Prisoner Express

Poetry Anthology

Volume 8

Artwork by: Martin Rivers

Artwork by: Billy Sell
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Temporary Condition  
By: David Duran

Each Soul must learn that conditions are temporary, Conditions are created “to distract” or “attract”
Each soul must make an agreement to either try to get the soul off their course of path.
Or try to get the other soul on a different course of path.

Each soul kin or kindred is an agreement to help test the character of their kin or kindred.
But they are not responsible for the other souls reaction or responses.
Conditions are an experience of environment
An environment is atmosphere.
Some atmosphere create negative environment
Some atmosphere create positive atmosphere
Each soul comes in contact with a person, place, or thing that is either positive or negative condition or environment.

There are one aspect in life. Only one spect.
It takes two aspects in life to create new concepts. Each soul must experience both anti-thesis, and thesis to be able to synthesize.
To synthesize means to combine two to make a complete.
One is incomplete. Two is complete.

Three create new concept.
For the soul to progress, it needs to grow to advance. Some soul stay stuck on one aspect.
Each soul must reconditioned themselves
Create new habits to break away from old condition or old habits.
If the soul stay in the same old condition
the soul retrogress or congress
To grow the soul must let go of the old condition and learn to experience new condition
Each soul must take reasonable measure of their safety
When the soul is ready to advance,
The soul must make contact with a kin or kindred.

Untitled  
By: Leroy “Doc” Floyd III

Solace left this neighborhood and placed into our hands, 
A home of silent longing built in the storms of loves demands, 
Where strangers in the shadows hold to coarse and cursed commands, 
And find that life and death are but blood and dust to chance.

With one barren house resides the fear that casts alone, 
Where madness feeds the poetry your nakedness has shown,

Where physical torture lessens morale the outside world has sown, 
Down this hole both mind and soul complete with flesh and bone.
Thru its battered window there’s a hope he cannot reach,
The sacrosanct of hidden tombs where secrets have no speech,
Where passion threatens purity and by violating each, 
We taste the aura of nirvana both pain and pleasure teach.

His questions haunt these derelict halls in sanctuary unattained,
And rules this realm of all recall by acts so long unnamed, 
Where all resistance whispered sparks till no reason more remained, 
Here, where chains define our hearts, what freedom could be blamed?

Penny Heroism  
By: Leroy “Doc” Floyd

I. 
…Our plague began when the plan for man changed hands and times ran thru savage sands supporting the cogs of caravans carting away each connection conscience strand in small bands of tribal brands marked for foreign lands whose clans never chanced
Big Girl
By: John A. Rodda

Johnny, I’m a big girl,
Big girl things I can do
If you give me half a chance
I will prove it to you

I’m tired of toys and dollies
Of merry-go-rounds and swings
I’m all grown up and ready
To do these big girl things

Like a newly-minted penny
I shine bright and clear
You’ve never had a girl like me
Admit it Johnny dear

Give me a chance and you will see
I’m better than the rest
It’s so easy to prove this
Just put me to the test.

I want to do that grown up stuff
I’ve outgrown childish fears
Don’t tell me I’m not old enough
I’ve blossomed through the years

Tho I’m a girl and you’re a man
Our ages don’t matter.
I can do this. I can! I can!
I’m grown up. I’m mature.

Please do not discriminate
You must be fair to me.
Give me the only thing I want
-An opportunity.

Eccentricity
By: G.L. Proper

Free thinker, free thinker,
From where do you come?
Surely not here,

Like you there are none

Your thoughts are not round
Centered nor squared

Shapes unknown
Birthing a scare

Free thinker, free thinker
Who will give ear?

Trading our tenants
Quixotic and queer

Are you to hide,
When dogma appears?

Bringing about
Societal tears.
A Haunted Heart
By: J.S. Slaymaker

Other times and other places,
   fade with dreams that broke apart.
Cherished names and dearest faces,
   haunt the wreckage of my heart.
The ruins that stand were once our lives,
   love traded for shame and sorrow.
Other lovers with their knives,
   her today and gone tomorrow.

Grind
By: Zachary Newman

Chaos thunders through every cell
Vertigo with each breath
Spine tingles as I burn
Eroding my soul with lunar winds
Reduced to powder, disturbed
Bewitched by love, I know nothing
I can taste blood in my mouth
The thunderous silence remains eternal.

Stars and planets circle overhead
Emptiness hums
Throbbing most insistent
Adoration and horror coexist in awe
Soul glows
A dazzling cool light
Where all is nothingness

Today
By: Ruben N. Barrios

I believe in me, because I am. Cold, rain, and sunshine, I felt them on my face. I endure life, as I have seen death. I love peace and war, whereas I have been in it. I embrace innocence, considering, I have seen the guilty. Purity, I have seen the snow, and joy, I see misery that surrounds me.

I am a wondrous being with five senses; I hear children’s laughter as they play. I smell Spring morning flowers I see the sunrise and sunset. I touch my lover’s race. I taste the honey. I acknowledge yesterday, inasmuch as I live today, the future, I have been forgiven, Heaven, I live in hell.

I believe in me.

The Pimp
By: Frank Johnson III

Surrounded by cut-throaters and back-stabbers World class criminals and the best of braggers Child molesters, vicious killers, drug smokers and dealers This isn’t a fairy tale it’s real life
Built up frustration and aggravated strife Many are labeled and placed in a clique
There is one that is deathly, they call it a snitch
Yes, I, too, have a label, they call me a pimp
No, I don’t promote prostitution or deal with men with a twisted limp My tool for my trade consists of only a pad and pen
I don’t write or promote filthiness; I have little to do with sin
Similar to a drug, my work gets people hooked
But instead of seeking counseling you can just buy my book
While other pimps require you to buy before you try
My cost is affordable; you get to keep what you buy
I cater to all races and I don’t discriminate
I even give free samples to those with a lost faith
I’ll end this true tale with one last thing to say
Next time somebody calls you a pimp, it may be in a good way.

**A Lily Among Thorns**

A lily among thorns in the early morning new
How could I have been granted this precious view
Visions of you, as I try to create that perfect phrase
Promises of tomorrow, searching for better days
As I watch seasons pass, where memories grow
Autumns of tomorrow, I long to know
Winters are fading; the rains will soon be gone
Flowers will then appear
Our tomorrow will then be known
The wind will lose its fidgeting bite
The eagles will mate at the highest of heights
The sea turtles will swim to shore to lay
And the flowers will have something colorful to say
Pleasant moments of love will again fill the air
The meadows will blossom, feeding the spawning fawns
Then, and only then, will I find “A lily among thorns.”

