

# Prisoner Express Poetry Anthology



December 2008  
Volume 3

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**We received so much great poetry for Anthology 3 that we couldn't fit it all in here and are saving it for Anthology 4. Anyone who sent poems in for Anthology 3 has been signed up to receive Anthology 4, although we encourage you to send in more!**

#### **Feathers - Ben Winter**

I don't know why the caged bird sings  
But I do know why captive parrots pluck their wings  
Stripped of the freedom of the air  
They choose to live their life bare

That plumage so decorative and bright  
Serves no purpose under false blanket nights  
It only reminds of all that has passed  
In the midst of bars that never lack

Perhaps caged birds sang sad songs  
But stupid humans were wrong all along  
In thinking that all the chirps  
Were anything but mournful dirge

I don't know why the caged bird sings  
But I do know why he plucks his wings  
For at least while he plucks he's occupied  
With a task that brings sick pride

And without a chance to fly or soar  
He has no use for feathers anymore

#### **"The shackled flesh hangs heavy from the bones of this sinner" - Ross Bonilla**

The shackled flesh hangs heavy from the bones of this sinner  
And we weep for the stigmata children  
Bloodied with the kiss of God  
Listening to the calling  
The wasted barren head space that only the wicked perceive  
Bowing low to the silent gods that once held sway over man  
The ancient leaf crumbled to yellow dust  
Breathing the melange of illusions  
We dream of lovers  
Folded upon each other  
Lethargically the willow men cure their offspring by the flame  
Pulling the nectared sap from their tear filled eyes  
Slowly the manger cracks  
Frayed by the passage of the owl  
We surrender our love to the dark  
An offering to appease the wicked  
Praying that somewhere it will be returned magnified  
In hope that we have not become the vain child that throws their pearls before the swine  
Curled in the webbed corner we slice the heart from the center  
Bleeding the last liquid love that runs red  
Head cradled by the maggot we slumber  
Dreaming of the last taste of flesh, the last feel of teeth  
The last sensation that you were once mine to hold  
Filtered, her voice slips through the thoughts that bind me  
Hooked on her tongue she pulls me  
Closer and closer we become  
Only to be separated again

#### **Mad Mojo - Gary Gregory**

In a mausoleum I meander  
With monsters behind the mirror  
In a graveyard of ghosts I gather  
The ghouls appearing clearer  
In the cemetery of smoke I choke in  
Under its curse of corpses and caskets  
My past casts its pale face "death mask"  
It's over and done rotting in earth  
Resurrect it with painful reminders and give it rebirth  
What strength does the ground have to offer  
Other than a welcome coffin?  
In the blue sky boy before I was broken  
Haunted... haunting... hunted and hung  
In the madness was the marked man I'd become

**A Haiku of Violence - John E. Christ**

*Hunger Sated*  
Talons slash wildly  
Winter mourns warm summer  
earth  
Bellies filled with blood  
*I Taste Cinders*  
Tempers spring aflame  
Sweat drips across taut sinews  
Reason burned to ash  
*I Wonder What It Means*  
Cold hands touch still breast  
Winter's maw swallows dead  
meat  
Death laughs wantonly  
*Whipped and Tortured*  
Crucified hands fixed  
Back lashed red with swollen  
welts  
Dermatography  
*Jack*  
Ripped throat jetstream  
Each throb a pulse of life lost  
Knives cut butter and meat  
*A Promise of Hope*  
Bitten tongues run not  
Eye to Eye, teeth behind lips  
Compassion always reigns

**Conquered - Timothy Baker**

Inside my hollow chest  
Hate has conquered all the rest  
Abhor me all you like  
Very few could stand the light  
Everyone that you throw away  
Languishes here day after day  
Only a few survive this hell  
Some never leave their cells  
Take a look around and see  
This is what you made of me  
Hard as stone, cold as steel  
Every night hate's all I feel  
Why do you make me suffer  
In a hell like no other?  
Let me look one last time at the sky  
Let me find some peace and die  
Tears all dry and gone away  
Only hate again today  
Leave me alone to die in peace  
I only want this pain to cease  
Shut the door and walk away

It's not like you wanted me anyway!

**Farther Than Deep - Chantell P. Price**

Farther than deep...  
Seeking the surface to scream  
of tears on a dead angels face  
And the taste of leftover love!  
  
Proclaiming states of hollow sound  
And shallow mirrors  
—places of sand rivers  
where mothers smile and  
play reindeer games...  
Farther than—  
Deep...  
Deep...  
Deep!  
  
Deep and festering  
Rally for a farther seep to the  
surface....

**A Cimmerian Heart - Brian Joseph Wake**

Kill, and kill, and then kill again—  
My mind is persistent in its refrain  
For here in the dark I've gained new  
friends  
Who through their means achieve  
their ends.  
  
Lies beget lies which seemingly die  
For they cannot be seen with external  
eyes  
But echoes of ripples of them shall  
appear  
Revealing the truth which we  
rightfully fear.

Love? What is love? A flirtatious  
whim  
That man things profess to alleviate  
sin,  
Given to them through an unnatural  
curse;  
A poison which they have been fed  
from their birth.

Hate. I know hate. It follows my  
trail,  
It fuels my desires and serves me  
quite well  
For all my enemies I must need  
destroy  
And with no guilt shall your pain be  
alloyed.

For nothing exists which I do not  
perceive,  
And never again shall you ever  
deceive;  
For the dust of your bones shall  
cushion my bread  
As onward I hunt those who fear me  
with dread

**My Nemesis - Jimmy White**

Can you tell that the page is torn?  
Falling to pieces from the misery  
written within.  
Every word full of feelings, of pain,  
that flow in the blood,  
That pumps through this lonely,  
broken heart.  
Don't feel no sympathy for me,  
Only for the page on which this  
was written.  
For the misery, and pain, that feels  
everyday of my life,  
Was caused by my own worst  
enemy  
My Self.

**In the Arms of Hate - Timothy Baker**

Lying in the arms of hate  
Enfolded in her cold embrace  
I have become resigned of late  
By the inevitableness of my fate  
  
I slack my thirst from a vile well  
Tainted forever with the lies they tell  
My heart and soul must endure the  
hell  
Of being trapped within this cell  
  
Surrendering slowly to the pain  
Blocking all else from my brain  
Struggling not to go insane  
Knowing I can never reclaim

From my eye a tear gleams  
Over my lost and wasted dreams  
Justice is lost or so it seems  
Deep inside I can hear the screams

Everyday I must suppress  
The reality of my growing madness  
Living in this empty blackness  
Born from despair and sadness

Surviving on the strength my hate has  
fed

Tossing and turning on my narrow  
bed

Tormented by the life I dread  
Knowing it will end when I'm dead

### **World of Stone - Gary Gregory**

I am cold, in a world of stone,  
The sun a vague memory, warmth a  
myth

Gravity weights upon my soul, which  
longs to fly free

And be one with the mist  
Searching for inclusion, but all alone  
in purgatory suspension

Not long for I wander the graveyard  
hoping for ascension

Longing for a lost love, a lost  
meaning, a lost world...

Blown to pieces in blackout oblivion  
A sentence for my shadow to shade  
more obsidian

I can feel the chill go down into my  
bones

Broken when cracked on the  
pavement

I am only a skeletal soul  
In this hollow vessel of enslavement

### **"Tickle fickle me" - Doc**

Tickle fickle me,  
laugh at all we seem to be,  
my masters awake.

### **Amends - Brandon Lee Garvin**

Back down memory lane, again and  
again...

Too fast to stop, to slow to begin  
Slow pain remaining, it's not the end

Gotta choose who are your foes and  
who are your friends

Where'd it all take you to, what road  
then?

Why did they send you for dividends  
in the Penn?

And who gives a damn about  
memories to lend?

What kind of blend amends this cold  
hearted sin?

Want me to ask you this again and  
again?

I said, "How the hell do we make  
amends?"

### **Stay Strong - Reginald West**

Within every difficulty, there's  
inherent good, If you can stay  
strong, you should.

Stay strong when unexpected  
problems come your way. You  
can bear them another day.

No matter how tough they seem to  
be, you must face facts  
realistically.

When fear, nervousness and anxiety  
rise up inside of you,

You're through if you don't know  
what to do.

Because worrying is a state of fear,  
keep your faith near

Through deep breathing exercises,  
mediation and sincere prayer,  
you'll be able to do things that  
are beyond compare.

Because a strong person has a fully  
developed mind, that's in  
harmony with time.

They are filled with optimism, do not  
see difficulties in every situation  
and believe that the good in life  
outweighs cynicisms.

With inner strength, you begin to  
look like you're god-sent.

But practice is the key, when you  
begin to be, you'll see.

Stay Strong...

### **I'm Just a Mouse - Rickey Pearson**

I'm just a mouse trying to find a way  
through this labyrinth life  
searching for the answers to  
questions I know not and of  
course the cheese. The trappings  
of this maze have me in a  
constant daze, so all I do is  
wander and here and there I hope  
tests of time that I've withstood  
up to now, beyond have prepared  
me for this rat race that I continue  
to run.

A race from start to end with smell  
my only clue. I race headlong  
into walls and now headlong into  
you and reality. Screaming, with  
a jolt I come to the day of flesh  
and blood where skies get blue  
and gray and blue again. And  
though I succumb to this  
numbness that I feel, I know  
inside

That the cheese is getting closer.

### **Who's Stuck - WBS**

Silence, aggravation, thoughts,  
staring... flatline—

Stuck on this trip, zoned out, and this  
year... time

And that world bars none, cold  
outside this house of pain

Strugglin' on both sides of the fence,  
same ol' game

Solitude, idle time... a disadvantage  
or a stepping stone?

Plans, future remedies, throw 'em on  
that table when I get home

She loves me, she loves me not...  
kids, marriage, why not?

Head up, foot down, hold on, it's all  
you got

Now they got your joy, can't take  
your pride, wait! There goes your  
soul

Stripped of attire, can't get any  
worse, a big heart with bullet  
holes

Stabbed in the back, jammed into a  
brick wall

They will strike you, fast, don't let  
them catch you fall

Move around, get back up, dust it  
off... head first again  
Ball up your fists, guard's up,  
offensive mode... Ride it out til  
the end  
Keep on swingin, hold that long  
wind, gasp for air  
Get back up, catch your breath, don't  
worry, you'll be there  
Solid rock, flesh grind, hit 'em hard,  
knock 'em out  
You won't lose, wipe it up, time to  
roll... no doubt  
Wash your hands, brush it off, move  
on, road's all yours  
F.T.W. laugh at 'em, they're stuck...  
on all fours  
Lonely times, some years ahead, it's  
cool though, chill  
Sanity's no more rage, keep it  
grounded, you will  
You stuck? Nah it's them...  
ignorance breeds fear  
They're exhausted, can't win, and so  
the end breathes near  
...Now who's stuck?

### **My - Cristobal Garcia**

My drink  
Will offend you  
My hand  
Feeling for some  
My God  
Will forsake you  
My my my  
Voice is the lion  
That screams for attention  
My words are the bullets that kill  
The silence  
My exploitation  
My instability  
My tendency  
My my my  
My high  
Intimidates you  
My eyes  
Pierce through  
My demons  
Chase after  
Every pill  
My my my  
Cry of thunder  
Trembles down like fire

My perpetual view  
Sees you for who  
You pretend to be  
My thoughts  
Provoke  
Subconsciously  
My smoke  
Keeps you awake at night  
MY!

### **Parasite - Gary Gregory**

My time is up the reaper is grim  
I have no light or love within  
The door is shut and the walls are  
cold  
The hours are empty and the lies are  
bold  
The signal is not getting through  
There's too much damage being done  
The bones are brittle and the skull is  
too  
I'd like to split it wide open and feast  
upon

Violence begets violence so they say  
Indignation is sometimes too  
righteous to go away  
It festers like a poisoned wound  
bleeding disease  
It begs to be heard, it begs for release  
In the end it cares not in whom it  
resides  
It's a corrosive bug that eats away  
inside  
It says you have every right to feel  
justified  
And any act no matter how brutal is  
necessary to rectify  
By that evil f\*c!\*ng parasite

### **Driveby - Gary Jimenez**

Prodigal characters  
Raised and praised in the street  
Stealing and beating those they meet  
Street corners set borders—  
Hence crime and graffiti rhyme  
That play and prey our time

A Rival company comes cruising  
Freddy and his friends expected no  
feuds  
But death claimed one of those  
dudes.  
Sadness and woe visit friends and  
family—  
In the streets and all who hear  
Grief embarks stories of fear.

Apologies do not stay the hate  
Nor is revenge ever too late.

### **Forest - Ben Winter**

I try to bury the past deep  
But like seeds of some twisted tree  
They sprout again and cover me

Cover me with the shadow of  
memories  
That block the daylight I crave  
Creeping higher and higher as time  
goes by  
I am unable to sever the tie

I try to poison the roots with hope  
But this only feeds the tree  
Until once again hope is drained

I try to hack the trunk to splinters  
With sheer force of my will  
Only to blister my hands to a bloody  
mess

I try to burn the leaves to cinders  
With passion  
Only to scorch myself in the process

And even as I turn away from  
This one twisted tree

It scatters its seed and I am  
Surrounded by a fearful Forest  
Where unknown things dwell  
In a perpetual, artificial twilight  
Waiting for me to sleep

Perhaps someday I'll stop  
Fighting the Forest  
And gather my strength ...

... Gather the strength to  
Climb the canopy and  
Finally find my way out

### **Race of Life - Bill Sims**

At birth, I explode with energy and speed  
from the starting line of life and time.

At 5, I with speed and energy side by side  
leaving time and worry far behind.

At 15, I can't wait for time to catch up  
and get in stride.

At 25, centered between time and energy  
I am full of joy over the great race.

At 40, speed is just out of reach  
and time is stepping up the pace.

At 65, energy is a stride ahead  
aches and worries are my Achilles instead.

At 80, death becomes my closest friend  
as I prepare for the race to the end.

### **The World's No Longer Flat - William Chaplar**

Some kids who live in poverty  
may view the world as flat.  
Like when they walk through ghetto streets  
and step on a dead rat.  
The dreary world they live in  
gets more dreary every day.  
The world's no longer flat,  
but some sadly see it that way.

### **"Defined by primitive desires" - Chantéll P. Price**

Defined by primitive desires  
Confined by primitive thoughts  
Seeking pleasure for the physical  
denying the heart!

Caught in a rip-tide of illusions  
Confused by one's accomplishments!  
Hoping for a better tomorrow  
by deceiving for comfort today...

