

PRISONER EXPRESS POETRY ANTHOLOGY 13



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Daniel Peterson

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Bobby E. Brown

Anthony Murillo

D.B. Hughes

Daniel R. Jackson

Gary Gregory

Ron Clifton

Noman Theriot

G. Neal Strauch

Don Brown

Jacob Silva

Maurice Stokes

Brandon Rushing

Jonathan C Holeman

Maurice B. Wade

William Carlson

Samantha Rew

Eddie Menetee

Alessandro Milan

Wesley R. Carroll

Lonnie Smith

Durrell Anthony Puchett

Rodney M. Lane

Juan Frias

Robert Patroude

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Luis Reyes

William Andrews

Z.L. King

Matthew Fox

Ronald Edinburg

G. Neal Strauch

Lazaro Vazquez

Semaj Naoji Herrington

Joshua Mathew Finklea

Maurice Stokes

Albert Doggett

Nkrumah humumba Valier

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Bruce (E.D.) Feaster

Noman Theriot

J. S. Slaymaker

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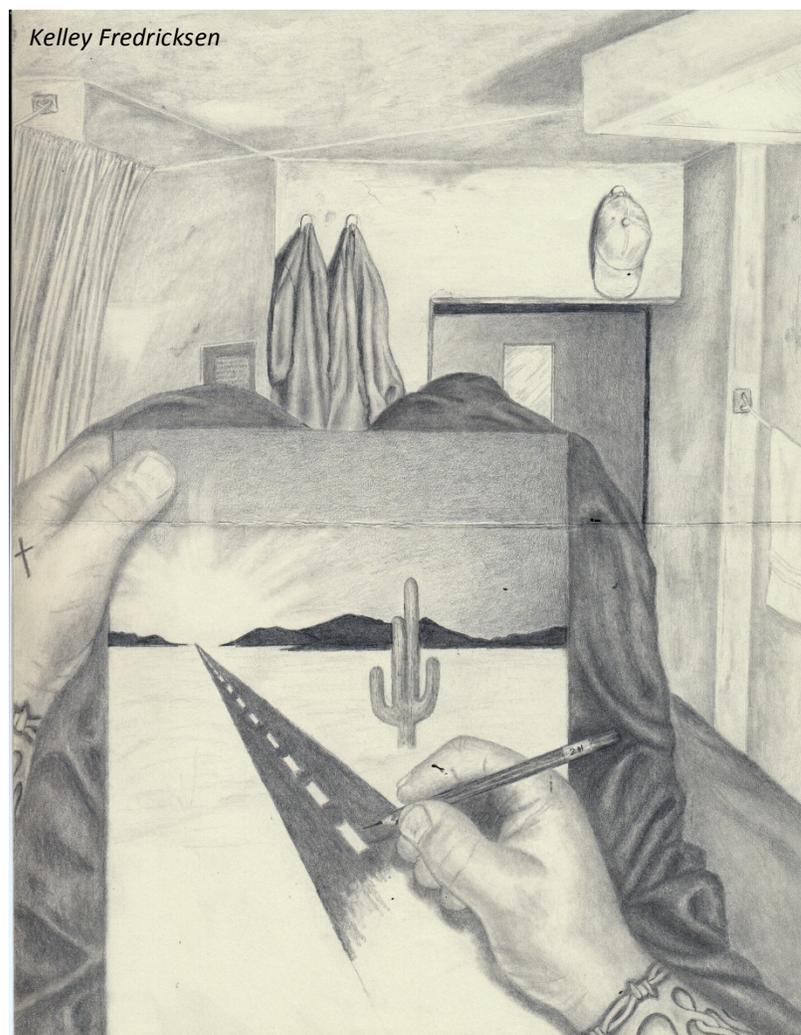
Manuel Antonio Gonzalez III

Alejandro Cruz Benaudez

Thomas Stranblad

And many others....

I apologize to those whose names do not precede their artwork. If your name is not coupled with your work, send a letter so we can fix it on the web version of this poetry journal. Thank you.



Children of the Gods
By Daniel Peterson

Touching the Artist's brush,
The blue paint is the heavens,
Red is life,
Yellow is the sun shining forth.
Each are gods
Each stands alone, proud,
Unblemished, untarnished.
Blue paints the sky,
Red paints the ground,
Yellow illuminates the world.
They speak:
"I rule the skies; I am god."
"I form the earth; bow to me."
"I shine forth illuminating man, omniscient."
Each has a place on the pallet,
Each has a purpose in life,
Each is the creator.
Unblemished, untarnished,
Pure colors are proud.
The Artist smiles because
Only he understands that
The masterpiece is in
The bending of the rainbow,
A blending of the pure
That true life is only found in
The children of the gods.

Remember the Artist
By Elisandro Antonio Nava

When our ashes are finally scattered
Into the wind, into forever,
Will our words have even mattered?
Did they bring anything together?

When our etchings on the wall,
Undiscovered, have been found,
Will they understand them at all
As they crumble to the ground?

When our letters are excavated
From a deep and damp pit,
Will our secrets be exonerated?
Will they make any sense of it?

Will they know the love we knew
Or hear the songs we sang?
Will they know to whom our prayers flew
When heaven's bells gloriously rang?

I hope that they will know us all
For every mark we leave behind,
From the paintings on the wall,

To the reshaping of the mind.

Mystery of Mysteries
By Anthony Murillo

Life is a great mystery—
So is death,
And self.

A Warrior spends a lifetime
Attempting to unravel the mystery,
All the while
Knowing the mystery is unravelable.

Unraveling is the *ideal*.
Acting for the sake of acting—
Without promise of reward—
Is the *mood*.

With this idea and mood,
The Warrior storms the citadel of Reason
And gets chopped down
By the self-appointed guardians of
"reality."

I Wonder
By Daniel R. Jackson

Sometimes I wonder, what was the plan at
birth
The moment I exited the womb, and
entered the earth
Such a small being, in this vast world
Am I crazy to think I have a purpose
Pinned up pain, from scars unhealed
Looking forward to the future, while time
stands still
Searching for a method to the this
madness
Hoping an answer would surface
Find me, leave me, find me, leave me,
that's the way
It usually goes
Hold me, need me, love me, breathe me,
but that's
Never how the story's composed
Beautiful or brutal what is this thing called
life
Warm then cool, warm then cool, and
sometimes
Cold as ice
Don't try to understand me, your efforts
are
Useless, you will always fail, if you should
I've reached a point, the lowest one could
go,
So I could never be understood
That's why at times I often wonder, what
was the
Plan at birth

When times collided and God decided, to
bring me
Forth, to the earth...

The Cold Truth
By Noman Theriot

Life is filled with many changes,
Changes we possess, but who's to blame
us.
We are all the same in many different
ways,
We hunger and strive, just to get paid.

We are no longer children but grown
adults,
We put in so much effort, for such little
results.
Time after time, they questions, they're
replayed,
But those are the choices we all have
made.

Our hearts, they have been broken,
All in all the same by the ones who bare
our children,
And the ones who have passed away.

Why did it come to this?
Why did this happen?

From having a job, to the pistol I was
packing.

History of Abuse
By Don Brown

I killed myself in '89
But somehow I'm still
Feeling fine

I died again in '92
From the same old shit
I always do

In '95 I lost my life
Lost my home, my kids,
My wife

In '98 all hell broke loose
Evil lies and hate
Found me in a noose

Two years in hell for another's sin
Then 2000 came and brought
Me life again

Soon came the year 2004
I thought I'd never
Suffer more

In 2006 I lost the stars
You just can't see them
From behind bars.

In '09 they unlocked my cage
I let loose my anger, my pain,
My rage.

In two short and angry years
Twenty eleven proved that I still
Had so many tears.

When I Was Young
By Jacob Silva

When I was young,
Imagination was play,
When I wanted the phone to ring,
I said bbring, bbring,
Then I said,
Hello?

When I was young,
Summer days were endless,
Sticks were guns,
But no one was killed,
All was pretend;

When I was young
Murder Rape War,
Were grown-up games;

When I was young,
A was the alphabet's beginning,
Look up Sex in the dictionary –
Blush –
What's intercourse anyway?

When I was young,
I knew I'd never grow old –
Old people came pre-packaged in foil –
Assured of this,
I was happy;

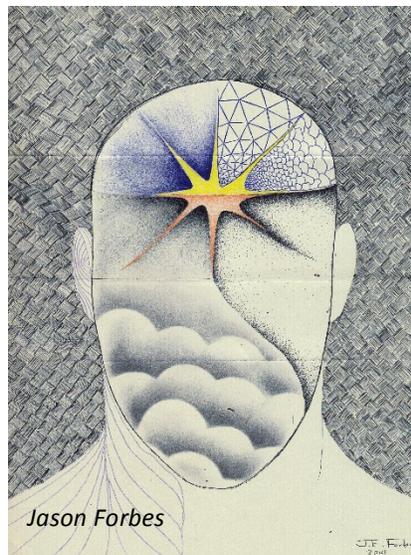
When I was young,
Cancer was a horoscope
In a Reader's Digest,
I am a Leo, but my
Roar is feeble;

When I was young,
Death was a parade,
I liked the limousines, dressing nice,
But not the crying,

My tears stain this page.

Back When...
By Maurice Stokes

When I carried guns and sold drugs they
encouraged my mentality
But now that I carry books and teach they
want to silence me
Claiming what I'm doing is against prison
policy
Because I'm now threatening to make a
change in our society
They told me they'd cut my time if I offered
my apologies
And forget who I am and let go my
ideologies
And stop teaching men positive qualities
Because the lack of men in jail will
overthrow municipalities
And cause a rise in unemployment and
crash our economy
Because so many fields depend on us
being admonished honestly
So with the bigger picture in mind they ask
me to read and teach silently
And let the blind stay blind and keep
behaving violently
Trying to convince me that the world can't
survive if some don't remain asleep
So like the slave masters of the past
they've forbidden me to teach
So no matter how far we go they can keep
us on the hook
That's why they make it easier to get a
knife than it is to get a book...



Down By the Creek in Summer
By Brandon Rushing

Cold water, soft
Rippling numbness.
Spread toes curl in
Something like joy.
Childrens tiny legs.
Motion,

Of the heart

Frigid Incarceration
By Jonathan C Holeman

Upon a field of white
Beneath a bitter sky of grey
Constrained in the artic
Bound by the permafrost
As the polar zyphers drift
Across the frozen glacier
In the freezer of the mind

Flakes of images flow down
From the icebox of the past
Immured by all the faults
Of the sunshine hampered by the clouds

Memories formed to icicles
Limited to pain and sorrows
Of mistakes numbered by repression
A chill mist hardens into hail
That pelts the blood red face
Imbarassed by the restraints
That enclosed the frigid heart

Non-Haiku 1

Clouds and mountains
Rivers and streams
The bullfrog dresses in mossy green
Dragonfly escapes a subtle death

Non-haiku 2

Bees in sweetness
The birds in flight
Angels can not fly into the night
In the dark, there's no hope to guide them

Diné Princess
By Maurice B. Wade

Blackbirds across the fen catch her eye;
She stands on browning grass to watch
them fly.
San Juan climbs on a north of tides,
Backing into springs and hills, floating isles
Of flowers, bringing striped
Bass in to lust and feed. She squints The
Year's flight;
While lawns and hills shake on their
restless piles
and thunder rocks deserted river sites.
She waits in the scent of hay and sighs.
Woods surround her, black with
greenness, fervid like
A tide to fill all hollows with their growth
and blight.

The Hogan, a college now, decays amid

The lovers lying careless with books.
 The mud cracks from roof to ground; the
 pillars
 Shed their paint like rattlesnakes that wind
 A ruined garden down a drowsy slope.
 The empty pool is lined with years of
 leaves;
 The flowers bloom and die at will; the
 vines
 Have closed the garden gate and several
 windows
 Of the hogan with latches firmer than
 Their rusty iron. The tennis courts have
 lost
 Their lines, and balls careen into a
 limitless
 Void that shames the blackbirds their
 season's ride.

She walks beneath the piñon where
 carriages wait
 And buckled horses stomp their blood and
 beauty.
 The trees astir with wind fly suddenly up;
 The mottled sky splits wide with guns and
 rain.
 She runs the field and falls into the air.
 The mountains vanish; lovers die; and
 learning
 Turns to dust. She cries: This is Crime!

Diné found her later in the flooded fen,
 Flowers tangled in her black hair,
 Eaten by bass. The tide fell south again
 And carried her cry between the palisades
 Into Albuquerque. The summer failed.
 Wild woods burned at last and left their
 luminous
 Ash upon the lawns; the bluffs whirled
 In wind and snow; Life let out for most of
 us.

