



PRISONER EXPRESS

Poetry
Anthology

Vol. 10

Freeman Payne

Freeman Payne

Hello there!

I'm Ana. My name might be unfamiliar to you, and that's because I'm new to the Prisoner Express program! My coworker Byron and I both began working here at the Alternatives Library this summer, and we're both rising juniors. Thanks to the restless, ambitious nature of the makers of the library, Byron and I are always kept busy and involved with various projects and programs the library undertakes.

This poetry anthology is made up of many poems that many student workers selected earlier this spring. Unfortunately, not everyone's poems are in here, but that is no indication of the writing talent you all possess. As with any selection process, one must keep in mind that the people doing the selecting (un)intentionally use their subjective values, tendencies, and personal experiences to color their judgments. That said—keep writing! Don't let the inclusion or exclusion of your poems in these publications dissuade you from expressing yourself. Byron and I have both found the writing in here to be wise, beautifully crafted, and quite telling of the human condition. Poetry—and writing, more generally—provides us a unique means through which we can communicate and put our human eccentricities, flaws, and experiences out there for others to compare to their own and/or relate to. As Byron, myself, and other student workers read your poetry, we were certainly provoked and led into self-reflection. I personally love anything that forces me to evaluate my life and consider who I am and if who I am is who I want to be. I thank you all for conjuring up such introspection and feelings in me.

If you've received the latest newsletter, which was mailed out in early July, you'll notice Poetry Writing Instruction and Practice is being offered. This program is going to be headed by Gizelle—a passionate poet. She will be attending the University of Washington this fall to study poetry at a graduate school level. Be sure to sign up for this program if you're interested in expanding your poetry skill set or if you merely want to experiment more with poetry writing. If you have not received the latest newsletter, send us a letter and mention interest in the Poetry Writing Instruction and Practice program.

Many submissions received after the selection of poems had already been made are now being considered for Volume 11. We will accept submissions for Volume 11 through the fall of 2013. Keep sending us your poems and stay strong.

We hope you enjoy this collection of poems. We found it awe-inspiring and amazing to be able to get an idea of what goes on inside your heads.

Take care.

Ana

HOPE

LeRoy Sodorff
“Untitled”

Although things are dry right now
And there's no cabbage to be found,
Lift your head up
And keep your feet on the ground
By tending to life's garden
You have a long row to hoe,
But things have a way of cropping up
As this old gardener knows!

J.R. Sollars
“Inmate Revelation”

Bitter is the root within
That fouls the river of blood
In tempest rage hate does flood
Bringing man to commit sin
Forget the past traveling on in time
In social chaos he forges ahead
Looking beyond condemnations said
Hoping in hope to find in mind

William Williamson
“One Person at a Time”

It's hard to have compassion
In a world so full of hate.
We have to start with ourselves
And not leave it all to fate.
I cannot change other people
But I can always change me.
If I adopt a new outlook
I can alter the world I see.
I can change how I react
When things don't go my way.
I can always offer a smile
No matter what harsh people say.
If every person on the earth
Would keep these thoughts in mind.
This world and everyone in it
Would certainly be much more kind.

David B. Hayes
“I'm Glad to Be”

Walking along this mountainside.
Got no hassles on my mind.
Turning my head to the sound of a bird

That's calling from the sky.
Gazing at a tall pine tree,
With a squirrel running up its side.
Feel the forest floor on my bare feet, and
Lord, it makes me high!

Looking down a canyon
At some deer watering the stream
Taking comfort from a gentle breeze,
That's blowing so peacefully.
It's blowing through the meadows,
And the grasses so tall and green.
Lord, I'm thankful that you let this
All be seen by me!

Now, every day I'm with her. And
I'm glad that she's with me:
Dreaming dreams of many things.
In a while, they will maybe be.
We're sitting on the front porch
Of our cabin amongst the trees,
Watching squirrels, elk, and deer, and,
Little bumblebees.

And I'm glad to be part of the morning,
I'm so happy just to live this life today;
I'm so thankful to see a new day's dawning, and
I'm glad that you let it be this way!

Color so vivid so bright
A vision of warm delight
A seagull sings
Spreads its white wings soars
Puffy cotton clouds
Spread above the town
The world is calm
I see no harm being done
Upon this peek
I look and seek
My heart reaches out to her
I know she's out there
I see the sparkles
Upon the pear Color Sands
I hear her voice at a distance
Calls my name with interest
She turns to wave
It's all in vain
I see her smile
I see her smile
It will still be awhile
She blows a kiss
And fades away
I feel at least
It's been a pleasant dream.

THE GOOD OLE DAYS

J.R. Sollars
"Untitled"

Rainbows and butterflies
Ice cream and cherry pies
Candy bars and sodas to go
A tank of gas and the open road.
Those days of summer without end
In the season of a friend
It didn't seem so long ago
Life was simple but what did we know
We danced on in fading jeans
Chasing all of our own wildest dreams
Life in jeans
And golden dreams
Warm nights with falling stars
Wishes made from the heart
Whippoorwill and the Coyotes sing
Sleepy eyes gaze at a rising sun
It takes years to understand
What is to be or have a friend
Those were the best of all times
When to lovers shared their minds.



Manuel Antonio Gonzalez III

Lucio Shadow Urenda
"Pleasant Dream"

Upon a rise I'm free
I close my eyes
I feel the cool breeze
All is at peace
I see twinkling fairies
The ocean carries
I see the blinding rays
A golden sun that plays

Tom Morris
"Tracks in the Snow"

I saw you out my window, arms out, just the other day,
You said to me in a voice so clear, "everything's gonna be ok."

A tear formed in the corner of my eyes as I tried to touch your face,
And I knew that it was just a dream; you left without a trace.

I walked outside hen I awoke to see if you were there,
And lo and behold, I saw your "tracks" and
Knew how much you care.

Now I know you must be an angel
Sent to watch over me at night
As I lay down upon my bed to rest
I know everything's gonna be alright

J.R. Sollars
"Low Tide"

Like shells left on the barren shore
Where receding tides abandon hope
Tis the same as within one's soul
There once the love's sea waves did furl
Now, mere fragments of that grand world
Stranded in pools of isolation
Stratus layers of emotion
Tempering the heart like it cultured pearl
Oh when shall that sweet tide return
Does not all seas roil in natural time
Receding, acceding to their destined lines
Where yet lapping waves of hope may churn
How long must yearning hearts wait
Till footsteps vanish beneath a lacy wave.

Anthony Machicoté
"Fluid"

How you and love songs
Collide like waves
Crashing into white
Beach sands, applauding
The dedication of our fluid love, joyously.
How this universe
Shares with us a secret something
Which we can't hold,
But can't lose either,
Like a smile

Which we send back and forth to each other
On slow strolls down
Memory lane,
Our favorite place to haunt and listen to the crash
Of our hearts like waves
Applauding our love,
So fluid, so fresh.

G.L. Matthews
"Marks of Passion"

The marks of your passion linger long
And are revealed in ways you don't think.
Is not what you do within the dark throng
Reflected in your sighs of relief?
What used to be had in pure innocence
And enjoyed as simple fun,
Now done as guilty pleasures of consequence
When you look into the love of this son.
Why do I call for you and you fail to reply?
What hobby outweighs your goals?
How strongly your words support lie after lie.
If two should be warm... what is making me so cold?
Your I must do this and be about that there...
Dead things that push real life farther and farther away,
Life with me should be your most passionate care;
More chances to get closer day after day.

