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# Innercity Detroit

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**Innercity Detroit**

Mother, I watch you as we leave  
Burton International School's parking lot  
after our day in your classroom,  
stapling posters on the bulletin board  
before classes resume.

We see a dark man with burnt taffy skin  
clenching his son's hand  
walking fast, peering behind.

Another man struts pompously behind  
grinning as he catches up  
"Where's my goddamn money," he shouts,  
shaking his fist.

The boy clings to his father's legs  
crying.

Pulling over to Cass Avenue's side,  
startled, you sob too, Mother  
into your embroidered handkerchief.

For ten minutes we park  
until you breathe deeply  
and we drive home  
to our suburb Norethville  
silently.

**Kamaljit K. Bagga**