Beauty Unseen
By William Carlson

Single leaf,
 From autumn maple
 Splash
 Of color across

Its bow
 Falling, falling
 Primeal beauty
 Calling
 Longing for

Savage love.
 Shaft
 Of light stabbing
 Through shadows,

Spotlight,
 Quiet sacrifice.
 Single leaf
 Saffron and red,
 Silent
 Humble nobility.

Word Play
By William Carlson

Summer sun slowly sinks
 Wisping winds whistle
 Through the
 Loose leaves
 Shaking shimmering shadows

Story Off' Told
By William Carlson

Lyrical gold
 This story off' told
 Of lives
 Like vines
 That entwine
 Growing from one
 To another
 They become
 Each other
 First me
 Then she
 Now we
 Begin
 To fall
 That's all
 Step
 By step
 Note
 By note
 Heartsongs
 Singing out
 This lyrical
 Quote
 Of lives
 Like vines
 Like yours
 Like mine
 Entwined...

Vapors of Essence
By D.B. Hughes

Seems like eons ago or eras
 passed,
 That mist arose from the
 depths of the heart,
 And cloud cover the precious
 soul of eight years new.
 Giving wonder to the light of
 gender; delicate to touch,

And aroma sweetened from the essence
 of lower.
 Thoughts were crushed by every waking
 moment,
 To daydreams of distressed damsels and
 heroic deeds,
 And slumbered visions lay peaceful smile
 upon innocence.

Seems like eons, though presence being
 nigh,
 And wisps of vapor only remain to
 remembrance;
 While the light glows radiant to consents of
 age,
 And connubial oaths reverberate the
 sanctuary;
 Liken heartbeat over womb; and the
 wonderment of miracle beings.
 Time is motionless for the brevity of
 instance
 Existence marks the gaseous phases of
 new intellectual whims,
 And memories, the more being magnified,
 never evaporate consciousness.

It has been eons, or so it seems,
 And mist clouds the lens of aging
 memories.
 Moisture trickles a path to the unforgotten;
 Still vivid as photograph or in realistic
 sense.
 Vapors of essence surround the heart with
 tender squeeze,



And passion peers from the soul lifted; still.
A glance returned before the heavenly
sheet veils,
At the precious soul of eight years great
grand new.

Remembering Lance
By G. Neal Strauch

That warm Spring night when first we met,
My eyes on you were firmly set.
Your Gothic-style of clothes and face
Could not obscure your charm and grace.
Beneath that black and white on thee
A loving sweetness I could see.
Date on date for weeks on end,
Did leave was more than merely friends.
Though we were thirty years apart
Our friends felt not our loving hearts.
One day you were prepared for more,
Life partnership were looking for.
Six years of bliss, so bright and gay,
Us growing closer each new day.
But one day we were pulled apart.
Our loved ones' illness rent our hearts.
You flew back East to help your Dad.
I stayed in Texas, heart so sad.
We'd talk and text each day for hours,
Encouraging with word and flower.
We'd fly to visit as we could,
Spend days as one as Lovers should.
A foolish act sent me to jail,
Our love stood fast with letters mailed.
One day your letters stopped arriving,
And in my heart I now was dying.
I wrote to you the truth to see
If you had give up on me.
When from a friend the word did come,
My hear, it ached, then grew all numb.
Your life so young by murderous gun
Cut short by hate e'er first begun.
In prison all my thoughts are you,
Our dreams lie dashed, ne'er to come true.
I hold you in my dreams at night
To grasp you tight 'till dawn's first light.
My heart is broken, ne'er to mend.
Yes, I'm at peace this Life to end.
Prepared am I to hold and see
Again, my Lance, to dance with thee.

Twin Moons To View
By Matthew Fox

Twin moons to view
One is mine, the other you
Underneath the pull of tides
Hides a river between our eyes

The river keeps getting bigger
Ha! It is a sea
Whose water seeps a bitter
Poison in me

I have known love
And watched it wither
With not a kind shove
But by a shredding, little by little

Under the crystal hue
What could have been
If ardor paid its due

Though if passion ceasing
What could we but do?
Because under this moon
Is our ruin.

Are You Out There, Girl?
By Gary Gregory

Is there sweet salvation near?
Perhaps your smile
Sensed shining upon the shadows
Of dying suns
And collapsing emptiness
A silver lint
Shimmering
In an obsidian sea of deposit
Smoke sent on spiral forms
Of prayer
Slightly stirring
My sad state of affairs
My slumber of sorrow shaken
To awaken to angels
That softly sing your name
In my ear
If there is solace nestled
In the soft shoulder
Of your soul
I lay down my horns
And surrender
To the feather down asylum
Final comforted
From the search
Still dripping
From the storm
If there is sanctuary
In the sweet serenity
Of your kisses
May my mouth
Tongue linger long
Admits it
Breathing in
Your essence
Tender and true
If there is haven
In your hear
May I call it home

If there is meadow
Beside your still water
May I never roam

Cherish Me
By Bobby E. Brown

Here I am with a smile and white rose in
hand-
As I wait until time pass and fly like turtle
doves
Through the air. I'll forever cherish you...

I'll patiently wait with undying love for you,
because
You alone cleanse me. However far I
might be, you'll
Be first. Still upon my heart. I swear.

I'll never say farewell, even though I yearn
for
Your lovely smile daily... you strengthen
me.

Here I am with a smile and with a single
white
Rose in hand—my memories are great of
you, but this
Yearning would never be extinguished,
even if I stood
Next to heaven's gate. I wonder, would
you
Cherish me?

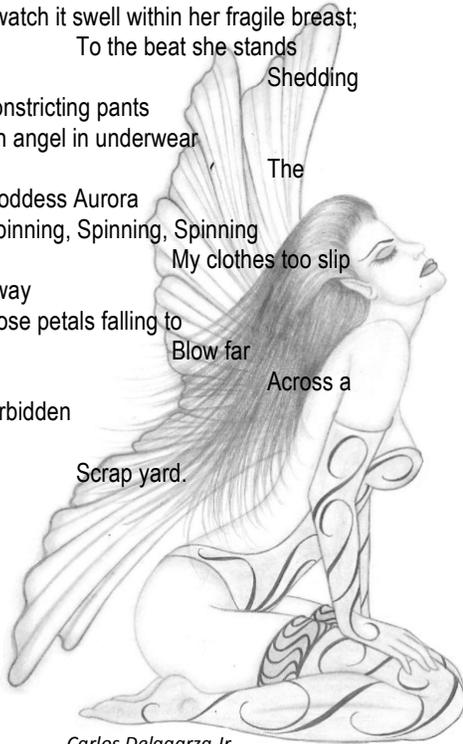
I'll forever wait to have that chance to
wipe
That tear from your eye, because my love
for you
Would never die.

Here I am offering you the key to my heart
To Cherish me.



The Hooker
By Taylor Gerths

The girl down the way comes over
 The Goddess of Dawn floating
 Through my midnight door
 A
 rose blooms in the midst
 Of
 a scrap yard
 It was the kitchen floor we found
 Passing a bottle of rum
 Melting into
 the tiles
 She recited lines of Whitman
 Far an age who wouldn't listen
 For the men
 who took her love
 A night or
 two at most
 (And now...
 From somewhere outside the
 open window
 I hear the saddest
 song)
 It sneaks its way into the kitchen
 Like creepy voices directing us
 to dance.
 I watch it swell within her fragile breast;
 To the beat she stands
 Shedding
 constricting pants
 An angel in underwear
 The
 Goddess Aurora
 Spinning, Spinning, Spinning
 My clothes too slip
 away
 Rose petals falling to
 Blow far
 forbidden
 Across a
 Scrap yard.



Carlos Delagarza Jr

Her Horizon
By Eddie Menetee

Her eyes, these days, are distant.
 She stares one-thousand miles
 Into the horizon
 And smiles...
 But at what
 Does she smile?
 Lost fragments found
 Of memories? The sounds,
 The smells, the sights
 Of warm days and warmer nights?
 I always ask her
 What it is that she
 Has of reverie,
 But she never answers...
 Her eyes, they keep to staring,
 Never daring
 To move from the horizon.

Human Family
By Ron Clifton
Dedicated to Bo Lozoff

Just be who you are, because who you are
 is fine.
 I'm always proud to say you're a friend of
 mine.
 Color, race, or religion, what's really in a
 name.
 Just beneath the skin we're really all the
 same.
 We shield our children and draw them
 near, from those we
 Think unlike us and so often fear.
 I'd like to give those who make war a new
 perspective
 I truly wish I could, for the prejudice we
 teach our young does no one any good.
 If the world could come together in a circle
 of brotherly
 Love, most would find God lives in all of
 us, not
 Some other world above.
 If we took the focus off of our differences,
 Similarities are easy to find.
 We might depart that place all of the same
 human
 race and leave the hatred behind.

Remembering my Mother
By Alessandro Milan

I had a dream about my mom last night,
 About the things she did.
 It took me to those precious days
 Back when I was a kid.
 And every time I came near
 She'd always hold me close.

The strength she showed throughout her
 struggle
 Is what I cherish most.
 Each morning, we shared breakfast
 And it was always cooked.
 Each day before I left for school,
 She'd smile and give me that look.
 So always let your mother know
 How she fills your heart with pride.
 Because each morning, I wake up
 I wish my Mom was still alive.

Greatest Value
By Samantha Rew

My greatest value can't you see
 Is not other than my lil man,
 My minni-me.

His little heart, so full of love
 A miracle sent down
 From the heavens above.

He gives me strength, courage and
 Hope!

Dreams reaching further than the
 Greatest telescope.

When I stumble into the darkness
 He was my candle light.
 Filling my night with stars
 That shine so bright.

Whenever I get knocked down
 In the ring of life,
 It's the way he loves me that
 Keeps me in the fight.

Some say the strength to push
 Forward
 Should be found in
 thee.

But what's so wrong
 If I found it first
 In my minni-me.

It's his love I value more
 Than words could ever...
 Ever say.

No matter what I go through
 His little smile just makes it
 All okay.

For You
By Wesley R. Carroll

On this very special day,
 Of all so blessed days,

Here's a poem for you,
That many saw as quite true.

She walked beside her father there,
A busy street, a child so fair.
Her solemn eyes were filled
With enormous tears,
Her little voice portrays
Her vivid fears,
"Daddy, please hold my hand."

The father's hand picks up his child's;
The child looks up and sweetly smiles,
For she has also placed her fears,
In Father's hands, and dried her tears—
Dad has now taken away all her fears

So cavalier Dad has made it all clear,
Creating such a nice new atmosphere.

Just wanted to let you know,
That your thought of everyday,
So.

My hand has always been near.

Remember...
By Lonnie Smith

Remember... today was the tomorrow, you
worried about yesterday. I wrote an "A to
Z" poem when I had to remind myself of
that saying, my teenager put on her photo.

Another day gone past
But this one, was a very special day.
Couldn't be there, because I am here (in
prison)
Daddy couldn't be physically there with
you too, for he's passed on and no longer
here
Efforts I made as best as I could to make
today special
For my son's 13th birthday, I'm kept apart
from you
Gifts I bought wrapped with love, even
cake and candles
Had them delivered by a dear friend
I telephoned his house over and over
Just to receive another unanswered call,
feels like another dead end
Keeping as optimistic as best I could
Later I tried to call again, but again all I got
were unanswered calls
Meanwhile, my very good friends (Rose
and Ed) went to his house and delivered
all the presents I got him
Not knowing when or if they'd even be
able to
Openly give the presents I got especially
for him, or even answer their door

Please, I prayed, just allow my son to
receive what I bought
Quite honestly, I was afraid and worried he
won't receive them or he'd reject them
from me
Rose+Ed were successful, at least, getting
the presents for my son inside the house...
they actually answered their door.
Sometimes, I wonder if he opened them at
all or blew out his candles on the cake
To not know whether he got them or if the
guardians interfered by taking or stopping
him...
Unless I know, for sure, one way or
another if he really opened them,
meanwhile... I will hope for the best
Validation isn't as important for me than it
is for my son that I, mom, never did or will
forget about him!
With all the past + present that's happened
so far from my biological parents who care
for him it's definitely been an uphill battle!
Xeroxed a copy of the letter I enclosed
inside his gifts; I hope he reads it alone so,
he knows I'm so sorry for all that's gone
wrong

Yet, if not, maybe the two wooden dog
tags, one engraved mom and one
engraved dad, will catch his curiosity to
read that letter... that we never
intentionally left him and we both regret
our pasts
Zombie-like, I bring myself back from all
the thoughts inside my head and just pray,
also hope my son had a fantasy, very
happy 13th birthday!