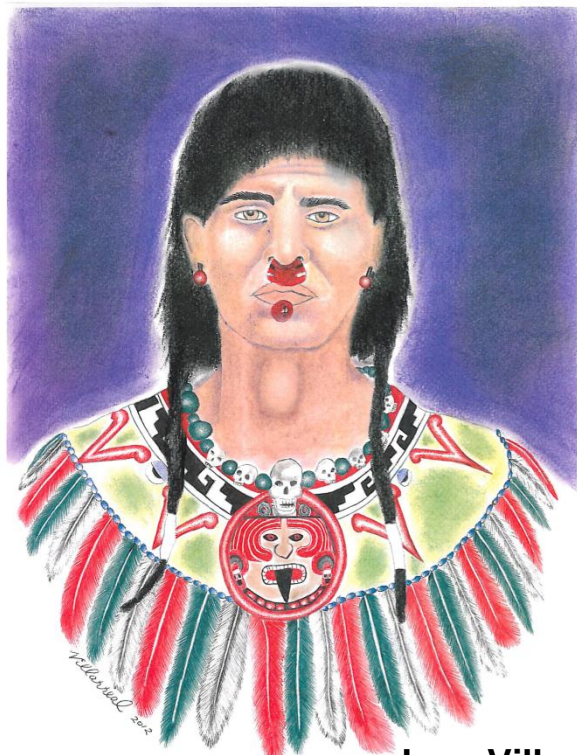
The marks of your passion still linger.
Frantically I search for you throughout the night.
This pain as if my heart was pulled through a ringer;
Instinctively I know that something isn't right.
I search long into the night while you enjoy stolen kisses
Only soon to be full of regret,
Like one with no coin for any more wishes
Or one grasping for the wind that they cannot ever get,
And can you explain what these marks on you meant?
Why torture yourself and in agony burn?
For the marks of my passion can clearly be seen
As my smile of joy when you return

Nicholas J Collins
"A Beautiful Memory"

When my daughters were
Born, my heart soared so
High my eyes teared as I

Looked down and smiled,
 For their faces were as
 Bright as a new moon.
 Their eyes sparkled like the
 Stars in the midnight sky
 Their hair was so wavy and fine like
 That of an oceans tide.
 Their smiles were as bright
 And beautiful as the mid-summer
 Sun. Their cries were like music
 To my ears because it let me know they
 We're alive. Oh and their laugh and
 Giggles were like the voices of an angels' choir.

But now all this is nothing
 But a memory, for they are gone.
 And I am still here with nothing
 But my memories.
 In memory of my kids Alisa and Malisa,
 Who were 3 years old when murdered.



Jose Villareal

Michael L. Paul "Zuri"
"Just Like"

Just like a clock without hands, there would be no
 tick tock, just like a house without a door there
 would be no need to knock. Just like a lamp without
 a switch, it cannot light, but if you come back to me
 everything will be alright.

Just like a candle with no flame, it cannot burn. Like
 children without books they cannot learn. Just like a
 pen with no ink it cannot write, but if you come live
 with me everything will be alright.

Robert C. Fuentes
"Pork and Beans"

They listened to evening records
 Over bowls of pork and beans,
 Plumping up their hearts
 Although times were very lean;
 Nothing seemed to matter to them
 As the songs scratched along,
 Nothing seemed to bother them
 Although life appeared so wrong;
 As they dined on pork and beans
 And snacked on condiments,
 Living the life of royal hearts
 Without a cent to pay the rent.

ABOUT THE PRISON SYSTEM

Victor Pulecio
"Prison Is..."

A place where lives are cut short, and hopes and
 dreams die, for to glance in the future yields
 nothing but the negative...

A place that turns the young, the inexperienced,
 and the weak into criminals, the criminals into
 better criminals and the better criminals into still
 better criminals...

A place where the law as it is written becomes
 twisted, bent and adulterated, to suit the purpose of
 those elected to enforce it...

A place where the average working person, the
 poor, the underprivileged and the unwanted serve
 years and years for minor crimes, while the rich, the
 politicians, the prisoner administrators and their
 hired lackeys steal millions seemingly with the
 blessings of the state...

A place that does not exist to the outside world, for
 they cannot find it on a map, drive to it in a car,
 connect to it by telephone or reach it by mail...

A place where outgoing letters seem to fall into a
 "black hole," never to be heard from again...

A place where you receive divorce papers and
 learn the true meaning of "til death do you part"...

For once inside these walls, you become dead to
 the outside world...

A place where parents and grandparents pass away, wives and girlfriends move on, and your children begin to call someone else "Daddy"...

A place where sisters, brothers, nieces, nephews, aunts and uncles all forget that you're part of the family...

A place where you find out who your real friends are...

A place where all good things that you have ever done are forgotten, and only the bad remembered...

A place filled with thieves, whores, crack heads, drug dealers and other assorted crooks, some of which wear blue!...

A place where the homosexuals are superman during the day and turn into wonderman at night...

A place our elected politicians tell an unknowing public we need more of....

A place that festers anger, hate, racism and hopelessness...

A place where men and women are warehoused like so many cattle...

A place where positive actions, and even positive thoughts are discouraged and rehabilitation is non-existent...

A place where you leave worse off than when you arrived, with only a \$40.00 check, a bus ticket, a suit of cheap "state made" clothes and no hope for the future...

And that, folks, is what prison REALLY is!...

Dale Sloss

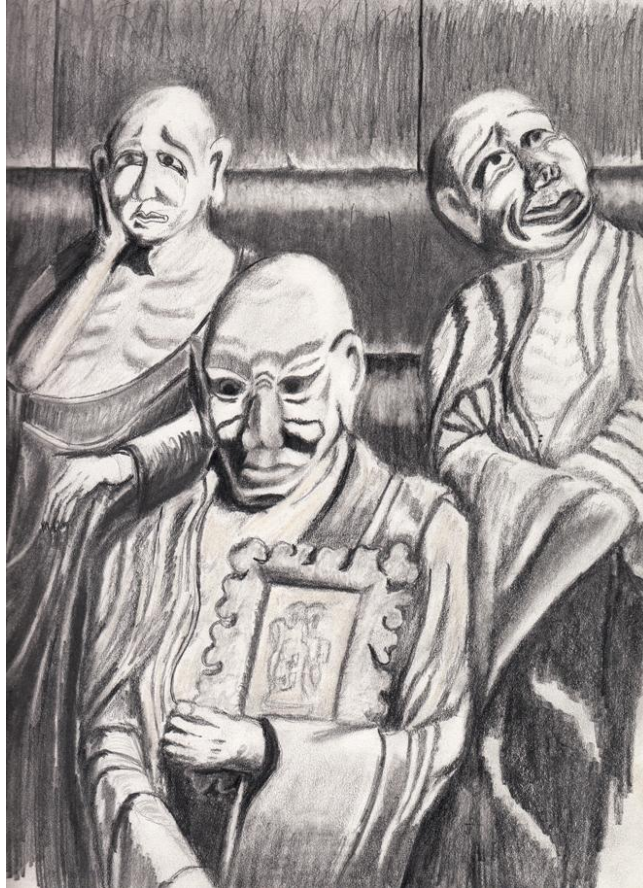
"A Lonely Prison Man"

To a prisoner in these walls so grey,
Without a trace of light,
Today's the same as yesterday,
And both as dark as night.

Tomorrow? Well, I guess it'll be about the same
As all the rest have been,
I'll get up, exist another day,
Then go to sleep again.

Oh, I know they say we have no feelings,
That we can't hurt or laugh or cry.
But you could flood a mighty river
With the tears that have filled these eyes.

I've seen one man take his own life,
One more lay down and die,
I guess they just couldn't stand
The loneliness inside.



Jackey Sollars

Or refused a needy one a ride
I love the kids who lived next door
And hurt when people cried.

Oh, you might think I'm bitter,
But that's really not the case.
I have no hate for anyone,
I see some good in every face.

No, I don't claim to be a good man,
But there is some love inside.
And you might recall, as well for you,
For me, Christ Jesus died too.

I thank the Lord in Heaven
For the strength to carry on;
For the woman who waits faithfully
And spends lonely nights at home.

For the child who sits a'weeping,
With a picture in her hand,
It's a picture of her daddy,
A lonely prison man.

Oh, I don't want your pity,
For I'm the one to blame.
But when once again I walk
among you,
I'll not hide my face in shame.

Oh, you may think we're
different,
That you're not the same as I,
But some day you'll find the trip's
the same,
It's just a different train we ride.