**In Passing**

**A Haiku Poem (Haikupo)**

By: Frank D. Johnson III

I.
Son under a hood
With electric rod in hand
He’s free—creates art

II.
Under a blanket
Electrons illuminate
(A) Neonate—KAIDEN

III.
A grandfather prays
His deferred dream gets granted
Life’s exhausting hope

IV.
Releasing dad’s hand
The welder turns to his son
They walk away—tears.

**Snipsnapsnorum**

By: J.S. Slaymaker

A snipsnapsnorum and her sense of decorum,
falls haphazardly ‘longside her clothes.
I’d had not to barter o’er stockings nor garter,
and won’t panties either, I s’pose.
A whipperginny with low morals, if any,
known to me as Naughty Nannie.
Of truth she knew little but spoke in taradiddles,
cloaked in a soft frangipani.
Drinking our measure of both business and pleasure,
cupped I her pons asinorum.
Her passionate chorus was wildly canorus,
while riding my high cockalorum.

**Time Machine**

By: James Murphy

Control’s been relinquished, the machine is in charge
except for the mindworks apparatus.
The cogs of the workings of within ever turning.
No longer a function of menial undertakings,
Those gladly conceded to the thoughtless machine.
Now only grand inventions of great magnitude
are dealt with and conjured with time captured energy.

**Game Over**

By: James Murphy

A far reaching stretch road worn battle weary.
The fresh start, the fresh fragrance
of new cut grass, of well oiled leather
seem almost a lifetime ago.
But forever caught in

Artwork by: Afshin Sustaita

memory.

At times dulled by dreadful reminders of errors made
or play turned to toil or parks turned to fields.
Yes given plenty of chances to put wood on the ball.
Last chance, at bat.

Full count.
A curve ball in for strike three.
Caught looking, called out.
No post season play.
**Haiku Trio**  
*By: Jack McCollister*

I.
Life can be pleasant  
If your not enjoying life  
You’re doing it wrong.

II.
In the school of life  
Paramount, above all else  
One should learn to live.

III.
We are all artists  
With each little thing we do  
We create everything.

**My Mind at War**  
*By: Eric L. Mapps*

There’s a rumble in the jungle, a clash of two sides,  
the battle ground is in the mind, the war zone is wide.  
A strategic maneuver, a struggle of power, a pursuit of death, a corruptible desire of a paradox test.  
A tactical play of a paragon need that malevolent by nature, critical by creed.  
They meet in the middle each side waiting for a sign, about fire marching all in totally separate lines.  
Mental and physical impulses, the action each nerve cell controls, each lobe is a city, a vast complex defense, a world all enclosed.  
The brain procreates and the body adheres to its commands, forever thinking always working out the plan.  
The mind at war, it’s a terrible thing to waste, we must pollute it by our contaminating taste.

**In the Fullness of Time**  
*By: Eric L. Mapps*

In the fullness of time all things will change,  
I want to be ready when that decision is made.  
Our purpose as a race of worldly fulfillment will cease, no more world order, division, or quandary of need.  
In the fullness of time a benevolence aura will swell, an imperative command for the brides to open their veils.  
To receive the groom who arrives as a thief, on silent words that trumpets bequeath.  
In the fullness of time all will stand in judgment of
themselves, to account for their activities whether in poverty or wealth. To determine their destination in the spiritual realm, eternal glory or burning damned. Will there be hesitation, anxiousness, a sign? Will you be ready in the fullness of time?

**Tomorrow is Born**

By: Eric L. Mapps

Captivated by desire, robbed by time. Will there ever be a tangible affection outside of my kind? Could there ever be a woman that I can physically hold, instead of visions of past times in the recesses of my mind.

Is it asking too much to have someone made for me, Is it really too much to have someone to love and see? To have talks, to laugh and sing, to hold hands while walking in the park, oh what a joy that would bring. Longing to be loved, I pray for a sign, to embrace a closeness, to be fulfilled and entwined.

I know she’s out there and until she comes, I will adjourn my quest until tomorrow is born.

**Quantum Construction**

By: Tony “The Tiger” Christian

As I ignite the composition of this manuscript, a mystic energy intoxicates my pencil tip. Now some might post this is human electricity, thee avenue responsible for social chemistry. They say a jolt of negativity could shock one’s mind, then there’s those who use their wires to send a positive vibe.

Each currents nature incubates inside the brain, you see… its tantamount to fluid levels in a battery;

Our intents will barely speak if the charge is low;

When its properly maintained no one can stop the flow!

Peep the underlying message: “Exercise Mental Stealth,” then the power in your thought will truly speak for itself!

Be it positive, or negative depends upon choice, but the key is: “Form your thought before its given a voice!”

**Is this Poetry**

By: William Miles

1.)

This thing everyday I feel it creep
Often it makes my soul to weep.
She calls to me in her sensual voice
Giving me no real choice. She batters and beats at my defenses
Easily scaling all my fences.

Over my walls she crawls, all the time
Loudly she calls
Too proud to bend, hoping never to give in
Always I remember then

2.)

A wild thing I did encounter, deep in the dark woods, far into an ancient forest located in Germania. Wild and unkempt her hair, twigs and leaves, feral was her beauty, in her all natural state.

Clothes worn and nearly gone, upon her did the cold moon show, shadow hid in her eyes, relief to myself it also hid my grim surprise.

Hunger in her ebon eyes did creep in fear, did I realize my soul, death soon shall reap, So backwards I did flee, leaving all my pride far behind me, deeper in her haven I fled weeping from my dread, shall I soon be dead?

Over logs, even frogs, pursued by someone far worse than any of hells dogs, I ran deeper in shadow her laughs echo, I did at one time love to cause joy in the ladies, though not exactly like this

Pulled into shadow, cold and cruel, her speed and strength did subdue, in my heart, I did wonder who I may sue.

3.)

Pain and pleasure, chained me, lost in my sin
too much, no too little
shame to grin, again I gave
in,
to My Wild Thing I always
lose.

Artwork by: Jay Martin

Smile
By: Tyrone James

When you smiles
The world smile back at
you.
When you smiles in your
heart, it’s always true
Keep smiling! Keep shining
Knowing God will always
smile back at you!
How beautiful is your smile
When your smiles reflect
the true you!
How wonderful is your
smile
When you know God love
you!
Smile across the miles! God
bless you!

One love

A Sonnet
By: William Hagan

What is life without
substances?
Certainly a sham and
nothing more
A vessel that is empty
Nought within the core
Wasted time and energy
Was it better left alone?
Or to wonder without
direction
Destine to forever roam
No hope, no love, no future
A past with nothing to show
Lonely lost and searching
On a never ending road.
Looking but never finding
That which will make me
whole
Maybe the only peace of
mind
Is upon the gallows-pole.

