



THE MIKA KING

STREETS,

FAME,

MONEY & PAIN

POEMS BY

Urbanity · love · betrayal · faith · survival

GRAFFITI · RHYME · STREET

GMAIL themikakingxx@gmail.com
TIK TOK @themikakingart
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STREETS, FAME, MONEY AND PAIN

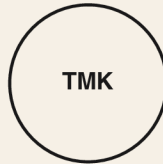
URBANPOETRYBOOK

STREETS, FAME, MONEY AND PAIN

Poems by The Mika King

"Urbanity, love, heartbreak,

betrayal, faith and survival."



FIRST EDITION 2026

STREETS, FAME, MONEY AND PAIN

F O R

*those who write their name on the wall
so as not to disappear,
those who turn their wounds into verse
and silence into song.*

THE MIKA KING

Michael Spehner Ortiz

FIRST EDITION 2026

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01

BORN AT THE CORNER

I was born where night sells smoke
and the cold knows every name.
My cradle was a cracked sidewalk,
my roof, a sky without promises.

I learned to walk among stares,
to dream without asking permission,
to turn fear into ammunition
and defeat into another way of rhyming.

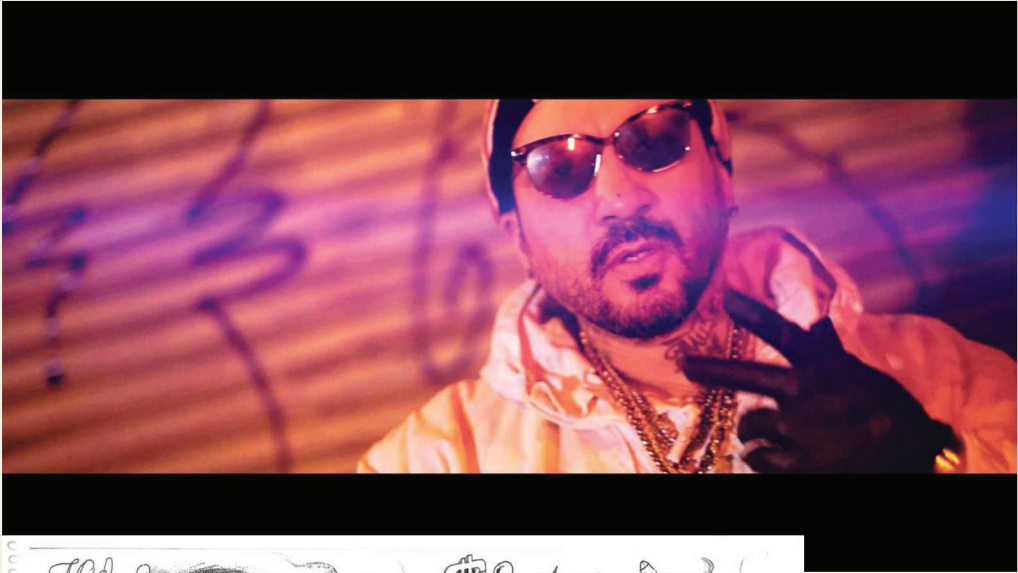
I am the son of noise and silence,
of the wound that refused to close.

They call me The Mika King,
because I had to crown myself — no palace, no altar.

STREETS, FAME, MONEY AND PAIN

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GRAFFITI IN THE STORM

I paint my name on the concrete
like one who leaves a cry in the city.
Every color covers a scar,
every stroke defies the darkness.

The wall doesn't ask where I come from,
doesn't judge my clothes or my voice.

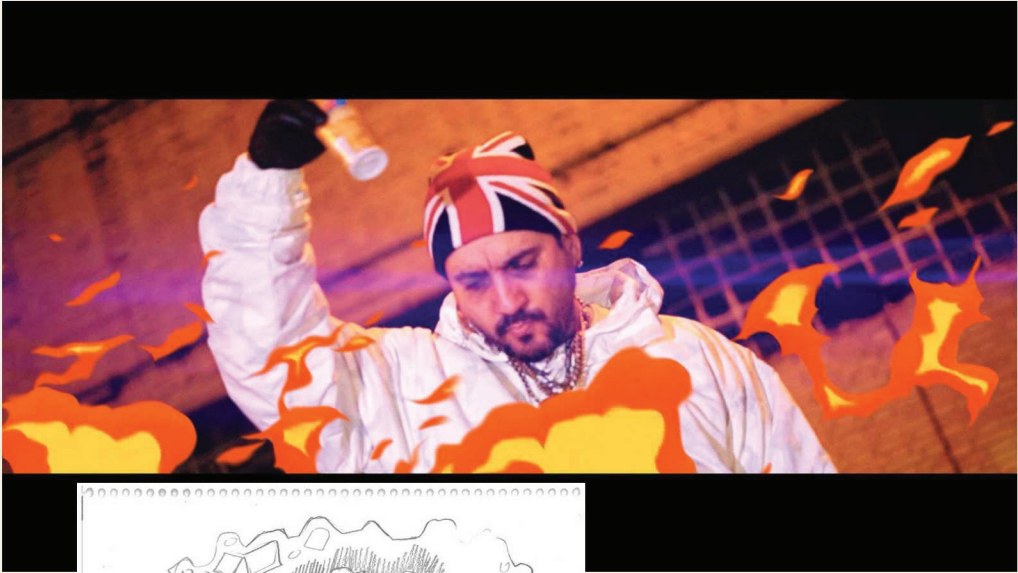
It only receives what I carry inside:
fury, hope, rage and God.

When dawn comes and they erase my signature,
the memory stays beneath the paint.

Nobody fully erases an artist
who drew his truth over the trash.

STREETS, FAME, MONEY AND PAIN

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03

NEIGHBORHOOD LOVE

You arrived with the scent of rain,
with eyes tired of waiting.

I had little, but I gave you
the only thing I knew: my truth. We
kissed behind a store,
with the moon as our witness.

The world was hard out there, but
your chest felt like my shelter.

We had no roses or fancy dinners,
just songs, sweat and loyalty.
Sometimes the greatest love
grows where need overflows.

Poems and Urban Illustrations