A Twisted Soul
By Durrell Anthony Puchett

I live in these streets like a mass
murdering beast,
Creepin through alleyways,
Lookin for a place 2 sleep.

My clothes are dirty torn in 2 pieces,
My body odor smells worse than a
decaying corpse,
My homes made out of a cardboard box,
Any order 2 eat I gotta dig-in trash cans.

I lost my freedom at the age of 15,
Lost some of my family at the age of 16,
But that's not it,
My whole world crumbled at age 21.

21: that's when they locked me up,
And threw away the keys by giving me life
in prison,
So writing gives me an avenue of escape.
Escaping deceit and pain,

I'm lost in this white man's concrete jungle,
Lost like a football fumble,
No fresh air, no clouds, no birds, no
nothing...
Carlos Revuelta

Monarch Warriors (for my sons)
Puchett Cont'

Under the calendar stone restless souls
Wait for Mictlan to open its door to the
Underworld so they can rest and evolve
into
The butterflies of times foretold, where
warriors
Shed their warshields and clubs for
Monarch
Wings to travel the land of dreams where
Crystal flowers chase Jaguar Knights in
the
Realm of their sleep; As eagles soar
touching
The sun without burning their wings, as
they
Travel to the land of our ancestors, across
The breath of the Calendar Stone,
searching
For the forest that is their home...

Whispers (for Sabrina)
Puchett Cont'

Lighter than a feather and freer than a
Bird was the whisper of you, that my heart
Heard; its breath reaching the depths of
my very
Soul, its meaning all happening beyond
my control
That whisper of you weaving my entire life,
Piercing the darkness with its ray of light,
soaring
The moment with its invisible wings,
wrapping
All of my yesterday's, in memories along
my
Road of moments I come to find; the
whisper
Of you, traveling across my mind,
searching me
Out, holding me two breaths close filling
me
With love for my heart to hold...

I Come From (for my parents)
Puchett Cont'

I come from a land where the pyramids
touch
The sky, and Eagle Warriors dance the
song of life

And death; to the beat of the war drum,
where golden
Eagles learn to fly and use the stone
temples as
Perches as they screech across the skies,
where
Bands of warrior butterflies return to rise,
dressed
As Monarchs to color our skies, I come
from a
Land where the Ilorona still wails and cries
Searching for the children she drowned, to
never
Find as her suffering is but a melody she
Must endure as it still rings and is heard
Across the earth; I come from a land that
gave
Rise to the humble campesinos who
fought for
Land and dignity as soldiers of the Gran
Revolucion, I come from a land that my
Parents still call their home, our beautiful
Mexico with its valleys of golden corn...

Friend
By Rodney M. Lane

They're hard to find
And far and few between
They're extinct in the lives
Of the evil and mean
They stand by your side
Lift you up when you fall
They always have your back
And always answer your call
Some go to extremes
To let you know that they care
Others show that they love you
By just being there
They're a pat on the back
A shake of the hand
A shoulder to lean on
And a soft place to land
A refuge to run to
A safe place to hide
An ear for your secrets
And in whom you confide
A smile through sadness
And laughter through tears
A stronghold you trust in
To conquer your fears
They're a world of advice
They're honest and true
They're for and few between
But I've found one in you.

Fallen Angel
By Lonnie Smith
Dedicated to Angel Garcia

I see an Angel fall from the sky,

I ask the Lord why, why, why?
First on the scene to look into his eyes,
Made me want to damn near cry.

Melancholy walks by medical divas
Turn to shock as crimson ran
Through out the ethers,
It made them all believers.

People running in circles, like they
Never been trained in medical procedures.
Just watching this circus got my mind
traumatized,
As I watch his life drifting on by.

Numbness almost took my breath
After seeing the suction pump was a
defeat.
Lord why'd you pick me to see this man
gargle
On his own blood, and choke to death.

Now I have to pray to you, to remove
This burden off my chest.
And pray to God to lay that man's
Weary soul to rest.

The Choice
By Ron Clifton
Dedicated to Bo Lozoff

We rob Mother Earth for all she's worth.
We rape this fine lady who gave us birth.
When she cries acid rain you know it hurts.

The Father Sun shines through polluted
skies.
He doesn't seem as clean or pure and
bright
We can't deny what's wrong, but won't
admit what's right.

An absorption of beauty for profit, in the
name of progress for the human race.
Our children can't inherit the treasures we
can never replace.

We butcher a forest, then plant two trees.
At this rate, it's clear what our future will
be.
The time is now, the moments at hand.
Will we choose Life? On a Desolate Land?

Just be who you are, because who you are
is fine.
I'm always proved to say that you're a
friend of mine
Race, color, or religion, what's really in a
name?
Just beneath the skin were really all the
same.

We shield our children and draw them
near, from those we find different and so
often fear.
I'd like to give those who make war a new
perspective, I truly wish I could
For the prejudice we teach our young does
no any good
If the world would come together, in a
circle of brotherly love, most would find
God lives in us all, not some eternal world
above.
If we took the focus off of our of difference,
similarities are easy to find.
We might the place all of the same human
race, and leave the hate behind

*“God lives in us all,
not some eternal
world above” – Ron
Clifton*

His Loving Words
By Juan Frias

His loving words are soothing to the ear
and always rule over fear.
They penetrate the darkets places and dry
the falling tear.
They break the chains that shackle every
mind
And provide strength to heal the hearts
that sin would bind.

His loving words that are whispered,
rooted in the heart
Will bear fruit and give wisdom to those
that are apart,
Will shed light in the darkness where hope
may have died
And bring life to ambitions that can fill us
with pride.

His loving words give strength to survive
each task,
To help the sinner to take off his mask.
They inspire our dreams and show us the
way
To release us from pain, until that perfect
day.

His loving words soothes the soul and
enlighten the spirit;

They bring comfort and warmth like a beautiful lyric.
They bring peace to our lives in most difficult times;
So always remember his loving words are Divine.

The Land Across the Sea
By Robert Patroude

In my darkest hour to you I call
Deathly afraid that I will fall
Though my voice you do not hear
Despite the call, so clear
Across the Sea you stand
In a Land-Without Time
How I long to be at your side
But the ferryman—he has died
I try to swim to the Neverland
Yet my arms fail my command
If my wings were clipped not
The ember of our passion would burn white hot
But this Land across the Sea
Forever keeps you from me.

My Soul
By James Chonley

When the breeze is warm I close my eyes
In deep breaths I let go of all this ice

Lost in trance, I stumble but
I find my way
Laundering my troubles, I must carry on today

Year by year, the ice gets thicker
Overtime, the ice becomes a barrier

Unmoved and untouched my soul yearns for love
To life and love I thank Ishtar from above

Everyday I am blessed.
Astonishingly want to know things I wished to know

Confessionally, I am Dark, Grey, with no color
Having no help of guidance I am lost with no adventure

Meaningly, I mean no harm
Everything, I used to have is gone like a false charm

I will follow my religion til the day I die
Following the Old Religions way

To the respect of free will of all living things
Every day it is my will and intent to

Accomplish greatness and love
Correcting wrong, for getting old ways

Having strength coverage and honor
Involving soul, mind, and heart and color

No darkness shall enter
Gravity reverse to lift barrier

In honor of the god and goddess
Separating right from wrong

Over see my mind to progress
Killing old habits and abroad new habits
So might it be

Harming none
Love is the law
Love is thy will
Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law
Do that and none shall say nay

I vow my heart and soul to the god and goddess
To learn knowledge I wish to know

Mid Life Crisis
By Sabron Stewart

My conscious is a mid life crisis.
Every day I wake up and I pray it's enticing.
My backs against the wall, and I'm tired of fighting.
The bible says Jesus wept but I wonder if God knew how I really felt.
Am I the devil's advocate cause my materialistic mind state is extravagant?
Made a promise to myself that I wouldn't become average.
Getting chosen is the narcissistic swagger.
Poke the heart of a lion with this dagger.
As my mind travels my conscious falls asleep on the gravel.
It awakes in a coma.
I told my momma coming back to reality is like coming back from a despicable aroma.
Never understood the basics, wake up to changing faces.
Sleepless nights keep me pacing because my thoughts are always racing.
If I could pass go I would be the host of my party.
I brag not hardly.
Life is a Bitch I just hope she is emotional.

My creativity is dull when sober, so I smoke weed to push the edge over.
Suicide poetry with a conscious flow on the other hand I misplaced the suicide note.
My life is like a Mark Twain quote "I see it for what its worth"
You only live once on this earth so I plant female seeds and birth the THC focus on the TV and smoke heavenly.
Hells on fire so I burn one for the star of the morning.
I pray when its dark that he light my way because I'm lost without him and come to find out there's a finder's fee, but she found me for free.
I be on a different attitude I'm different from these other dudes.
Them average Joes can play the fool, while I manipulate the cool.
I'm driving without a license on a mid-life crisis.

Angry Tears and Apologies
By Sarah Julie Spencer

I'm sorry for the times
I know I should have prayed
And the times I should have left
And the times I should have stayed.

For things I never said
Or wish I didn't say
For failing to comprehend
That there is a special way...

For us to live our lives
When we live our lives for you.
Why did I have to do?
Just whatever I want to.

I mistook the freedom
The love, the grave you gave
And used them as a stepping stone
To plot out my own grace.

For don't you know this Jesus
Humans tend to die,
When they don't have a mother
To look them in the eye

Babylons Blessings
By Michael Madrio

I march atop the stone below and smirk up at the sun
And if he runs from the sky the stars and moon arise
In that time dear Babylon shall blossom into life

Deep beneath, unleash a beast, that
feasts on other's glee
The key to free my shackle shines to
release me of my mortal binds
The wings to fly above the night and near
the laughter turn to cries
Dear Babylon my home sweet home live
your life before it's gone

Poem #1
By Quentin Horris

Spiritual revolution is forced
On every sunshine soldier doing time
Whether you are weak or strong
In every season the spiritual
Battle begins in the arena
Of every prisoners' minds

We must fight; we must fight
As children of the son
We must fight for what is right
Against the darkness of our souls
We must fight, we must fight
As creators of a new world order
We must fight to co-create the
Lovelight of new scripture that
Will brighten the minds of those
In future.

We will fight against Satan's enter-
Prise of building more prison
Warehouse in world

Trapped inside of a shape
By Luis Reyes

Trapped inside of a shape, as my soul
withers
Away minute by minute, breath after
breath;
My hope depends on love, the kind of love
that seeks
The importance of life, for what is life
without a purpose?
To be bound behind walls of regret,
ignorance and pride,
Hidden away from the little that you know
and
Comprehend...
Trapped inside of a shape, as my thoughts
seem clearer
My strive for success seems stronger and
anything I encounter won't stand a chance
For the heart is stronger than the mind, or
is the
Mind stronger than the heart?...
That's a decision you must make while
staring
Isolation in the face

One Finger
By Matthew Fox

One finger to the many
On the hand of plenty
Do the lines tell the tale
Or is the secret hiding
Obscure, as the cut of a thumbnail?

One hand of anger
On the palm of plenty
To build a temple
To sorrows of many

One moment of many
Changes everything
While you eye with envy
The choices of others

And with choices of plenty
Hope not to stray
For everything turns ugly
When you lose your way.

Again
By William Andrews

The 32nd of every June,
When the Allman Brothers do a rap tune...
Right after a cow jumps over the moon,
Hold your breath it's all coming soon!

The day booze is free in every store...
When we figure out what the moons really
for,
Right when it's O.K. to piss on the floor...
Hold your breath... I've got more

About the time it's polite to steal,
When the media reports all that's real...
After the government has nothing to
conceal,
Hold your breath... cause here's the deal

That's when I wanna see
You again...

**A Living Example of African American
Culture**

By Z.L. King
A tribute to Margaret Burroughs

A giant among Giants
This noble woman has died and passed on
at 95
Great and noble people do not die
Because their good works live on and on
Long after they are physically dead

Please recall booker T Washington,
Gandhi
Dr. George W Washington Carver,
Dorothy Day and Mother Teresa
Just to name a few they are still alive
because of their noble war
They are still alive because of their noble
work
And service to others
The work of Dr. Margaret Burroughs will
continue
To live on and on
Each time that I think about noble people
Dr. Margaret Taylor Goss Burroughs will
come to mind
This noble woman was quick to assist and
defend prisoners
This giant of a black woman
Died at the ripe age of 95
For more than 40 years
She was a beloved mentor and friend
In life she received honors
Presidents of the United States
Governors of several states
Kings queens primes ministers and
presidents
Of many foreign countries
In spite of all praise, honor
And adulations she received
She was quick to cast her lot
In with the downtrodden
Those at the bottom rung of society
Prisoners have a warm and special place
in her heart
Year after year she would reach out to and
for prisoners
Teaching art classes, poetry and some
history too
In her mind she saw prisoners taking a
positive role
As free men and women
For the good and wellbeing of all
Again and again she appealed to prisoners
To leave a legacy
Worthy of emulation
For the next generation
She set the noble example by being co-
founder of
The Dusable museum of African American
history – yeah!!
As a prisoner that has served 45 years in
prison
My life is rich today
Because Dr. Margaret gave me love
And some of her quality time
As long as I live I will always lift up
The memory of a mentor, friend, hero and
deer
Dr. Margaret Taylor Goass Burroughs –
Yeah!!