The Icicles of my Heart
By: Rebecca Seiber

The sun sparkled off the
icicles of my heart,
And meeting you made it
possible for them to melt,
Little did I know, you were
deceiving me from the start.
And I lost all the warmth
that I had felt

The icicles are jagged, cold
and sharp,
They tear into me with each
breath I take,
The blinding pain, now
diverts my heart.
I cannot see you until it’s
too late.

Now, you have entered into
my frosty forest,
Nothing but cold darkness
holds you tight,
Your path soon becomes the
very poorest.
You can no longer see; for
the darkness of night.
All you have left is the very
warm memory,
Remember? The sparkles of
light in my heart?
How cold they were before
you met me?
They are back once again,
ever to depart.

Untitled
By: Dave Gordon

So the tree all alone felt
great sorrow
For that dry arid plain made
him grieve
He envisioned a brighter
tomorrow
Then spread out his arms
full of leaves

His arms were soon filled
with god’s creatures
He counted them all as his
own
Then in the surprise of his
nature
He started to drop new
acorns
Young trees all around him
soon sprouted
Growing safely up under his
shade
So proud of their father they
shouted,
“Hey look at the family dad
made!”
it didn’t take long for these
trees to grow strong
Under the shelter of their
father’s strong limbs
For when these trees grew,
the plain they once knew
Was a forest of trees—
thanks to him

The bees had increased in
their numbers
As the baby birds sang from
their nests
The insects had no time for
slumber
For the birds and the bees
made a mess

So deep in this dark wooded
forest
Surrounded by his family
Stands a happy old tree who
laughs out in glee
“life came from a nut just
like me!”

I hope that you all grasp my
meaning
It’s whispering through all
of my leaves
For the poem that you’ve
just been reading
Came from a man who
began like this tree

So reach into yourself and
discover
A truth that I know you will
see
That all of us really are
brothers
Since we’re nuts from the
same family tree

Where Your Heart
Resides
By: Brandon Rushing

M fair lady,

Where does your heart
reside?
That warming touch of love
Once beholden unto mine!
Have these walls grown
between us
After such a short of time?
To keep you from my eyes
And me out of your mind.

Oh sweet darling
Have I faded from your
dreams?
That sacred place of hopes
Those picture perfect
scenes!
Has my chance of making
memories
Been severed through so
clean?
To bind my love in fettered
chains
And from your bosom
weaned.

That I should feel alone
So nearer my god to thee!
Has your loss brought
darkness
In which you cast your
need?
To quench your longing
thirst
And blot a heart that bleeds!

My fair lady
Can I save your love for
me?
That golden spark of fiery
light
Once cast upon my dream!
How can I, these walls
asunder
So you should hear my
places?
To hear the words I spill
upon
And wait on bended knee.

Oh sweet darling
Where has my lover flown?
That I should live a paupers
life
So broken cold, alone!
Are you to leave me here
unfounded
Like an autumn leaf
unblown?
To follow on this path of
fate
And grow my heart of
stone!

Thy dearest woman
Do you need me by your
side?
That sacred place of kindred
souls
Where hearts together fly!
Is there a spot to find you
friend
So with you I can abide?
To know the path you’ve
walked along

Artwork by: Pico Ortega

Thy dearest woman
What has kept your heart
from me?
And where your heart resides!

**Teeny Dancer**  
**By: Anthony J. Machicote**

She dreams in symphonies  
Vivid musical melodies  
Ricochet enough her brain,  
Bouncing and pounding kickdrums.  
Rhythmic are her thoughts.  
She feels passion,  
Ese power of music  
Sweeps enough her,  
It is the reason she  
Can hardly sit still,  
The energy pulses through her soul  
Inside she dances  
A dynamic expressionist’s piece,  
Her being springs and spins  
Enough her body barely moves  
It is her essence,  
The knowing in movement  
Which snatches her focus,  
And she perfumes minus effect  
Adapting moves brilliantly,  
Like nothing  
The heavens bare seen.  
She is automatic,  
What she can only be!

**Prisoner’s Song**  
**By: Kirsten Parker**

I had a vision of another’s dream  
Of millions of prisoners on their knees  
In this nation and beyond  
Crying out to god in song  
There are criminals and castaways

Locked away from the light of day  
Beyond the state and county jails  
Where there’s no parole  
And there’s no bail

The cells are filled with derelicts  
Which of society, they are not fit  
The dark and shady characters of doom  
Locked inside of concrete rooms

In this pool of wayward souls  
Is pent up treasure of silver and gold  
The special forces of god’s elite  
Locked behind the walls of Apparent defeat

I saw god’s grace fall  
Upon these men  
And from their knees they were lifted again

A people raised out of corruption  
Lives restored from complete destruction

Jesus came and turned the key—  
That set the souls of the prisoners free!

Blinded by people lost  
because of a certain girl

Lust of the flesh drugs to feel no pain  
Brutally assaulting victims to try to gain  
Power, money, and respect  
but in a negative way  
Only to last for a moment  
until judgment day

Incarceration is where I found the truth  
Soberly minded to read and acknowledge proof  
Maturity within my soul is born alive  
“change” is set in my mind to strive

my body is strengthen by willingness to achieve  
motivation and determination is my purpose  
to breath  
the path that’s right wisdom must be in your soul  
choose your destiny and start to visualize your goal

a dream is created for it to become real  
the future is in your hands  
but only until you make that choice to be a success  
prosperity and peace is in the end as you rest

before I was born I was destined to be great  
I am an example through the darkness there is a way  
Open-mindedness to everything and the truth you will find  
I pray you are ready but only in God’s time.

**A Life’s Destiny**  
**Michael Evans**

Before I was born I was destined to be great  
When I was born slavery to sin was part of my fate  
The evil within and deception of the world
Mommy Dearest  
By: Leroy Sodorff

The belittlement of my being  
A bitter-sweet song  
Instills in me hostilities  
Emotions gone wrong

That rememberance of the hickory switch  
The whipping of the air  
A rhymetic motion to embrace  
Yet the tenderness to cape

Braving whims of retribution  
And that loathsome scold  
In search of a vanishing rainbow  
And its illusions pot of gold

Traversing the world over  
I trudged in dimless wonder  
Soaring through the storm clouds

But overwhelmed listless thunder
I have now forgotten all the heartache  
And forgive you of the pain  
For my undying trust and admiration  
To you they shall remain.

Desolation  
By: John Curtis

My life is an hourglass  
Slowly sliding away  
My eyes open at long last  
Only to see the decay  
I search the lights fading cast;
My soul grows cold as I plead  
For strength to stand against betrayals of the past;  
Yet I weep, I tremble, I grieve.