Speaking primitive words  
Acknowledging primitive emotions  
—coping as primates!  
Spoiling the soul with promises of luxury—

Tugged along by acceptance  
Proclaiming to be advanced  
Living a primitive existence  
Stand a primitive stance!  
After centuries of progress the human mind still dances  
a primitive dance...

### **Flow Free - Cecil Everett**

...Let GO and flow free,  
Comprehend that Life is not as shallow  
As you've Lived it to be

Let Go and flow free,  
Come to Know the Truth of Thee,  
that Thee are one  
And separate from you are none,

Let Go and flow free,  
Transcend the boundaries of duality,  
Right and Wrong,  
Good, Bad, Happy, Sad,  
All Delusions  
Flip sides of the misperceived coin of life

Let Go and flow free,  
come to you, so that you will know me  
most intimately, and then we shall be  
as we were intended to be, the one  
who is Many, and the All which is  
the One, Let Go and flow free...

### **The Earth Will Turn - William H. Davis Jr.**

New life conceived  
a child will learn  
man will grow  
the earth will turn.

The moon eclipses  
and the sunset will burn  
the seasons will change  
and the earth will turn.

Young men wonder  
while old men yearn  
time will pass on  
and the earth will turn.

You live your life in longing  
and death is what you earn  
the cycle continues  
and the earth will turn.

Humans have so many cares  
but it is really of no concern  
what ever happens on it  
the earth will always turn.

### **Love and Hate - Timothy Baker**

Love and hate, side by side  
The kiss of death, the lover's bride  
Hate and love, a thin red line  
A better friend you will not find  
Love and hate, together they stand  
Pain and sorry they always demand  
Hate and love, gasoline and fire  
Together they burn a cruel desire  
Love and hate forever there  
Always causing death and despair  
Hate and love who's to blame  
A crazy lover, the killer's sane  
Love and hate, where do they part  
Together they live in our heart  
Hate and love, where does it end  
A loving foe, an evil friend  
Love and hate, hate and love  
Both created by the man above.

### **Life - Sadd-Boy**

Life isn't a destination—it's a journey  
We all come upon unexpected curves  
and turning points, mountaintops  
and valleys.  
Everything that happens to us shapes  
who we are becoming and in the  
adventure of each day  
We discover the best in ourselves and  
remember, I will always be on the  
turning point no matter how high  
the mountaintop or how low the  
valleys are ...  
It's just another journey around the  
sun.

### **Thorns - M.A. Glaros**

ah ... I smell roses of life  
wafting fragrance of bloom  
the gift of spring  
O yes I smell the roses of life  
And  
I eat the roses: flowers, stems and  
thorns

### **Rising Up - Juan Ochoa**

In the Morning...  
Washing Traces  
of the faces  
And Places from My Memory  
That I Dreamt  
The Night before  
Dressing in Yesterday's Misfortunes  
And Tomorrow as I Stare  
At the Solid Never Opening Door!  
Then I run Across the Rages  
Crossing Old and Broken Bridges  
over the Rivers of Once More  
All the smoke and all the burning  
I'm Stepping Slowly Turning  
And my Brown Heart  
is ever Yearning  
In the Shadows of Nightfall  
alone I Cry Aloud  
To the World...  
Amidst its Invasion  
and Confusion, As I endure  
What Remains of  
This Pershing Fate  
And Move Towards my Destiny!

### **Nomenclature - Leroy "Doc" Floyd**

And whence this desperation comes  
Of despair and consternation wrapped  
in one?

When did all I'd sought to prove  
Remove the faith I'd fought to use?

And what have I as possible gain  
To explain a lifetime full of pain?  
How am I to accept such terms  
Suffering as I do these germs?

And who must I follow or claim as  
saviour  
To be part of one world  
nomenclature?  
When compared with all the heroes  
past  
What final price will I be asked?

And how these questions ill at ease  
Entomb my mind in their disease;  
However did I attain this soul,  
Of sin and salvation juxtaposed?

### **Dust - Ben Winter**

As the dust settles on this page  
Sanity strains like rusted nails in  
warped wood

Barely able to hold it together

The jumbled moments of a lifetime  
Are swept away with the dust  
And I must labor to reconstruct

To re-assemble myself piece by piece  
Like a strange puzzle of sorts  
Whose image I've seen before  
Yet the enigma still remains

And I ask myself this:  
As I continue with my task  
And the last piece is laid in place  
Will I like the image I see  
Or will I prefer the muddled heap?  
Whatever happens I must wait  
To discover what this life has become

And as the dust settles on this page  
once more  
I wipe it aside and watch the pieces  
fly  
Cursed to repeat it all again

### **The History of the Universe Lies in the Children - Dr. Richard Sunday Ifill**

Somebody needs to "love them"  
They are the cream of the planet earth  
The CHILDREN that is...  
They are God's greatest gift to us  
They represent our "FUTURE"  
If they perish...  
Our future,

Will enter into a dark age...  
The SUN may not shine  
And the MOON may not cast its  
glow...  
But the children represent our future  
They are our passport to create...  
Everlasting history.  
If "we" do not love them NOW  
We may not get another chance to  
love them...  
TOMORROW!  
See the children standing there,  
Don't be blind...  
Look at them from the corners of  
your mind...  
See them "glowing with the  
sunlight?"  
They are the real PYRAMIDS.  
The KEY into tomorrow.  
We determine how they will bud...  
We determine whether they will  
become:  
Dr. King, Malcolm, Garvey, Rosa  
Parks,  
The Queen Mother Moore or  
Corretta.

They are our E equals MC2  
Our Plats, Apollo Creeds, Marleys  
and Billy Holidays and Miles  
Davises.  
These little one's are our Christs...  
Our Buddhas and Muhammads...  
The ones out there, standing with  
Tears as big as raindrops...  
Because we are neglecting them.  
Didn't someone teach you that  
through the children....

We live "forever?"...  
Therefore, love them and hate them  
because no one...  
Taught them  
To see them, is to understand them.  
Because the children will create  
tomorrow's history...

We create today's history,  
We create our future...

Ah, but the children are our seeds of  
tomorrow's growing tree.  
Therefore, we must be careful how  
we plant our seeds,  
Least they get caught between the  
thorns and...

Come back to “sting us” in the  
spring.  
Or they can spring up with the  
sunshine,  
Like EVER GREEN TREES...  
Bearing good fruit all year around.  
Cast them not to the ground,  
Least the pages of our history...  
Becomes shadows written in the  
ground...  
That will fade away with time

### **My Daughter’s Child - William Chaplar**

The world that we live in will not be  
so wild  
In the lifetime of my daughter’s  
child.  
With the planet, our species will be  
reconciled  
In the lifetime of my daughter’s  
child.  
Those with divergent beliefs will not  
be reviled  
In the lifetime of my daughter’s  
child.  
War, as a solution, will seem juvenile  
To the classmates of my  
daughter’s child.  
Racial disparity will be deemed  
puerile  
By the classmates of my  
daughter’s child.  
Stereotypes will be dubbed infantile  
By the classmates of my  
daughter’s child.  
At no time in history has life been so  
mild  
As it will be for my daughter’s  
child.  
On no other person has Providence  
smiled  
As she will upon my daughter’s  
child.  
If only it seems only idealism, I’ve  
been beguiled,  
Humor me. This is my  
daughter’s child!

### **Someday - W.B.S.**

Damn, it’s been awhile, months and  
months gone by  
Been kickin’ back thinkin’,  
wonderin’ why  
Just doin’ this time the best I know  
how  
Wonderin’ what the broad and the  
kids doin’ now  
Lonely nights up in this cell  
Ain’t got no money, can’t make no  
bail  
Your package came through, they  
called my name  
Had a heart of stone, but today it was  
tamed  
Opened it up and seen the pictures  
inside  
One in particular almost made a man  
cry  
The lil’ guy really does look like me!  
Don’t know how I couldn’t ever see  
Guess age is like a “Re-Run-  
Carnation”  
He smiles like his Dad with no  
hesitation  
Changes come and go, most people  
never stay  
But I hope ya’ll keep in touch,  
forever and a day  
Seems like a lifetime since I last seen  
your face  
So far I’ve spent some years up in  
this damn place  
Ya’ll write me back, as soon as you  
get a stamp  
Send pictures and postcards and even  
a travel map  
Damn it’s been too long, got lots of  
catchin’ up to do  
Know that I still care and love and  
miss the both of you

### **Hummingbirds and Runningbears - Kenneth Humphries**

Listening to the birds singing, she  
begins humming,  
As I sit at her feet, under this big ol’  
cottonwood tree,  
Waiting for another story that  
recounts history  
Her every word carved in stone to me  
(the child I used to be)  
She’s looking older than these Ozark  
Mountain hills  
Wrinkles as deep as this holler we  
live in  
Brown eyes twinkling, contrasting  
against her long grey hair  
That’s flowing—sometimes  
braided—all the way down her  
back  
Now she’s reaching for her cigarettes,  
her red lighter,  
For year’s she’s only smoked one  
brand (her favorite) Vantage,  
I worry for her—she smokes too  
much—I couldn’t bear  
But she tells me not to be silly (and  
shakes her head)  
She’ll die of something much grander  
than cancer  
She (my grandmother) named me  
yanu’adisi (Running Bear)  
She said my two year old legs were  
always running EVERYWHERE!  
Much like these forty-two year old  
tears, as I remember her  
“Granny, Granny, the little people are  
hiding in your house!”  
“Runningbear, are you sure? In my  
house? Really? But how?”  
“This morning I awoke and heard  
them talking! About me!”  
giggling,  
“Well, they are my friends of the  
Tsalagi, you little halfbreed,”  
smiling

And another time

“Grandma, I brought you a picture,  
it’s me, your runningbear, in the  
army...”

Sighing, rewinding lost time, “My favorite grandson” reminiscing, fading, drifting

I lean down and kiss her on the cheek, dark and leathery, hickory smoke smelling sanctuary

She takes me in her arms, hugging me – how much time’s left? I’m scared and wondering.

And another...

In the middle of the night, coming in from out of town, unexpectedly Knocking on her door, waking her up, patiently, “Who’s out there?” “It’s your wandering grandson, I got a surprise,” door opens slowly but wide

“Who’s this pretty girl with you?” “Grandmother, she’s, well, meet my wife.”

Another

“What ya doing out here on the back porch, lovely lady?” alone, but animated, pretty

“Oh just watching the hummingbirds fly around the feeder... They’re so busy!”

“Well, um... I was fixing to sight – in my 30-30. We’re going deer hunting this morning”

“Sit and watch the hummingbirds with me a minute, son—They’re trying to tell us something.”

And finally

Another knocking in the middle of the night—my door this time... “Grandma’s gone”

She’d lost a leg, then the other— death taking her piece by piece— my brave kolanu

We buried her under another big cottonwood tree – oaks and cottonwoods as far as the eye can see

I hung a hummingbird feeder from a low limb, I couldn’t stop crying... “gv-ge-yu-hi e-li-si.”

## **Silent Screaming - Clifford M. Nowell**

An ensemble of emotions,  
Rage throughout a young mind,  
Warped by incestuous acts,  
Illegally and insidiously obtained,  
By coaxing or intimidation.  
Neglected of parental passion,  
Craving encouragement and approval,  
Inviting acceptance of immorality.  
Sadly taught sexual transgressions,  
Are physical equations of love.  
Invitations of lustful congresses  
Are readily extended, bringing  
Future harm, invisible dangers.  
Psychogenic states go unnoticed,  
Sexual improprieties deemed normal,  
Gender lines drawn, then crossed,  
As physical aggressions prosper.  
Denial of sexual access,  
Shock, stun, flabbergast, angers,  
Introducing series of self rejections,  
Accompanied by imagined verbal slurs,  
Destroying a fragile confidence.  
Imagined looks of contempt,  
Degrade thoughts of self-esteem,  
Igniting anti-social behaviors.  
Confusion, fear: clearly in view.  
Needs, wants: out of reach.  
Desperate yearning invades wrecked psyches,  
While early learning reverts/diverge,  
Upon unsuspecting youthful victims,  
Needful of tender loving acceptance,  
Silently screaming for rescue  
Will they ever be heard?

## **I Changed For You - By Dr. Richard Sunday Ifill**

“CHILDREN...”

You are the essence of my life,  
The spirits moving within my soul,  
My breath of life...  
And the “purpose” and “reason...”  
For my existence.  
You are the seeds of my heart,  
And my “life line” into tomorrow.  
I could not go on living the way...  
I have been, because I realized—  
That my “actions” and “decisions”

Were hurting your lives.  
And destroying your chances...  
Not only to grow and mature  
Into “Kings and Queens”  
That you all are destined to becoming,  
But, they were also destroying and  
disconnecting my “bond”  
That a “Father” should have with his  
children,  
All of whom I love very much.  
So...  
I CHANGED FOR YOU.

I have up my old negative ways,  
The bad habits,  
Misdeeds, imperfections and wrong  
doings...  
I realized that I had to sacrifice...  
These bad images that made me a  
poor example—  
Of a Father, because as a Father,  
I came to realize that my  
“CHILDREN,”  
Are supposed to be the most  
important  
Aspect of everything that I do. I  
realized that I had to start setting  
a better example,  
Because without my CHILDREN  
Life would have no meaning...  
So  
I changed for you

CHILDREN.  
You are my anima...  
And being by anima’s,  
You animate my life in such a way—  
That I breathe because of you  
Your energies motivate me  
Your vibes feeds me strength...  
And inspired me as a father  
To want to change for myself  
When I look into your eyes,  
I see the “reflections of the universe.”  
Like “Sunlight”...  
You sustain it...  
You made me realize the fact, that if  
“I failed”...  
Your worlds would have shattered  
like “Broken Glass”...  
So:  
I CHANGED FOR YOU  
CHILDREN...

Never again will I ever leave you...  
To journey through life alone,  
Without direction or guidance;  
Or without the kind of father—  
And role model that inspires you to  
greatness...  
And motivates you to become the  
best in and at what ever you do in  
life.  
I promised myself that I would strive  
to make your "WILLS"  
And destinies become a reality...  
SO: I CHANGED FOR YOU.

I changed because I realized,  
The pain and suffering that I was  
causing you,  
And because I saw that I was the  
reason  
For your empty thoughts, low self-  
esteem,  
Broken dreams, sadness, nights of  
tears,  
Growing with fears and endless  
nightmares.

SO:  
I took pride in myself...  
And in doing so,  
I CHANGED FOR YOU.  
I knew that one must change so that  
these children  
Can become the future leaders of our  
civilization;  
The doctors, lawyers, judges,  
governors and Presidents  
That can lead the world into....  
Phoenix of Paradise.  
For these reasons my children...  
"You" can proclaim to the world...  
That "your" Father.

Changed for you.