Losing
By Ronald Edinburgh

So often, people don't realize the misery of a loss, until something they loved is no longer there.
Times you neglected to make for them, and the ways you could have showed, how much you care

Living is loaded with surprises and expectations, kindness and exacerbations, and full of ups and downs
Me, because of my anger and inability to control it, I end up locked up and bound.

I thought my life was over, sentenced to fifteen years!
Losing my way of living, the warmth of my family, my rights and freedom
Enough to bring a statue to tears

Day after day, time, gradually crept by
Then, after doing five long years, I received news that gave me the shock of my life.

My father left this world, apparently his heart gave up
Found by my mother, on the bedroom floor, the sight was too much
Im sure, thinking of being alone, she lapsed into a coma, for nineteen days and then she too was gone.

It couldn't be worse, I'm doing time and the Lord chooses it to be theirs

Making matters even more unbearing, they would not let me out to attend the services
Mad, upset, and almost to tears, I ask god what did I do to deserve this

So, here I am, sitting in my cage, chin on chest, alone, for-gotten, emotionally pained
No one to care, no one who writes no one to hug when released my life in a spiral, like dirt down the drain
I ask and pray, can someone help me, please get me out of this losing game.

Poetry's Web
By G. Neal Straunch

A poet weaves a web of words
Each gossamer stand suspended high
From beam to post, and post to beam,
That may attract some hapless fly.

In time a reader ambles by,
A bit too close, begins to read.
Becomes entwined with words so fair
That he away cannot be freed

Until at last, the readers lost
In worlds fantastic spun around
Caught in the web of poetry's light
Content to have its meaning found.

Sacred Scribe
By Lazaro Vazquez

Ink of my own blood
Words pure written by my soul
Every last one.

Hospice
By Lonnie Smith

Keys jingling
Fortified door closes
Terminal darkness becomes light
Time is no essence
In STATEville Hospice

The Price That Must Be Paid
By Nkrumah humumba Valier

Only then things will change.
No one who truly wanted it was denied it.
Talking about it with no actions to back it up.
Will keep us trapped in the Matrix.
This is a message to the People.
Don't Sleep!
These conditions we are forced to live in will never get better.
Our children are suffering.
17 year old black boys are being shot down in the streets every day.
Where is the Justice?
Samuel Jackson time to kill.
they say President OBAMA will save us.
Empty promises.
Texas got a plan.
Lock up every black man and Mexican.
That's like money in the bank.
Not even the poor Whiteman is exempt from this plan.
Prison Corporations is new age slavery.
The South never fell.
Slave masters sit in office buildings overlooking the city.
Nat Turner 2015 do you know what I mean?
I rather die than be a slave.
What happened to the land of the free?
Jim Crow running for president 2015.
You know what we must do.

By any means necessary.
For freedom we all know the cost.
The Price That Must Be Paid.

“Remember. Today was the tomorrow, you worried about yesterday” – Lonnie Smith

Black Dreams
By Semaj Naoji Herrington

Perceiving the gloom of darknesses unconsciousness,
I envisage the night retreating fearfully into slumber.
Where star studded dreams gleam inside velvety nests,
Like eggs hatched pitifully into blackness.

The putrid odors of obscure imaginations wrest,
Like identical misconceptions of unrest in the womb.
Borne like ebony wishes upon beds of thorns,
Banished illusions consumed in black on black.

Beneath the cloak as weeping cracks a smile,
A Smidgen of light then filters through the guise.
The sounds of hope are but a faint ideology,
Yet transcend they the abyss as a Pegasus mounting winds.

Reform dangles loosely like a carrot, to incite inspiration.
Dreams, awakened to face another damn staid.
Fear of struggle, buds into hope of change.
Aroused into movement, where blackness once rested...
In Black Dreams!

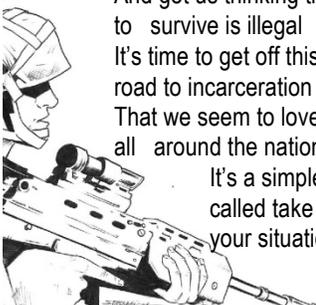


Desensitized
By Maurice Stokes

Societies perception of success I despise
Because it makes an exception to the
acceptance of lies
Handicapping kids from the start in my
eyes
With music and movies meant to
desensitize
Us about the things that affects all our
lives
From the drug dealers that we're taught to
idolize
To the men committing murders which
happens to be on the rise
They're slowly shaping our life views and
guess why?
Because a man without inhibitions simply
can't survive
They'll have self destructive nature
And Lack the discipline needed to become
innovators
Because they're taught all their lives to
worship paper
Currency and despise the slow pay of a
waiter
Taught that school is simply just a waste of
time
Because the only legal hustle out the hood
is sports or to rhyme
Lies to desensitize us of the ills of our
actions
So we'll have no regrets when we kill in
our section
Sell drugs, rob and steal in our section
Humiliate, abuse and womanize to please
an erection
From magazines to hood novels, music to
movies
It's time to open our eyes to the things
they are doing
Because whether you believe it or not
these things are affecting our people

And got us thinking the only way
to survive is illegal
It's time to get off this paved
road to incarceration
That we seem to love to follow
all around the nation

It's a simple task
called take control of
your situation



o Ranallo

Monitor what you watch and read and
value your education
And what you learn teach others to apply it
to their lives
Because we're all still at risk if even one
still remains DESENSITIZED...

Scream – Shout!!!!
By Joshua Mathew Finklea

Beggin' this cage to let me out!
Silence mean like a stone,
Through my window thrown.
Strugglin' with the right words to say,
Hide the ugly,
Behold the beauty of yesterday.
Rollin' riddle, yes I am!
Jailhouse Jesus in a traffic jam,
Halo among perverted politics,
Walkin' proverb – livin' limerick!
Libra love – a bright sunny day –
Close my eyes – fade away.
Rattlin' the bars, my angry cage!
Open up, eat my rage!!!
Wrestled with it, can't fight it.
Reservations of the uninvited.
Heavy laden – greatly behooved,
Once "mama's boy" – now "that dude"
Sex, drugs, and rock n' roll.
A little hip-hop, truth be told.
Strugglin' with the right words
To say,
Close your eyes – Fade away.

Silence – stronger than words!

The Enemy Within
By Marcus Randall Brown

"Walls of concrete, doors of Steel,
locked away from all that's real."
"Keyless locks and chains that bind,
Reality's the demon in my infernal mind."
"There is no key that can set me free,
My mind is my worst enemy."
"A formidable foe going toe to toe,
Will it ever let me go?"
"A day lost? Or a day gained?
Two separate worlds, both share the pain."
"Lock him up, throw away the key,"
That's what the world said to me.
"I can't do all that time," I said to them.
"Just do as much as you can son...
Until it all ends"...

-Untitled-
Bruce (E.D.) Feaster

What can be seen,
In the mind of a beast.

What drives his soul,
And the rage he release.

Dwelling within,
Is a world of rage
Filled with lust,
In his savage cage.

For beauty,
Stops the sin, he see.
Calling his name,
Who could she be.

With caution,
He bestows his essence.
With her flame,
She devours his presence

-Untitled-
Albert Doggett

Psychedelic trance invades circumstance
Reality suspended, per chance
Sensory overload, enhanced
A glance into shadow's eclipse
Skips, hits, nearly missed
Flaunt the tryst openly
Dancin' the edge of the abyss
Shear openness
Envelops this whole vibrations within the
soul
Reverberate to the core
Begin once more
To blend and start a'new
Whatever you may choose

A Night Before Christmas
By Michael Griffis

T'was the nite afore Christmas, I searched
for good tiding
The only thing found was the whole world
fighting
I looked to the north, the south, west, and
east
Where clearly deciphered was sign of the
beast

I too searched the heavens, so far out in
space
Where satellites watching instead of God's
grace

The dictators hung by the gibbet with care
But first a good beating while tied to a
chair
Al-Qaeda too was roughed up and trodden
See morbid corpse of Osama bin Laden

I saw rampant murder and wholesale
slaughter

A son that was hung and a stoned to death
daughter
A classroom was filled with the dead and
the dying
A whole town asunder on Christmas Eve
crying

And whole thriving cities wiped out by
decree
With maniacs taking what God gave for
free
Indeed there were bullets and all types of
bombs
With equal destruction for soldiers and
moms

To those wouldn't leave, they were
butchered like cattle
How often these maniacs like to do battle

The Middle East churning with violence
and death
Sadly at home it was still crystal meth
America leads when it's death by a parent
Seemingly violence and stupid inherent

And much too much too often, there's
shooting en masse
We seem not to notice, for this too shall
pass
Now death by the numbers, the U.S.A
leading
Always dead last when it's science or
reading

Nature too killing, with heat, cold, and
drought
In Joplin tornado's did give quite a shout
The east coast had Sandy with so much to
say
A hard lesson learned is that nature don't
play

Starvation killed children, as did
dehydration
Pestilence seems never takes a vacation
The irony here is that food too
was killing
Though it went well with the
blood that was spilling

I searched for good tidings but they
weren't to be found
I listened for angels but heard not a
sound.

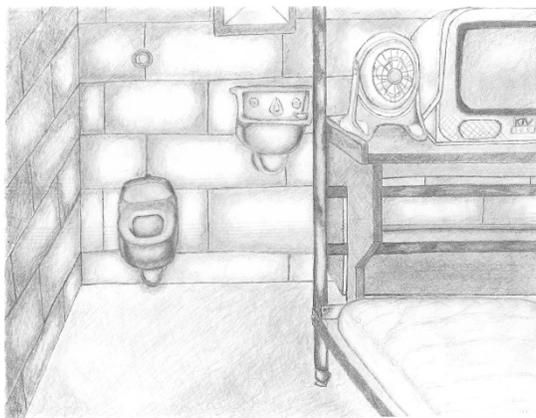
I waited 'til dawn and the news never
came
Sadly my friend, the times
seem the same.

Merry

Christmas anyway.

Viewed From Within By Noman Theriot

Just doing time in the penitentiary.
Laughing at the jokes told
In the night, but our laughter is empty.
In the corner over there you find them
preaching.
While over at the table someone's
teaching.
There's the ones at the table watching the
news.
Poets in their cube writing prison blues.
Men under the stairs fighting over words.
The only free things here are the rats and
birds.
People laying in their bunko lost in
thought,
Stuck on the days before they got caught.
There's a radio playing a new funky
rhythm, has me thinking
Of family, man, I sure wish I was with
them.
We spend each day living in the moment,
Hoping for freedom till the day I own it.
Knowing that eventually the time will
come,
I'll put this life behind me, my time will be
done.
Oh, I'll look back and see the walls and
realize
I'm just another memory fading in those
prison halls.
I'll carry with me all of the lessons from my
prison days.
And all of the words of wisdom that made
me change my ways.
Oh they'll remind me there's nothing so
precious as time,
Perhaps I'll remember that before I again
turn to crime.



When I Awake By Bruce Feaster

There is a place that I know,
Inside so hollow,
Where I don't allow,
No one to follow.

In this place that I keep,
Which is so deep,
I fall asleep,
Knowing the pain I'll reap.

When I awake.
When I awake.
Let me take,
This time to escape

In this place that I know,
I seem so hollow,
With walls so high,
You cannot follow.

This is a sacred place,
Where I can face,
All of my pain,
And leave no trace.

With streams of tears
And leaves to count the years
The sun red with fear
No one can get near

'Til I awake.
'Til I awake.
So I can make.
This dream my escape.

When it's cold I will hide,
Within so deep inside,
My emotions collide,
And the moon pulls the tide

Inside I am safe
with nothing else at stake
But a broken heart
And a dream to take

When I awake.
When I awake.
Let me take,
this time to escape.

