

A ST. LOUIS KWANZAA

by Earl P. Holt III

'Twas the night before Kwanzaa, and all through the hood,
Its denizens were restless, and up to no good.
Lookouts were perched at each corner with care,
To alert all the crack-dens if PO-lice came there.

Fumes of "*Mad Dog*" and weed wafted strong through the air,
While addicts shot smack with nary a care.
The children all braided their corn-rows real tight,
In hopes the *Kwanzaa Bunny* would visit that night.

The *Crips* and the *Bloods* made their Holiday Peace,
Vowing in common to "**F*** the PO-lice.**"
And even the whiggers hid under their beds,
While visions of race riots danced in their heads.

In a crack-house, some scofflaws were lighting more rock,
When all of a sudden, there came a loud knock:
Then what to their wondering eyes did appear?
But *St. Louis' Finest*, in full riot gear!

Doors tore from their hinges and crashed to the floor,
As miscreants screamed, terrified to their core.
The cops went to work with their nightsticks in hand,
Swinging at skulls as the Africans ran.

A beating ensued as they tried to escape,
AND NOBODY GOT IT ON VIDEOTAPE !
A loud cry was heard by those able to flee,
"Happy Kwanzaa, you punks, from the SLPD."