

Inextricable

Soul Glo

As I sit or stand or whatever, I wring my hands with aspirations of truly clear speech and exhale my bile. But what of my potential to do a disservice with my words, my work? What of the erroneous pre-conceived notions of the worlds might I inadvertently affirm? It's not about attention, it's about action. I've heard talk of the "ghetto," but never really seen it in a place. I know some spots where they want the most cops, but that's still gang shit, just with a different face