Speak Thou Easy
By J. S. Slaymaker

In a manner most befitting
Gentleman leisurely sitting;
Whiskey sipped from
crystal glasses.
Come ladies now in private rooms
Where heady lingers French
perfumes;
Swaying gently hips
and asses.
And oh softly croons a crooner
The ladies knees part that much
sooner;
Bourbon in their
sassafrases.

Holly Benjamin
By J. S. Slaymaker

With pissing and moaning your voice
keeps-a-droning,
Like insects a-buzz in a nest.
With yipping and yapping your lips keep a-
flapping,
A cell warrior beating his chest.
You titter and tatter and keep up the
chatter,
Without having reason or rhyme.
On goes your blabber, the jibber and
jabber,
Believing yourself so sublime.
Your circumlocution is not the solution,
For admitting to all you accuse.
Your tired conversation and self-
celebration,
Have long lost their power to
amuse.

Victim Awareness
By Donald K. Brown II

Secondary victimization,
Anger, pain, and fear.
Paranoid ideation,
Thinking "HE" is always near.

Every day a nightmare,
Re-living every scar.
Knowing the next horror
Is never very far.

Barring every window,
Locking every door.
Not going to the mailbox
Or walking to the store.

My yard is now my prison,
My house is now a cell.
My little piece of heaven
Has become a living hell.

Why did this happen?
Where did I go wrong?
Afraid of every shadow
The night becomes so long.

Did he think about my future
when he hurt me with his crime?
When he gets out of prison
I'll still be doing time.

Tracking
By Lazaro Vazquez

I laugh aloud, uproariously amused

I have forgotten what lap I'm on
Still I run.
Many have passed me,
But I have passed many.
Breathing hard,
Sweating profusely,
Tired,
Exhausted.

I'm catching up,
Getting closer.
They stop to rest.
I will not.

20/20 Thinking
By Mychael Chambers

Manuel Antonio Gonzalez III

Eyes closed destruction
Mind open'd to nothing
But this burner
Stands for something
Life or death
If I hold it long enough
My life is next
Pass'n it like hot potato
Pop
Now I'm locked in a box
A quarter sentence
The judge just dropp'd

Eye open suffer'n
Mind seeing corruption
But my brain stands from some thang
Use'n it to unlock the locks
Pop
This is where the ignorance stops

Forward Process
By Abdul "Dula-Dym" Fowler

Here I sit in creative writing class.
I'm here voluntarily so it's no problem if I
don't pass.
However passing this class is not what I
sat out to do.
The goal of me coming here is to try and
better express my words to you.
There is a lot of my writing which is
grammatically incorrect.
I have a street way of translating my
words, yet still come off with respect. I
grew up in the streets, and spent a lot of
time in jail.
Still the vernacular I use is understood
although it's difficult to spell.
There's always room for improvement, you
can never learn too much.
There's a wide variety of people out there
whose hearts I'm trying to touch.
Some may be into hood novels as oppose
to poetry.
But still buy a book for the simple fact that
it was written by me.
Some may be into realistic fiction as
oppose to sci-fi.
While others enjoy drama and
enlightenment because it brings a tear to
their eye.
There's a world filled with people but
everyone's unique.
Which is why I'm trying to be versatile in
the way that I speak.
I can't reach out to people if I can't talk
with respect
And I can't make a difference if I'm only in
it for a check.
Which is why here I'm currently sitting in
creative writing class.
Gots to do something constructive with
myself as oppose to sitting on my ass.

Be Extra Ordinary
By Anthony Spaulding

WE CHANGE THE WORLD BUT WE
MUST BE EXTRAORDINARY TO
ORCHESTRATE THE DESIGN.
DEFINE WHAT'S BETWEEN THE LINES
AND SHINE "Oh' you better shine! Like
the
stifling suns spine touching the city limits
sign in Napa Valley while
I gradually sip a vintage wine with a
vivacious honey that's "Ohh so fine;
Like a mime in the stages lime trying to
climb out an imaginary box of invisible
crimes; Like a courageous thought in it's
prime. Yes, with my mind, I can bend time.
Fast forward rewind, 'I'm not here!
Disappear then reappear like a spinning

sphere call me the 10th planet taking advantage of the exigent terrestrial. I'm extra! Rev'x out the ordinary. Very human but when I'm walking in the spirit am I a fearless black man with the hue of Jesus. Think about this memetic thesis 'kinetically' cause God walked the Earth 'heavenly' demonstrating faith with works and incredibly many doubted. Pouted as petulant babies because they knew in their heart it was something different 'bout this dude. Performed miracles with water, food, sickness so when I feed fuel equate the knowledge that's within me with the 'Omni' Tree of Life, breathe in when I release light permeate mortal understanding. Brainstorming a cure for all disease and global famine, peace for random violence, singing this sacred anthem to silence the ambulance and blaring sirens. Extra-ordinary; like Mahatma Gandhi, Nelson Mandela, more charitable than a Rockefeller; better open up yo' grandest umbrella cause when I pray blessings reign royal. No more political subterfuge no more war over religious discrepancies or oil. 'my heartbeat' loyal to the patient truth's fault-let righteousness bank the cost of freedom justice and equality. So the Rev can break open the vault for the bought the unconscious walking dead, content with living blind and lost. Be Extra! Rev'x

Guilty Until Proven Innocent
By Sabron Stewart

Life of a convict, is guilty until proven innocent, especially when you hear the verdict, but I already heard it and reworded it to be heard again, but before I began to start again. Guilty until proven innocent in the eyes of minority law. I speak no truth, because of lock-jaw and drink my knowledge through a short straw and try to swallow my pride and regurgitate the shuck and jive. I stay full of knowledge, for a witty young man who never graduated college. Aware of the games, I study the cheat codes and reuse them like Morse code. My paper is college rule with three holes. I think outside the margin and learn between the lines. Whats a public defender to a lawyer, as a prosecutor is to a judge, time, and more

money to keep brothers caught up in the funnies. Momma used to say "don't get caught in the trick box" but how can you when the courts are magicians without wands. Freedom is baseball, three strikes and you're out of society. Now we become victims of statistics, chained like cage mutts, how can we change much? When time becomes a little too much, every minute changes like a clutch. I constantly wish I was in the 5th gear so they wouldn't hurt me so much. The gavel seals the plea deals and the deals revolve around meals. The circle of law enforcers and their millions. Therefore we become pre-cons before we were ever civilians. What have we come to and where must we go to go back to, and free our heads out this slipknot noose, metaphorically speaking. We are guilty until proven innocent! Capeesh!

Spectre's Lament
By James Jackson

Broken ribbons; strands of my mind come undone, Grasping always for an island nowhere. Dim light, stone and steel, Mozart playing; My only friend a mouse with silver hair. Letters from Jennie that never were, Drawings from babies taped to cold walls. But resounding silence lured my tears, Razor blade beckoned too sweetly. Snow whispers softly outside cracked windows, I watch spotlights capture others long passed As gray suits, unknowing, check high fences, As they did only moments past. Misery am I that no longer breathe, For from these walls I can never leave.

Piece of Glass
By Benjamin Rivera

I am getting too old for this Continuously wasting my time and life away Like a broken piece of glass On the shores of a beach Relentlessly pounded on by the ocean's rugged water And its unforgetting sand

Sharp, full of edges, now smooth and dull Its shine and luster gone. No traces of lettering No label or clue to what it is or where it originated from Wasting away on the edge of life. Hoping that one day somebody will pick it up And give it one last look And recognize its former state of being At last, the feel of an unfamiliar touch Is so welcoming and unsettling My hopes are raised that maybe I will be a piece Of something meaningful once again And have a sense of belonging to something Instead I am jubilantly tossed in the air with carefree abandonment And then tossed out across the top of the ocean Skipping on the surface, skimming on the cusp of a waves edge Eventually my velocity slowly comes to a halt And the inevitable happens I sink to the bottom and I am forgotten By those who thought they remembered me And just like that, in a blink of an eye I never existed. A mere nuance in someone's life Eventually I will reach the shores edge A former piece of myself. Only to repeat the cycle Until I am no longer, but a grain of sand.

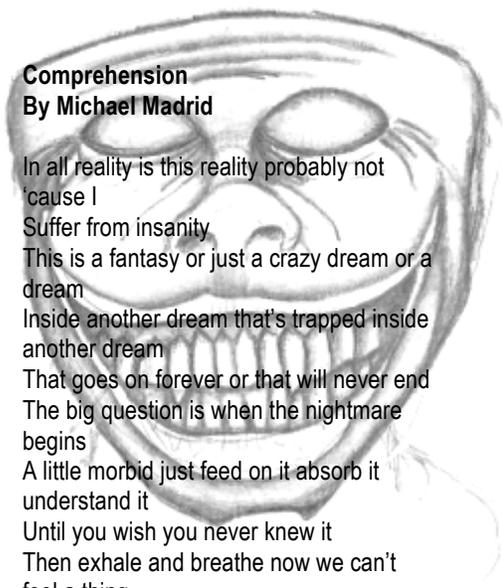
Tune in This Twochi Concert!
By Joseph Sierski

These people keep tune tune tuning away Till eventually that Radio in their head will play play play & play. This twochi stuff is a serious way to do yourself harm ½ these dudes might wind up dead or in a funny farm. It causes short term memory loss like it's unbelievable Its effects upon the brain & a person's psyche inconceivable Because it hasn't been around long enough for serious study I've heard if you find the right kind it's quite lovely I've also heard about a very explosive heart pounding sensation

I've heard it's instantaneous after only one inhalation
 I've heard of people who ended up in a coma or paralyzed.
 That's when I made a decision to abstain cause I realized
 K2 is seriously bad for you
 It's a creation of the devil & bad JuJu.
 The smell of its smoke stinks so bad to me
 Just another reason our love cannot be
 It's been known to bring on sudden extreme violence
 I have no desire to find myself in an ambulance...
 Still these people keep on talking about it like it's way cool
 One day they might regret the effects on their gene pool
 But I won't be here to see if people grow three eyes
 Or a penis on the side of their necks supersized
 Cause one day I'll be long gone
 Just left y'all something to think on
 I have no desire for "the concert" or what it do
 Believe me the message gettin written is 100% true
 God bless y'all & the new definition of a tuner
 Should include what y'all do a lot sooner
 Still people should know the facts before their choice
 So if I were there reading this I'd scream it with my voice
 Use so much emotion & emphasis in hopes you get it
 Maybe for my efforts God will bless it
 So this poem does the job I prayed it do
 Make a bunch of knuckleheads think twice & never use K2.

Comprehension
By Michael Madrid

In all reality is this reality probably not 'cause I
 Suffer from insanity
 This is a fantasy or just a crazy dream or a dream
 Inside another dream that's trapped inside another dream
 That goes on forever or that will never end
 The big question is when the nightmare begins
 A little morbid just feed on it absorb it understand it
 Until you wish you never knew it
 Then exhale and breathe now we can't feel a thing



I guess I'm way beyond existence or maybe I'm just
 Twisted
 Demented in another dimension with no conception
 Where life is just the period that follows the sentence.

This poem is reflecting on philosophy of what
 Is real and fake, good and evil, right and wrong.

My Name is Meth
By Earl S. Polk

I destroy homes, I tear families apart
 Take your children, and that's just the start
 I'm more costly than diamonds more precious
 Than gold
 The sorrow I bring is a sight to behold.
 If you need me, remember I'm easily found
 I live all around you – in schools and in towns
 I live with the rich; I live with the poor
 I live down the street, and maybe next door.
 I'm made in a lab, but not like you thing,
 I can be made under the kitchen sink,
 In your child's closet, and even in the woods
 If this scars you to death, well it certainly should
 I have many names, but there's one you know best.
 I'm sure you've heard of me, my name is Crystal meth.
 My power is awesome; try me you'll see
 But if you do, you may never break free.
 Just try me once and I might let you go,
 But try twice, and I'll own your soul,
 When I possess you, you'll steal and you'll lie
 You do what you have to—just to get high
 The crime you'll commit for my narcotic Charms
 Will be worth the pleasure you'll feel in
 Your arms, lungs, your nose
 You'll lie to your mother; you'll steal from
 Your dad
 When you see their tears, you should feel sad.
 But you'll forget your morals and how you were
 Raised.
 I'll be your conscience, I'll teach you my way.
 I take kids from parents, and parents from kids

I turn people from God, and separate friends
 I'll take everything from you, your looks
 And your pride.
 I'll be with you always—right be your side.
 You'll give up everything—your family,
 your
 Home
 Your friends, your money, than you'll be alone.
 I'll take and take, till you have nothing more
 To give.
 When I'm finished with you, you'll be lucky to
 Live
 If you try to warned me—this is no game
 If given the chance, I'll drive you insane.
 I'll ravish your body, I'll control your mind
 I'll own you completely, your soul will be mine.
 The nightmares I'll give you while lying in bed
 The voices you'll hear, from inside your head.
 The sweats, the shakes, the visions you'll see
 I want you to know, these are all gifts from Me.
 But then it's too late, and you'll know in your
 Heart
 That you are mine, and we shall not part
 You'll regret that you tried me, they always do
 But you come to me, not I to you
 You know this would happen, many times
 You were told,
 But you challenged my power, and chose to be
 Bold.
 You could have said no, and just walked Away.
 If you could live that day over, now what
 Would you say?
 I'll be your master, you will be my slave
 I'll even go with you, when you go to your Grave.
 Now that you have met me, what will you Do?
 Will you try me or not? It's all up to you
 I can bring you more misery than
 Words can tell,
 Come take my hand, let me lead you
 To hell.

