Marcus Dynell Powell*

HELPING STREET CHILDREN IN BRAZIL TO LIVE

Look at me; I am a street kid from Brazil.
I have to run everyday to survive
from being labeled or criticized.
If not, the policeman will take me for a ride.
And beat me, call me names,
and take all my pride.

Every day in Brazil, many children are being killed,
Because people in stores say they steal.
Because of the race, gender, and mixed cultures,
Most of them live on the street corners and
not with their mothers.

The policemen ride and search, so that they
can find them drunk and hurt.
They do not know why they are being followed.
Shot, beaten, and poisoned are never going
to solve these problems.

But what do we do, just sit on our butts,
lose all the trust,
and watch the policeman and people keep it up?
And never say a word until it happens to us.
We cannot let them go any further;
We have to fast, pray, and work,
To reach out to each other.

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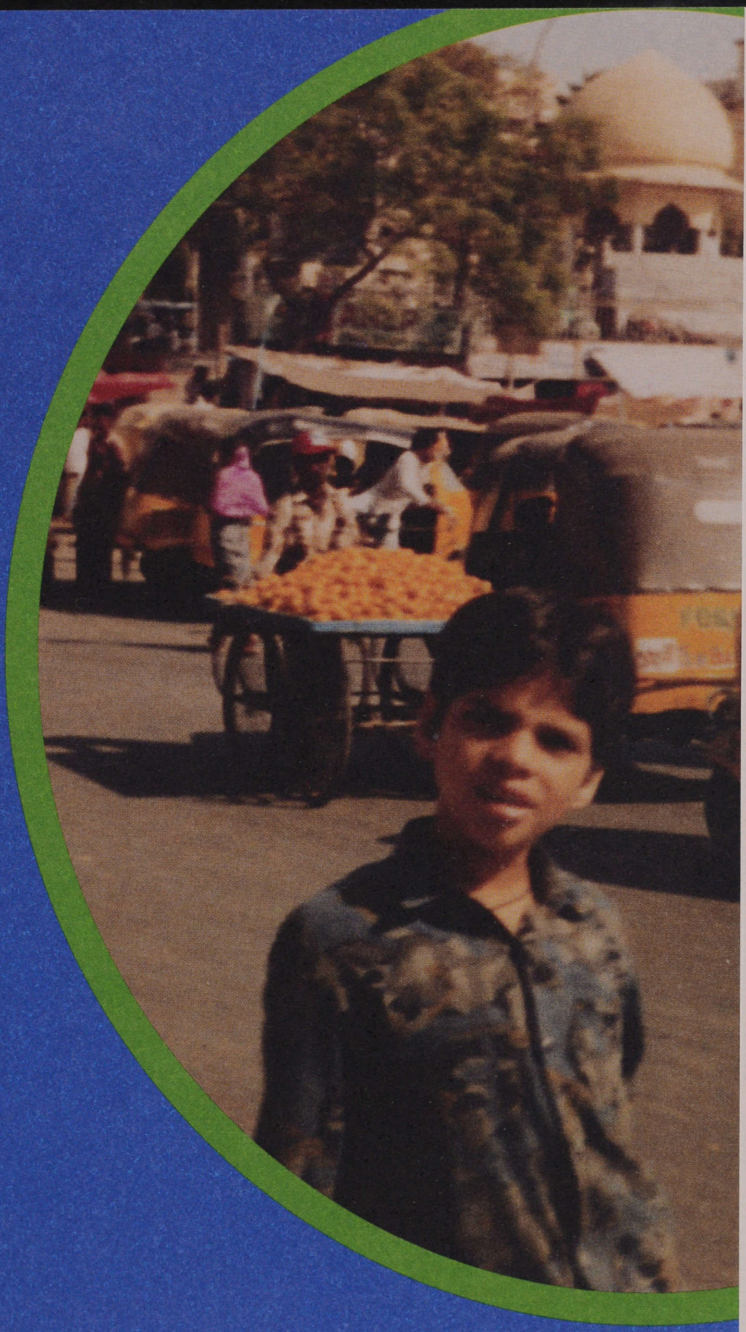
Wake up people and realize what is happening to our
sisters and brothers.
We have to learn how to stand and fight
for one another.
Even though the street kids go through
floods, storms, trials, crises, and fire.
God is always going to be their provider.
But I know a person who can solve all that violence.
All he is asking is a little, love, worship, and silence.

Love is what the kids need,
so that they can be able to succeed.
Brazil is a great place to live.
But the policemen got to become watchful and still.
If they do not stop, our kids are going to be like crops:
Some grow only in the fall, winter, and spring
In order to help us stay healthy, pure, and clean.
But God can protect the street kids, and help them to live
And change the policeman's mind not to kill.
The street kids need our grace and faith
Just to make it in this world today.