I've never turned away a hungry
man,

Jose Santiago
"Other End"

Picture me locked in a cell trying to reach out
through paper and pen.
Trying to express my feelings, thoughts, worries
and doubts to you- other end.
If I write how I talk, does that sound crazy, or does
that depend?
If you read how I write you'll hear me talking from
this- other end.
Life rises and falls like waves we can learn to surf
to avoid falling again.
I travel a maze afraid of never finding the way out
the- other end.
Try to imagine being lost in a savage jungle without
a weapon with which to defend.
I'm facing a crooked system with my fate at stake
on the-other end.
Why judge my mistakes in an imperfect world
surrounded by sin?
Most courts give or take are affected by money and
power from any- other end.
My feelings, thoughts and emotions scramble like
eggs fried in a pan.

While wishing this nightmare was over and set to
the past, way on the- other end.
Regretting the details taken for granted while my
mind steady expands.
While missing all the people most loved on this
planet from this- other end.
Who could I turn to when cold, lonely and worried, if
not families and friends?
Who cares, understands, worries or loves me from
your- other end?

Gabriel Ramirez
"Untitled"

You don't know how it feels to be locked away
To no longer feel the sun on your skin
Or the wind in your face
Or the touch of a loved one.
You don't know how it feels to be restrained in
isolation
And in your deepest darkest moments
Come to the realization
That all you have is you.
You don't know how it feels
To lose all the things that you once cherished,
To have all your hopes and dreams perish,
Only able to hold on to the memories.
You don't know how it feels to live in darkness,
To wish and wait for a better time

When once again the sun will shine
Into your life and warm your soul.
You don't know how it feels
To have your dreams ended by the reality of
knowing
That the prospect for freedom is actually very slim
And to still hold on to that slim hope.
No, you don't know how it feels,
We live in different words.

Sang Kim
"The Beast"

Whatever purity I have left I wish to preserve
Before the dark consumes me completely
And I enter the dreadful place of no return.
This monstrous system runs on human blood
Trampling over the already broken in need of divine
love,
There's no compassion,
Not the slightest hint of a single emotion
The monster's heart is blackened with absolute
hatred
Possessed by a spirit of prejudice and evil passion
It is incapable of knowing love, kindness, and
redemption
Those trapped inside the belly of the beast,
Take on the likeness of this hideous being:
They too become hateful, miserable and unlovable.
For those who lose sight of themselves
And take on this image of the beast,
May god have mercy on their lost souls.
At the very least, may they find some degree of
peace
When that time comes for him to be deceased
I've always thought that death was the insatiable
beast,
But this system that proclaims to be the guardians
of freedom and justice,
Is the embodiment of the complete opposite:
Clothed in an elegant fabric of righteousness and
purity
To cover its true, filthy nature of malice and
hypocrisy.

Dan Short
"Mod Worker"

Passin' out trays everyday,
Pushin' their broom,
Moppin' up filthy.
Preference of room and I'll trade my pay for a
candy bar and some Nes-Café.
And the motherfuckers want my job.

I'm runnin' the MOD,
Power façade.
There's me, C.O., then God
With a wink and a nod
I still defraud,
Choosin' who bulks they bod,
Choosin' channels for my pod.
I wander around most of the day
While they're lockin' you down
I clean away.
While they're walkin' around politely say, "well how
ya been since yesterday",
And things have always been this way.
Dealin' back when I was free,
Dealin' down for third degree,
Dealin' with a world dealt me.
Fiduciary philosophy.

William Hill
"Prison Life"

A filing cabinet of human lives
Bulging at the seams.
"In" baskets stacked
Way beyond their means.

At the main office
Information is compiled,
Labeled, and sorted.
Catalogued and filed.

Files retrieved
On a regular basis.
Looking for gaps,
Trying to fill the empty spaces.

All the blanks filled
Checked for quality control
Some are returned,
Others let go.

So, where is my file?
Among these cobwebs and tiers?
Stored here in a box
For the next 30 years.

Gabriel Roberson
"Interned"

In my hole I sleep tonight
Devoid of love, devoid of light.
Nothing to live for, no reason to go on.
All happiness in life long since gone.

Tormented by time,
Paying for a life not mine.
My soul grown old,
My heart burned cold.
To carry on like this is no gain;
I look toward the end of my pain.

Jimmy C. Hull
"Poem"

An old man
Sitting in his cell
Sees a rusty nail
And understands
Its story.

LET ME TELL YOU A STORY

James Bauhaus
"Triple 'A' Cards"

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 pinky 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 the tuck 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
cellulars refused to go online.
Even their satellite uplinks to the pentagon were on
the fritz.
So there I was with two major political cogs. I 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; until they
smelled that thing that smelled like it 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 speed limit law is nobody's fun,
especially when riding in the hot, broiling sun.
If it weren't for the tickets, I'd give her the gun,
"But we're on an important government mission!"
(Yes, there's babes up ahead that need our
kissing!)

"Now mash that go-pedal way down hard! Don't worry about a thing! We brought our Triple A cards!"

"No they're not for citizens like you, only for us, and maybe the ambassador from Peru!"

Senator Riviera and Congressman Coke showed me the cards of which they spoke,
Sure enough, the writing was there: bearer can do anything, anytime, anywhere!

I asked of them, "What'll be done should the engine in this truck get sprung?"

"Son," they said, "you'll have the best truck make. Just get us to the motorcade and back to our dates."

He whipped out a coupon book, saying, "Try big three!"

My free sample was a Jeep Cherokee!

I floored the ford, fast as it'd go. Soon, we were doing a hundred or so.

Not once did they say, "slow down!" Their tongues flapping just like hands.

We pounded on down for quite a long time. Before too long, we hit the state line.

We screamed on past the police radar light. Trooper-dooper chased us with all his might.

He couldn't keep up, so he called up ahead. They blew out our tires and we wound up dead.

They posed with our corpses like were big-game kills,

Then grinned to the cameras about police-work thrills.

They primed the reporters with all of import; filling them full of just what to report.

My truck flipped four times, then wrapped around an oak.

Of course no one survived, except Riviera and Coke,

No cameras caught them, at least none on the news,

They pulled Triple A Cards: They'd paid their dues!

James Bauhaus
"Crook Chow"

Inmate "cooks," such a cruel joke!
One hand slops, the other smokes.

No soap in the restroom, but plenty of roaches,
"Don't say a thing," each inmate coaches.

"All the food we can steal, coffee we can drink,
Just follow orders; don't try to think!"

Pounds of pepper, but no salt.

Who cares? Nothing's my fault!