### **I'm Here - William Chaplar**

The first day that you went to school,  
Wet tears flooding your eyes;  
The day you got hurt in the field  
And thought you'd surely die;  
That time where some one broke your  
heart  
And you weren't thinking clear;  
Through all these, you were put at  
ease  
When Mom told you, "I'm  
here."  
The tables turned, it's payback time  
Your mother needs you now.  
But through the years and all the  
tears,  
She aptly showed you how.  
The best thing she can hear you say  
Is, "Don't cry, Mom, I'm here."

### **Innocence - Jimmy White**

Reflecting on life as a child.  
Running through fields covered with  
flowers,  
In search of excitement through a  
little imagination.  
So easy to get lost when you're a  
child dreaming,  
Pretending to be king, or a character  
from Dungeons and Dragons,  
With a stick for a sword we wage  
wars with Demons,  
Conquering the impossible with the  
innocence of a child,  
Protecting the weak, and leading the  
strong.  
In a world seen only through the eyes  
of a child,  
We rescue the princess and ask only  
for a smile.  
With a kiss on the cheek from our  
imaginary bride,  
We sheath our sword, and mount our  
horses to ride.  
Through brooks and trees, and fields  
with flowers,  
We run home to mother and a nice  
hot shower. . .

### **Father to Son - Ruben Camberos**

I carry you with me, wherever I may  
roam, knowing that some part of  
me must be with you, perhaps  
only a vague memory or an ever-  
growing emptiness inside your  
soul.  
I know the fear and rage that  
germinates within your heart;  
don't let it corrupt you.  
I feel everything you are going  
through—don't give up and don't  
give in to the beast who wishes to  
unleash all the pain within.  
I have walked the road you now walk  
upon, I have felt the dread,  
shame, and anger you now feel—  
such is the way of the son without  
his father.  
You are facing the same trials as my  
father before me and I have  
faced, though, you do not have to  
fail your son as we have done,  
you can break the cycle.  
You are the hope of all your fathers  
before you, who have longed to  
see their way through this  
treacherous quest, to slay life's  
terrible dragons, to cast away the  
heavy chains, and break the  
curse.  
You must embrace the light while  
you're young—feel the warm rays  
of the sun, which caress your  
being and let it into your heart—do  
not seek to destroy the power of  
love, as we have done.  
You, my son, must carry on through  
the bad and the good, through  
light and darkness, through hate  
and love, and through all other  
conflicts of this life—stand with  
your head held high in human  
dignity—overcome the hurting  
child within.

## **Life - Tim Hampton**

Sense of warmth desires of love  
Moments captured on a picture with  
laughter above  
Experience today the pain and sorrow  
Goin to sleep at night, knowin there's  
a better tomorrow

View the departin death as love ones  
While celebrating the birth of young  
guns  
Witnessing the first things and lendin  
to their strings  
As we watch them sleep at night,  
hoping they're having pleasant  
dreams

Seem them mature as they grow old  
Givin them encouragement so they  
could become bolder  
So sitting back and reminiscing is  
quite nice  
But we all should remember this is  
just a cycle we call life

## **Cruise Control - WBS**

When the time comes for you to open  
that gate  
It's "goodbye and farewell" to those  
who hate  
Got a breath of fresh air... damn,  
finally there  
The day flies by with no time to spare  
Welcome back to the place you were  
once before  
But do it right this time – hard to the  
core  
Family and friends stand tall and  
they're down for you  
A grown up son or daughter sayin, "I  
sure did miss you."  
It seems like eternity since you last  
seen this place  
Responsibilities and priorities all up  
in your face  
Cruizin' in the ride, jammin' to the  
new CDs  
Arm hangin' out the window, hair  
blowin' in the breeze  
Kinda stressful, but excited, at the  
same time confused

Like a lil' kid again, so damn happy  
and amused  
Takes awhile to get used to, I been  
there... I know  
Just take it as it comes though—slow  
and on "Cruise-Control"

## **The Message - Brian Roberts**

What separates us is not our skin  
What we have or where we've been  
What oppresses me oppresses you,  
It is to each other we must be true

We are torn apart by society, lashed  
at with fists.  
What is missing is kindness, a  
brotherly kiss.

This is a world subject to ruin  
Hateful words and weapons. What  
are we doing?

We have all in our lives prejudged  
someone  
Labeled a book by the cover

Prejudice is a choice, ignorance and  
fault.

Why must we pay the price so easily  
bought?

The choice to hate goes deeper than  
generalizations.

Let's stop the tearing down time for  
new creations!

Do not justify oppression,  
We must learn that all things are  
connected.

Society has branded itself with a  
racist mind

Children are taught to hate, not to be  
kind

We do not live with spies, crackers,  
niggers and chinks  
Can't you see we are in this together?  
Please stop and think.

We are all the same, my blood too  
stains red.

We need to awake the soul from the  
dead.

Remember the message of the  
mountain top

It doesn't matter what others think,  
There's only one color, or together  
we sink.

Through love we may just one day  
succeed

One blood, one God, that's all we  
need

## **My Black Heart - Jonathan Thompson**

*To those who wonder...*

Go ahead and laugh, I see it in you  
You wanna see me fail  
But I stand strong on my own  
I'm a strong black male!

So real  
You would think I'm made of gold  
Out of my suffering  
Came the strongest soul!

So deep is my heart  
Yet it's a scarred place,  
Beating at rapid speed  
Unable to catch so don't give chase!

I know no such thing as defeat  
For I am born to use my mind,  
My heart is the sun after the rain  
A black man born to shine!

Beating hard for those of my  
community  
Leading brothers from the darkness  
With my head held high  
I give you my black heart!

**Livin' in a State of Shock - Michael Belle**

It's like a cancerous strain  
Metastasizzin'  
'Til it consumes the brain  
And ya run head-long  
With the self-destruction  
That propels you to give you all to  
The impending extinction  
That compels you  
Not to give a damn  
'Bout who you are  
or who I am.  
With a smile  
Of deadly defeat  
And self-denial  
You say  
"Fuck the world!"  
'cause  
livin' is a trial  
Expressin' and stressing  
'round others  
yo' badness  
when ya get alone  
ya hold ya head down  
in sadness

Ya feel  
Trapped  
And surrounded  
By enemies,  
Ya heard of love  
But wonder  
What it could be  
The menacingly fickle powers of  
time  
Stack  
Mo' maniacal aspects of life  
On yo' overloaded mind  
And ya  
Plot retaliation  
Plot assassination  
Contemplate  
Ways to roll over the whole nation  
'cause  
ya see  
the wheels  
within wheels  
the lies keep comin  
but  
ya know the deal  
ya recognize  
hell is all around us

'cause  
ya know  
once ya dead  
ya return to dust  
ya go on strivin'  
to do  
and pass on  
the right thang  
but  
since ya goin' against the grain  
The world has ya labeled  
As anti-  
Social  
And insane

Who's to live?  
Who's to die?  
Who's to laugh?  
Who's to cry?  
Ya wanna know  
When  
And ya wanna know  
Why  
But the games  
Of deception  
Bein' concocted  
Mean  
The elements of truth  
Are co-opted  
Then twisted  
And twisted again  
'til what once was  
out  
now is all in  
who'll be the loser?  
who'll be the winner?  
Who'll be the last?  
Who's the beginner?  
Who has to follow?  
Who gets to lead?  
Who gets to choose, who gets what  
they need?  
Ya don't know  
But ya wanna reveal  
Life's mysteries  
To bring an end to life's miseries  
And bring some peace  
So  
Everyone in their soul, can say  
"I'm Free!"  
But  
It just can't be!

**"Within the world seen" - Doc**

Within the world seen,  
a multifaceted edge,  
wonders explain God.

**"I don't want to be consumed" - Jason Moreno**

I don't want to be consumed by the  
primitive attitude that permeates  
American culture and convinces  
boys at a young age that the three  
most important things in the  
world are: "Money, Sex, and  
Power."  
I want to be a positive attitude about  
life. I want to learn more about  
the world and less about the  
streets, more about romance and  
less about sex. I want to ask for  
directions.  
I want to go to church not because  
I'm dragged there, but because I  
want to feel free to get "on my  
knees and say long prayers" and I  
want to do it and be more of a  
man, not less of one.  
Maybe that's why I imagined myself  
crying? I've finally reached a  
maturity level that will allow me  
to go against the grain, live  
outside of society's definition  
limits, be a modern man.  
Or... Maybe it was just an abrasion  
that has never happened before  
and will never happen again. I  
sure hope not, because the  
emotional release I experienced  
in my mind felt too good to keep  
bottled up inside of me. But only  
time – and tears will tell how my  
story ends

**Motivation and Inspiration -  
Reginald West**

To all my brothers and sisters still  
trapped behind bars but not yet  
lost in the struggle:  
I want all of youse who's reading this  
right now to know that there is  
one thing that I won't let the  
system keep doing to me and that  
is continue to run my life.  
If something controls your emotions,  
then it controls your attitude, then  
if that same thing controls your  
attitude, it controls your actions  
as well.  
But most of all, if your actions are  
controlled by someone other than  
you, then so is your destiny!  
Try to remember one thing in life if  
nothing at all:  
Tough times don't last but tough  
people do

**Onward! We March - Jeremy Rios**

Marching with my brothers  
Step by step  
As one we beat  
Heavy boots stamping the rain  
soaked earth  
Onward, we march.  
Like rolling thunder we sweep down  
Crossing mountains, forests, and seas  
Reaching through the bounds of  
nations  
to touch the hearts of men.  
Onward we march.  
Join us or fall  
Have no fear of death  
My brothers  
Onward, we march.  
  
Chasing our own immortality,  
Together we march.

**Be True - Ray Reyes**

Be you,  
Be true  
In all that you do-  
Express yourself how you like,  
Never be like  
anyone else  
Be yourself!  
No matter time or place,  
Tell and say what is in your heart  
on your mind.  
Search and find the essence of you  
Never –  
Give in or give up.  
Always stay true  
Always be you!

**The King of Spazz - William H.  
Davis**

*Dedicated to all who struggle  
with psychological disorders.*  
  
Neurotic, psychotic, paranoid  
anti-social and all that jazz  
if a label is what you're looking for,  
then label me ... King of Spazz  
  
They want to get inside my head,  
but no one has ever has  
many have tried, but all have failed  
I am the King of Spazz  
  
Bearded chumps with spectacles,  
their questions make me sick,  
they try in vain to ascertain  
just what it is that makes me tick  
  
Want to play a mind game, Doc?  
I can play with great pizzazz  
you have no chance of winning,  
as I am the King of Spazz  
  
I do not want your damned advice,  
people's sympathy or their razz  
I live alone inside my head,  
I remain ... the King of Spazz

**A Resignation - Brian Joseph  
Wake**

Rising on the breakers of dawn  
My eyes are cold, dark and drawn  
For the road ahead is long and tired  
And above me rolls a heaven expired  
  
Consequences indifferent,  
Here the angels have all fallen  
And where I go I am not sent  
For there I've been forgotten  
  
So the greater of wills is chosen for  
me,  
But not by my remittance  
For I do not believe my soul shall fell  
The transcendence of my forgiveness.

**Legacy of Your Own - Theresa  
Battles**

You wasn't here when our ancestors  
had to endure  
being degraded, spat on, some even  
lured.  
  
Into the woods beaten, raped, and  
even killed  
for just being black, bad cotton  
pickers or  
slowing up the production at the mill.  
  
How could this generation of our  
children learn about the past?  
The struggles, the fight, the  
perseverance and the voice of  
Dr. Martin Luther King shouting free  
at last.  
  
I didn't understand our legacy when I  
was your age either, but  
we are intertwined from the same  
cloth from which  
we've all been cut  
  
So take the torch and carry it proudly,  
never letting the fire go out  
Young men and women of our future,  
your voices need to be  
louder than theirs as you began to  
SHOUT!

**A Letter Never Sent - Charles Marques**

What's up bro? Long story short, I need to use your address for parole and if I had your phone # that would be great. I hate to bother you but my date is coming up and it's getting late. If you don't mind please let me know. I'd really love to hear from the kids and you too bro. It seems like I rarely know where you're at. At least I think you are having a ball. I ain't mad about it just missing you all. Listen I understand about moving at the speed of life and all the back biting and strife. I also understand everything I was missing 'cause behind these walls I have had the time to reflect on how I was broken and tripping. Maybe I was wise or just plain lucky either way it worked out and it's kinda funny. How this sight was gained at such a low price where others have grasped it with a much higher sacrifice. One thing's for sure, there's always time for reflection when you're alone, it's quiet, you ask yourself hard questions. I find myself seeking solitude more and more as time goes on. Not that I haven't come to peace within my environment. In fact I have made a few good friends in which I count myself blessed. Solid peckerwoods who will stand with me through any test. For them, I pray only the best knowing they have to stay. They encourage me to change my wicked ways one at a time, while thanking "God" all I got was a dime. Five years a young man had to burn five more a mature adult he will return. All my dreams and plans must come to fruit. Before all, I am an old outlaw chasing crystal loot, turning fortunes on one more proof. Surviving trials and drinking from hidden wells. Beating back death from the Greek's grave. I prevail as a gypsy street knave dancing through this crazy maze. Like butterflies in a sudden downpour, I am caught by the

surprise in your eyes at recognition of intelligence. Then saying under your breath who the hell is this unrepentant fool. Just what am I supposed to do? Maybe live and love em like some Jesus bones and a muppet. Yes, no, maybe? This ain't Sesame Street. I am living proof you got to lump shit and hump it like a dog in heat. I would sooner get between a lion and his meat than between a player and his treat. Something sweet like Ashes and Red wine or Gems superimposed over satin spread mattresses. Callin all you freaky actresses. I'm back mackin a heart attack waiting to happen. Strapping young blade with a fortune to make. How many more lines will it take? Live free, fast and with a sense of compassion. It's a grass roots happening!

Love,  
Charles

**Can't W8 2 CU - WBS**

A bunch of broken dreams and memories, time sifted away  
Yet not a second wasted in here,  
looking forward to that day  
This sentence seems like a paragraph,  
but onto 6 "words" in the mix  
And knowing when I get back,  
there's lots of shattered things to fix  
I foresee my own struggles out there  
anticipation of survival  
Might be some troubles in the air,  
hesitatin' upon my arrival  
But the strongest and the fittest, and  
only those who stand tall  
Are the ones who pull through to  
finish, lived outside this wall.  
The institutionalized mindframe is  
gone, now my head's str8 in that  
world  
These photos been stackin' up so  
long, that my life seems like a  
mural  
As I sketch a poem or canvas, I do  
the same for what the future holds  
Just so tired of all this madness, and  
this penitentiary's getting' old.

