

Fruit of the Slum. (Series)



zionantoni
***Publisher/
Independent
Recording Artist***

Prelude: The Learning Tree

There's many trees that blow under the Firmament of the Ghetto. Gate ways to access to consequence and misfortune. This Orchard shares the trade winds of oppression, The high stakes of corporate and barrenness of the Ghetto. In the Orchard There is the tree of Imprisonment. The order of incarceration With its own fruits of pain, along with the tasteless fruit of Death of self? Of the sweeter fruit of freedom through death of self. Too many moons passed over the orchard, too many rain seasons of Heron and cooked crack that settled as snow over the leaves. Lush is the waters of alcohol..in many flavors and rivers and concrete jungle landscape pounded by the social media camera. And oppressed by media. I noticed one tall tree, rugged bark, and deep roots. It had the healthiest appearance, with hydrated leaves. She had a rare appearance Fam, like stars, Like pure vegetation ordained in the earth, tailored in the ghetto. The lore was she fed many great men and women. I sought the name given around the quarters where the tree was planted. Brazen over gold it said: "The Learning Tree". I recollected a book published in the late sixties about the late photographer Gordon Parks account of experience and growth. In this Preface and Parable, and my own experience, It remains to produce the sweetest, and ripest fruit of the slum. Know yourself. -

Ari

No Keepers of the Field

\

The Design and etching of the wild orchid, comfortably, is us; as we know the ghetto. The Hood. The now, the narrative. Dysfunction by design. Influential by generation. Through my life, works and experiences I derived a saying overtime: as a man I am no better than my Fathers”.

Referring to mistakes, observations triumphs and falls, Highs and lows being one thing: Human. As there is a hopeful sentiment that even your future generations exceed you, to live better and do better is healthy. The fact is we start from from the same mold being born of a Woman. After this is development sense of self and ambition and vision to do so. In this short journal I want to make clear those of us born of whats colloquially termed the “bottom” down to the Babies of the “trench” have the same option. Clear observations: in the light of the strongholds, from Murder to High Trafficking of the worst the viable options are the pangs of incarceration or residency 6 feet. As it is known and as it was stated. Though ignored and trespassed, the laws of the universe remain unbreakable. Akhi, beloved, it all comes back.

As you can see city to city, our habitat, the wacthmen and neighbors thereof are not the redeemers of the community. There are some that detain, some that abuse by legality, and the politician casts policy that bring no essential reform. Clearest attribute: the Fruits of the slum redeem themselves.

The first seed is always an individual conscious effort. Mentally, socially, by spirit and action. The resources begin from within. Currency just follows the trail of effort.

Fruit of the Vine.

The Odacity of dry bones living.

The Odacity of Faith.

The Odacity of challenging generational curses.

The RISK of restoration.

The healing of understanding.

The print of yesterday.

The vision of Tommorow.

The execution of the day to manifest Tommorow.

The ripe fruit of the ghetto is attainable.

Beloved you are the fruit of the slum. MANIFEST.

-Ari Yusef Goodwin(zion antoni)



Zion Antoni is a Freelance journalist/recording artist from the Bronx, NY. He is the author of the award winning No Prisons series released in 2009, and has produced a stream of essays and publications among the grassroots, streets of urban America and abroad.