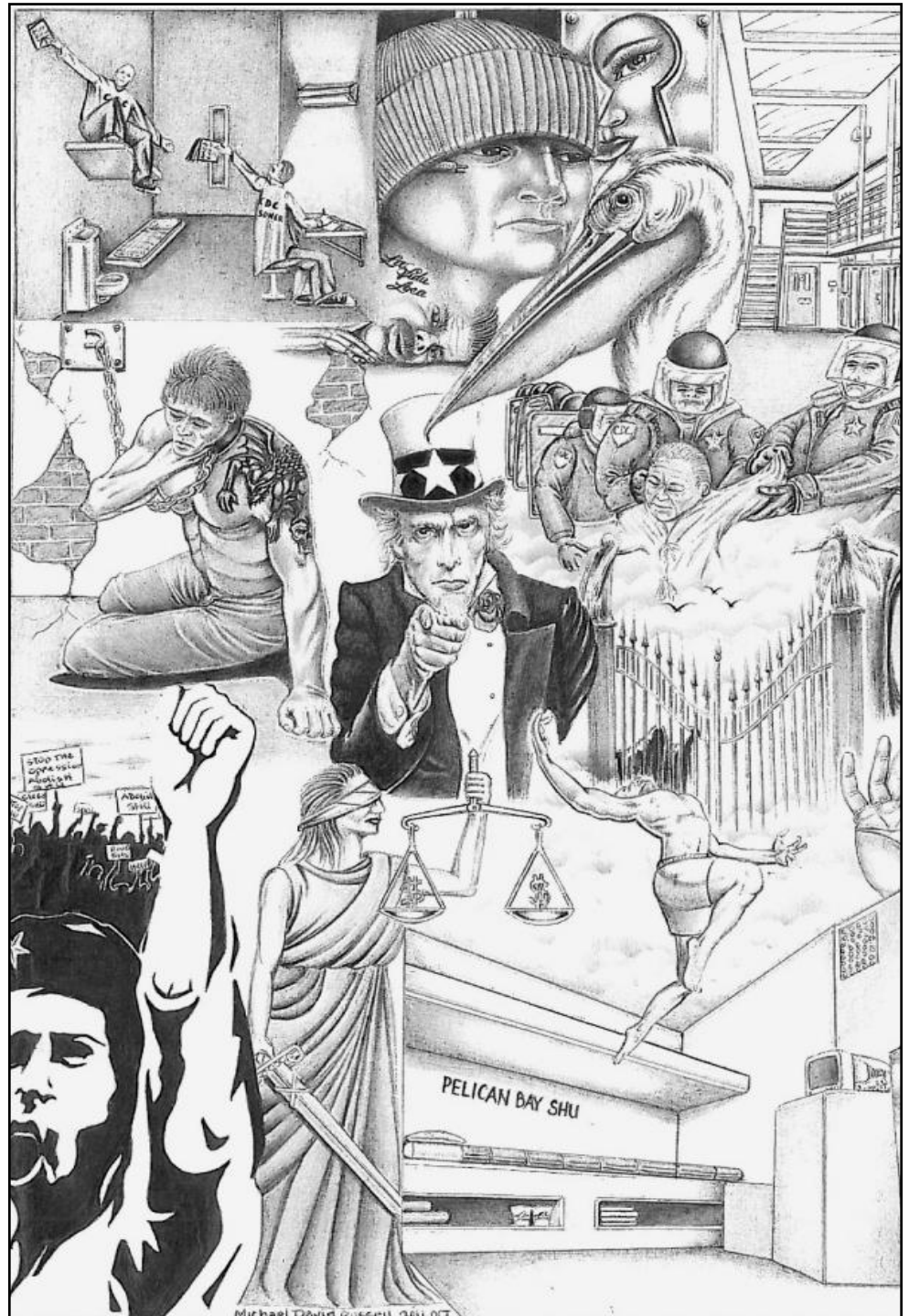
Germs are not a factor; there is no waste.

Grit and sand make an organic taste!

Thirty spoons in a lidless gallon of mayonnaise,
Crusting fossils of flies in it show inmate malaise.

"I'm making scrambled eggs discolored with dirt!"

Michael David Russell



(While the lady guard and I laugh and flirt!)
 Any food lucky enough to fall on the floor,
 Seems like it tries to lurch out the door.
 Stack full trays, nested one atop another,
 More food sticks to the bottom than lays atop the other.
 Shove them through the garbage-crusts holes and run.
 Flop a mop; swipe a rag; we're done!

J.E. Forbes
"Untitled"

The Heat of grief
 Upon my neck is beating.
 My breathing is burdened and choked...

Provoked by the misery
 Of a mystery seething,
 A condition cloaked.
 Soaked with burning tears,
 My face becomes creased.
 Silence the searing knife in heart poked.



Martin Rivers

Charles Moore
"Youth"

"Youth" is just a lie.
 It blinds the stubborn eye.
 Problems multiply—where wisdom—came to die.
 Ears that cannot hear—eyes that just can't see.
 It's someone else that makes the rules
 And tells you who to be.
 "Youth" will chase a ghost and leave what matters most.
 We can't change what is true—'cause nothings really new.
 To follow empty lies is sure to render pain.
 You'll walk a dead end path—over and again.
 Unless somehow we're broken—
 The stubborn eye plucked out,
 On and on we'll go—no clue what life's about
 I pray you will awaken—before life, can pass you by.
 And learn to see for yourself—that "youth"
 Is just a lie.

James Bauhaus
"Political Deviates"

You know me; I run to mom and tell it.
 My story wins, cause I can really sell it.
 Your ass gets beat,
 While I get a treat.
 She calls me her good-behavior zealot.

From her skirts, I am never far,
 Only enough to see where you are,
 I catch you out of bounds,
 I send out the hounds,
 You're brought back in a police car.

Escaping to school, you thought you were set!
 But I got there first, as the teacher's pet.
 Off to smoke dope; try to get bent,
 Me and my posse saw whether you went.
 You're caught in the act like fish in a net.
 Don't try it again; wont like what you get!

I went to college while you went to war
 Cause my dad is rich and your dad is poor.
 We paid for a flunky to ale my tests
 As if Uncle Sam paid you to kill of his pests.
 You're off in the desert, covered with gore,
 My golden throat keeps opening doors.

Now you're in the workforce, doing your job,
 Not me, though, I'm in the silk-suit mob,
 We jet around the world, having fun in the sun,

Making sure you and your kind get the work done.

After making my pledges cheat me through college,
I got the paper, but none of the knowledge.
This hasn't hurt me, and I'm not sure you'll agree,
Since I talk so good, I got a law degree.
Living the lawyer life couldn't be greater,
They give me the farm; I leave them a crater.
The lawyer's system is just a big ruse,
Rigged so good, I win as my clients lose.
I wave my arms, I bump my gums;
For an hour of this I'm paid huge sums.
You should have seen me, on my very first case.
I helped so good, they had to spray him with mace!
They dragged him to jail; he wouldn't shake my hand.
Him not being guilty didn't make him my fan.

He went to prison for the rest of his life
I live in his house and I'm banging his wife.
Being a lawyer has left me loaded.
Got so much money my vault exploded!
Had to hire a flunky to invest my dough
Don't work or pay taxes, just watch it grow.
Stashed my riches and wealth all over this earth,
Bulging and bloating, gaining interests and worth.
Too much sex and money; I finally got bored.
There must be more to do than be a law lord!
Daily greed and corruption had blackened my soul,
To broaden my horizon, I need a new goal.
Didn't take long for me to find my wicket,
It's a job, every day, telling people to stick it.
Public service; it's a very dense thicket,
I'm going into politics! That's my ticket!

We've got big grinning teeth and squinty snake eyes.

We entertain crowds with mouths full of lies,
Telling stories that smell like a flower;
Whatever it takes to get us in power.
We take from the poor to make ourselves rich,
Then tell the whiners, "ain't life a bitch?"
We consume more than any hundred of you,
But that's all right;
It's less than our due.
My arrogance grows by leaps and bounds;
Just listen to my shtick as I make my rounds.
I keep a straight face and say, "I feel your pain!"
You believe as I piss on you and tell you it's rain!
We turn part-time jobs into permanent vacations;
You hide and watch as we rape these nations.
When we say "broaden the base," we're talking in code,
Our corporate cronies get freebies; you carry their load.
You're all on the bottom; we're on top.

That's why you get the shovels; we get our yachts.
We say "no new taxes" and "Read my lips!"
You're too poor to pay, so we break out the whips.
You'll work for peanuts, or work from prison.
I'm the decider! That's my decision!
When we stole their oil, they really cussed us.
We caused nine-eleven with our twisted sense of justice;
We're a kleptocracy nation, hands dripping with blood.
We've fouled the whole planet with our corruption and crud.
We've got flying mass-murder' bots plaguing the skies,
And secret vaults full of files that tell us who dies.
Safe in our lairs we set off our missiles,
A crowd of targets make a pork-smelling sizzle.
Whatever we do, it's never a crime.
We've all got flunkies to do our time,
Paying for "mistakes?" that's your job,
Because we're fine, upstanding members of the silk mob!
Rules run amore as the workers suck it up.
You lost, we win, same as it's always been.
Read your constitution; learn it by rote,
Recite it back to us; you still don't get a vote.
You're tiny-little people; you just don't matter.
When we come stomping 'round, you better scatter.
You caught us in Israel; your bodies we robbed,
You know we still do it; we're the silk suit mob!
Our conscience is as numb as your fate is dirt,
We hide the flames so you can't see the fire,
We ride you hard, then put you up wet,
Do we give a damn? Yeah sure, you bet!