**Stripped - Gary Gregory**

Take away the false bravado and strip  
them to the bone  
The scars are fading stories their  
agonies your own  
Struggling with the mask to uphold  
the image my past has placed  
Not so immortal or polished or  
perfectly made  
Just another disguise to hide all the  
fears I've never faced  
My blood is also red and my shadow  
is still akin to your shade  
But my armour is heavy and rusting  
and I'm far from home  
I guess it's there for a reason, a  
battleground yet unknown  
So pick up your disguise at the door  
It might rain some more  
Don't leave home without it—you  
might appear human otherwise  
Or something more sinister—a  
coward full of pride  
Or filled with self-hatred and  
everything you despise  
There's always a gun or rock under  
which to hide  
We all have inner demons, hidden  
faces sneering beneath  
Made undying by a bruise or a  
blemish ego has magnified as  
unique  
Not so trusting or forgiving yet so  
quick to deceive  
Lying to you in subtle slithering  
strides  
Only in fire can you purify!  
Only in fire can you purify!  
It's okay to love yourself, forgive  
yourself  
Don't believe what they say—it's all  
lies anyway  
Don't give in—don't let them win  
The voices, the ego, the demons on  
the wind  
Don't become ill with the illusion

### **Stuck - Brian Roberts**

I've entered a world of sorrow and  
hate  
Because long ago I made a mistake.  
I sit alone, watch life pass me by.  
It all started with a little white line

Walls surround my every move  
A golden life, turned to blue.  
A letter, a visit, that's all I ask  
Laughter, a smile, a thing of the past.

There's no place to be myself  
No corner, no hole. No damn help  
Every day I'm told to walk a straight  
line  
The road ahead, a tough one to climb

Play the game of appealing your case  
But deep down you know there's no  
damn way  
Some coffee, a rip, a little canteen  
The power of persuasion, that's all  
you need

A world built on bricks of despair  
Separation by design, that much is  
clear  
I walk the track, around and around  
Searching for peace to block out the  
sounds

A hole, a ditch, stuck like chuck  
Pray for a ladder, or just a little luck  
Some give in, change their name to  
missy  
The pacmans of the system, each day  
a new sissy

Food so bad, tasteless and raw  
I force it down, no money for the  
store  
Maybe someday it will all get better  
I hope so, cause I'm stuck here  
forever!

### **Prison - Sadd-Boy**

Put on Ice, while life goes on.  
Rest assured, that all is gone.  
I never dreamed I would loose it all.  
So damned high, I had to fall.  
Out of hope, betrayed again.  
Nothing left I am in the pen.

### **Walls - Gerald B. Prisock**

Four walls grow smaller  
every passing day  
Cell door slamming shut  
no sleep, no hope, no life

Each day blurs one to another  
Frightened voices, scared Faces  
Fear of the unknown, what's next?  
Is this a dream? Where am I?

Bars and fences blocking the world  
Does anyone out there remember me?  
You are only a number wearing white  
Without a vision you are nothing

### **Propaganda Pirates - Leroy "Doc" Floyd**

I'm caught, caught within the claw  
Of the sharpened fangs of law.  
And as this iron fisted beast,  
shuts its maw to feast,  
I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE  
FLAG!  
So now I die within this plea  
"My life to give for Liberty."

I awake inside the monster's belly to  
a world it has devoured  
Nations boil in bloody pains for  
pitiful plans of power.  
Euthanasia judges life  
According to its own devices  
As this new religion kneels to pray  
We bless the souls of those it slays.

Run as I may I cannot abscond  
The clasp upon this creature's bond.  
Master of the mass deceived  
My votes are what it needs to feed.  
Prescription Procured By Propaganda  
Pirates—  
Savage or the animal's pawn  
I am pro con I am pro con

### **U.S. of A Says "Must Stay" - Stanley Howard**

Prisoners and their loved ones object  
to their unlawful long STAYS,  
But society gave no permission for  
them to have any \$AY!  
Check the real facts and see if I'm  
LYING

It seems like it is righteous for prison  
guards to give prisoners abusive  
DYING!

Living life in prison is not  
GLORIFYING,  
But to some what president Bush  
does is, which borderlines oil  
ROBBING!

Watching one's back in a prison yard  
isn't HARD,  
Even though others in it can cause for  
you to be for life SCARED!  
Bush can invade a country with false  
FACTS  
While U\$of-A put their own behind  
bars for trying to survive and put  
clothes on their BACKS...

Realizing one's mistakes don't take  
long prison SENTENCES,  
We all know that the ones who  
recommend THIS  
Is those who are RICH  
But when a son or daughter of theirs  
get into some lawbreaking SHIT  
They petition the law with their  
wealth to RELENT!!!

Who is to really blame for the crimes  
happening in the land that  
suppose to be for the FREE?  
Damn sure not men or women like  
ME  
No one likes to point to the powers  
that BE,  
Because if evidence is presented,  
those showing it won't remain  
part of the FREE!

Every crime should have a different  
PUNISHMENT,  
But no it mustn't because that will  
effect Federal and state purses  
staying CONTENT,  
Money flows freely for prisoners  
WOE'S,  
So why not continue the illegal shake  
down for the IN GOD WE  
TRUST SHOW...  
Bush and most Rich folks say it  
PAYS,  
So all wrongful imprisonment laws  
MUST STAY

**George Walker Bush – the  
Republican - Rickey Pearson**

Born in Connecticut in 1946, he was  
a scourge from the womb  
Barbara Pierce, such a woman, how  
could it come to be  
That the first of her children was the  
devil in disguise  
A cheerleader in school, and a drunk  
in life  
Has since his birth brought to us all  
such great pain and strife.  
He's mocked our forefathers and  
twisted up our constitution  
Made the wealthy wealthier, left the  
rest for destitution  
At every turn he's missed a step and  
landed square on his ass  
Was a time when our leaders valued  
such a thing as class  
America the beautiful is falling hard  
and fast  
But no one gives a damn anymore, no  
one's learned from the past

**Think About It - Deandre Williams**

What you gonna do  
When the music stops and then the  
hammer drops  
The pigs ain't yellin stop  
What-cha-gonna-do?  
What you gonna do  
When times are dangerous and  
they're enslaving us  
With bloodstained chains that aint  
made to rust  
What-cha-gonna-do?

What you gonna do  
When you cant feel no more cause  
they done sealed the door  
And gassed you to the floor  
What-cha-gonna-do?

What you gonna do  
When all your team's gone cause all  
your fears are born  
And you cant just take no more  
What-cha-gonna-do?

What-cha-gonna-do?  
What-cha-gonna-do?

What-cha-gonna-do?  
Now?

Think about it

**Truth by this Species of Property -  
Marcus Bailey**

We're locked up, doing time for  
things we didn't do  
We're locked away, for things that  
certainly aren't true  
It was self-defense I swear to god, it's  
how I felt  
The life of a slave was too much  
weight for my belt  
See I was raised by the system, even  
trained by the system  
Now I'm being blamed for their  
living  
It's kind of ironic,  
That this illness I have is chronic  
Centuries of desensitized brains,  
Government developed pains

Slave mentalities instilled from the  
date of our births,  
Leading us to believe that we've  
chosen our worths  
But it's all a mirage, a psychological  
barrage meant for distraction  
To lead our attentions away from  
their actions  
Which are the same as ours,  
Made legal by their state and federal  
laws  
Just let me explain  
We all have choices but who do we  
blame  
It's an obvious matter!!  
Just look at the patters  
A sensei teaches his pupil what he  
knows,  
But holds back just enough to keep in  
control  
Then a teacher or coach teaches their  
students strategies, on how to  
defeat their enemies  
Before long, it's not only learned  
But a part of your anatomy  
instinctively served  
Psychological breeding in its purest  
form  
Passed on and on to generations born  
Leaving them with no option to think  
Destined from the start to sink  
Mentally locked away doing time  
behind untruth  
Past down making innocents pay  
Giving them internal time to do  
And that is the truth, bout this species  
of property

**“Crystal flowers bloom” - Gerald  
B. Prisock**

Crystal flowers bloom  
Dripping with sweet morning dew  
Sunrise awakens

### **Pure Poppycock - A.J. Crate, Jr.**

It's pure poppycock to claim freedom  
while heaping laws atop the  
chopping block  
It's pure poppycock to hail justice  
that's governed like a flimsy  
wind-sock  
It's pure poppycock to think  
malefactors can be inverted using  
only a cage and lock  
It's pure poppycock to decry this  
while inflating the dollar-value of  
prison stock  
It's pure poppycock and it won't  
change 'til we stop expanding the  
down-time clock.  
It's pure poppycock some will deny  
since this comes from a convict  
a.k.a. doc

### **Baptized - Anwar Tapia**

Born in Mexico  
Land of corn: staple of the poor.  
Empty bowels cryin' out for more.  
Baptized, in the murkey cold waters  
Of the Rio Grande rapids.

Living in the bleak shadows of  
America  
Land of Abundance  
And obese stomachs.  
Striving, searching, hungry  
For the sweet American Pie.

Instead we eat  
Of the grapes of wrath  
And toil all day  
In sour low-pay Jobs.  
Then hunted down  
And pushed back  
To our native corn-land.  
Empty bowels cryin' out again.  
Re-baptized, in the murky cold  
waters  
Of the Rio Grande rapids.

### **Triple A Cards - James Bauhaus**

Out and about on the highway, you'll  
never guess what came my way.  
I found a long, black limo crashed in  
a ditch, and two fat politicians  
trying to hitch.  
They wore pinkie rings and gold tie  
tacks, alligator shoes and Italian  
slacks.  
Their eyes were glassy, their hands  
were shaking, who could guess  
what they'd been taking?  
But I pulled my truck over and asked  
"How do?" They told me their  
story and it was nothing new.  
They'd been last in a limo-train,  
swerved to hit a skunk; that was  
their bane  
Their donut patrol had left them  
behind; their cellualars refused to  
go online.  
Even their satellite uplinks to the  
Pentagon were on the fritz;  
This left them at the end of their wits,  
So there I was, with two major  
political cogs, told them,"yeah,  
sure. Hop in, back there with the  
hogs."  
Riding with hogs wasn't much to  
their liking: only one thing worse,  
and that was hiking.  
They climbed on in, glad for a ride til  
they smelled that thing that  
smelled like it had died.  
We hadn't been rolling but a minute  
or two til one of them asked,  
"This as fast as she'll do?"  
I told them, "This fifty-five law is  
nobody's fun, especially while  
riding in the hot, broiling sun.  
My 454, she can really run, if not  
for the tickets, I'd give her the  
gun!"  
"But we're on an important  
government mission!"  
"Yeah! There's babes up ahead who  
need our kissing!"  
"Now mash that go-pedal way down,  
hard! Don't worry at all, we  
brought our Triple A cards!"  
"No, they're not for citizens like you:  
only for us, and maybe an  
ambassador or two."

Senator Rivera and Congressman  
Coke showed me the cards of  
which they'd spoke.  
Sure enough, the writing was there:  
"Bearer can do anything,  
anytime, anywhere!"  
I still had to ask, "What'll be done, if  
somehow, something in or on this  
truck gets sprung?"  
"Son," said one, "You'll have the  
best truck they make! Just get to  
the motorcade and back to our  
dates!"  
He whipped out a coupon book,  
saying, "Try the big three!"  
My free sample was a new Jeep  
Cherokee!  
I floored the Ford, fast as it'd go.  
Soon we were going a hundred or  
so.  
Never once did they say "Slow  
Down!" Their tongues flapped in  
the wind just like hounds.  
We pounded on down for quite  
sometime; before very long we  
passed the state line.  
We screamed on by the police radar  
light; the state trooper dooper  
chased us with all his might  
He couldn't catch up, so he called up  
ahead, they blew out our tires and  
we wound up dead.  
They posed with our corpses, like we  
were big-game kills.  
Their eyes and teeth gleamed in the  
newscams, talking of politic work  
thrills,  
They primed the newsfolks with  
things of import, stuffing them  
full of what to report.  
My truck flipped four times, then  
wrapped around an oak.  
'course no one survived except  
Rivera and Coke.  
No cameras caught them; at least,  
none from the news.  
They pulled their Triple A cards;  
they'd paid their dues!

### **Captive Audience - Charlie Harbert**

Don't tell me about judicial system  
And the White House massing some  
worthless bill.

I don't want to hear about the death  
penalty

Or the next person they're about to  
kill

Don't ask if I'm going to vote for  
A Republican or Democrat.

No more about Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>

Or the ongoing war in Iraq.

Don't bother me about Israel and  
Palestine

Trying to kill each other whenever  
they can.

I don't want to hear about North  
Korea

Or nuclear reactors in Iran

Forget about China and Russia

Saddam Hussein and Osama Bin  
Laden

America has so many enemies  
Who knows what's about to happen  
But who cares about this or the  
economy

And the millions of dollars being  
spent,

And just for the record so you will  
know

I don't give a damn who's the next  
president

### **Social Justice - Starkim**

Police shot me in my face, back and  
leg, trying to stop me from dying  
of old age.

Now my stage become my  
environment, the community  
hears of my persistence, but  
doesn't bear witness to my  
existence.

Little last as middle class.

But a simple laugh becomes a frown  
and I drown in simplicity,  
because my complex bomb  
threats of words are used, as a  
fuse to ignite your views on  
racism, poverty, the state of our  
economy.

But honestly, I don't care.

I never did, as I never hid from  
addressing what I'm professing.  
The transgressions against the poor,  
the ending of a war will not be  
resolved, because it's etched in  
the core of their desire to Hate,  
Overtake, Rape, and facilitate a  
new world order.

Some say conspiracy theory, but I'm  
weary and optimistic.

Now statistics show that crime is  
down and educated offenders  
recidivate, but it's getting late,  
why we gotta be here?

Now lets be clear, they profit off  
prisons, and profit off religion  
and there's gossip of decisions to  
change things but the song the  
insane sings is a different melody.

So you're telling me that we are free?

### **An Attack On The King - William H. Davis**

An attack on the King's guard  
is an attack on the King,  
do you not trust His Highness?  
who would consider such a thing?

An attack on the King's words  
is an attack on the King,  
who will stand and speak the truth?  
who will risk what it will bring?

An attack on the King's tax man  
is an attack on the King,  
citizens must pay their due,  
it has a familiar ring...

An attack on the King's puppet  
is an attack on the King,  
I see a thread there in the light,  
do I dare to cut the string?

An attack on the King's party  
is an attack on the King,  
he says his party must go on,  
is there a way to stop his fling?

Must we relinquish our beliefs  
and our rights to which we cling?  
Do you question his authority?  
You have now attacked the King!

