



L'ASHAREUH LARK

Greetings, L'Ashareuh here. But, please, refer to me as Takashime, as labeled on some of my writings. I've been writing ever since I could read, and I was sometimes afraid to be "me." My therapy was friends, family, reading, and writing. My work is always uplifting, but some pieces, on occasions, are silly like me.

TATEMVILLE

Where am I from?
Tatemville in Savannah, GA.
Around there, some people
have no sympathy for children.

Can't go down the slides at the park because they
leave surprises inside
too surprising to mention,
the smell as awful as three-week-old trash.

That's why I just stay at home,
avoiding classmates and busmates from school
like the girls who mess with my belongings:
books, hair, phone.
None of it is theirs to touch.
None of it is theirs, period.

They all have long hair.
They all stink like a dirty diaper.
Living by a park, school, and pool
isn't as fun as it seems—
not in Tatemville.

In Tatemville
I choose to walk away from people who are not worth it:
adults who fight over nothing like dogs over a bone,
grown-ups smoking in the park,
sharing with teenagers who know better;
people who party into the night,
knowing others have things to do in the morning.

Cops always drive by:

I see them as I walk to and from the bus stop,
breathing in clouded smoke in Tatemville.

In Tatemville, the smoke smells like failure—
like not caring or working hard for a grade.
It smells like people who can't pay,
like lost goals bigger than any of them aim for.

Our neighborhood is noisy.
It sounds like unspeakable words,
unseeable actions.
But it's all normal if you live here,
here in Tatemville:
my home, sweet, home.