Talib Alsaifullah **"Bull Pens and Therapy"**

Bull pens tease to appease evident needs while hearts bleed...and devourers feed...on crack-n-weed... don't forget the heroin please... addictions lead...but never relieves or frees those supplicating on their knees, praying to the god of reprieve that never heeds their please...locked doors swing without holes for keys...seating bullets... in the shade of 100 degrees with tricks up sleeves-n-exorbitant fees in recompense for laying down with dogs and waking up with fleas...eating shrimp fried rice and egg rolls until your speaking Chinese...breathe!... inhale...n the course of assumptions...to believe...that only mothers grieve and only children are deceived and only hairlines recede living life as if it's a mockery! ...Some say that is what those deemed wicked contrive... plots-n-plans with more champion rings than the

American Dream Team.... No one ever made it to the starship enterprise upon Scotty's beam... too many pretending that all the dirt they've done... will magically wash clean!... intelligence convenes... in courtrooms of doom where there is no such thing as the need to redeem! ... Just have a look see at those who are really bereaved... bobs-n-weaves... quenching their thirsts in the Serengeti... violins... please!... red lights green... crime scenes... a ways-n-means... homicides... emotional disturbances' extreme!... on the shoulders there's no place left to lean... Slavery's king...



Afshin Sustaita

malfeasance...Queen!... angels walking the earth with calluses on their feet because they lost their wings!... I know why Maya knew why the caged bird sings and I know why Muslims always praying about the siratul mustaqeem and I know why there's always mud under those grasses that are always green! And I know why the peaceful never knew serene and why chaos reigns supreme!!!

Dale Sloss
"Drifting"

Every night about 11, we slip through these bars;
 Our spirits take off up to the stars.
 We meet in heavens far above;
 God has given us a moment of love.
 We dance, we kiss, we whisper, and talk;
 Hand in hand we go for a walk.

We laugh, we play, we drift through the night;
 Our spirits make love and dance in delight.
 Morning comes with a distant gleam;
 Another star falls as I tell you my dream.
 To love you, to kiss you, to hold you tight,
 To tease you, and please you all through the night.

Steven S. DeFelice
"Mind Over Moonlight"

Precious, I loved her.
 Still miss her
 Denial, in a way.
 Mention the name
 Gone by the wayside.
 I still remain
 Dark as the forest
 At storm tortured midnight.
 Will it rain on my birthday?
 I hope it does
 And the wind blows and blows.
 I long for the chaos
 Without semblance of order.
 For that I deplore
 Almost as much as it deplores me.
 Best to view the city
 From a faraway hill.
 Beauty beholden and accepted as part of the
 symphony
 Played by an absent
 Orchestra
 So much superior
 To Beethoven,
 Played by the best of the best, even.
 Yet still I remember that smile!
 With hair placed in lovely display,
 And we glided
 Across ice
 Across air
 Across nothing,
 And the waves continue to roll
 The cornstalks as ever in the way
 Flood in endless flow.
 What in God's name is in non-motion
 Can't comprehend that notion;
 Stones that nobody visits
 Anymore.
 The loneliest sight in the world
 To me it's close to
 Ecstasy.
 Why are so many afraid to be free?
 If I were to cry when a candle
 Burned out
 I'd be called the king
 Of fools.

Gabriel Roberson



Bill Andrews “Outcast”

Seems I've lost my
welcome here,
In this dried up, oil
town.
These streets hold
ghosts from yester-
year,
Still haunted and
wandering around.

Where others laugh,
I feel but gloom,
Their cups full of
cheer and drink.
I can't shake this sense of impending doom
As I dread for the sun to sink...

Now made a stranger to this place.
Suspicious glances, they stab my way
As if I were branded upon my face
Or my body had wreaked decay.

All love was lost and buried deep,
But my crimes live on forever.
Their bitterroots are sure to creep
And strangle all I endeavor.

Outcast from all, alone I stand.
Forever my fate is laid.
As the proverbial “Branded Man,”
With a past that dares to fade—

Robert C. Fuentes “Soldier’s Soul”

You know not
The soldier’s soul,
Nor the stain
That it holds;
As its tally
Of memories,
So cluttered
With debris;
There the voiceless
Wandering faces,
Walk their length
Of endless paces;
There the echo
Of canon roar,
Is death’s knock
Upon the door;
There falls

The constant rain
Or tireless pain
Again and again;
There the haunt
Of solitude,
Stifles the last
Innocence of youth;
The soldier’s soul
Must be so strong,
To hold all of what
Is so wrong;
So much like an unwanted curse,
Of a lone, dark
Unwelcomed universe.

Robert C. Fuentes “Drink”

The landlords
Of the watch towers
Brew their liquor
Of concrete songs
Behind their shadowed
Walls of oppression
And windowless afternoons;
Here, the men of shackles
Hold their breaths
As they sip and swallow
Their punishment
From stone cups;
Their tranquility,
Now, ever punctured
By the swing
Of distance and eternity.
Permeating their bones
With the endless
Noises and sounds
Of melancholy thoughts
That swim through
Their days and nights
Like broken butterflies.

Jonathan C. Holeman “Sideways”

She walks sideways sometimes,
Usually when she drinks
But not always, sometimes it’s pills.
It used to be needles,
But now she says she’s sober.
Before that was a glass pipe,
Tin foil, pot pipe, cigarette, and beer.
I fear to understand why

Because I already know
Broken heart disappointments
That built up in a landslide
Always tearing her down
Or even worse when she was young.
Sometimes I only watch her
Others I help her to the door.
Place a blanket on her shoulders
As she falls upon the floor.
She won't remember me tomorrow;
She almost never does.

SINS AND SPIRITUALITY

Jesse Munoz
"Mirror, Mirror"

Mirror, Mirror of God's word supreme- tell me the truth, what have you seen?
What's the reflection that you see- its it your love or my iniquity?
Who's enthroned, my flesh or my spirit- show me Lord, help me see it.
Have I been patient, kind and faithful-or have I been rude, greedy and ungrateful?
Mirror, mirror what do you see- show it all and liberate me.
Have I been humble, sensitive and caring- or have I been proud selfish and erring?
Have I asked forgiveness of those I've hurt -or do I still treat them all like dirt?
Have I coveted, robbed and betrayed and criticized others for the sins I've made?
Have I been divisive and full of pride- or repented of sins and am broken inside?
Have I kept a record of wrongs with a bitter spirit?
Do I ignore the truth 'cause I don't want to hear it?
Do I run from conviction of your pure light- or do I come for healing and do what's right?
Mirror, mirror reflect victory- show me my blindness so I can see.
Do it quickly, clean my slate- forgive my sins and release this weight.
I ask for your mercy and grace too- that when others see me Lord, they'll see you.

Sang Kim
"My Daily Prayer to God"

I rise like the sun every morning at dawn,
I lay still for a while to say my daily prayers to God.
With my eyes shut gently
And my hands clasped tightly together on my chest,

My silent prayers I send to heaven.
With every exhalation of my breath
Earnest and urgent pleas I make,
Desperately hoping an angel will hear my cries
And hastily convey my call of distress
To God who sits on high.
But at times, many doubts of mine bombard my mind:
Does God hear my prayers?
Or is He too far away
To hear my shouts of constant sorrow
Which echo unceasingly, inside,
Or is it just me who's far from him?
The chasm created by all my sins within,
Is Christ the sole bridge to the gap?
I just don't know anymore;
But in a divine creator, I must have faith,
It's the only hope I have left; God is all I have.
So day and night the same prayers I recite
For me to be reunited once more
With the one I love most in this woeful world:
My dear mother.

