For which they're a dynasty
Or let the sky rain on ya'
Get the tribe to take vengeance
Summon them monsters of the Midway
...all on the battlefield that is

No need for only one beat
Chicago got sounds you adore
It plays sweet notes on the sax
and sings the blues
and shows a sample of Beethoven
One wants to go back to memory lane
Or don't see nothing wrong
With a lil' bump-n-grind
Also there, angels of the Lord
Harmonically inspires you



Though the voice 'n instruments
The 808 jolts your body and
Pleases both man 'n woman on the floor
Common gives folks knowledge
While the Twista is coming
Even the underground there
Pierces mainstream media
With truth and thunderous music
Exploding through the Alpine

ATL is hip-hop capital
West cost is gansta rap's momma
New York is the origin of hip-hop
But in the Chi, it's hip-hop university

...And its playground

Love what Chicago have to offer
The golden coast,
The magnificent mile,
The chicken havens in the hood
Malls, concerts, stadiums

Love them all!

Future site for the games honoring the gods
The rich aroma of Chinatown
Greektown and former Maxwell Street
Oh, my darling deep dish pizza
I love your taste of euphoria you give me
All in a titanic pie of cheese, tomatoes, and meat

Scenic Chicago I do adore
Poor black man's Chi-Town ...I must tell more

Born and raised in tha 5-9 and Wabash,
No silver spoon in my hand
No mathematical chance of exiting hell
Didn't have legacies
No wait, we did...
pimps, hustlers, and bustdowns
But the 10% did make it out alive
And pursued careers
And living the great life with family

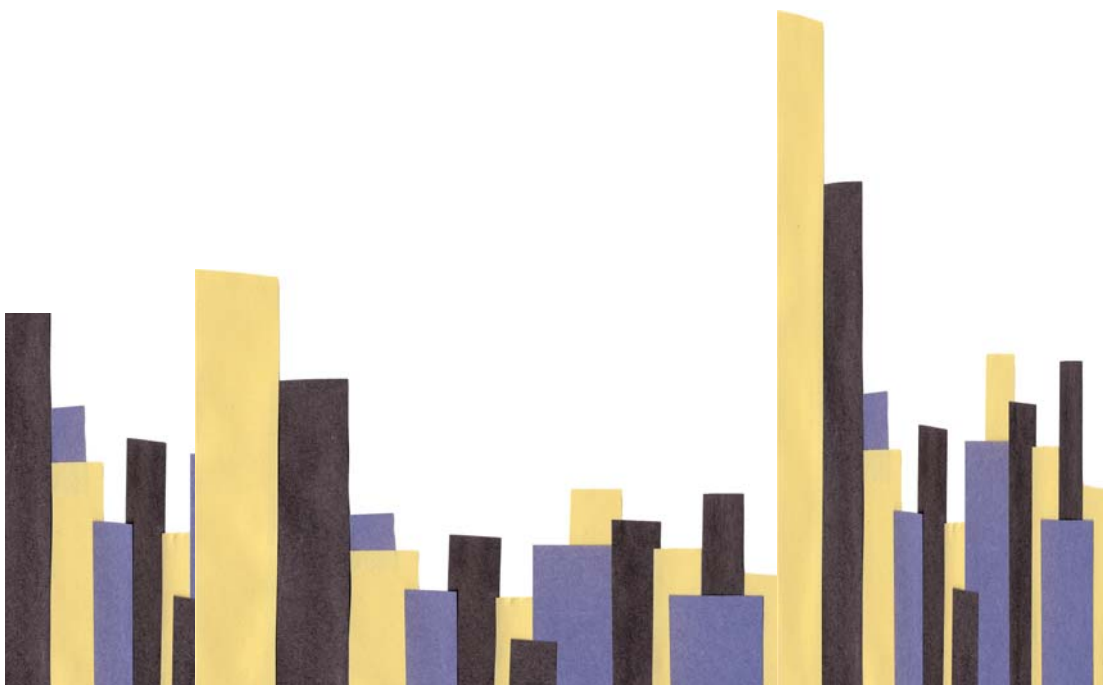
Life expectancy there is a tick
Life so short
Volley of gunfire slays
The innocent children
Or the child is later
Poisoned
By
The good sex
The dro', the pills, that purple drank,
The grey goose, the stacks on deck,
The chrome 9mm...

Thus is left to die
If rescued too late.

By all means necessary,
One gets the necessities needed for life
If selling yourself or slinging rocks
Is the ticket,

So be it...no honest job wants us to do so.
Minimum wage can't even feed your children.

America dreams of two parents
But in Washington Park
Either the mom is also the dad
Or
The dad is also the mom.
Or
There's no such thing as parents
As they disappeared out of the picture.
The streets, system, or family members
Raise a child (sometimes the village will
Pitch in, pending the child)
Morals should be in the teen's mind
But how is it possible if there's no one
To lend him or her a hand.
Then if that same person is a parent,
One can't expect to raise the next generation
To rise from oppression if not given the tools



Yet, I love my hood
The community taught me how to be a man
And it's the site of love's first kiss...or maybe more
I loved backyard football or the b-ball courts
Where legends and money are made
Twenty people flocks to porches
Challenging others in spades or Madden or bones
In trouble?
Hit up the church,
Dem gangsta goons,
Your family and cool peoples,
Or tha killa clique.
On a good night
We
Chill on the block,
Sippin' on liquor,
Blowing dro'
And talk about life's wonders.
We may see hobos looking for money
For what reason I cannot tell
Fights, open mics, and freestyle battles
Is real entertainment; we got the best rides,
Best clothes, most attractive significant others,
And we gotta get it crunk up in the clubs
For tomorrow we might perish
Without decent education.

Yes, it's my true definition of Chi-Town
Come and show me another city as great and complex as Chi-Town!