Borrowed Time  
By: Douglas H.

Waking from troubled sleep  
A feeling had I of mortal doom  
For upon the bed did I fly  
Surrounded by murky gloom.

And a shadow did these stand  
His countenance, of which, I could not see  
Pleading was he to my loyal soul  
Its bonds to break and quickly flee

Then my mouth did I open  
Pushing forth panicked scream

Yet as silence these remained  
My final tears did form rushing stream

With absent voice and breath unfound  
Cloudy and dim did grow my sight  
My starving lungs on verge of failing heart

Struggled I ‘gainst princely foe this night

Then voice filled with clarity unbound  
Thus the shadowed specter did not speak

“A game I play upon a soul, of which, I do not seek”

“so releasing you this I also bind  
your life to mine in debt.  
And prey you when debt is called  
My challenge again be so bravely met”

Then grip released upon my soul  
His leave did he take  
As with echoes of words unforgotten  
A conclusion my mind did make

Artwork by: Wayne Cole

Artwork by: George Dominguez
Our lives upon this earth we live
Treasured should thy be, yours and mine
For matters it not, who we are
Each breath is but borrowed time.

Lost and Found
By: Mitchell Yelverton

I was in chains
You were an artist
We were both struggling
Longing for escape
Searching for something more
We found each other

I was in chains
You were an artist
We needed each other
Lived for the future
Something went wrong
We lost each other

Now I am free
But you’re still an artist

When the Kite String Pops
By: James Murphy

How do you feel when the kite string pops
Is it full speed ahead, do you pull out all stops
Do you pause and consider the mess that you’re in
Can you laugh it all off and still where a grin

Are you worried about the shine on your shoes
Such nonsense a tool used to chase off the blues
Do you busy and sharpen your mental chops
What do you do when the kite string pops

You Are
By: Justin Cameron

A dream out of my reach; serenity
I cannot achieve; love I am forbidden to
Touch. A breath of fresh air
I’m not able
To breath.

An exotic pleasure I crave; a Sensation with-held.
Profound feelings
That swarm me; a soothing aroma life
Won’t let me smell.

A unique flavor I’ve tasted; a Taste I will never forget; a flavor that
I still desire; a desire I’m afraid that
Will never be met.

A drink of cool water from
The purest of springs; I am dying of
Thirst and you are my stream.

You are a vessel of passion;
The sun in the sky; an example of
God’s creation of beauty; the gleam
In my eye.

Jennifer, you are special.
You
Deserve to live out your dreams. If I
Were the king of a country I would
Make you my queen.

The star that I wish on;
You are my dreams come to life; a
Once in a life time opportunity at
Happiness I’ve lost; another man’s Wife.

You are a love that I’m in;
You are not just a woman I love;
Peace soaring at the tips of my
Fingers; a beautiful dove.

One of the best memories I Have; a future I’d love; a blessing
That’s been given from the man up
Above; a miler highlife been bottle;
Erotic and pleasurable Dears. Every—
Thing that I long for; that’s what
You are.

Visitation
By: D. Albert

Painted beautiful in the picture,
Love lighted twisted fixture.
Times that pass through the lines,
I love hello’s but I hate good bye’s.
As I look deep past the glass,
I feel Dorine’s love bouncing back.
I see her pretty brown eyes,
In the tears that I cry.

The smiles upon her face,
Read a note of amazing grace.
The happiness that shines,
Comes from me, most of the time.

Most of my tears, they don’t hurt,
Wiped with love across my shirt.
Standing in peace, shining on the floor,
As, my sweetheart fades out the door.

Trapped in moments of a loving heat,
Smiling hearts that never skip a beat.
Kept in a world locked away,
Can’t wait until the next visitation day.

---

**My Precious Little Dove**
*By: M. Stanley*

Tears fall from the eyes of my angel
And I gently wipe them away.
She tells me not to go
But I tell her I can not stay.
The time has come for me to leave
And be a responsible man.
She states to me, “be careful,”
I tell her, “I’ll do the best I can.”

---

As much as I don’t want to
I know I’ve got to go
When I will return
I honestly do not know.
I give her my last kiss goodbye
And tell her, “I love you.”
She looks me in the eye
And says, “I love you too.”
I can not stand it anymore
I now begin to cry.
The pain I feel within me is twisting into knots
But I understand why.
It’s because I’ll miss my baby.
My one and only true love.
She’s so sweet and innocent.
My precious little dove.

---

**Savannah**
*By: James Murphy*

It starts in my heart, in my very soul
It spreads through my body, I have no control
My lip starts to curl, my face wears a grin
From no outside source, it comes from within
Like a smoldering spark that bursts into flame
Just the thought of your face, or simply your name
You are that fire, you’re the light of my life
Thoughts of you bring peace, no matter my strife.

---

**Untitled**
*By: Benjamin M. Caranchini*

Acid rain falls on blinded eyes

---

Washing away their infernal lies
Each day passing yes sir no sir
While the heat of battle passions stir
We follow commands like penned up sheep
Only to be thrown away with nothing to keep
But broken bodies no one wants
Listening to laughter and cruelties taunt
So I say today before tomorrow
Stop the wars stop the sorrow

---

**Memories**
*By: Willie Castillow*

Lost in yesterdays memories,
So often I think of you
Reminiscng about our good times,

---

Artwork by: Jay Martin
Do you still think of them too?

Walking along the beaches,
Talking and holding hands.
Stopping ever so often,
To draw our names in the sand.

I pushed you in the swing,
Tied in the old oak tree.
I even kissed your bruise,
When you scraped your knee.

Memories I’ll cherish,
Morning, noon, and night.
Until the day I expire,
They’ll forever be my delight…

Journey of Life
Wade Bibbs

Search my soul,
Faithfull looking,
For answers…
Too many addictions;
Cause cancer…
Devastated.
Apologetic,
So many setbacks,
I don’t get “it”.
Searching my soul;
I look for hope.
Strength to plant a seed;
And watch it grow:
To tell the truth,
To be a man,
Realistically,
I understand.

Emotions at War
By: Wade Jarome Bibbs

My soul has questions,
My heart won’t reply,
My soul wants freedom,

Artwork by: James Hughes

My heart wants life,
Conflict of interest,
Where do I turn?
My mind is on fire,
Just let it burn,
Which way to go,
So many directions,
So much love,
So little protection,
My heart and soul,
My very core,
My heart and soul,
Hard to ignore,
My soul has questions,
My heart will lie,
The heart is deceitful,
So; am I?

Sheena,
Are pigments in your skin something lacked?
Have you ever eaten the corn that jimmy cracked?
You quoted the phrase “opposites should never attract”.
Could your skin be like mine the kedar hue of black?

