

## The Heartbeat

The pulsating...  
Constant beating...  
That makes blood run through our veins  
And animates us  
Fills us with life  
So one can say we are different from an inanimate object  
It's the essence of life  
*The heartbeat*

But what it means to us:  
Violence  
A constant struggle to survive  
Living a life worrying about your safety  
No matter where you go  
You're not even safe in your own home  
Let alone anywhere else  
Gunfire being the sound that fills the night sky  
Not crickets  
Chaos being the way things are  
No more organized anything  
Law no longer binds anyone  
Nor protects innocent lives  
It's only there to be opposed and questioned  
When is the last time anyone cared...  
About Hartford  
As much as people try to improve our living conditions  
We still have rat-infested apartments that some people have to live in  
We still have people dying of hunger  
Because the money they had spent on drugs to get high  
We still have bums roaming the streets without a place to live  
And now after all that  
Now you want to care...  
You should have cared a long time ago when that little girl was shot in the face  
When police officers were killed in the line of duty because of the violence  
That doesn't have an end  
Now a couple of people get shot and people care...  
How long will that last?  
A week?  
A month?  
Then Hartford will be tossed aside  
Because deep down no one cares  
They just want to get credit for anything good that "might" come out of Hartford  
Get some satisfaction  
So they can feel like they did all they could and it makes it easier for them to give up  
Let us tell you now  
The Heartbeat doesn't need your pity  
The Heartbeat can take care of itself  
If you care, do something about it  
If you don't, leave us alone  
"It's the hood, people get shot everyday  
Let the hood be the hood until it decides to change."