### **When Pigs Fly - A. Knight**

Some pigs flew by my window  
En route to who-knows-where.  
Some pigs flew by my window  
I saw them right out there.

Some pigs flew by my window  
You say you doubt my words.

Some pigs flew by my window  
With wings little birds.

Some pigs flew by my window  
If only you had seen.

Some pigs flew by my window  
I wonder where they've been.

Some pigs flew by my window  
I'll bet you think I lie.

Parole is fair in Texas  
And little piggies fly.

### **Enamor - Reginald West**

Afar, and beyond where the pale  
moon arises,  
Midnight is slaved to its silent death.  
For thou hast come again... again and  
forever more has come.

Transpiring before the elusive soul  
quite humbled and much in  
revive.

And where into dost hollowed eyes  
rest in dappling shadows of  
golden sun and gallant cries and  
squawk the blue carpet horizon in  
liberal song.

This be my good fellas  
Where in valleys low, the valve dusk  
cloaks purple mountains

Steeps and the rivers stream quiets  
trickle the pebble sand flows all  
through the tick tock hours.

And where through the vast and  
gloom dost black ravens take in  
flying trails whispers of such  
sweet rapture dance along the  
knitted pine where fields of  
empty untilled inner entwines  
fields of splended green diddled  
in silvery dew.

### **Beautiful Fall - Rickey Pearson**

As a gentle wind caresses the sun-kissed leaves  
The birds nonchalantly flit here and there  
Beautiful reds, oranges, golds, and yellows...  
Colors so profound pervade the autumn air.

The leaves rustle, whispering of days to come  
Enchanting those that walk below  
Sunlight glints off the upturned foliage  
In harmony the leaves wave to and fro.  
Though at times we may seem to be caught up  
In the mystery or the magic of it all  
We'll always have a deep appreciation  
For the beauty known as fall.

### **Riding her Wind - Jackie R. Sollars**

*Author's note: The Stiles Prison Unit sits three miles from a ship channel, two feet below sea level. Hurricane Rita's storm surge alone was 22 feet, the eye of the storm passed to the west only five miles away as a category 3 on a depressive force to a category 2. The Texas Prison System had ignored an order by the State Governor to evacuate two days before Rita. Instead, the Texas prison officials gathered 4000 more inmates and stuck them on a unit with 3000 other inmates. Then the prison staff walked off.*

*After Rita passed, there were very few fences around the prison that were left in tact. It took almost 2 weeks to restore power. It took two days for the staff to get food into the prison. Unfortunately, most of the food and water along with other government relief items were gathered and kept by the Prison Personnel.*

*This poem is not to get sympathy. It is a warning at how our*

*governments are allowed to ignore their responsibilities. This wasn't New Orleans, the inmates had no choice in whether to leave or not. We were never told the final death count from malnutrition, being forced to drink sewer water and heat related illnesses. Never put your trust in the man before or after.*

I sat high watching the mightiest storm  
An' you O' King upon your throne.  
Spoke thou a word into this hurricane,  
Givest thou Rita the Power of Pain.  
In every spark of her furious fingers.  
Tell-tale images of what doth linger,  
Beyond the stone and iron wall  
What still stood in the raging howl.  
Was there thunder beyond her scream?  
Through the window the rain doth sting.  
Concrete wall, a foot thick began buckling  
As if only the puppeteer's accordion.  
For hours the world shook in her wrath.  
Noted I remnants in each magnificent flash.  
The parapet roof breached by waves finding escape.  
The seams in every wall washed and gave way.  
The cells filled as if a river being forged;  
Under and around crashgates flowed this deluge,  
Each tier a Great Water fall full of life.  
Two Great Falls, ten and twenty feet high.  
The poor fools below scrambled for higher ground.  
Within this tomb, as in a ship were they thrown.  
Waves washing their feet away.  
Suddenly the Fools did pray.  
"Pray ye cowards of nature's fury!  
Cleanse thyself of every iniquity!  
Prepare thyself to meet the Maker o' Man.

Thy wretched souls caught up in this storm."  
Grown men without futures cry out in fear.  
"O" how in end-times we wretches doth care.  
When caught in such storms we see  
Our own petty mortality.  
Come at me ye Great God of man.  
Collect thy bounty the Great "I am."  
For I fear not man nor thy storm,  
Fear I not the days that will or will not come.  
For after thy wrath I'll stand tall once again  
Dancing with Rita and riding her wind.

### **Dragonfly - William H. Davis Jr.**

Dragonfly, oh Dragonfly  
I hear your beating wings  
the pilot talk, radio squawk  
and your turbines as it sings

Dragonfly, oh Dragonfly  
you come to rescue me,  
my life in doubt, by blood pours out  
but you come to set me free

Now I see you Dragonfly  
"Medic, don't delay,"  
the needle stings, relief it brings  
now we must be on our way.

Dragonfly, oh Dragonfly  
take me from this flight,  
with life a gift, I feel us lift  
and start our homeward flight.

Dragonfly, oh Dragonfly  
the stories I will tell,  
the fire braved, the lives you saved  
until the day you fell.

## **Nexus - J. Wilson**

Like a half-seen trail in a sunny  
forest,  
Beneath a  
Canopy of leaves, barely  
Traveled by, in light golden tinted  
green.

Always twisting and turning,  
In some  
Places rougher than others,  
And never in sight an end,  
For the trail always goes on,  
Ever with  
A new wonder around every bend

In a minute, minute particle  
Of time.

Never give up hope for a bright  
tomorrow,  
See a  
Faerie around every corner,  
Not a monster in every shadow, filled  
With these dark, strange thoughts.  
Sprout wings of gossamer and fly  
high enough

To look  
Into the face of a god.  
Let your thoughts run deep  
Like trees whom put down deep  
roots,

Until they reach the  
Nexus of the dreamcatcher

Color bleeds back into vision,  
Slowly, as if the world  
Would break around if not careful.  
Freed from ice, set loose like  
A bird of the air,  
Time has been paid.

## **The Mighty Humble - Francisco J. Lopez**

I stood on the sand and gazed out at  
the mighty ocean. So powerful,  
mysterious, an untamed rogue—  
that appeared arrogant!

As if in a trance, I held my breath  
(hypnotized) unable to move as it  
approached me, and just when I  
was sure it would swallow me  
whole, I stared in awe as it bowed  
before me and kissed my feet!

Beside myself at this show of  
humbleness from the mighty  
waters, I felt the tears rushing to  
sting my eyes...

...So I wept, I wept like a child  
and allowed my tears to mingle  
with the mighty sea, so that it  
would carry a tiny part of me in  
its heart 'til eternity—

As I shall never forget its humble  
kiss...

## **Adieu - Timothy Baker**

Can you hear the bird's song  
Or their silence when something's  
wrong

Can you smell the leaves of autumn  
Before they're fallen and lie forgotten  
The smell of rain is heavy in the air  
Rolling clouds block the sun's warm  
glare

Dry and hot tomorrow again  
What a wonderful summer this has  
been

Though the sun has stopped shining  
And the moon has stopped rising  
The flowers have stopped growing  
They can never stop me from  
knowing

The beauty far and beyond this place  
I close my eyes and a smile comes to  
my face

I can see you out there past the wall  
One day soon I will hear the raven's  
call

And as much as they try there is  
nothing that they can do  
When I bid my last adieu

## **Happy Halloween - Rickey Pearson**

Expecting a princess or pirate, I run  
to the door, candy bowl in hand  
But what greets me from my front  
porch seems from another land  
It's got big bulging eyes, and one  
ragged pointy ear  
And sitting on its ugly face is a nasty  
little sneer.

Its legs are short and stumpy, there is  
no neck that I can see  
It's such a scary little creature that I  
almost lose my pee!

The thing is so short that to talk I  
have to stoop  
And when it lets out a hearty growl, I  
almost lose my... you guessed it!  
Such a horrid little creature, I stumble  
to my feet

But before I turn to run inside, I hear  
his "Trick or Treat"

He holds out a burlap sack, I thrown  
in a piece or three

And as he turns to leave, he tells me  
"Happy Halloween"!

## **Abused Woman - Jonathon Thompson**

When I first saw you  
Your soul reeked of misery  
And you were afraid to  
Open up and share with me. Abused  
woman

Your heart was this cornered, tucked  
away coffin  
Hollowed with emptiness  
Scared to let me in. Abused Woman

You denied the presence of life  
So you ignored the out stretched hand  
Stuck with the pain  
That you can't have a better man.  
Abused Woman

You live your life like a puzzle  
And it's a challenge to your emotions  
Knowing you deserve better  
Your pain runs deep like the oceans,  
Abused Woman

Please smile and let sunlight into  
your dark space  
You're the purest vision of the future  
So wipe the tears from your face, a  
loved woman

I understand and appreciate you  
So I hold you dear  
And remember that you are stronger  
Than your biggest fear! You're not  
alone.

### **To My Woman - Reginald West**

After awhile you learn the subtle  
difference between holding a  
hand and chaining a soul, and you  
learn that love doesn't mean  
leaning, and company doesn't  
always mean security.

And you begin to learn that kisses  
aren't contracts, and presents  
aren't promises, and you begin to  
accept your defeats with your  
head up and your eyes ahead with  
grace of a woman, not the grief of  
a child, and you learn to build all  
your roads on today because  
tomorrow's ground isn't too  
certain for plans and futures have  
a way of falling down mid-flight.

After awhile you learn that even  
sunshine burns if you get too  
much, so you plant your own  
garden and decorate your own  
soul instead of waiting for  
someone to bring you flowers.

And you learn that you really can  
endure, you really are strong, you  
really do have have worth, and  
you learn, and you learn with  
every goodbye, you learn.

### **Only The Lonely - Robbie D. Thomas**

Only the lonely can know what I feel,  
and only the lonely can know that it's  
real.

Only the lonely have lived my life,  
so only the lonely have fought my  
fight.

Only the lonely can live with the  
pain,  
while only the lonely hide their tears  
in the rain.

Only the lonely need this drug,  
Only the lonely knows what it does,  
And only the lonely know that it's  
love.

### **Back - Ross Bonilla**

"Why do you turn your back to me?"  
She queried in the darkness.  
I felt her hands trembling at my  
spine.

How do I explain to her? It's not out  
of disgust, nor lack of love.  
Could she ever understand a child's  
insanity?

"Because I trust you," I muttered  
slowly trying to fall in sleep's  
womb.

"When I was a child I slept with my  
back to a wall. But now I have  
you,

Trust and love you. I am safe with  
you. You are my wall. Can you  
understand this?"

I mumbled as I reached for her hand.  
"No," she rolled over her back.

### **The Patchman - Ross Bonilla**

I've taped my soul together again.  
I've lost count of these shattering  
horrors that crush me.

So I sit here slowly and delicately,  
like a watch maker, piecing my  
soul together.

The brittle pieces slip easily into  
place.

Well rounded corners, discolored  
patches

Like yellowed tape, in places where  
Pieces have been eternally Lost.

Its original shape convoluted and  
Unrecognizable to the innocent boy  
to whom it was trusted to.

So I pick my patchwork, my ragdoll  
of a soul and crush it gently to my  
Chest and cry again  
And again.

### **Coastline - John E. Christ**

Sibilant suppuration, roiling water  
Waves lapping the bosom of Mother  
Earth

Moonbeams caressing, wind and sand  
Palms swaying in lissome rhyme

We walk hand in hand along the edge  
Fingers of Poseidon tickling our toes  
Stars witness our march exposed  
We are alone with ancient gods

Nature's urge draws us close, naked  
Onto the beach where life climbed  
out

We spread ourselves in each other's  
arms

I smell the pungent musk of labial  
heat

She draws me close, pressing lips to  
mine

Eternity engulfs our rising passion  
I join in anatomical bliss, coupled  
In ever urgent spasms of ecstasy

Sighing heavily, the cycle spins  
forever

### **Yours - Starkim**

Your words drip from your lips, I can  
taste your moisture, your  
aura...As I step into the clearest  
water, your wet wisdom forces  
me to listen to every syllable  
pronounced.

Your mouth curves at the entrance,  
the air feels warmer than before,  
my eyes saw your core I can feel  
you breathe in my dreams and it  
seems as if you're more.

You fill me as I'm enriched with your  
kisses, feelings mingle causing  
tingling sensations bathing in  
your love, waiting for what was  
and is because the Wiz changed  
my brain giving me the courage  
to share my heart.

So nothing can tear us apart, there's  
no place like your heaven, the  
warmth, the scent, I'm content.

**A Song And A Thought - M.A.  
Glaros**

"... star dust woman ..."  
piecing stolen rays of light  
illuminated  
slanting columns of spiraling dust  
I walk shackled ... thinking  
How many breathed this very dust  
"... did she make you cry, make you  
breakdown  
shatter your illusions of love ..."  
my steps echo a constant tempo  
shadow casting on chipped gray  
bars  
I follow the dust, the ever present  
dust  
"... it's over now, do you know how  
to pick up pieces  
and go on ..."  
laying motionless the night fades  
as the dust settles over me  
blanketing me as I choose  
to go on ... or submit  
to the dust

**"With skin sewn closed I stand  
back" - Unknown**

With skin sewn closed I stand back  
Exhale relief all has gone well  
Now the waiting begins  
She has to come to me well, I have  
made her sick  
I must hold up my hand  
Until she can smile painlessly again  
Transformed by what my hands have  
done  
Too true, Paracelsus said  
"I cut, God heals."

**"Fooled kisses, forgotten wishes" -  
Brian Joseph Wake**

Fooled kisses, forgotten wishes  
Memory serves as pain  
Because forever shall end tomorrow  
And love shall be profane

Wilted flowers, wilted lives  
No more are your alibis  
Left behind outside your stare  
Amongst dark strangers who do not  
care

Follow, follow the Piper calls  
But who will catch you as you fall?  
No one shall for no one can  
For no one even gives a damn.

**Promises - Jimmy White**

Walking along this well beaten path,  
It seems so many times I have taken  
this track.  
Past bushes and trees, that have no  
meaning,  
While inside my heart is bleeding.  
Every bush is a promise that was  
meant to be broken,  
And every tree, is a lie that should  
not have been spoken.  
So many paths but they all end the  
same,  
With never ending dreams and a heart  
full of pain.  
Everywhere I look I see my hope  
fade away,  
With another bush and a tree to stand  
in my way.  
Will I ever find true love in this path  
that I've chosen?  
Or more promises full of lies, and a  
heart that was meant to be  
broken. . .