Sheena,
If you saw Kutah run,
would you go and tell?
Would you be inside with the lighter shades of pale?
Do your scars and tears run (like mine) wild and free?
Do your meals come cold (like mine) in increments of three?
Do you have difficulties with unsolicited dreams?
Can you identify any of the voices that screams?
…respond!

You
By: Rickey Pearson

Blazing beams of light permeate the surface,
become the surface
Of the object, the obelisk,
the not so secrete pattern of
a smile, I saw
The new day rising as I slid
into my shoes, walked the streets
Admiring artifacts of ten-year-old lost civilizations,
the tears
Of angels pouring on my brow…
And you?
Who saw me in the room exploring new depths of a pencil, scratching
On the surface of a white once-tree, we met an eon after,
Heated talks of new dimensions, and the power of the tongue, the Holy word…
And you?

In the grasp of mornings’ madness, I propelled myself toward
Doorways, packed a suitcase of belongings, left the dim, dark
Abode of rats, roaches, remorse…
And you…

The Garden
W.J. Carlisle

On a plot of ground, in the corner of the yard,
My father and I grew tomato and chard.
We pulled up the grasses and dug up the earth,
And we worked all the day for what it was worth.
We shoveled and mounded to lay out the rows.
We sowed all the seeds and we scared all the crows.
We marked what we watered, and we watered with care,
And we prayed God good weather and the garden to bear.

What Life
By: Robert Brockbank

A man in pain
Alone with no one to cast the blame
Misery, anger, rage fills his heart
He swims to darkness as a moth to flame.
To yell, shout, break, to destroy
Looking for an end but more came
Tears, sobs, endless cries for help
A man left alone to suffer his shame.

Whispered In The Wind
By: Jason Reid

I feel the wind blow,
Through my hair…
Across my face.
It comes from me in the west
To you in the east

At a very quick pace.
Did you hear that my daughter…
A message blown through?
I whispered it on the wind
And sent it directly to you.
It said, “I love you, I love you,
With all of my heart.
Even though time and distance
Has kept us apart.”

There will be a time
When we’ll stand hand in hand.
We’ll be together when the wind
Blows across this great land.

But for now when you feel
The mighty wind blow

Artwork by: Angel Boyar

Know that I feel it too.
And in every gust of air
I’m sending a special, “I love you.”

What is Known
By: Robert Starr

From a day that’s never ending
To a time that’s growing old
You cried and thought about it
Thinking maybe you may have known
The way it could have been
Contrasts with the way it is
Pain gives life its color
A broken heart sweetens a kiss
So the way it all starts
Is when something falls apart
When your life is 6 feet under
Is when you see the night in stars
I just can’t stress enough
How much hate it takes to love
It’s the way the world is
It’s what life is to anyone
From a day that’s never ending
And a time that’s growing old
You smiled and thought about it
Thinking how you’ve always known.

Sable Rose
By Lucio Shadow Urende

Onyx Satin
Glossy Surface
CHANGE OF IMAGE
Mirror Focus

Vibrant Light
Minds Reflections
Inner Thoughts
Conceal Persuasions

Velvet Petals
By: Ed Rose

Fall down
Enchanting Pose
Ace of Spades
Hearts delight
Night Vision
Under Moonlight

Even Feathers
Soften Whispers
Silk Caress
Untamed Sensations
Running Wild
Fancy Images
Burning Desires
Leaves Me Breathless

When An Angel Cries
Dedicated to Jessica
By Andrew Barnes

When an angel cries
The sky illuminates grey.
And it rains N’ pours all day.

When an angel cries
The seas become calm
And the Earth quivers in God’s palm.

When an angel cries
The stars grow dim
And the world gradually forgets about them.

When an angel cries
Hearts are easily broken
So the language of love is no longer spoken.

When an angel cries
Happiness is rare
And living life is harder to bear.

When an angel cries
My day seems so strange
Cuz in my heart I feel their pain
So please by happy
Spread your wings and fly
Cuz this is what happen when you cry.

Love is Love
By: Keith Garrett

Love IS Love when I see you at any given moment or time
And it brings great joy and peace to the Body and soul of mine

Love IS Love when I hold you close to ME just as I do in my Many Dreams
Because you are the only one who understands ME and what my happiness really means

Love IS Love each time that we kiss and share our many emotions
Especially when sparks fly like Giant booming and blasting Explosions

Love IS Love whenever you walk beside ME and WE show the world our Beautiful Smiles Knowing that WE can overcome anything and everything as WE keep going those extra miles
But most of all Love is love
that makes our heartbeat last
forever and forever
As long as love is love we’ll
always be happy together

Hey Joe
By: Robert L. Hambrick

Why did you go, Seattle boy?
You left too soon for us to enjoy
The songs you sang and the tunes you played,
Melodies of love, and the dues you paid;
With purple haze in your closed eyes
Your music spoke truth, told no lies.

No one before, or ever since
Could stretch with emotion the strings so tense;
You gave your life, with your mind turning faster,
Forever you’ll remain Master of the Stratocaster.

Call of the Wild
By: Charles R Moore

(We have two Charles Moore’s participating. If the author contacts us, we will reprint this poem in the newsletter with your proper address.)

“The call of the wild”, whispers on the wind…
Lie’s that’s told deep inside, where the pathway ends.
“The call of the wild”, meant to lead astray,
Deceitful words were spoken—that led me to this day.
“The call of the wild”, these ghosts that have no names,
Sent by one you cannot see, like some insidious game.
“The call of the wild”, that left me here to cry—
Tears that will not fall, no matter how I try.
“The call of the wild”, where false friends appear,
They stab you in your back—in arrogance they sneer.
“The call of the wild”, where it all begins,
No need to look outside

Lost and confused is her mind
Doesn’t know where to look
So herself, she is unable to find

The girl in the mirror
Needs to search nowhere else
For she defines beauty
When she is no one but herself.

Choose What You Want
By: Scott Brian Porter

Life is too short
Not to take the time to do
The things that will hold
The most meaning for you.

So let yourself float
Like a leaf on a stream
Relax with your memories
And let yourself dream.

Throw out your list
That’s impossibly long
And dance a few steps
to a favorite song!

