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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
Penned 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 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…

**Frigid Incarceration**
*By Jonathan C Holeman*

Upon a field of white
Beneath a bitter sky of grey
Constrained in the arctic
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
Imbarrassed 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 Oft’ Told
By William Carlson

Lyrical gold
This story oft’ 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
Heart songs
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 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
O.ur 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 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.
To grasp you tight 'till dawn's first light.
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
rose blooms in the midst
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
who took her love
for the men
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;
The beat she stands in
constricting pants
An angel in underwear

Goddess Aurora
Spinning, Spinning, Spinning
My clothes too slip away
Rose petals falling to the floor

Forbidden
Scrap yard.

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 llorona 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.
Id 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 ferrymaster—he has died
I try to swim to the Neverland
Yet my arms fail
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.
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

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
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
I’m 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!
These things are affecting our people.

Because whether you believe it or not, they are doing it.

It's time to open our eyes to the things movies, magazines to hood novels, music to movies, from mag to mag, an erection, humiliating, abusing, and womanizing to please.

Sell drugs, rob, and steal in our section so we'll have no regrets when we kill in actions.

Lies to desensitize us of the ills of our society or to rhyme, because the on time taught that school is simply just a waste of waiter, currency, and despise the slow pay of a worship paper, because they're taught all their lives to innovate, and lack the discipline needed to become innovators.

They'll have self-destructive nature, can't survive.

Because a man without inhibitions simply guess why?

They're slowly shaping our life views and happen to be on the rise.

To the men committing murders which is sports or to rhyme, because the on time taught that school is simply just a waste of waiter, currency, and despise the slow pay of a worship paper, because they're taught all their lives to innovate, and lack the discipline needed to become innovators.

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Because a man without inhibitions simply guess why?

They're slowly shaping our life views and happen to be on the rise.

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.

Moni
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.

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 Wake
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 befittin
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.

Cholly 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

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 dropped
Eye open suffer’n
Mind seeing corruption
But my brain stands from some thing
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. What's 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 unforgiving 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 abandon 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.
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
May be 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.

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 rests 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: irrevelance 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 sings 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 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 sniffle. 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—infinte 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 laughted,
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!

**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’avdu ni, 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 True criminal?

Hola Ebola
By M. Griffis
It seems now that trouble has landed With doctor infected and branded Nothing to fear Ebola is here

"Trust us" the government said "We think it’s contained ‘Cause we're so well damn trained,

"For we have technique and finesse And too have the good Lord to bless" Remember the pox

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

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.

-Utitled-
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,
“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,
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 poltergeist
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 Pat

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
While bathing in the rivers. Powering up in the oceans
Handmade straw brooms. The swish from machetes and
Brown wood with bright colors, Insects with a bite
While bathing in the rivers. Powering up in the oceans
Handmade straw brooms. The swish from machetes and
Brown wood with bright colors, Insects with a bite
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Handmade straw brooms. The swish from machetes and
Brown wood with bright colors, Insects with a bite
While bathing in the rivers. Powering up in the oceans
Handmade straw brooms. The swish from machetes and
Brown wood with bright colors, Insects with a bite
While bathing in the rivers. Powering up in the oceans
Handmade straw brooms. The swish from machetes and
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."
(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...
Strive 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当成cast.
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 less ons 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 Rinner

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.

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

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

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”

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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

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
"The analysis of one’s own interpretations is more often than not a mirror of ones self-make 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

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