**Until You Took the Time - Timothy  
Baker**

Like a cool summer breeze  
Your words soothe a part of me  
That I almost forgot was there  
Until you took the time to care  
As beautiful as the rising sun  
You brighten my world like no one  
Has ever done  
Chasing away the shadows hiding  
there  
Just because you took the time to care  
Wondrous as the star filled sky  
I gave into your lovely blue eyes  
Lost in a place free from despair  
Since you took the Time to care  
Like a rolling moon lit sea  
I feel your spirit surround me  
I close my eyes and I feel you there  
Thank you for taking the time to care

**Untitled - Charles Strickland**

I long to express emotions which are  
hidden deep inside,  
you've found the way to secure  
my love yet my heart still tries to  
hide.  
To change is my agenda but hurt is  
all I know,  
I need to release the frustration  
but it has nowhere to go.  
So loneliness enslaves me, solitude  
my cage,  
though I've shed a million tears,  
nothing quells the rage.  
It's with paper as my companion and  
ink my one true friend,  
I reveal to you emotions that love  
has stirred within!

**The Romantic Herb - Johnny  
Angel Martinez**

In a day and age, where no one sets  
the stage. To incite in one, the  
warmth of an illuminating sun. A  
romantic kind of love,  
commanding the stars above. To  
shine and dance entering the  
spirit in a forbidden romance. In  
this trance, from the glance of  
your soul, fulfilling my every  
role.

My every desire and need, your  
intoxicating spirit mirrors my  
own, yes indeed. You are the  
hero of something nearly extinct,  
and to the edge you bring every  
emotion to the brink. Aim, to  
every great passion, and to it,  
you, yes you, my ideas you  
fashion.

When I just thought all was lost, over  
the deepest seas you have  
crossed. Beckoned to my calls  
defying for me all laws, of space  
and time, in my soul it is you I  
find. My spirit cries for you tears  
of joy and exquisite pain, and for  
a lost romance found you are to  
blame. When I fall, you fall, only  
to pick me up, all at the same  
time this romance has erupted.

Spewing forth leading down a fiery course of inflamed desire, these foreign feelings I shall never tire. You are my hero in a time romance is distanced. Making love to it while others wince to chivalry's pain. My soul you have forever stained with the sweet drops of your romantic rain. Yes, it is so refreshing. Always keeping me on my toes, guessing what's next. As I stand in awe, forever bound by your romantic hex.

**In the Beginning - Jonathan Thompson**

*In memory of my mother  
Anner Lee Thompson  
11-19-50 – R.I.P. 1950 – 2001*

In the beginning God said, “Let there be light,” then he punished me He said my life would be full of drama, surrounded by death and the penitentiary Plagued with a disease to be the darkness and bring harm to others So I disrespected my father and turned a deaf ear to my mother

From the start I was put here to be a nobody But I'm built with fire in my heart, I came here a somebody From the beginning I was told I was worth nothing But with my head held high, I turned my nothing into something

In the Beginning God said, “Let there be an arch to divide heaven and water.” Then dropped me off in the desert— lifeless place where I turned darker So they called me black meaning I was hostile and stained, And I'm treated as such. That's why I'm filled with hate and pain

In the beginning God said, “Let there be grass and seeds for fruit trees,” Then in spite brought forth a different grass that harms my community But who am I to ask God about the grass or its seeds? My judgement stayed cloudy from the smoke of the strange weeds

In the beginning God made stars to bring light to the dark So I smile because I was thought of from the very start Knowing that I was on God's mind in the beginning when he first made seasons Tells me that I was part of the plan to uplift myself from the Demons

**“My feelings and thoughts are evil and fiery” - Jeremy Biddle**

My feelings and thoughts are evil and fiery I'm afraid to express them, they might ignite me I feel like Satan has me in a choke hold Lord, here is my hand please take ahold Lord, pull me out of this black hole Just like the scriptures foretold, I turned away now demons possess my soul I'm about to have a breakdown, I'm losing control I'm in a battle with Satan, it's spiritual warfare I'm reaching and does anyone care Lord, are you going to help me or are you just going to sit there and stare Even in my dreams the demons are there Get behind me, Satan, there is no room for you here Dear Lord Jesus, I need you, you're the only cure Without you these demons are going to drag my soul to Hell for sure

**I Am Free! - Ryan Barber**

Day by day, Night by night I can Lose myself from watchful sight I travel far and I travel wide the air of freedom I must glide No thoughts of burdens, no thoughts of strife I soar around the Tree of Life. Asgard in the distance my heart swells madly To enter those gates I would do so gladly To sit next to Odin or fly next to Thor In this Life I ask for nothing more. My Praise to the Gods and the Goddesses so true If you weren't in my Life I'd be nothing to you I hope that you see the Kindred Fire in me Without you in my Life I would never be free. So hail to the Gods that give their Values, for Courage and Honor your lessons I use. And Hail to the Goddesses that taught me Respect. Love and Passion of Life I gladly except. So until the Valkyries come to retrieve me I travel the worlds of my faith and am FREE!!

**Alive Like Me - Kenneth Woodard**

O let me hold you old tree Let others look at me like I am crazy Yet they have eyes and just don't see You are alive just like me Reaching up holy limbs giving praise to Allah You house and shelter the birds in your branches Obeying all Allah Commands O while taking Shade under your embrace As a reminder we all should remember Allah's grace.

**Sonnet - Dana Crawford**

From the dim region whence my  
 suffering comes  
 my soul, ensnared in body, flows  
 from same  
 How often do I hurt, without visible  
 signs  
 Dwelling in darkness, searching to  
 alleviate...  
 This suffering which the world holds  
 me in fee  
 Patronizing and worsening my fate  
 the hurt I do not feel physically,  
 Some vital thing goes on inside of me  
 Unreleasing, relishing in me, I am  
 lost  
 While so many times to God I bow  
 and bend my knee  
 Upon the stage in which I am the  
 best;  
 For every man was born to heal of  
 physical pain  
 But the subliminal hurt we all  
 somehow retain.

**Merchants of Hope - Jackey Sollars**

A voice that sways into action,  
 A God rising in days of despair.  
 E-ver mis-leading the foolish on,  
 empty the promises or reasons to  
 care.  
 Wondering in their own never-never  
 land.  
 Seeking those things that can't be  
 found.  
 The weakness of simple silly nave  
 man.  
 The whispers heard where he is  
 down.  
 From Tragedy to tribulation we doth  
 trek,  
 Rainbows, like storms, come and  
 go.  
 Hope is the lie that lights our path.  
 The final resolution of desperate  
 souls  
 Weak is man in his every thought  
 A slave beat on by his loving God

**God of War - Thomas Cannup**

God of War  
 Pick up your sword  
 And fight with me today.  
  
 Pick up your gun  
 In rain or in the sun  
 Beside me all the way  
  
 When I lay me down to sleep  
 And the enemy begins to creep  
 He'll find that one eye is open.  
  
 My mind is ready  
 My heart beat steady  
 My spirit cannot be broken.  
  
 God of War  
 Clean your sword.  
 And bless the blood we shed.  
  
 Remember this day  
 Forever this may  
 And pray for the men who were slain.

**Possession - Gary Gregory**

If sin is Satan's cords by which the  
 soul lies bound  
 A slave to his own corruption—  
 Wherein lies salvation but in  
 severance of servitude?  
 There dwelt a devil simmering over  
 brimstone  
 Biding his time  
 Waiting 'til good conscience was  
 blown  
 And he could enter the mind  
 Unknown, or disguised as disorder or  
 disease  
 Then another atrocity was sown  
 Another soul damned to be in  
 accordance on its knees  
 A wailer in hell like he  
 And on and on it goes  
 As long as the dragon smote the  
 souls,  
 Stokes the fire, stirs the cauldron  
 Give us all a sword to fall on

**Lessons - A.J. Crate, Jr.**

Like you, I grew up doing most  
 anything I wanted  
 Even when family and friends  
 became dubious or daunted  
 Physical harms now hurt like those in  
 my mind and it's jaunted  
 Sometimes it's alright at others to get  
 foggy and haunted  
  
 Even still I do my best to stay  
 focused doing what's right  
 Sometimes 'cepted like when my  
 mind battles giving me fight  
 I see and hear phantoms attacking  
 from darkness and light  
 I duck, punch, and run still they find  
 me and inflict great plight  
  
 So I try over and often to keep on  
 truckin' like ya'll would  
 It gets very tiring though like my  
 mind's out choppin' wood  
 Few days I'm elated when all is well  
 and things are good  
 But on most I get miffed cause it  
 Is bad or not as it should  
  
 Some folk just don't get it they think  
 you act as you've been taught  
 I know that ain't true else victims  
 behind would number naught  
 Yet I'll not lay it down now see over  
 all I've always fought  
 One new help I'm learning to ply  
 love n truth as I ought  
  
 Oh life has its rules which ain't  
 always writ' just ask some crooks  
 Ain't no harder followin those in the  
 tomes of two books  
 Mustard-grain-size faith is needed  
 you can't see it by looks  
 It shows out by whose laws you keep  
 and prayin by the nooks  
 Now I pray all to seek truth n love to  
 soar high like birds  
 Cause when we don't we stink yep  
 you guessed it just as fresh turds  
 I hope these runes feed all well like  
 mackin biscuits and curds  
 Here follows lesson and trysts with  
 justice the old j word

Sittin here for a foggy crime doin  
time some justice  
And I'll get leave whens-day say so  
the state's form of just- is  
My God Yahweh will know when  
I've atoned enough for just-as  
I pray I'm changed in the twinklin'  
worth of his just-us

### **"Carriage over dawn" - Doc**

Carriage over dawn,  
lemon stars majestic view,  
never dreams alone.

### **Vapor Trails - Patricia Barker and Kenneth Humphries**

*Author's Note—This poem is  
a co-operative effort between my  
mom and I. She sent me a real good  
sketch of the poem and asked me to  
help her with it—to co-write it with  
her. So I did. This is not the first one  
we have co-wrote. We have three  
others and all are real good work.  
This poem was written for her fiancé  
who spent three tours in Vietnam as a  
marine sniper. He also contributed a  
lot to the poem. I picked his brain  
very delicately and with a lot of  
respect. He's also one of my best  
friends. He loved the poem and was  
very touched by it.*

Heaven and Hell are upside down!  
As men lie dying on the godless  
ground  
The sky is on fire—Death's angels in  
flight  
As tracer rounds and vapor trails  
Perpetually fill the mirrored  
nightmare sky  
(They were written by Puff the Magic  
Dragon  
And screaming phantoms as they fly)  
Yeah, red smoke brought 'em in this  
time  
And we're all glad to see them  
We don't pray to them (instead of  
God) for no reason

Fuck, man, another soldier just fell  
Well, what's left of him  
And you have the audacity to tell me  
That life has, oh, "real heartfelt  
meaning?"  
Well, let me introduce you to  
something  
Look over there—LOOK! He's not  
moving  
DEAD! Tell that man about your  
emotions and feelings

There's a man running—he has but  
one arm  
From the stump his life's blood is  
gushing  
He falls, too, in this field of the dead  
There's no way of getting it out of  
my head  
Echoing screams (MEDIC!)  
insanity's madness  
In each man's face an emptying  
sadness  
As dismembered humanity attacks us  
Marines  
But we dig-in, build foxholes, keep  
semper fi-ing  
Do our best to keep breathing, not  
dying  
'Cause a soldier fights for freedom  
It's how we make our living  
Where blood and bombs are the norm  
And making peace by way of killing  
Becomes just another job we're paid  
to be doing

Napalm, flashing in the jungle at  
night  
A man has to stand and fight  
Never will I forget that smell  
I know the smell is the same in Hell

### **Broken Boy - Reginald West**

As a broken boy I go through life  
with only myself to please. I  
wake each morning just to see  
how lonely my life is, cause the  
world has turned a blind eye to  
me.  
Wishing every day for the friendship  
I crave, but always getting pushed  
away by those I meet.

Never feeling loved, never feeling  
brave, I let the loneliness inside  
me become defeat.  
Life is passing me by never giving  
me the chance to redeem because  
the world only cares to see the  
path of a broken boy.  
The world is stuck in my yesterday,  
never looking to see my  
tomorrow.  
Always those around me seem coy to  
show their feeling of sorrow for a  
boy who may never have their  
tomorrow.  
Greed fills their eyes. Forgetting  
those in need and refusing to hear  
a broken boy's cries.  
Too caught up in pride and  
embarrassed to do me a good  
deed for fear of retribution and  
criticism from the rest of the  
world

### **Assassins - Bobby Biffel**

The syncopating sound of the drums  
melded smoothly  
With the soothing tone the old jazz  
player from Ancient Earth  
Coaxed from his saxophone  
Just as the blue and gray smoke  
From cigars and pipes  
Intertwined exotically with the  
patrons filling the tables of the  
Wet Dragon saloon  
While most of the men supporting the  
two man band were regulars,  
Drunkards and gamblers mostly,  
This night there was in attendance a  
special group of steroid men and  
mineral spectators

After hearing the two men pour their  
heart and soul into their music  
The prosperous men from the  
Kuniper were convinced to  
propose the offer  
They would make those musicians  
rich.

If only the Corporate men knew how  
true their words rang  
For the jazz men did pour their heart  
and soul into their music  
They knew that this would be their  
last set,  
They knew the assassins were  
waiting for the saloon to close.

### **Ode To Karla Faye - William H. Davis, Jr.**

Your awesome bloody rampage  
your guilt Karla,  
can not be denied  
you confessed your bloody crime  
and by your peers were justly tried

You turned your rage  
on all the world  
for the life of you were denied,  
then at the end you turned to Christ  
for in Him you could confide

And so our governor made his speech  
he took this all in stride,  
"God bless you Karla,  
God bless us all,  
but your stay has been denied" ...

### **The Surgeon and the Patient - John E. Christ**

I have needs that only you can  
provide  
I come to you in unquestioning trust  
I have faith in your judgment  
I know you are the right person  
I see it in the sparkle of your eyes  
I feel it in the press of your hands  
I worship you.

On the altar in the house of God  
I rest with my arms outstretched  
Cold saline runs into my hand, up my  
arm  
Drugs cloud my senses  
I float in a pleasant haze  
The priest at my hand rubs my cheek  
I exhale slowly  
I know darkness is soon to come

Into the sacrificial room I come  
Arms outstretched, up in supplication  
I am draped with the robes of my  
office

The victim I know well  
She knows no fear, she smiles  
I nod, my eyes smile back  
She is offering herself to me

Asleep, I dress her in dignity  
Lights adjusted, assistants at hand  
I plan my well-known ritual  
A knife finds my palm, I hesitate  
The human beneath my hand is mine  
To use as I deem fit  
I am mortal just like she  
She worships me as much as I  
worship her.