Life is too short
And flies by if you let it
So choose what you want
Everyday,
And go get it…

Alcohol
By: Angie M. Davis

Smooth talker, smooth taste
I remember the first time you were put in my face
I smiled at you and walked away
But met you again the very next day
You were persistent as hell, not giving up
I figured, “What’s the problem in just one cup”
That first drink was hard to swallow
But after a few, I had my own bottle
You made me feel warm, all fuzzy inside
You made me forget the bad memories stuck in my mind
You helped me become someone set free
You let me escape my painful reality
I was empty, you made me feel loved
You wrapped your ways around me like a warm winters glove
You never abandoned me, you were always on call
All I had to do was pick you off the wall
Soon you were a good friend of mine
I had to have you with me all the time
We kicked it all day, partied all night
Broke many hears and won lots of fights
You took over my mind and killed my soul
Before I knew it, you were in total control
Loss of memories and dangerous blackouts
Bad behavior and hate filled shouts
Each time I left you said
“You’ll Be Back”!
But I stand telling you now
“I won’t be, I’m Fighting To put my life back on track”!
You’re no longer wanted in my life
Take your poison and find another wife
Please don’t look for me, Please don’t call
Cause when I think of death I PROMISE I’ll think of you… Alcohol!

That Bitch
By: Angie M Davis
You cheated with me behind ya girls back
You thought she didn’t know, thought you had it like that
But selfish, selfish you, how couldn’t you see
I was doing her too, we were always three
You brought her to me and I took her hand
She didn’t know what to think, she didn’t comprehend
She fell for the feelings I gave
The way you touched her and the love you made
She was all yours and you were all mine
It’s just too bad she couldn’t have you all the time
It probably would’ve touched me, if I had a heart
But I love no one, not even from the start
With her soul and you under my spell
I was leading you both straight to hell
Kisses at night, turned into fights
She hated me now, couldn’t stand my sight
I have no morals, no boundaries, no shame
I loved making you sick and driving her insane
I just wanted you to feel me under your skin
To feel me in your veins
Who was there for you to hold your hand
When she was half crazy and didn’t understand
Who was there to help you get fried
When all she wanted to do was die
I was hard to get rid of, hard to escape
I heard she was lucky and made a clean break
I hear she still loves you and hates me to death
I heard her say, “I hate that fuckin’ bitch,
That Bitch named METH!”

If… Is How I Feel
By: K. More
If I can’t wear the rain, How am I to know the thunder?
If I can’t breathe beyond the pane, Will all my hopes be laid asunder?
Grant me a memory that I might feast,
Grant me a step, starve the beast.
My heart cries for what was then.
My blood sings to feel once again.

If the day doesn’t carry my shadow,
How can tomorrow ever know me?
If the night won’t nurture my rainbow.
Will solacing dreams cease to be?
Grant me a sky that I might hold.
Grant me a tale; one untold.

If I can’t share with an honest smile,
How will my heart know to mend?
If I can’t give comfort, if only for awhile,
Will I sense the cold as my end?
Grant me a dream that I might cast.
Grant me a breath beyond my past.
My heart cries for what was then.
My blood sings to feel once again.

MusiccisuM
By: Zachary Newman

Shake these songs from the sky
Ever so loud in your ears alone
Stain your mind
Dye your soul

Color outside the lines
Bleeding together
A shifting kaleidoscope
Dazzling emotions triggered
Memories freshly coating the now
As cool as fresh snow
Spitting out of the sky

Sift these songs from the earth
Dig the melodies
Let them run through your fingers
Get muddy with the soil
Of sonic rebirth
Awaken the senses

Wallow in the harmony
Dust clouded decibels
Concentric and multifaceted gems
Delightful notes ricochet in my skull

Like echoes through the canyons singing.

32 L(i)nes
By: Zachary Newman

The wild landscape of my mind is scattered with unmarked graves
The brain-dead and the brave
The unsullied, the depraved.
Long gone and unknown (thoughts) cells dead in the ground
before becoming full grown.
Chemical fueled, emotional repression
Strung out, tripped out
Schizophrenia, depression.

Sprinkle in a touch of aggression
Psychosis from multiple drug injections
And you’ll find yourself learning some tough life lessons
And stressing.
No confession, no prayer, no plea
Can save you from yourself
So go ahead and get off your knees.
You’ve forsaken your god, expelled faith
The sour taste
Of worldly vomit engulfing your face.
Scrub and scour, try to rid yourself
From the grimy film of disgrace
There should never be a time or place.
The self loathing so pitiful.
The situation inching towards critical sarcasm, pessimistic, and cynical
So far down pull in your own dirt at your funeral.
No mourners wearing black
No turning back
The dirt begins to stack.

Artwork by: Kelly Fredrichson
Particles of dust, to dust, grain by grain
Smothering the pain
Suffering fades into oblivion... sustained.

**Mind Flight**
*By: Erik Cathell*

Thoughts in the night.. That's when my mind goes on flight.
A journey through countless tears..
A mental vision of friends, family, enemies & peers..
Sometimes they move slow then they go fast..
Faster than a sprinter in a 100 yard dash.
You ever be awake but be in a starry eyed trance..
Long deep stares.. quiet, eyes fixed..
Not even a glance?
Breathing gets shallow, heart beat racing..
My thoughts on this reality I'm facing.
It's never one thing I'm thinking..
Or nothing to hide..
My thoughts shift back & forth..
Like I'm on a water ride..
In this escape inside my mind
Things are acted out as if in actual time.
I have to close my eyes to gain control.
You ever see a man who is in a blank stare..
Walks around but looks as if he isn't there?
He’s on a Mind Flight.
Lost in his thoughts but couldn’t get back.

They say the eyes are the windows to the soul..
You may be able to see what’s really in there..
If you look in my eyes when I’m in one of these stares.
These thoughts in the night..
When my mind goes on flight.
Sometimes they move fast..
Sometimes they move slow..
The tricky part.. is when to let them go.
These thought in the nite..
Are dangerous you see..
If you let them..
They can go on and on infinitely.
Some people thoughts are deeper than others..
Don’t ridicule & laugh at that brother..
He may be just on a Mind Flight..
Lost in his thoughts
But couldn’t get back!
[Or didn’t want to come back!]

**Shadow of Lies**
*By: Eric L. Mapps Sr.*

What is the meaning of all of this I see,
Why are these shadows of lies haunting me?
No matter where I go or what I do they
Continue to chase me, in hot pursuit.
I don’t understand why they desire to
Cause me such pain or why they’re
So persistent in revealing their shame.

Are they reaching out asking for help or
Are they just relentless in being themselves?
Shadows of lies in the light of day
Hiding around the corner in the darkness
Of shade.
Shadows of lies scream where is the proof?
Shadows of lies smiles and whispers...
We’re telling the truth!

**Be Happy**
*By: Douglas Vest*

Be happy for waking up
For the bed you sleep on
For the clothes you wear
And the roof over your head

Be happy for being alive
For the birds you hear
For the trees, grass, and flowers
And all the things that smell good.