J.R. Sollars
"Theologians Dream"

In the quest for immortal dreams
Ponder we deep and oh so quietly
As to what this life does mean
Is there purpose to our destiny
With our ways subject to His ways
His ways so much higher
That to understand we in a daze
Frustrated in impatient anger
Why, why waste time in the bickering
In prayers that go unheard
Dreams keep the dreamers dreaming
Of some supposed perfect world
Beyond this dismal nightmare
Of hellish hounds of little care
Such is the state of all man
Who is man to be mindful
And what of these promises of a King
That is someday suppose to rule
His creation and the evil therein
Figments of omnipotent imagination
Is man truly a man within
Where he merely strives in vain
Not against earthly principalities
But against forces dark and of power
That plays havoc with all humanity
Who continuously make the same mistakes over again?

Jimmy Delgado
"Who I Am"

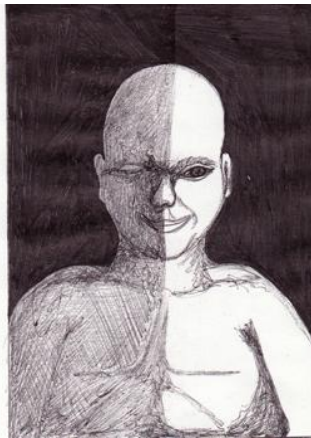
Thousands of thousands and millions upon millions,
I am but one.

A grain of sand, a speck of dust, a voice muted by
a gentle breeze.

Each day I wake anew. Each sunset I see is a
blanket of darkness that covers all. Twilight is but a
peak of what's to come and what has just ended.

Who I am I to make a difference? Who am I to be
counted worthy of another day? I am a child of
God, Amen! Amen.

Leon Martinez



Anthony Machicoté
"Broad Strokes"

Scarlet like
The underbelly of sadness,
So vivid it skips
Past my melancholy soul,
Stabbing the essence
God placed into
Love, and its brilliance,
Which I lower under rains.
Pelting, pelting hailstorm heartache,
I can't escape, clutching
At the space empty
Of your last shadow.
Humming ballads that tickle
My devastated temple
With inconsequential hopes
You'll never deliver.
So I stand painted
This violet shade of foolhardiness,
Faithfully seeing
The mirage your promises,
Your love, devotion and intentions,

Always manifested as
Minus anything so valid
To lend me validations.
When I present your word color.
How can love be
So dreary a shade
Of stainless steel?

J.S. Slaymaker
"Pennies"

Is it so bizarre we'd wish on a star
Or toss pennies into a pond?
For life steals our dreams with its nebulous
schemes,
Then casts us to those realms beyond.

Gabriel Pittman
"Conscientious Objectors"

We are conscientious objectors objecting
consciously
To conflicts that cause our minds to be
Psychologically defective;
Constantly subjected to society's misguidance's
Disguised within customs costumes
Of progress, prosperity and security for posterity
To name a few.
We're consumed by the cons you bring harm
through.
The two parts to this one government—
Democrats stifling, republicans smothering
Any pretense of ideological independence
We struggle in—
Need to concede to the creed we give heed to;
But the greed you recede to indeed proves
The belief you preach to
Is really only green lust.
Seems the only real difference between us
When we pray in God we trust
Is you're blessed with treats and booms
While we're cursed with tricks and busts.
The tricks on us as your propaganda be
Creating victims to illusions of our humanity.
Confused by your scheming and scamming we
Battle irrationally over welfare and health care.
And the wealth here, you hoard and absorb here
While the poor here flight each other for more here,
Protecting your class and ass
Like in you wars there.
But we ain't mad at you; it's sad that you
Can't see past the fact that you
Have set traps that will go snap, snap, snap
And capture you in the rapacious rapture you've

Disgracefully adapted to.

You see, even sadder more
Is he fact that you engage in falsely crafted wars,
Leaving your ambassadors trampled like
matadors—
Bull rushed in the bullring
Of the bullshit that you bring;
Thinking Liberty Bell's true ring
Makes you king of freedom and democracy?
Your justice? A mockery!
Your exceptionalism? An exceptional hypocrisy!
Telling the world to do as you say
And except no apology when you do as you do.
The debauchery of the murderous coups
You proliferate through drone warfare
Only generates more hate and more fear.
Imagine the innocence of Muslims gathering
And out of nowhere rains explosions so massive—
Maiming, killing innocent civilians,
Innocent men, women and children.
Aren't the lives you slay and the price they pay
equivalent
To the maiming and killing of innocent civilians,
Innocent men, women, and children
Imploding within innocent twin-buildings?
You've diminished your feelings, supposing
Two wrongs make it right.
You bring the fight
To suicide pilots flying, suicide bombers walking;
Attack with missiles sidwinding, smart bombs
tomahawking,
To the very essence of being.
They say I am a child.
But I am the gesture of all poets,
The very center
Of the globular word.

Take my protest and live by it!
GLORY to the last hungry reader
Willing to take us out of bondage.

For we are light,
Gone for journeys no other would dare,
SOARKING AND FUMING
To the last breath that consumes us all.

Brian K. McNutt
"The One and Only"

One day the lord had a very tough task,
And he wasn't sure which angel to ask.
The job at hand was one for much need,
For a servant of his would not follow his lead.

Crash in the compound Blackhawking;
Assassins confound, stalking, surround
America's most wanted—POP! For God and, POP!
For country;
POP! POP! POP! POP!
Dropped Bin Laden—for his death you're so hungry
No Easy Day.
You can't see the way;
You're victims still to his ghostly haunting.
Ironical how since he swims and sleeps with fish,
More seals have been killed than by global
warming.
Behold! We hold this warning to be self evident—
The consciousness of conscientious objectors
today
Is so damn prevalent—so damn relevant!

Leslie Samuel Charles Amison
"At Lincoln's Feet"

I am at Lincoln's feet;
But I am everywhere.
I burn my own energy.
I light up that memorial.
INCANDESCENT,
I look at my own slavery,
And I see the protesting gesture.

Then, I burn and burn....
RADIANT

He summoned an angel with goodness and grace
To put the lost servant back in his place.
Melissa was her name, the Lord's one and only,
And Brian it seemed was distant and lonely.
She entered his heart and lit up his life.
Then soon he began calling this angel his wife.
Together they've crossed the toughest of bridges,
And saw in their children the answers to wishes.
Now there is one more hurdle for these blessed
ones to leap.
Then soon he'll be home for the one and only
To keep.

Prometheus Koyne
"Prayer"

The essence of your prayers lingers upon my soul
like wood smoke in flannel. Moving my spirit like the
song of a lone mocking bird. Warbling its way
through the yesterdays of my childhood. Nesting in
the shadowy recesses of the orchards of trust and,
nurturing the fledgling fruit of innocence and truth.

Providence made its omnipotent presence known.
Miraculously saving me from both myself and the

Great adventure beckoned, taking my gold. Leaving
me with silver. But only in my hair. Though I've
done more than six normal men. With multitudinous
scars both inside and out, proving each
misadventure. The memories leave me smiling as I
sift them pure. Watching them grow worn and hazy
around the edges.

I am triumphant! For I live... though some were less
fortunate.

Still, the essence of your prayers lingers upon my
soul. Accepting providence as both brother and
keeper. Accepting providence as both brother and
keeper. Blessing me with wisdom and contentment.
Like the warmth of smoky and flannel.

Rashad R. Gardner
"Glimpse of God"

I see you God, so beautiful you are.
You wink, in the twinkle of a star.
You're never extinct, in the music of a guitar,
Soft like a mink, in the flutter
Of a beautiful butterfly.
You're the sparkle, in an eye,
You're the particle in a tear of cry.
So high, you fly,
A magnificent bird.
I listen to the wind, your omniscient word.
I depend, on the sustenance of your curd, and
weigh.
My thoughts, they play,
Like a child
Wishing to touch a cloud.
So much, my lips have smiled, at your creation,
more than once.
Through the duration, of several months,
Grew this immense sensation
That within this intense world still lives
sanctification.

nefarious. Progress came, pushing providence
aside. Yet leaving me gold aplenty.