Blood comes from where I have cut  
She does not flinch nor complain  
A chill courses my spine  
The hairs rise on my arms  
I am thrilled beyond my ecstasy  
I handle her flesh with awe  
I have the power of life and death  
I am humbled at the privilege.

### **Quagmire Dreams - Gerald B Prisock**

Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
Tearing the soul asunder  
Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
Roaring through the night like  
thunder

Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
Chilling you to the bone  
Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
They never leave you alone

Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
Into your psyche they creep  
Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
Out of our skin you'll leap

Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
Into the dawn's early gleaming  
Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
WAKE UP! Terrified! Screaming!

Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
Follow you into the day  
Quagmire dreams, life sucking things  
Nothing can keep them at bay.

### **Night Sky - Rick Pearson**

Amid the long dew dropping hours of  
night  
I turn my eyes heavenward, to the  
stars above  
twinkling, pulsing, bending down to  
grasp my hand  
on the wings of darkness I rise to the  
skies  
The mirrored orb shines, penetrating  
to my soul  
when I look within, I'm surprised to  
see myself reflected,  
but I wonder does it see itself  
reflected back in me?  
all-encompassing effulgence, the  
gleaming glow, the tender  
tendrils  
the trails of stardust moving  
gracefully through a darkened sky  
unaware, unwary, free to float, to  
drift  
upon solar winds of destiny, and  
memories of yesterday  
astral bodies silently collide, black  
holes yawn  
and Ursa Major dips her head...  
I rejoice in the beauty of the night  
as it silently inspires love, lust,  
murder—  
and me.  
The moon high above, sweeping  
through the air  
like a silver moth in flight it shines,  
glimmers, caresses—  
star-filled skies, star-filled eyes, and  
starved for lies—  
smoothing the fears of a dying nation.

**“Hollow laughter in stone  
courtyard” - Brian Joseph  
Wake**

Hollow laughter in stone courtyard  
Where your pale roses grow  
Within the shadow of the church  
Where maddened screams echo

In alcove deep your idol stands  
A fragment of my mind  
But ivy covers outstretched hands  
And pitted eyes are blind.

The nightbirds sing in dissonance  
Within my blackened soul  
As I regard the illusions of  
The still night's darker fold

Forgotten face now comes to me  
A winter wind in spring  
Not of what my eyes would see  
But some dead, abandoned thing

Of death and love I know much of  
Apparitions of what shall be  
As candles flicker 'pon the corpse  
Of my sanity

So look now they with hooded eyes –  
My heart is vespertine;  
For within this man scream tortured  
cries  
And murm'ring serpentine

And looking up, my eyes do see  
The eyes of ravens mocking  
For in their glassy midnight stare  
On my knees I'm falling

For within the silence of the stone  
The vesper bell death ring  
And as my eyes close to this scene  
My murdered angel sings

**Darkness Dwelling - Gary Gregory**

We linger in shadows—longing for  
the night's velvet cover  
Murmurers in mist, masked and  
mercurial in moonlight  
We find solace in its cloak and wrap  
ourselves under  
Enchanted and solemn in the  
magickal dead night  
We bathe in the rain and welcome the  
thunder  
Absorbing the tears of lost myth  
We bask in the gloaming and the gray  
Dreaming of gargoyles flying through  
woodland smoke  
The light just reveals our stains  
The light just reveals marks of shame  
Our hardening spire – what took so  
long to hide  
The light just reveals my weary eyes,  
cold and cautious  
Cruel and nauseous at the ugly  
transparency  
The light just reveals cracks in my  
disguise  
The light just reveals the humanity in  
my eyes  
So in darkness dwelling I stay behind  
So in darkness dwelling I stay blind  
In darkness dwelling I've lost my  
mind  
In somewhere dark I can't find

**Night Comes - Peter Stebbins**

Clouds behind the mountains  
repeat the mountains' lines.

Clouds above the mountains float  
visibly pulling  
more clouds from behind.

The day is ending.  
Two clouds remain, pass, and fade;  
all become one.

**Mail Time - Paul Smith**

I'm going to take a nap  
I start to dream of a box in a secret  
wrap,  
I've never received mailed letters  
sealed by a flap.

In house mail is good  
But I need mail from the outside  
hood,  
But by only my family's absence may  
need to be understood.

I'm awaiting the next mail day,  
Hopefully some love will come my  
way,  
Until then I will wish and pray.

I am at my gate waiting for a letter  
off the cart,  
The noise is moving like a paintbrush  
making some art  
I should be good because I said write  
back and that is the most  
important part.

**A Silly Poem to Pass the Time -  
James Lee Beasley**

Please forgive if it rhymes  
I like to eat Pecan Pies  
Let my mind wander  
Through the skies,  
I have no fear of belief in Death  
I try to enjoy every Breath  
Please forgive me for my silly  
rhymes,  
I was just trying to pass the times

**“Kaleidoscope colors” - Gerald B.  
Prisock**

Kaleidoscope colors  
iridescent humming birds  
sparkling morning sights

## **A Letter - Darrell**

You can never know what a letter can mean  
Until you've been where I've been  
and seen what I've seen  
I'm in a place behind concrete walls  
Where nobody visits and nobody calls  
Every day and every night is a living hell  
So I keep myself confined to my little cell  
All my dreams are filled with my greatest fears  
Only to wake up and find I'm still here  
The only time I come out is for mail each day  
But when they get to me, "nothing for you," they say  
With my head hung low, I head back to my cell  
Because once again I was not called for mail  
A simple letter of encouragement, a letter of love  
So please take a few minutes to write a small letter  
It may seem nothing to you but it will make me feel better  
To know someone cared to take time out of their day  
To sit down and write a note and send it my way  
You can never know what a letter can mean  
Until you've been where I've been  
And seen what I've seen

## **Mail Call - Sadd-Boy**

Dealing with Darkness as loneliness fills my cell,  
With pain and fear too great to yell.  
I wait for the mailman to deliver as I wipe away tears that no one will see.  
I long to gaze upon pages so dear with riches to bring my loved ones near.  
Words of diamonds on pages of gold, a message from heaven as their story is told. .

"We love you, miss you, pray you'll be free"

A treasure-filled envelope just for me.  
Please bring memories of joy I once knew.  
Family, friends and things I would do.  
The darkness and pain of my cell will prevail as my name, again, was not called for mail. . . .

## **The Picture of the Poet in Prison - Unknown**

The poet, sick, and with chest half bare  
Tramples his manuscript in his dark stall,  
Gazing with terror at the yawning stair  
Down which his spirit must finally fall  
Intoxicating laughs which fill his prison  
Invite him to the strange and absurd  
With ugly shapes around him have arisen  
Both doubt and terror, multiform and blurred  
This genius cooped in an unhealthy hovel  
Those cries, grimaces, ghosts that squirm and grovel  
Whirling around him, mocking as they call

This dreamer whom these horrors rouse with screams,  
They are your emblem, soul of misty dreams,  
Round whom the real erects its stifling wall.

## **911 - Timothy Baker**

The sun has set on the life I lead  
The dreams I had lie cold and dead  
This ball and chain I am forced to wear  
Made me realize life just isn't fair  
The Gods that be have decreed my fate  
I have only myself that I can truly hate  
At my head no gut was pointed when I made my choice  
I only wish I would have listened to that little voice  
Behind these lonely steel bars I am sure  
Is a reason to keep living for  
Though the path I walk looks dark and bleak  
I know I can make it for I am far from weak  
Sometimes I pray for the Gods to send  
A few special people I can call friends  
For even though I can stand on my own two feet  
To have a couple of friends would be kind of neat  
I like to read books now and then  
They take me to the places that I could have been  
But what I like to do is late at night  
When all is quiet I'll sit down and write  
Letter or poems it really doesn't matter  
For it's the emotional release that I am after  
So if you think you can find the time  
Please sit down and drop me a few lines  
Because there is nothing that makes me feel better  
Than from a friend I'll receive a letter.

## **A Play on Words - David Freestone    Dead Poem - George Hamilton**

These are but scraps of written  
expression—from pages of a few;  
Meanings vary with locution—which  
may be strange—not new.  
Their comprehension—without  
form—would be difficult indeed;  
Yet words are signs of our ideas and  
often not in need.  
We long for symbols excelling all  
others,  
And perfect syllabication;  
For without parts, and parse, and  
mood, there can be no  
punctuation!  
With that in mind, I'll end this verse,  
yet not with an apology,  
But with “ado!” a noun of course,  
bursting with phonology.

### **What is Poetry? - Johntrwell Johnson**

What is poetry? Poetry is me. In my  
true essence a  
Being of 360 knowledge; knowledge  
of pleasure and pain, knowledge  
of  
Love as well as hate; Every poet  
should know their place,  
Because poetry can make one smile  
and another cry; poetry is an  
universal language used by every  
nationality in many different  
forms, some poetry is used to life  
an ill-hearted spirit;  
Some poetry is used to express love,  
thanks, and  
Some is used to simply express an  
individual's emotions  
So I'll ask again, what is poetry?  
Poetry is  
Me, you, and everyone around us  
because everyone contributes to  
Poetry one way or another through  
our emotions;  
Everyone's emotions inspires an  
individual to write a poem about  
Love, pain, life, thanks, mistakes, and  
sorrows  
How would we all be if there were no  
such thing as poetry?

Feeling down and dirty, pushing life  
to the limit,  
Stepping outside myself, counting  
seconds.  
I've become a stranger to myself in  
minutes.  
In all those critical ticks of the second  
hand, I've altered myself.  
Trying to hang tough as I search for a  
lost part of me.  
Everyone doubts my ability, but I  
know I'll conquer time.  
Floating aimlessly, sailing the seven  
seas of my inner sanctum,  
I stop short, my pen held in limbo as I  
realize that I was never lost, only  
misplaced.  
I try to continue, my thoughts stutter  
as my pen is still – hovering over  
the blank page.  
What was supposed to me the  
landscape of my expression.  
I wait, but nothing comes to the front,  
has my poetry died, leaving me  
without a voice?  
Am I going to have to dig in the  
dictionary for words to kick-start  
my thoughts,  
Or choke myself to death on a  
thesaurus to fond the words that  
I've already allowed to escape.  
My mind has become blank as the  
page my pen hovers above.  
I must ponder my dilemma before all  
is lost.  
My expression is necessary; words  
are the safest way to express the  
darkness within.  
Unfortunately, words have  
abandoned me, leaving my poem  
dead, its life lost.  
May it rest in peace...

*From the Poetry Workshop...*

**Livin' Is Hell... - Dana Crawford**

There's a basin in my mind  
Where thoughts float untouched and  
unbound.  
Why has cancer chosen her, for its  
shrine!  
Pilferin' from her life, leavin' her  
unwound.  
Chemo regresses, only to again be  
founded.  
Still, spirit runs threw her like ah  
river threw a dale.  
Loss of pound, she fights back pound  
for pound.  
Would you agree... Livin' is Hell?!

Far and between, the second  
behind—  
Minute and hour, and for she fear  
countin' them down.  
Her demise unknown, though she's  
slowly dyin',  
So I touch thought and bring it  
inbound.  
Unaffected by sight or sound, nice  
and surely profound.  
Oftimes unwell, hopin' to be heard, if  
only a spell,  
She fights not to be taken outbound.  
Would you agree... Livin' is Hell?!

Through her quest, I pray for  
triumph,  
With every shot missed, she strives  
for rebounds...  
Severely in pain, sometimes still she  
climbs,  
Refusin' to be moved without holdin'  
her ground.  
Better than most, worse than some,  
he life's confound.  
I tell no tale, she's dyin' to get well,  
Through smile and frown, quite  
astound.  
Would you agree... Livin' is Hell?!

Life lost only to be refound,  
Thoughts swell, as thoughts hail.  
But still, she stands upon her mound.  
Would you agree... Livin' is Hell?!

**Tired of Being Here - Uri Small,  
Sr.**

To give sixty years of noisy slammer  
With glee as through you had no  
shame  
Sitting high above me with your  
hammer  
Firm in showing me bad part game  
Punished what mother could not tame  
As though your choice was best  
Now I sit with Malcolm's flame  
But all I want is rest

Lower people feel as though their  
glamour  
Yields increase when spotted me  
lame  
Danced as though they were Pro-  
jammers  
When rule I broke was same  
Bold words I spoke rebel in name  
Exhaust in mind from eating moss  
Feeling in fight til nightfall came  
But all I want is rest

Am I alright she asked with clamour  
When all I wanted was Silence fame  
Speaking in my head to damn her  
For being a ground where Men stake  
claim  
Me flirting in Hell is her aim  
Get a life is what I suggest  
Or in ten years your career'll be maim  
But all I want is rest

Prince, may wife a lawyer's dame  
And purchase liberty with treasures  
of chest  
Til the day, I'll have stressed frame  
But all I want is rest

**Tilted World - Gary Gilbert**

Talking heads delight in convolution  
Into chains your brains they wish to  
remand.  
Every fourth year they have the  
solution—  
The other three their heads are in the  
sand.  
Despite the sinking ship, on played  
the band.  
Celluloid realities we are shown,  
Mass-produced fantasy makes life  
less bland.  
A Crazy, Tilted world we have  
known.

Spoken words of change and  
revolution,  
A house asunder surely can't ever  
stand.  
Evolving into de-evolution—  
Beyond absurd, we must seek to fly,  
Past despair and vice gotten out of  
hand.  
We must partake in the seeds we  
have sown,  
Fighting to feed rapacious demand.  
A Crazy, Tilted world we have  
known.

Discontent rampant, joy, confusion,  
When lives of your neighbors appear  
so grand.  
Behind their own eyes this is an  
illusion—  
Also trying their best to understand  
If it is possible to counterdemand,  
The opportunities hastily blown.  
Wasted in desire and contraband.  
A Crazy, Tilted world we have  
known.

Prince, you are selling but there's no  
demand.  
Like birds on the wing your chances  
flow—  
Each a means to a end, our tactics  
underhand.  
A Crazy, Tilted world we have  
known.

**To Go Further Than Far - Bobby Biffel**

Throughout our lives there's one place to go  
When troubles arise, there's no place like home  
Exploring the new, the as yet unknown  
The deepest seas, all land under the stars  
The caves and caverns and all mountains far  
A stirring, a longing, to know it all.  
  
Fueled by that drive, that need to know it all  
When Earth's been a'searched wherever we go  
We'll need to travel further a'far.  
Leave Earth behind, our ancestral home.  
For we will travel among the stars  
And there will lie the as yet unknown  
  
While some suns, black holes and planets are known  
In small bits of info, no where at all,  
For who can know the secrets of the stars?  
No mere human will until he will go.  
But forget the Earth and all thoughts of home  
For you will be traveling further than far  
  
The moon is first, it's not really that far.  
We've visited once and it is known.  
A familiar place, we might call it home.  
Move in, colonize, a new place for all.  
Some and Sci-Fi writers will surely go  
For in their hearts pulse the beating of stars.