Be happy for the water you have
For being able to shower
For the ground you walk on
And for the food you eat

Be happy for your friends
For your enemies too
For your loved ones
And be happy especially For yourself.

**Forever In Memories**
*By: Michael Wages*
Swallowed the last drink of the bottle
That washed away the pain.
Drowning the sorrows of a life that
Continues to stay the same.
Dreams gone in a cloud of meth smoke
A potent shard that makes me choke
And I cough as I slowly exhale
Memories and visions of a life in
Prison and jail.
For some reason I just can’t let it be…
A life lived—Forever in Memories!

Lost and Found
By: George Mendiola

These things that I write, when my
Mind takes flight—these places I go,
I don’t even know. These tears that I
cry, I can’t seem to find why.

Why has this happened,
What have I done?

Why is the past, always so haunting?
Why are these demons, always
Taunting?

Can’t I find a way
To make it go away?

Is there another way to find the
Light of day?

I walk upon the darkness
I can’t seem to stop this.
This life of mine is fading fast.
I need a way to make it last.
I need to look from within,
If I ever wish to win.

Out of the darkness
And into the light,
Is the only way I’ll win this fight.
I need to forgive, I need to forget,
I need to get past all that I Regret.

I give you my life,
I give you my plans.
If I give you my best,
Will you do the rest.

A Rose
By: Jackey R. Sollars

I was thinking of you today
When I happened upon a rose.
Which returned to another day.
Where I first felt the warmth and glow
And how you are in many ways,
So much like that rose.
Except thy beauty will forever stay.
Founded in your soul
Timeless is the mark you made.
A rose that will never fade.

A Rose Dancing
By: Leroy Sodorff

As I strolled across the promenade
And waltzed into that dive,
I ponied up to the bar
To do my shuffle and jive.
I loco-motioned this same old song and dance
From Boston to Boogaloo
Then I reeled across Texas
And found my Waterloo.

If I was a running man
I would hitchhike through New Mexico
And hustle my way towards LA
Instead of staying here in limbo.

I would fly over the Arizona gully
And moonwalk through the savannah heat
Just to be in your arms
Wouldn’t that be le freak?

So when I’m making merry
And I do that old soft-shoe
A sparkle comes to my eye ‘cause I’m shadow dancing with you!

Kiss Me Softly
By: John A. Cox

Kiss me softly
Gently with care
I too have feelings
For the love we share
Please don’t hurt me
Don’t make me cry
Things will work out
But, we both have to try
I love you truly
And I know you love me
Because into your heart
You’ve let me see
Since you love me
Show me how
Kiss me softly
Kiss me now

Carefree
By: William E. Castilow

Frolicking in a field of lilies,
Bay’s breath in her hair,
Her mind is pure,
Not even a care.

Oh such a lovely sight,
As I watched her from a hill
Just to see her so happy,
Gave my heart a thrill.

The scene changes now,
She’s on a beach at Big Sun,
The perfect love story
Written, produced, and directed by her.

With her dainty toes,
She drew a name in the sand,
I thank god above,
That name belongs to this man…

Just A Moment Ago
By: Robert L. Hambrick

It was but a moment ago…
I was young
Just a moment ago
Spring’s joyful songs were sung.

The world spinning faster,

Much more than last year,
Which was just a moment ago.
Childhood seemed to last forever
Strewn in innocence and wonder,
Wasn’t it just a moment ago?
Once one begins to understand

What was the age of mystery
Now comes all too easily;
Death’s dark truth unfurled.
Isn’t there more life for me to hew
Before my reckoning is due?
For what I have left to show
Of being here, just a moment ago?

It was… just a moment ago,
Winning the race I ran:
But now they are laying me low.
For I am just a man;
Or was… just a moment ago.

The Door to Heaven
By: Alvin G. Simpson

She said the door to Heaven,
Is always open,
His sweet love,
Show’s you the way.

Jesus took her,
She was sleeping,
He left her old body,
He only took her soul.

She’s gone to Heaven,
She’s with the angels,
They’ll be singing,
Their wings as white as snow.
She said the door to Heaven,  
Is always open,  
Her sweet love,  
Shows me the way.

She’s gone to Heaven,  
She’s sanging with the angels,  
How do I know,  
Momma told me so.

The door to Heaven,  
Is always open,  
Is there sweet love,  
Shows you the way.

**The Bells of Peace**  
By: John Wilson

Too many lives are gone  
Hecate will have her due  
Blood has spilled and run  
But the bells of peace have rung

Death has spread her wings  
And called our sons to war  
Fire burnt in the hearts of kings  
But the bells of peace have rung

In ancient ritual  
The reaper sows her seeds  
Harvest has come to all  
But the bells of peace have rung

How could I have known  
The day would finally come  
Our soldiers are coming home  
And the bells of peace have rung

The bells of peace have rung

Chiming out their peal  
Delighting our very young  
Using their song to heal

**Dance**  
By: D. B. Hughes

Apposed—  
The interval lessens,  
Bringing the tone,  
To experience a chord.  
Arpeggio!

As the heart beats a throb,  
A rhythm flows the soul.

Side by side—  
The space between us diminishes,  
Allowing the normal state of tension,  
The responsiveness of our bodies,  
To combine the feelings; the emotions,  
That measures depth of a distinctive quality; a Mood,  
And then, when in succession and rapid rhythm,  
Simultaneously we dance!

**Pay Attention**  
By: Zachary Newman

Pay attention?  
A price was never mentioned  
What are the conditions  
For those too poor to pay attention?

Pay attention?  
Can I make a down payment?  
Can I put it on lay-away,  
Come back later to re-claim it?

Pay attention?  
Am I allowed to run a tab?  
Put the leftover thoughts in a doggy bag,  
And if I can’t pay, would it really be a drag?

Pay attention?  
Tell me… what am I buying?

Pay attention?

Could you give me specifics  
Before pigs start flying?

Pay attention?

Do you accept food stamps, bags of aluminum cans  
“Will work to pay attention” read the sign of a homeless man

Pay attention?

So, what… the poor are passed out?

Settle for cheap wine get drunk and pass-out  
Attention? Nah… I got it all figured out.

Pay attention?

Loan me a few bucks, maybe with some luck,  
The attention it pays for  
Might actually be worth a fuck.

Pay attention?

Now I’m in debt, my mind in for closure.  
Unable to afford it, the dream is over.