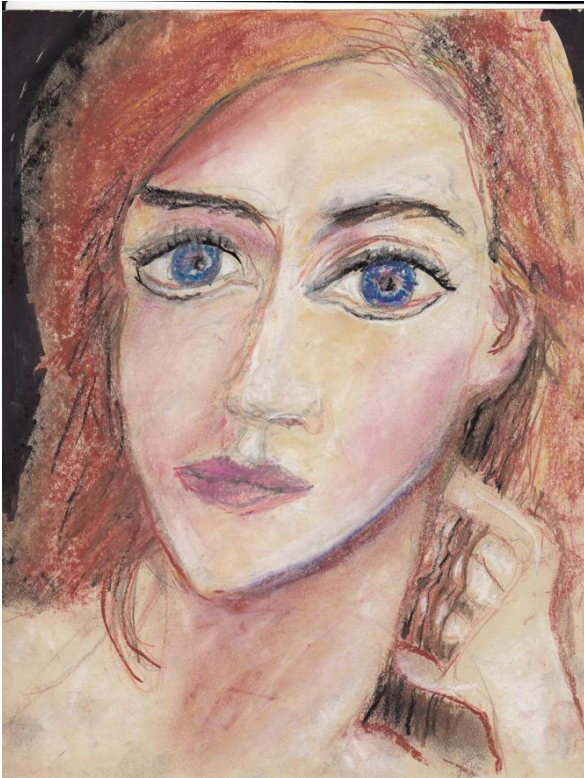
I fight the frustration
Of my trite surroundings,
Letting the sun caresses my skin
As I listen, to my heart poundings.
Even if these poundings of my heart collapse
And life no longer runs through my nerve cells'
synapse
As my eyes rendezvous with their final naps,
My spirit will say,
So beautiful you are my God, I see you.

Charles Moore
"Dust"

If time could be rewound, would it mean a change?
If pain could be unfound, would heartache seem so
strange?
Or would I be best friends with such familiar pain?
If my memories could lie to mend what's past me
by,
Could I find her there? And heal the tears she's
cried?
If tomorrow would stop and turn it's back on me,
If forward was the rear, what person would I be?
Contemplation—inspiration—from deep inside—
"Divine elation." Lies of Life. Circumstance and
Strife.
Have left me here to die, another time to cry.
If dust could walk upright,
Would it look like you?
If it was given a will to choose,
How much "Love" would dust choose to loose?
Or could it be deceived
In what dirt should believe?
Or should the north wind blow?
Then—where would this dust go?
Thoughts to help ups see—
No one's really free,
For death, it surely stalks
"Everything that walks."

Gary Gregory
"We Are Kept"

We are kept
By what tempts us
I have wept
My contempt thus
Not in verdant glens
But in vacant Edens
Long since rotten
The alder and elder
And the quaking aspen
All but forgotten
In hell hovels we dwell
Riding the night our souls on fire
In anguish and pain
Scouring the back roads for something
Ill begotten; ill gained
Like scavengers on the remains
Hyenas howling ugly laughter
Devourers of dreams
Long since destroyed in dark closets of childhood
We linger in shadows that lengthen our demise
We harden to stone to survive



**Steve
Fegan**

Weighted down with chains
Like ghosts not yet
detached from their thrones
Hidden in the dark to close our hearts
From tearing hands
Not yet free from desires
That cling to flesh and bone
Chainmail to skin

Staggering and stumbling down the damp
Halls of oblivion
With the hostile animosity we befriend
We pretend our hollow shells are filled with spirit
The only spirits we have
We down to warm
The soft bellies of our carcasses
Long since cold and lifeless
Walking dead and thoughtless
To this world of bloodsuckers
And darkness

Kristopher Smith
"Swimming"

When my soul slips in sorrow
And regret pulls me down into the depths of
darkness,
I must either tread water
Or try to make it to the distant shore.
In the worst of times I can't believe
That the shore even exists, and the fantasy falls
flat.
The best times come when I focus
On one stroke at a time, making headway
everyday;
The present moment is where I sink or swim.
Only now can the decision be made.
Never sure of direction or destination.
Always just motion, motion, motion;
Drowning is not an option.
Sometimes forward, sometimes backward
And never staying still.
Forever just the moment, the decision, and the
motion.
Now, I choose to swim.

REFLECTION

William Hagan
"Tears"

A prisoner cried in the dark of his cell
Alone and forgotten, living in hell
Nobody sees and nobody hears
Nothing falls as hard as a prisoner's tears.
So many memories with nothing to show
No one to love and no place to go
Lines on his brow show the pain of the years
Nothing falls as hard as prisoner's tears.
Over and over passing the days
Hoping that somehow, something will change
A lifetime of sorrow, heartache and fear

Nothing falls as hard as prisoner's tears.
A prisoner cries in the dark of his cell
Alone and forgotten, living in hell
He cries out for mercy on Heaven's deaf ears
Nothing falls as hard as a prisoner's tears.

J.S. Slaymaker
"Untitled"

Poignancy drying in a memory's vases,
A bouquet of every remorse.
I've lost their names but forget not their faces,
How to them I may have recourse?
Lessons to guide us, so rarely we learn.
Content to drift down placid streams.
If again meet we not this side of the burn.
Then may still I know you in dreams.
For at Charon's crossing should we be well met,
Our final farewell make we merry.
May share we this last cup o'kindness yet,
And fear not this stygian ferry.

John A Zepeda
"O'ed De Muneca"

Moments seem like hours
Falling before mine eyes,
Slowly revealing a world melting away.
Storm clouds brew
A cauldron of mixed emotions,
My soul broils into an aroma tasting rich of
Bitterness and sorrow.

Blame cannot lie resting at your step,
With wings of sadness it glides over ranges
Places we forgot in our remorse,
Flow beneath our weeping shadows,
Forming armies of marching sentries moan
A chilling chorus vibrating to the marrow;
Your song....
Engulfed to the very line it must cross
A finger's tip away, your voice reaches my heart,
Blood humming one long note
Within the core, it resonates
One long shudder, to lay exhausted
Fully satiated, inhaling deeply
Together in memory
I still remain,
While you journey, alone.

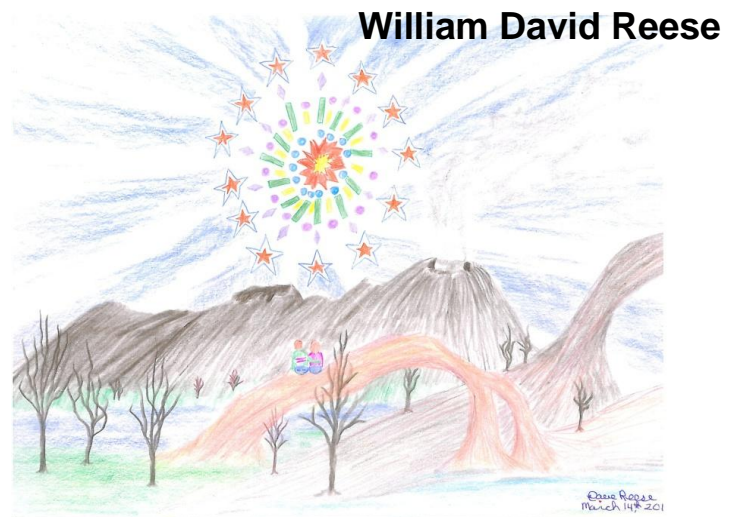
LeRoy Sodorff
"Too Young to Die"

A moonlit night
Flooding the darkness of space
Eerie shadows to wrap you
In a cool embrace

A lone silhouette
Caressed by icy breeze
Tattered clothes
Worn out at the knees

A haggard old man
Oblivious of all passersby
Broken smile across his lips
A wrinkled brow and desperate eyes

Whispers still pierce



The midnight air
Echoing out
But no one's there

Dale Sloss
"Remember Me"

Prison's no place for an innocent child,
There is no room for the meek, no room for the mild.
The nights are so lonely, I toss in my bed,
The days are so weary, I face them with dread.
Grant me on prayer as you did from the cross
For that thief who knew his life was a loss.
Please come to this prison where I sit alone,
Surrounded by razor wire, guard towers and stone.
Broken and penitent, forgotten and lost,
On the ash heap of regret where my life was tossed.