Misconceptions
By Otis L. Jones

Never will I allow the world to place in a box.

Because everything they believe me to be,
I am not.

And everything they believe I am not, I am.
Still, I never worry because my soul rest in
God's hand.

Misunderstood by the world, never quite
fitting in with my peers.

The perception of this life changes to me,
with each passing year.

Battling for peace within myself often
causes internal strife.

In the middle of the day, it seems the
darkness never shined so bright.

But, never will I let the world place me in a
box.

Because everything they believe me to
be... I am not.

May God Bless the soul of a child who
holds his own.

Because often Misconceptions causes
what's right, to seem all so wrong.

Death to Misconceptions!! Allow people to
be themselves.

Dude, That's Deep **Don K. Brown II**



Deep so deep
And long, and wide
In this river of fear
He rides the tide

Deep so deep
The remorse he feels
The lies he tells
The trust he steals.

Deep so deep
The darkness grows
The pain he feels
The shame he knows.

Deep so deep
His resentment lies
His anger dwells
In his buried pride.

Deep so deep
Inside his soul
His true self seeks
His real goal.

Deep so deep
His guilt it rests
His joy denied
By second bests.

Deep so deep
But he must climb free
Because deep inside



I know he is me.

A Natural **By L. Vasquez**

Unorthodoxed in my ingenuity

Innovative in my annuity.

Self-educated, though I'm sure that they
tried

Two educations together combined.

Next-level observations, I search for
what's not seen

Listen to their words and hear more than
they mean

More importantly, I hear what they don't
speak

And find the secret motive hidden in
cloaked speech.

I rhyme because I can, I don't have to at
all

Alive, and if I am, then the passion evolves
So why must I be bland without fashion or
gall

And die without a stand like I'm happy to
fall?

Intelligent like a genius bored as a well
Shakespearean: irrelevance was short
when it fell.

The mic does the talking, it holds me in its
hand

The pen does the writing, I just read what I
can.

The paper is alive like a sentient being
It whispers in my mind, I can see what it's
seeing

The words give me breath, they're the
reason I'm breathing
A slave to the ink, she's the beating I'm
bleeding.

So when you speak of poets, poetic in
poetry
Formats and formulas, phonetical potency,
Constructs, narrative tone and imagery
Never mention my name: metaphorical
simile.

An excerpt from—Metaphorically Speaking
Vol. 1—A message to the youth

Silent Moment **By Garrett Lincoln Morris**

Dead bird. Empty Nest.

What came of you? Small abandoned
one?

Your little life, surely, scarcely done?
Lone Grave. Pose of Rest.

Dead Bird. Empty Nest.

Said you goodbye to the ones you love?
Before they soared away and above?
Peace made? Feelings pressed?

Dead Bird. Empty Nest.

This came of you, my little friend who,
Unaware that feel now I for you...

Still Mind. Heavy Breast.

The Pebble in the Pond

By Jonathan C. Holeman

The current flow gentle

Rolling along, glistening

Rushing softly over

Aged smooth stone barricades

Broken by the rains of time

The glittering sifting sands

Twinkle, like starlight

Beneath a watery sky

And along this soothing course

Of waterfalls, streams, and rapids

Is a small and silent pond

And deep below the surface

Shines a tiny beacon

A serene piece of peace

A forgotten relic

Trapped beneath a shore

And guided into a pool

To show its light above

Its message of nature

Refreshment and beauty

Bound by hope

The Singing Pen **By Wen-Dell**

I introduce my pen to paper and
bring my thoughts to life. I give special
credit to my dear sweet mother, who
taught me how to read and write. Do you
like music? For you my pen is going to
now sing. When I'm happy, she sings.
When I am sad, she cries. Listen to my
singing pen, for she never lies. She moves
like a ballerina so gracefully. Listen to this
song she has written for you and for me.

She can transform a blank piece
of paper into a beautiful work of art. Words
contain so much beauty, when they flow
from the heart. She sighs of love. She sings
for lovers like you and me. People without
someone to love are imprisoned by
loneliness. They're longing to be free. I
often talk to my pen, when no one is
around. She answers my questions
without ever making a sound. I asked her,
"Do you think that you could learn to love a
man like me?" "What do you know of love,"

she says? I respond, "There isn't anything more precious in this world. Love is more valuable than money. Love is sweeter than honey. Love increases each time you spend it. Money decreases each time you spend it. It's not how much money you have, it is what you do with it that truly counts. Love is really all that counts."

My love doesn't cost a dime. The only thing I ask of you is some of your precious time. The more you love, the more you are sure to weep. Love for most people is simply too deep. Listen as the pen makes passionate love to may paper. Here's my heart, please take it. Before you accept my heart, you must promise not to break it. Love is the beginning. Mistrust is the end. Dishonesty is the enemy. Love is the true friend. Love is the beginning of understanding. Understanding is the fruit of knowledge. I want you to save your love for me. May this song help you to see. Love is not blind. Love is simply hard to define. Puppy love is beautiful. Mature love is divine. True love is a lofty state of mind. Once you discover real love, everything will be just fine. The ability to love is inherently present within us all, but instead of rising in love, we allow other's to come between us, who most often, cause us to fall.

The song my pen sings will sometimes make you laugh. Sometimes you can't help but to cry. She is not perfect, but she does try. She says, "She couldn't survive without her paperman," and without her, I'd rather die! Without each other, we have no reason to exist. We have no purpose. We were created to create beauty. We were made for each other. Only a woman knows the joy and pain of being a mother. I know what she likes and she can read my mind, word for word, line by line. Everything I think is clear for her to see. Every passing though she records for me. She sings for other people; but, her heart belongs to me. I love to watch her dance. She will only dance for me. She has sex with paper, but she makes love to me. If you can read, she may give you a chance. It's only sex I tell myself, because only my eyes can witness her love dance.

She has her faults. Her poems don't always rhyme. I overlook er shortcomings and she forgives me for mine. She doesn't love me for my money.

She knows that I haven't got a dime. She loves me for the beautiful way I make her feel all of the time. Baby, if it sounds good to you. It must be good for you. Sure I'd like to be rich, but without you, I would still be poor. You said that you love me; well, "I love you more!"

She sings, "Love is like a bank account. You can only get out of it, what you put in. We became lovers, after we became friends. Relationships take time to build. Effort to grow and work to last. The kind of work that never ends." Sing that song for me again? Sweet pen, make love to my paper, over and over again. I don't ever want this love affair to end... Love is the beginning. Hate is the end. Hate is the enemy. Love is the friend. Hatred only serves to blind us. Love helps us to see. Hatred imprisons us. Love sets us free. You may share your love with the world, but don't give it all away, because I'll be coming home to you one special day. Yesterday you were his. Tomorrow you'll be mine so, let us value today! All my love! Donald Thetford

Misery Loves Company

Echoes of laughter haunt these chambers, still. Cascades of crystalline memories, unbidden, wear raw the landscape of my heart, leaving it scarred and tender. As I life awake, tears of regret spill quietly down my face. The laughter now taunts me; there's no hiding place. What will be will be, I am forced to accept with a heavy-hearted sigh. Perhaps this is my true punishment, where the mind cannot escape and the heart cannot mend...

Oh that this were only a nightmare! I would wake, to live again.

The night passes like a sloth, and my eyes grow dim. Sleep is a welcomed savior, into who's arms I wish to fall. Ah, but sleep will not come until dawn, if then. Thus I must endure yet another sleepless night, filled with memories of what if's and what-could-have-been's...

Somewhere down the cellblock run, I hear a snuffle.

Seems I have a friend

Daddy's Girl

I remember the daisies
Bent and wilted,
Proudly held in her tiny fist

Do you like them?
My daughter asks,
Handing them over, with a kiss
Oh, my, yes! I exclaim
(Feeling a knot in my throat)
But aren't you
Allergic to them, hon?
With a sheepish smile
And a tiny nod,
She comments:
For you I'd pick the sun

Truth of Experience... Still Alive. By C. Wright

To think I would have learned a lot in a quarter of a century.
The eye of doubt winks to question my capability.
Now I sink, but just down the path a-ways.
The morning sun reveals the future in the distance.
Through a smokie throat I hear a young man sing.
Fallen leaves claps to their own Autumn breeze symphony.
Together they harmonize survival through everyone.
Their song I learn or know from before and it lifts me rung-by-rung.
What is going to happen when the lights go out?
Where is everybody who helped drown the fire out?
You may look, but there is just one truth; the truth of experience.
Wake up in the new year.
Travel north to see the snow.
Go see your friend, bring him cheer.
You might find him just sitting there—
Waiting to move because you never do.
There is a band down at the club tonight.
Go see what they have to say:
Where they've been,
Poetic history.
Knee deep in their quest for knowledge.
My favorite show has become the night sky—on the rooftop high.
There are plenty of special guest starts—and a trillion-mile screen.
My girl is here in my arms—infinite dreams.
There is a rainbow around the moon tonight.
We stay home and drink the 'old' beer.
Starshine innuendo holds us tight.
We see and hear th movie in the atmosphere.
Out of space, but out alive—
Still alive under the phantom tide.

Sweet Reminiscence
By J.W Johnson

Time seems to stand still,
As the memories
Of my yesterdays
Occupy my thoughts.

And feed the beat
Within this lonely heart.

A place I go
To get away
From
The harsh realities
Of life.

Summers were special.
Love was easy.
Naivety was bliss.

A pick and choose photo shop,
Of perfect flash-snap shots.

I see the smiles,
Hear the laughter,
And feel the warmth inside.

At times it's all I ever have,
To make me feel alive.

Different Forms of Seeing
By Cesar Molina

So much to see, even with eyes closed
there's so much to see.
While out in the town or when falling
asleep, how good can
Appearances be? It all depends on what
your likes and dislikes are right?
As for me whatever is clever; as I always
say when we're not
Sure of what to expect. All we usually say
is "we'll see."
From anyone you could see anything in a
response to a question
One might have.
It is there to see!
"Different forms of seeing"...
Or you could see much better when
wearing spectacle eye glasses
Or through a sparkling clean windshield of
a car
"Different forms of seeing"...
Camera lenses, old and young people
alike, they see any form of
Being-the object, subject it is there to see!
See whatever and however you can!

Seeing is seeing, we all do it, as the
phenomenal world reflects
To us—endlessly like a mirror.
Is the reflection too bright to see?

Blind Lovers
By Brandon Rushing

Their secret passion,
Silent whispers in passing.
Lingering embraces,
Hidden from the world.
Was a smoke thin veil,
A translucent image.
Pale gossamer coverings.
The gossip on the town.

The Velocity of Pure Consciousness
By Dion Coleman

To be able to reach deep, beyond the
shallow.
What freedom!
Notice yourself and you will notice your
freedom.
In order to fly you must open.
Have you ever seen a bird fly without
opening his wings?
To soar into the extremes of the universe
on must open
We are born to fly, or like a bird who
decides he will no longer
Open his wings.
Your life will plummet!
By remaining open you will always fly,
grow and change.
When you land, it may be on happiness or
pain.
But if you remain open you can fly to the
next.
Or remain closed and find death in your
depth.

*"Summers were
special.
Love was easy.
Naivety was bliss."
-J.W Johnson*

Can't Imagine Arcanum
By M. Griffis

T'was I that said never forget
And too how much do you bet
My words come to pass

Like a Piglatin mass
Much to our woe and regret

And too it was I that had noted
The CIA turds candy coated
From Senate to Merkel
Completes not w the circle
And we think was Snowden that gloated

See now director explain
How agency circles the drain
Deny, deny
Then lie and lie
That piss on my back isn't rain

"Beyond the pale" he ranted
"Seeds of deceit have been planted,
honest as scouts
It's only you doubts"
Two weeks and now he's recanted

And now to the public, "I'm sorry"
From glazed over eyes that are starry
Yet still in the skies
Are satellite spies
Like wildebeest on a safari!
Robert Tashbook
(Hebrew translation)

Geshem b'Sheol
Ya-ace ha'macomb Gan Eden
Hoo ba'protrot

Shelach es amee
V'avduni, Moshe a mar
Elah lo sohgad

The rain in Hell
Makes the place quite heavenly
Devil's the details

Let my people go
So they can worship, he said
But, they failed to pray

Jagged Thoughts
By Christopher Hopkins

Raped of humanity – stabbed with justice
and morality;
For under the skin is soaked with
consequences
For the sin I'm in!