**Missing You**  
By: Angel Reyes

Your hug, your kiss,
The wind blows where it
pleases,
Brushing your ear as it
teases;
Feelings so soft, sensually
awakening,
Drawing you near
continually faking;
The breath of your lover, a
fragrance sweet,
The stopping of your heart
each time you meet;
Desires growing together
deep within,
Not knowing where to start
or how to begin;
The wind, the breath, the
softness of the touch,
Wrapping arms around you,
whispering and such;
A staple of ecstasy
surrounding you so,
Wishing your lover will
never let you go;
A time will come when all
this will be,
Hopefully then it will
become you and me.

Vigilant Owl
By: Ever Rangel Jr.

Moonlight shadows in the
rain
Do pelt down an evening
wane
As thundering wracks over
the sky
Clamor louder than when
trains collide
Nothing haven amid the
dour hue
Virga hangs from a
vertiginous view
Meandering through racket
haze does grope
Slumberous dusk when
vibrant scours hope

Vigilant landing onto a
mere alight
Steady espying the wary
night
With a roving glance delves
her perch
As leaving derail an eerie
lurch
Both quill and van winnow
to agley the smog
Timorous over the cling in
that brittle log
She comes in tune with the
billof jet
Boisterous aerial not a vole
yet
The ebon is crude indeed
hunger is bode
Ravenous quiver in such a
pall threshold
Draws a hoot among the
forlorn bole
While her orbs illumine a
vigil aglow
Ensonce an eerie with
defensive lee
Nestled on her palladium
renders glee.

Upwards
By: Douglas G. Payne III

My rhyme styles pure THC
Street ta indoor- verbal war
vocabulary
Verses coincide with my
covert activities
Aerosol assaults- painted
pieces: add artillery
Visually projecting bombs-
destroying unclaimed
territories
Remain calm- star scream
KRINK metallic ink
Overkill – D.R.I.P.S.
abundantly
PLAN B: blunt stall- public
domain music
Staircase movement
In battles for position—the
opposition’s mopped
casually
High quality coats primed
for exposure—and photo
shopped;
Blackbook entries—
classified missions
Successful operations gain
props
Name famous
Faceless destruction of
property
Vandal in disguise—like
Zarfan masked—no litter—
no loitering
No traces
Evident statements is
writing on the walls
DGK aspirations
Lazy me
Graffiti raps—skate
anthems
GT HARO fat boy
percussions
Gyro mushroom swiss
independent truck
productions
All-purpose multi-functions
Rhythmic ventilation—
vaporous toxins got ‘em
jockin’ spray-painted
Spots
Shit’s hot!
PASTA
Now they sweating who
made it
GRIMLOCK—bubble up
off of placement
Fill-in where my man left
off
(while) trying to become
“common fashion flouse
invite”
Cannabis cup winner
tester—ecko spotlight
signatures
underground art life

They watch my sins as
though they were at a
cinemax.
God, give me the strength to
pick myself up.
And please god, please
don’t ever let me give up.
The world, seems they don’t
know me, but the love you
have for me is still the same.
So fuck the world, I’ll do all
this in your name.
I’ll do good this time, for
you and my family.
And prove to the world, I
can be what they said I
couldn’t be.
I’m a soldier at heart, cause
I remember I’m down, when
I feel like giving up.
And I keep my head above
the water, cause I refuse to
drown.
All the things folks have to
say against me, no longer
means a thing.
Because just like me, I
know they are only human
being.
So please god, help me on
this journey
And help me overcome
these folks obstacles before
me.
With this I close, my

Life in Prison
By: Hilario Alvarado

Forgotten by society,
believed to be a monster
Forgotten by destiny, ever
since I was a youngster
Forgotten by life, in a cruel
unusual way
Forgotten and forgotten, day
by day.
Nobody on my side, seems
like everyone’s against me.
Not even one who wants to
bless me.
Seems like they were
perfect, to throw the first
stone.
Shattered every one of my
dreams and broke every last
bone.
I wanted to run away but
they exposed me quick and
fast

Artwork by: Martin Rivers
almighty god. And don’t let nothing happen to me, like being forgot.

**Changing of the Guard**  
By: Ted Christian Eason

Pacing, locked inside my cage—  
Livid, filled with seething rage.  
Searching for a means of release,  
A glimpse of serenity, inner peace.  
Still so far from my simple goal,  
The hatred festers in this hole.  
Verminous maggots wearing grey,  
Inflict injustice where I stay.  
Pathetic hordes of inbred slobs,  
Born and raised to fill these jobs.  
So blind and stupid they just don’t see—  
Their race too, is in prison—not society.  
Abusing authority while turning keys,  
Ignorance, spread among them like disease.  
Feeling empowered as though in control—  
Self-inflated ego, useless empty soul.  
Parasites to the “life” on earth—  
Been “cultivated” for this existence from birth.  
Living off the tax-payer and cash from the fed.  
They’ll bleed off the budget till they are dead.

**School and Real Life**  
By: Reginald B. Smith

School teaches us all basic skills  
Things like math, science, and history  
But real life is unpredictable  
For when I awake, I don’t know what’s in store for me.  
School teaches us proper grammar and social studies  
And also the correct way to spell  
Yet real life is uncaring and unforgiving  
You’re praised for doing good and put down when you don’t do well  
School teaches about economics  
And also about sportsmanship and fair play  
But the game of life plays by a different set of rules  
For there’s no cheers or applause at the end of a bad day  
School prepares you to face the challenges of the world  
But the world is filled with turmoil, pain, hardships, and strife  
Your born, you grow up, you grow older, then you die  
That’s the difference between school and real life.

**Untitled**  
By: Rocco Funari

Dadden by time  
Lonely by rhyme  
This time is mine  
Watch how I shine  
As I open on a dime  
While melodies chime

**Hope**  
By: Darnell Epps

She glimmers in the night,  
Seemingly so distant yet so close,  
Vague to my peers as she climbs the mid-night sky,  
Victims of doubt, the scream,  
“Why, why, why?”

Yet an outsider to their despair,  
An abysmal gathering of sorts,  
She bedazzles, she bedazzles…  
though I empathize with their thoughts.

I quail at the idea of her brilliance wilting,  
A lifeline to my sustainability,  
the intuitive fabric of my maturation,  
perhaps anything but a figment of my imagination…  
hope, her name is hope.

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Much of the poetry we received arrived after the selections for this issue were made. Those poems are being considered for Anthology V9. We received so many poems, it is impossible to feature all your work. Please continue to submit your poetry and perhaps it can be included in a future issue. Best Wishes! - Gary
Prisoner Express promotes rehabilitation by providing information, education and opportunities for creative self-expression to incarcerated individuals throughout the United States. Anthology free to prisoners. All others please contact Prisoner Express for rates. All proceeds are used to fund programming. The Durland Alternatives Library, which funds Prisoner Express, is a project partner of The Center for Transformative Action.

Prisoner Express Poetry Anthology • V8 •