Mars and moons of Saturn then distant stars.  
Planets exotic much further than far.  
Of wonders and dangers forward we go  
Exploring the new, the as yet unknown,  
To learn, to live, to fill our souls with all.  
A dim memory now, Earth our old home.  
  
To these brave men and women, what is home  
When worlds spread before you in the stars?  
They pioneer new places for us all  
Besides, Earth is now much further than far.  
Blue trees, deep yellow seas, is all they've known  
Since that day they decided they would go.  
The Earth is home for those who do not go  
Across the sea of stars, the great unknown  
To planets far they'll never love at all.

**A Path to the Doorway of a Mountain - Leroy "Doc" Floyd**

What of all I've seen  
a multifaceted eye  
cries the blue world grey  
Wheels revolving wheels  
sleep and reincarnation  
made as little stars  
  
Alight thru nothing  
magnanimous yet common  
never forgotten  
  
A feeling quiet  
spontaneously karma  
lend a helping hand  
pebbles in chaos  
indecision embedded  
hunters in the rain  
there beginning ends  
halls of mirrors undefined  
erasing back to blue

**Captive Bedrooms' Prisoner - Uri Small, Sr.**

Anger rejoices as Illusions good  
While she being bruised travels in fear  
From doom to Living Room they both are at  
To call 911 she wouldn't dare  
Through rivers of blood and false love she doesn't speak  
Of dreams and pardon's weak she cries to God  
  
One will't change the truth is her kind of God  
To see Hate as man of peace is her vision of Good  
'Stop It' is the wet and vain voice of her speak  
Both hands covering eyes that are filled with fear  
Though somewhere inside to stand up is dare  
  
Kitchen littered with flying fist and broken glass is at  
In her home walls, one sided brawls all at  
Self-ignored in the heart still resides her God  
Mind telling her "Exit" yelled the dare  
Applied not response made its unknown good  
Drowning now in her self-imposed flood of fear  
For only Act can save, spent is all words speak  
  
Soaking energy thrown off madness speak  
Moments ceased the clashing Fury storms at  
The roof smoking, Death closing in is the fear  
Questioning all things pre-ordained by God  
Last call for hurting possibility of the good  
No more drama by Mary J, is it truth or dare

Forever spy on mad Mirror's own for dare  
Respecting Laws of Honor demand live and speak  
Leaving Wrath first sign he intend'd no good  
Time is of the NOW! only promise be at  
Helping those who help themselves is the agreement of God  
On a positive night, negative sounds not of fear

Fool's Love dependence birthed live-in fear  
What momma said was yellow but she had to dare  
Inner-Spirit intervened became reality God  
Knowing that some something, just ain't right speak  
Dug up her will power from under Dirt's at  
Captive Bedroom's Prison released pain for good  
Gray and cold fear cement lips that speak  
Otherwise acts of dare was boldness at  
When known Blessed by God is all and good

**The Green Dweller - Uri Small, Sr.**

Attention Folks, there goes the Green Luxor dweller in desert room  
With Head Almighty and Legs that's Mean

Armani suits signify he's clean  
And represented by loud chips tone  
Attention Folks, there goes the Green

Bently and Benz, he was seen  
Walked by valet to full Rib-eye's Bone  
With Head Almighty and Legs that's Mean

All year long you'll see him feign  
Not one used credit, never markers long  
Attention Folks, there goes the Green

For hobby, and just because he loves to reign  
In the Blond's applause while Losers moan  
With Head Almighty and Legs that's Mean  
Learn't profit skill since age sixteen  
Watched Wayne and Wayne, somehow became Clone  
Attention Folks, there goes the Green  
With Head Almighty and Legs that's Mean

**Snow in Babylon - Gary Gilbert**

It snowed in Babylon today.  
The white pure only in fiction,  
Amid the flaked red Mars held sway.  
Kisses of winter can't belay  
The strains of bellicose diction.  
It snowed in Babylon today.

Glittering silence won't relay  
The frustration and confliction.  
Amid the flaked red Mars held sway.

Smiling faces do not portray,  
Joy over their own eviction.  
It snowed in Babylon today.

No angel could ever convey  
The reason for our deviation.  
Amid the flaked red Mars held sway.

Eternally our hearts dismay,  
Locked in abysmal attrition.  
It snowed in Babylon today.  
Amid the flaked red Mars held sway.

**Derelict Footsteps - Leroy "Doc" Floyd**

Graffiti lines these blackened streets...its one great stretch of road  
Confessions and memorials as far as the eye can see  
there's stalled out hopes and dreams, but the shoulder holds our trust  
See it if you must!  
So arrant for such who've missed the bus.

And you can dance to the rhythm the highway hums 'cause the lost don't miss a beat  
Or pound every alley on the Rand McNally till you really find your street  
The black-top of a wasted Jerusalem  
Perusing the bricks of confidence in every hardened fence  
Waiting with a patient thumb  
As the patrons f the interstate come.

**Ripples - Gary Gilbert**

Living life for the moment, impatient for a future I may not know,  
cannot know, yet I am not done.  
I refuse to be done!  
The accumulated sorrow stings but strengthens my resolve.  
When I turn from life then I have quit.  
I am alive and I am fighting.  
Hanging on the verge of what others call middle age.  
I have nothing to show but who is looking?  
Does it really matter what they see?  
I am going to push on regardless, because through the bitterness I find hope.  
I spy hope through the trees of a ancient forest.  
If I struggle and strive for who I am, casting my stones into a still pond, the ripples will soon reach the shore.  
Watching them grow outward and outward.  
What I am is spreading the same way, larger, larger, larger; kissing the shore of my destination.

**"Fleeing thoughts captured" - Gerald B. Prisock**

Fleeing thoughts captured  
Placed in random prickly piles  
Untouched before dawn

**No Bush, No Sea - Uri Small, Sr.**

Excuse my slander of Commander in his determination  
To prefer 50 stations to gather behind him  
But slim is the chance that the people will be romanced  
Into trading rich land for Energy  
Even though their choice of voice calls push for sacrifice  
They see decay of Coastline as not nice  
They All, especially by undue Cause.  
Even pausing in blame thinking Voice did know better  
Than to risk life beyond Tide where it's wetter  
Imagine still ten years waiting and no help  
Gallons at BP desired but only felt Small fumes leaking  
Two term deceiving, how can plan be different  
If underground ban is lifted?  
Did it for those in small towns is his shout  
To Create jobs and push frowns out  
Sounds out-dated as he will soon be  
Great is unspoiled land, why loose the Sanctity  
Rank it high priority of natives  
Made this land safe unwilling to threaten  
And set in efforts irreversible  
Expect also to be lead instead of leading worse  
Fears and adverse as prices continue to boom  
While he calls for same bad plan as he did in '03  
What a shame y'all Voice has aim at Sea

**My Ol' Tree - Dana Crawford**

My ol' tree and me...  
He never says a word,  
Jus' listens to me attentively.  
  
My ol' tree and the bees...  
He doesn't shun them,  
Jus' lets them be.

My ol' tree and the birds...  
He won't quiet them,  
Jus' enjoy the cadence of their words.

"Oneday I went to visit my ol' tree...  
With a tear in my eye,  
I explained how I was in love so crazily."

And to my surprise my ol' tree responded,  
And he told me,  
"Set awhile and let me tell you 'bout...  
the birds and the bees!"

So, I sat and listen  
to my ol' tree attentively.

**Headache Chewables - Leroy "Doc" Floyd**

An antidote against almost all—  
acetaminophen  
Before bedtime brings the blues, buy a bottled blend  
Cause coughs create contamination that cause chills and congestion  
Daily doctors develop doses for disease and indigestion  
Simply soothing supplements of symptoms big and small  
Take two tablets, the temperatures gone, thanks to Tylenol.

**Her Name Was Always Six - Leroy "Doc" Floyd**

My cat has eyes of wisdom that wax and wane like small eclipses  
Her fur is soft as midnight cirrus and as black as any witches  
When she purrs its' like a bag of marbles let go in outerspace  
As endless as a peal of thunder as lightning gives it chase  
She battles herself like Eskimos and walks in pride and grace  
She stalks the nightbirds, beasts, and bugs, and never leaves a trace  
How intuitive this feline creature of myth and magic vows  
Her beauty speaks in fervent vowels as she softly says Meow

**God and Goddess Walk - Uri Small, Sr.**

God walking to path, in tight muscles with-serene vegan laughs.  
The Goddess sober, minded walk to join and-offer what love has  
God now suspect of, Spring Growth begins to-check parts of each send  
More drawing form Goddess, through to shine faith-pictures mental in  
God marches the good, vision with force and-now sings Power voice  
With stepping equal, in the Goddess picked-the Just of the choice.  
God strolling start to, whisk about his fact-of Change-Not ev'true.  
Miracles of Goddess, stuck to falsehood-now its a Look Through.  
Parading with God, sees a knowledge hard-applied unioning.  
Now Goddess be walking, to realize the-Earth is unities.  
God walking to path, in one for all-Universe, you and me's.

**Shy Guy - Uri Small, Sr.**

Look her post see Beauty if life.  
Approached at light speed, I not shy.  
Lips gleam just nice in nature's be.  
One reason why me slides to see.  
  
Voice makes no mind known, speaks cool sly.  
Ears light, eyes point, she sees dude nice,  
But thinks short treasure as walks by.  
Full-time kept pace on way no price.

Waved by this jabber seen it Waste.  
Continued bend point then stopped  
me.  
Up backed to her spot, eyed her  
space.  
Comments poured light in range  
from'd scene.

Mouth me shown smiles though as  
confused.  
She states slow speech so sneaks  
Score's screw.  
Still doesn't grab on, me is used.  
To pass on way new friend me loose.

### **What a Wonderful Dream - Bobby Biffel**

To dread a dream of memories now  
lost  
Of things and places and faces  
unknown  
Beating of the heart increases its pace  
Familiar blinded, O where is this  
place?

Visions distorted in the dreams of  
dread  
The twists and the turns that lead to  
trouble  
Unseen, yet felt completely and  
within  
Your mind all the horror and screams  
begin

I dread the dream distorted o'but seen  
In the sounds of screams and colors  
of red  
To wake seems bliss when the  
o'dream has burst  
Yet when you do rise, your life is  
much worse

### **Uphill Stream - Bobby Biffel**

To ride a river against its current  
Past trees of olive and fields of deep  
blue  
Is to feel the cold wind against its  
course

Who can blame the Salmon?

### **A Gentle Change - Gary Gilbert**

Everything is beautiful in youth,  
Like beads of dew on new green  
grass.  
The first rays of sun peeking over the  
horizon.  
But soon the freshness fades into  
maturity.  
This maturity is also beautiful,  
The beauty that comes with the years.  
Old mountains are gentle and  
majestic,  
Smoothed and softened by the  
passage of time,  
Their grandeur is no less wonderful.  
Silver hair is a crown of glory.  
Age purifies a golden heart.  
With each passing day smile at the  
dew laden grass,  
Let the first rays of dawn warm your  
face.  
But delight in the smooth, gentle  
mountain we become.

### **Music - Bobby Biffel**

My preference of music is metal;  
loud, deep, low,  
Fast or slow; it doesn't matter.  
When the rifts of that bass guitar  
permeates your body,  
Moves your soul;  
And the wail of the drums races  
against them both.  
They all join with the lyrics to  
send you to a transcendent  
Consciousness  
Created and directed by the words.  
Inspires into you a wide range of  
emotion,  
That alleviates your cares for the next  
three minutes

### **Scratches on the Surface - Leroy "Doc" Floyd**

they say knowing is the hardest part,  
the form of art unknown  
and the greatest mirror looked into  
shows things still yet unshown  
gradually it all adds up to being part  
of dreams and shades  
playing out the part of me in a play so  
far unplayed, very, very vague  
I admit to being physical and almost  
always mental  
Lording this provincial life somewhat  
presidential, although nothings  
beneficial  
I had this friend once long ago and  
she loved to talk to stars  
she joined them not so long ago when  
she left this world of ours  
I'm proud to say I've known a man  
who didn't know I knew him  
and walked away before he'd say the  
experience that subdued him  
I stay up night, hot cups of joe, and  
questions never answered  
they say we've reached the  
unreachable... what's more left to  
grasp?  
but after everythings been added up,  
we're no better off by half...  
so I stay up nights with thoughts of  
thoughts and hope that I'll  
unthink 'em  
but I'm too afraid to close my eyes  
'cause of what I'll miss when I  
blink 'em.

### **Questions - Gary Gilbert**

How too speak when I have said too  
much?  
How to cry with a stale heart?  
Words on paper mean nothing to a  
critic,  
He sees them as he wishes.  
Who can know my feelings but me?

Double minded, double tongued,  
Facade for the masses.  
Fragile as my heart:  
Easily rent by monsters.  
The steely teeth are mine.

Not all is grief,  
But I am ungrateful.  
Blessings come and go.  
Why do we enjoy pain?  
I think it easier.

**What Did You Say - Uri Small, Sr.**

Going somewhere that's free  
Never complain of the troubles  
One has learned to see  
Instead joined with good women

And men that are upright  
It is right to be this way

5 miles north from hurt's distance  
Getting off at sound of cheers  
Everybody bump glasses of wine  
No drunkard's all sober in time  
Wow, how we've got here  
Ha! Ha! Ha! Look at us be

Black or white, soft or might  
What matters most is the Soul

Bold in putting all feuds down  
How does it sound like classical  
music

Put it to use and in favorite dance  
Because it is why we prance

Who talks about this but them  
Under the street living slim  
Under the bridge begging for food  
*Guess right and say society's rude*

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## About the CRESP Center for Transformative Action

### *Our Mission*

We are an alliance of individuals and organizations inspired by principles of nonviolence and committed to bold action for justice, sustainability, and peace. Our Center supports change makers with the tools to build thriving, inclusive communities that work for everyone. We serve our member organizations, the public, and Cornell University by offering educational programs and strategic organizational resources.

### *About Transformative Action*

Transformative Action is a model for social change rooted in the principles of nonviolence. It realizes a positive, just and inclusive vision by seeking to expose injustice, transform adversaries into allies, and evolve anger into goodwill. Authentic yet compassionate communication is a foundational skill. Our goal is to train and equip our member organizations and others committed to social change with the most effective strategies and experiences for engaging this empowering approach.

### *Our Project Partners*

#### **Alternative Media and Information**

The Durland Alternatives Library  
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#### **Simplicity and Sustainability**

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