Expired mentally, absorbed into the
system – imploded
Psychologically to understand
the judicial.

Never-ending thoughts tip-toe on chicken
wire, a
Postmortem date past time to
expire

Victimized, scrutinized – downcast by
society –
Under the microscope of felons.
Whose the
Real criminal?

Hola Ebola **By M. Griffis**

It seems now that trouble has landed
With doctor infected and branded
Nothing to fear
Ebola is here
What say ye now of my candid
As eight hundred bodies lay
dead
“Trust us” the government said
“We think it’s contained
‘Cause we’re so well damn
trained,
We’re betting your lives it won’t
spread
“For we have technique and finesse
And too have the good Lord to bless”
Remember the pox
We let loose in a box
This too is a pool of cess
Already I’m feeling
much better
Watching them work
by the letter
Gloves, caps and
gowns
Not litter our
towns
And I feel the need for
a sweater
There just isn’t nothin’ as scary
As “Trust Me” responding to query
Or government masters
That flirt with disasters
Turning serene into hairy!

My Temper **By Don Jose Antonio Saez**

When I have lost my temper
And my cheeks are flaming red.
I always entire something
Which I wish I hadn’t said.
In anger I have never done
A kindly deed or wise,

But many things for which I felt
I should apologize.

I’m looking back across my life
To everything I have lost or made,
And I cannot recall a single time,
When fury ever paid.

So I struggle to be patient
Since I have reached a wiser age.
I do not want to do a thing
Or, speak a word in rage!

I have learned by sad
experience
That when my temper flies,
I never do a kindly deed,
A decent deed or wise!

Wicked Anatomy **By “Terry Lee” Nelson**

To this soul this heart appertains
In meaning to the reversed side of this
brain
As blood turns to acid so black
Coursing through veins starting to crack
Bones upon bones become ashes of time
Slurry of bodily fluids now a crusted grime
Testaments of life in finality
Memoria of fated totality
Truth is all but wicked lies
Impale the irises of these dying eyes
In these last moments of breath
Taste the flesh before claimed by death
Sins of the father or imperfections of the
mother
What is the blame when there is no other
So mother Death and Father time
Come claim what is not mine
Anatomy a shell for this soul
In this dying Life has no control
In my Hands place a black rose
Lay me in supine pose
As this Anatomy gives in to Death
So sweet is the morte in this last breath

All I Can See **By Trent Boon**

When I look in these walls
Is bob wire fences
And long concrete halls
If my time stood still
It wouldn’t surprise
Because that’s how it feels
When doing this time
Everyone’s there
When you first take your full
Then years pass and no one is left there at
all

So I wait for the day
That all I will see
Is these prison gates
Open up just for me

Dreams **By Don Jose Antonio Saez**

Drift away in a dream
And leave behind no legacy
Nor scriptures of impending
Prophecies to contradict realities’ lies.

Breathe the fragrance of fantasy
And then behold insanities sane realm
Through a blind man’s eyes!

Forsake physical agony
While seeking mental ecstasy.

Listen to that siren song
Conceived in mystical love
Inspiring foolish hearts to hasten
Beyond the beckoning threshold
Of the dream keeper’s door.

-Untitled- **Kellon M. Williams**

My eyes have captured the moments
spoken
Exuding life to the lifeless.
Breathing energy swimming about, past
the anguish,
To the water falls Genesis of existence.
Where the inhabitants of pretense,
In subtlety exist.
Between the makeup of dialogue,
The flow of this.
Lately been walking with a bit of
pretentious,
Notions in my presumptions,
By letting the future you be,
The maestro of consumption.
Change was made from within to the brim,
To the skin, whence darkness found its
function.
Such an imposition to tread in the garden,
Gazing upon the dawns of one’s heart.
Grey mornings highlight the rays,
The displays leaving silence an awe.
Thoughts like “can time stand still if but for
a minute,”
Used to be said amongst them when
feeling prestigious.

Lost Identity **By Kevin Harrison**

Thoughts of when I was a youngster,
Tends to captivate my mind,

Grew up lonely, at a loss for words,
 Till I started drinking wine,
 Then I found that I could fit in,
 Anywhere and anyway,
 Man, I wish that I knew then,
 The things I know today,
 I would've never, smoked that weed,
 I would've never, joined that gang,
 I should've listened to my O.G.'s,
 But I chose to sell em cocaine,
 A product of my environment,
 Or at least, I thought it was,
 Yeah, I grew up in a broken home,
 But I can't say, there was no love,
 It all started as fun and games,
 Now I'm strategizing for survival,
 Huey P. Newton and Maya Angelou,
 Were true strong black idols,
 Now I desire to make a difference,
 Sick of seeing my people struggle,
 Looked down on and criticized,
 Like we're the reason, for all this trouble,
 I ain't never owned no boat,
 And I ain't never flew no plane,
 From the beginning, we were victimized,
 So how in the heck, are we to blame,
 Railroad then shackled up,
 Man, this is no longer a game,
 They got me trapped, inside these prison
 walls,
 With a number, for a name.

*“Notice yourself and
 you will notice your
 freedom.” – Dion
 Coleman*

**Four Quatrains:
 By Kellon M. Williams**

Fall! Fall! Descending to nothing
 Sleep alludes me so still I function;
 To float within the cold of night
 Would be the birth of my delight.

The scrapping of machinery dictates life,
 Like sheep bleating from lost sight.
 Spoken words from calls stops the flow;
 When realizing a legacy's no more.

Prisoners are caged when they obstruct
 the line,

Freedom is gained by sleeping away time.
 Who fashioned the stasis to be so bland
 Like lukewarm water saturating the gland?

Outside the air is fresh and crisp,
 Inside the fans blow on her lips;
 While the sweat rolling down her neck,
 Glimmers brightest on the nape and breast
 No Name

Eternally Bound

Eternally bound—she'll forever know my
 name.
 Of all the air in the world her and I share
 the same.

I am because she is. She is because I to.
 Death cannot hold love. So, forever I'll
 hold you.
 I feel you in my chest: a beating, rolling,
 thunder.

What GOD has joined together let no man
 put asunder.
 Past time. Past space, distance, and
 opposition
 Where your heart is, I am. I make GOD my
 Witness.

I love you with a passion, extended
 indefinitely
 Eternally bound. Her and I...
 ... We

**Restless Sleep
 By Francisco “Bule” Ramirez**

Someone said it
 Never waste an opportunity
 I hate to accept it
 Worlds purloin serenity

And this happens
 When good graces preserves the mind
 When seein' an act opens
 But Futile away behind

The way I have no authorship
 The way I have no loveship
 The way I'm like an abandoned sunken
 ship
 Is the way I'm here delopringlyship.

The way profound Feelings grow to itch
 The way press for time on me stretch
 The way all of this is Farfetched
 I wish I could just cease of existen'
 instead.

His words were prove to be true
 Bein' Far hurts just as is
 Dreams that could never come true
 I got tired of all this

And it doesn't hear repeatin'
 I feel terribly cheap
 By this terribly beatin'
 That have me on a restless sleep

The way I have no authorship
 The way I have no loveship
 The way I'm like an abandoned sunken
 ship
 Is the way I'm here delopringlyship.

The way profound Feelings grow to itch
 The way press for time on me stretch
 The way all of this is Farfetched
 I wish I could just cease of existen'
 instead.

**Sestina: The Poltergeists
 By Maure B. Wade**

Kali: Going forth that day to fight the
 poltergeists
 I was surprised to find it had such cunning,
 Avoiding the moon in thickets veined and
 dark,
 Ready to spring and stun the hunter's
 arrow
 Useless. Then the girl came, knowing
 The danger, knowing the only weapon,
 fire.

Trapped by trees and bushes blooming
 fire,
 The spirit burst the thicket. I saw the
 poltergeists
 Pierced by the girl, and loved her, knowing
 Release, while at that moment, woman's
 cunning
 Fired a brand that flew, straight as an
 arrow
 To smother me down into this flaming
 dark.

Oya: Far from Africa where I had sucked
 dark
 Wild milk, I saw in Jerusalem by fire—
 Light what Kukiyu called The Man. A
 woman's arrow
 Slew him. That was all and yet, the
 poltergeists
 Has watched me since, in dreams, with
 heavy cunning
 Eyes. Women say that prince died without
 knowing

What consumed him. I understand that
 knowing
 And fearing white eyes in the moonless
 dark.
 I have eluded them till now, with cunning,

But now, fast as I run, my breath on fire,
They gain the race. I scream to see the
poltergeists
Now armed, rising to plunge his burning
arrow.

Artemis: Men said her body was a curving
arrow
When she ran, almost as it, knowing
Defeat a transformation, she fled a
poltergeists
Rather than a man. The world turned dark
For many a loser, but the slow fire
In my brain was one of Hell's cunning.

Three brass-bright apples, wormed with
cunning
Spells tempted her path, and broke the
stiffened arrow
Of her form. I won the race. In fire
Of victory, I took her, even knowing
She blazed with her defeat. The moon-
eyed dark
Saw our skins flaming, like two great
golden poltergeists.

Kail: Knowing the poltergeists is only the
start of burning.
Oya: Poltergeists cunning turns all arrows
inward.
Artemis: Both slain and slayer must share
the same dark fire.

The Child Within **By Robert Patnoudé**

How deeply afraid I've always been
Of the lightness of being and the
darkness within
Ever since time as a memory for me
The dark side has reigned-
A corrupt monarchy
How deeply I've felt apart from the norm
Of not fitting in from the day I
was born
And how does a child, like a dog in the
pound
Learn how to love in the lost and
the found
And how does he bury his past like a bone
Of contention and conflict—a
childhood alone
And how does he learn that he does
belong
That it's ok to cry and to
sometimes be wrong
And hot to discover that a hug and a kiss
Are better by far than a leash or
a fist
And how to recapture a childhood lost

To memories of hunger and
anger and frost
In the cold barren solitude where I
survived

Like a stray on the run, never
dead nor alive
I longed for a day when my life would
begin

For a chance to recapture the
child within
And a chance for a love that transcends all
time

No matter the circumstance, the
place, or the crime
How deeply afraid I've always been
Of the lightness of being and the
darkness within

-Untitled- **Andrae Stradford**

Delicately wrapped in glee
Apple blossoms bloom
Fourth of July booms
Sneezing itchy throats
Skunks and bears out of their lairs
Insects and creepy crawlers
Springtime is here
Summer is near
You look great with grey hair
Happy Birthday Mama Bear

Turned up & regrettin' it! **By Joseph Sierski**

Did God ever speak to you through a
song?
Which made you wish you didn't used to
sing along...
Cause now you might know its melody yet
its words' all wrong.
Since you memorized it now the message
is clear & true;
These words have their special meaning
just for you!
Or is this since I idolized music it's my
false god?
I know these thoughts seem kinda odd...
Yet it's happened again & again.
So I wonder will it occur again & when?
Till it finally does all over, usually I cry
A zillion reasons flash by in the blink of an
eye,
Yet I usually settle on the one most
important;
Why have I been so stubbornly blind &
insubordinate?
Couldn't have followed the rules & obeyed
more quickly?
How come I as bred to have a head so
thickly?

Took 39 years to realize drugs = forbidden
fruit...
Since it's been chewed up, swallowed &
smoked that's moot.
The knowledge of good & evil is what's
good but evil too!
All alone we were told what drugs'll do to
you,
Yet my dumb numb A*@ wanted to
hallucinate?
Wow how now my mind likes to
exaggerate!
Especially when filling in the blanks of
what I hear,
Or what's just out of reach to the normal
ear...
Oh I still hear...
Scary little messages that travel upon a
whispered word
What in my right mind could've been easily
written off as absurd...
Insomnia brings it on in extreme intensity
Till they're coming quite often in high
density
Not to be confused with high definition.
My vocabulary is above most so more
words can rendition
Over & over some days till I just can't take
it...
Yet it'll do no good if I smash my radio &
break it.
So I guess I'll just act like I'm fine for a
while & fake it...
Sometimes fun & amazing sometimes so
scary I wonder... Will I make it?

I Am From **By Kellon M. Williams**

I AM FROM...
Wood floors under tin roofs and
Hurricanes in June.
The swish from machetes and
Handmade straw brooms.
Powering up in the oceans
While bathing in the rivers.
Brown wood with bright colors,
Insects with a bite you wouldn't believe of.
The smell of callalu and dumpling soup,
Nutmeg in the shadowing chicken coop.

I AM FROM...
The sea grape, mango tree, coconut and
breadfruit.
The skin-up tree that allowed me
To see what flows from the family jewel.

I AM FROM...
Cornmeal for breakfast,
Tea and biscuits at high noon.
Graveyard as a playground

With the sweetest treats around tombs.

I AM FROM...

Prying the rosary on Fridays,
Fasting the same day.
All white on Ash Wednesday,
Sleeping in the jungle
When it's time to get away.

I AM FROM...

Jabbs Jabbs, glow bugs and
Carnival in the fall.
I am from Theresa Jacinta and Micheal
Samuel.

I AM FROM...

Hard work and determination with a will,
Vegetables and rice, fresh bread with
every meal.
Discipline with the quickness
When restrained words start to spill.

I AM FROM...

"Make haste nah mon! Ehhh wadda you!"
And "Me ah box yah the head."
And once you traversed over water,
These are the first words ever said:
"In America you gotta work ten times as
hard,
Unlike dem boys out there, playing the
yard."
"Boy, gonn got two strikes against you."
(Spoken words be ever true)
STRIKE—1: They'll only see you in their
eyes as a black man.
STRIKE—2: You're a foreigner, be bad
they send you back man!

I AM FROM...

Strike the nail alright bwoy,
Hit is on the head.
Strike wit all your might bwoy,
While the fire's red.
When there's work to do bwoy,
Do it wit a will.
Those who reach the top bwoy,
First must climb the hill.
Standing at the bottom bwoy,
Gazing at the sky,
How will you get up bwoy,
If you never try?
Though you stumble up bwoy,
Never be downcast.
TRY, TRY AGAIN BWOY, YOU'LL
SUCCEED AT LAST!

I AM FROM...

The inside of Cathedral churches on
Sunday,
Eucharist in the palm.
Saying prayers to the Almighty

Before the break of dawn.

Ethiopian Animism blended with honoring
the Virgin Mary,
Chants and Drumming in the hills,
As a youth left me very scary.

I AM FROM...

St. Georges Grenada and West Indian
Ancestry.
African tails and Spanish sails write my
history.
Big pots for Sussie, salt fish and banana.
Correct me not bwoy, potua be the name
of the gramma.

I AM FROM...

Phrases that speak, such as:
"You remind me of your fatha,
Ah lady's man who loved till it hurt.
Mechanical mind of genius,
Who but couldn't spell cat in the dirt."

I AM FROM...

The sea turtle shell and conch shells,
In the homes where I dwell.
Family bibles like mini tables
That expel the demons back to hell.

I AM FROM...

Plush carpets and tile floors,
Mopping the floors on all fours.
Granite like formica type,
Covering up the draws.
Driving lessons from golf carts,
Mercedes and the Grey Jaguar.
"Tickety, tickety, tickety, tickety,
That was my car!"

I AM FROM...

The second window story ledge,
My perch.
Neon lights I kept bright
Whence shadows would lurk.

I AM FROM...

The heart always,
Giving it all in all ways.
Passion under stilt houses
As the rain plays.

I AM FROM...

The right knee genuflect,
Tilted neck for the peck.
Hatchet demos for respect and
Strain of neglect.

I AM FROM...

The Psycho analysis for a battered wife.
Therapist for a battered life.
Cocaine and mushrooms to shield
The pain inside my eyes.

Smocking hydro and red hair.

I Love You's when I don't care.
On my knees staring up,
Begging please take me there.
An Island boy down to the depths of my
core,
Who gets empowered every time they say
"Daddy, I love you more."

I AM FROM IT ALL....

Sojourner

By Lucky General Borg (Greg Buck)

The daylight slowly slips away—
Beneath the darkening skies.
I feel myself begin to stir,
I bid my soul to rise.
Take me from this wretched place—
Into my blessed home.
No longer can I bear to watch
These streets that I have roamed...

Ambitious

By Jonathon Rininger

The ambitious are vicious when wishes
come
Provokin' the push and pull until the list is
done.
Relentless with the persistence of a lookin'
junkie,
Shouldering to the top with a skillet,
cooking monkeys.
The scary who tarry actin' merry, but really
weary
Mold up like dairy with the animistic poison
they carry.
Defiance towards any alliance only fuels
riots.
Loneliness you can buy it, the top's on a
diet.
Slim down lookin' grim now, the cycle trims
nouns
Merely fighting dim rounds, so they throw
in his towel,
All shots at the rim foul straight out of
bounds.
Words generate so much power; how can
you doubt the sound?
Here clout is found and brings goals to
empower success.
Laziness brings the uneducated guess that
sours to a mess.

In the Markey

By Eddie Menetee

I stand—In the market to be seen—Yes, I
want

Existence—But not that of a thing—Damn
this
Translucent body! Unnoticed in the
scene—behold
My dread supreme.

I stand—In the market to be heard—But
Every time I speak—It all seems so
absurd—Speaking
Into nothingness—My words drown in the
herd—Each stare must be endured.

I stand—In the market as a dream—
Indeed it feels
So real—yet hidden in the seams—seems
an utter
Nothingness—A nothingness that
screams—The glitter's lost
Its gleam.

I stand—In the market—Still.

Change
By Nathaniel Vowalsin
Dedicated

I count the days
As time fades,
Holding no regrets,
For the mistakes I made,
Depressed,
Stuck in a cage.
Against the clock,
I'm battling age.
God forgive,
I'm stuck in my ways.
Heaven forbid,
And help me to change.

Moment of Silence
By Michael Griffis

There's been so much killing it's hard
keeping track
Though seems like our children are
leading the pack
It's made all the headlines, the doom and
the gloom
We're now shooting babies while still in the
womb
It's wholesale slaughter and death by the
lot
Our children are smothered and lined up
and shot
They're drowned in our pools, our lakes
and our ponds
'Tis how we are choosing to sever our
bonds
We now kill so many we're no
longer shocked
We are though belittled, and so
often mocked

For we tell the world,
we're greatest and best
And our way of living
by God has been blessed
But ashes to ashes and too dust
to dust
It doesn't appear, as we claim in
God trust
For thou shall not kill is indeed a command
We take it as solemn as laughter that's
canned
Love one another, that too a tall
order
For when we are killing we offer
no quarter
Until we can change and repent from our
sin
Mankind will suffer again and again
My prayer and my wish for this warm
festive season
We open our hearts to the spirit
of reason
Joy to the world, and too peace on earth
If indeed we're the salt, then we need
prove our worth.

RJ Clayton Poetry

Before the disease A Cure is Born

The cure for your careers
May be found in some lobsters
Don't forget, the crustaceans too
Everyday do make drink
That your blood may not stink
Hibiscus tea, cloves and cinnamon brew
So please - make no mistake -
Ginger eat with mandrake
Inside hulled barley , every day do
With all our crabs and starfish
We - as a whole - answer their wish
This evil, we may now subdue
Daily slice your raw potatoes
Top them with much brown sugar
Then consume them, before you're
consumed

At 13- The Game Begins

There are demons assigned
To us all at our birth
A few tricks up their sleeves
They confuse our true worth
Yes they all set the stage
For a purpose and goal
To convince you and I

We must give them our soul

Enchanted Voice

The name that I cried
It gave to me truth
Believe that I died
Yet I still have no proof
But truly, I've seen
The voice that's so great
She's forever the queen!
Please make no mistake

The Awkward Stare

I use your picture
To mark my book
It's rude to stare
Though, I must look
Not yet your page
But I skim through
Just for those words
That I call you

A Political Lie

There are recycled chemicals
Coming forth from this spout
And a little bit of sewer water
Going inside all of our mouths
All of this blackened frost
Yes they will surely say
"We won't burn any more coal
No, not even for another day"

Money

Everyone agreed
And so, it took hold
Defined it's own creed
A darkness, so bold
The name that we gave,
Almighty - A THRONE -
We lose at the grave
Its power, all gone

To See the Truth

To you
I give truth
Even though
You won't believe
Remove all
Of your superstition
Evil uses
Just to deceive
But forever
In her service
Your soul
It must be

This price
All must pay
If you wish to see

Guardian

A giant cat
With yellow eyes
So many names
Are her disguise
Beside a mountain
She quietly sits
Light houses are proof
That she exists

Chad Frank Poetry

Monsters

Children do battle
With make-believe monsters while
Reality lurks close by
Watching and waiting
For a chance to make them prey.

A Wonderful Life This Isn't

Houses burn down
People die
Children cry
Pictures survive
Jimmy Stewart lied--
A wonderful life this isn't

Dexter Rabadan Poetry

That Was There?

The singer sails westward
Winds of an old gust drive on
The man-waker heads west
The singer follows
Not wanting company of the wave-waker
For day is not over, eternally
Perched on a money-ladder
Eagerly waiting for him? To catch up
The day is not measured on the west nor
is the wing-holder
Time is of no essence
Die, dead
Live, die
Born dead
Like the sunset
We rise, fall
Birds sing
And man-waker moves west
As if in a hurry

Time right behind him?
The singer follows
Eternal play of day

Just Go

There is no erasing in
Poetry
No I think does or noes
Pure non-stop flowering
Of the mind
No eraser marks-
Only scribbles

Fear Not

Why must you fear a horned evil-doer?
Why must you fear evil?
When the one you must fear is the
One who claims of not sinning
Banging his book containing all of
Your secrets- the ones you've brought
To the grave
Total number of breaths is documented
As well
Why must you fear the devil who
Knows nothing such
And not god who has thrown billions
Into a lake of (fire)
With no explanation to the action
Only that you did not fear him or his so
Called son
Why do you fear death when god is alive
Peeking over your shoulder when you
Think you're alone
Why fear the devil little redman pitch fork
Attached
And not god creator of life as well death
Why fear the devil who sits beneath
While god treads on water and presents
Himself as a trio to billions unaware
Of his presence
Blind if you lay a single eye on him
The devil is the least of your worries
God is the creator of pain and death and
Sorrow-god is the reason you cry confused
And you blame the devil
God have pity on your soul, fearless

A Fly In My Eye

Balancing your hopes dreams on a
Tight rope can be dangerous
But none the less you must
Carry on forward
Going knowing you can't do what is
Planned
But with pure stubbornness
You will not accept defeats fit
There's no swallowing your pride for

This is what you've dreamed of
Who is quitting to tell such absurdity
Go! Run!
For the next seeing of the blood dawn
Is not promised!
The fly knows this
Are you dumber than a fly?
Go.... Run...
Fulfill your fantasies and wants
Because you only live once
And to live, my friend, is to let death
Straight through the door
Aim for first, never for last
You must go on as if every
Breath-step! You take is
Your last
Dead man walking with
Dreams to be fulfilled

Me

Rejected by the devil
Ignored by god
Unseen by many
Devil reject
Ricardo Dominguez

Directions Found

Amidst torrential circumstances, sprouts
purpose
Independent of currents, his nature
Endeavors to elevate inspirations
For he that drowns at last has directions.

Manipulated Soil

Ignorance curtains standards that inspire
As cascades scatter the course of purpose
The obscured paths convert constantly
When sediment is swayed so naturally
Rare is the soul, if it exist, that
can escape from its existence. Psyche's
survival requires for us to be exposed to,
infected by, and swayed with it as our
nature demands it. Yet, it is criticized,

ridiculed, and marked as flawed... fools!
Have we not embraced it and applied it in
doing so? Judgment itself is the
quintessential elysium of it. With it as
sword thus sands are slaughtered, with it
as shield thousands are rejected.
Then let us see it as it is and
accept that we are no more than wild
animals without it. But then, even wild
animals are its adaptation. So it is you
then that miraculously exists without it that
is flawed, in error and contradictory to an
existence. Create nothing in your image!...
if you have no vanity

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"Be the pen that writes our history. Be
the ink that refuses to be erased."
— Rudy Francisco

"The analysis of one's own interpretations is more often than not a mirror of one's self-made reflection. Life is such that it does not escape the darkest abyss nor the brightest illumination of our being. For better or worse, we understand what we've created not as it is but as we create it. After all, we made it. And thus, even as it is named, labeled and categorized; it does not exist without our making it so. It is what we want it to be and it is what others see it in fit to be... so it warps, transforms, and molds into anything and everything – except what it truly is" – Dexter Rabadan