I've no other place left on this earth,
Remember me, O Lord! Renew me by birth.
Come to the prison, enter my cell,
Save me, forgive me, in this man-made hell.
And if in this lie no home here I see,
In your kingdom of forgiveness, Lord, please,
Remember me!

For even a cool fool is bound to fall
Then came a man
Evil his name
With hate and destruction
He developed his fame
Unwanted he was



Michael David Russell

J.R. Sollars
"A Mind's Life"

There once was a man
He was born into me
Naïve, trusting,
A fool in beliefs.
The man I was
I put away
Where I put him?
I cannot say
The man that followed
Where once was a fool
Now carefree he stood
As if he were cool
But the cool man froze
Falling, he lost his all

He was totally insane
So I killed that man
To relinquish my pain
Now stands this man
Within his reasons unknown
With thought and emotion
Of these seed unsown
Lost in a Rain
A tempest of pain
Stands he alone
His dreams doth fade
All hope is gone
Maybe some day
I'll bring him home
To that wretched man
I buried, before I began
To roam.

Charles Moore
"Dark Place"

Flood the days
Penetrate the haze.
Where memories abound
And the children play.
Just like a dream
That fades into mist.
Shackled to my deeds
For all I can't resist.
It's not as it seems—
An illusion at best.
On the outside I smile at this hideous test.
But what you cannot see
Is the place where I retreat.
Somewhere deep inside
Where the pathways meet.
"There"
All your hasty judgments
Reveal
Who you really are;
On the wings of all that's true
You'll never make it far.
So, struggle and strain
Hide all your pain.
Your identity dies
As you fight to gain.
Until that fateful day comes
And it all blows up in your face.
Just another lost soul
In another "dark place."

David Morris
"Drifting Away"

The sun was shining so bright.
I could hear the birds singing their song.
I was even lucky enough to see one.
It stopped for a rest but didn't stay long.

Some days are gloomy and dark.
I can even smell the rain in the air
By gusts of wind blowing through.
If it just started pouring I wouldn't even care.
Flawless blue skies are mesmerizing.
Fluffy white clouds floating slow.
Summer breezes carrying different smells.
Like the scent of grass just mowed.

Snowflakes floating all around me.
Watching them melt in my hand.
Cold gray sky high above,
Looking down over a frozen land

The door buzzes, my time is up.
The fantasy is over, I'm back in Hell.
Back to brick walls, and coiled phone calls,
Back to the solitude of my cell.

An hour a day, it's so hard;
It's not even freedom, it's just a tease.
Leaves a stale taste resonating in my mouth;
A foul taste of past memories.

So here I sit choking on memories of sunshine,
Suffocating in all the mistakes I made.
Everyday a constant battle to stay affront,
Relying on this inner strength that's beginning to
fade

So I go outside, and look up,
Recharge my strength for another day.
I see the clouds and smell the grass.
My mind slowly starts drifting away.

Unknown
"The War Which Followed Me Home"

There's a fading light within me,
Which I thought I'd hide forevermore.
Darkness slowly swallowed the dying halo
Of a tormented soul long war torn.

This crippling internal battle
Leaves trenches educated eyes can't see.
Hidden walls of this shell's surely splattered
With blood of mass casualties.

AK-47's rattle like Death,
As the Pollok canvas in my psyche drips;
Anxiety instantly steals my breath,
Amber tracers, flashbacks of bolder trips.

Apache blades ch-ch-ch-chop
Through the strangling silence of stolen time;
Chemicals quiet dying prayers;
Which like vultures circle my mind.
High in the mountains, enemies wear poppy crowns
Stained a dark, crimson-red.
Poor boys victims of khat frowns;
Eyes stained early by Santa Muerta's breath.

There's no end in my heart of spades
To a war which followed me home.
Over beers, as a friend war masquerades,
Only to turn on me when we're alone.

This war, which only pretends to sleep,
Has maimed a mind, which bleeds.

Fragments of thoughts are severed limbs;
A Remeron cave stables my sanity.
"Big Wigs" have whispered as warriors we're wax
Which wilted from wars warping flame.
"Meer Marlboros" hide hungry tracks.
Brilliantly brainwashed, they're not to blame.

As the sun sets, a shadow's crucified
On these cruel, soul stealing walls.
The night sky is sprinkled in blood;
Each star is a drop which falls,

Falls down for each of us warriors;
In the fullness of time we're healed
From the weary ways of war's insanity
So with peace, we can be filled.

Filled with a celestial serenity,
Which atones a warrior's conviction.
To where we can fill our homes with families,
Instead of crippling prescriptions.

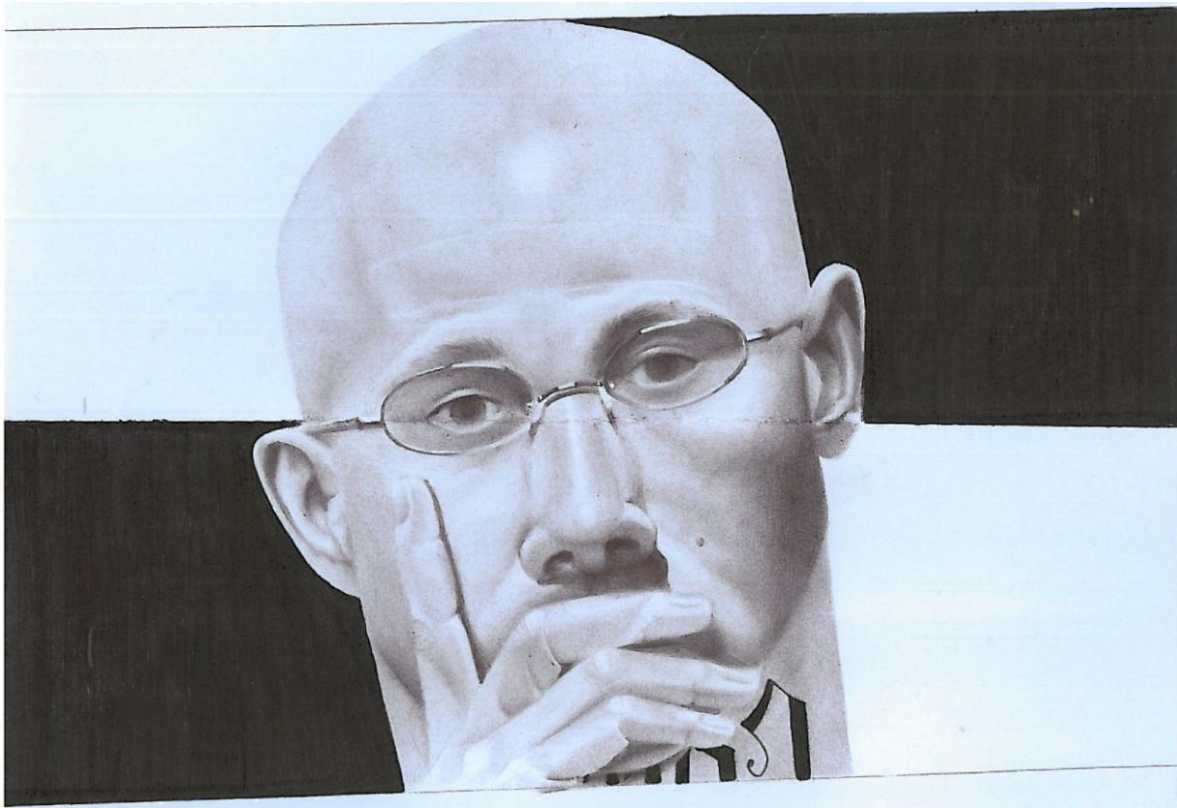
There's a Risen Light within me;
One, I'll hide nevermore,
Redeemed is the broken halo;
No more's my soul war-torn.

Johnathan C. Holeman
"It Stings"

When you go skating on a smooth open dream,
Cracking the ice with a shuddering scream
And gloating along a river up stream
Or setting a sail with a gold in the seam

Can you remember the look in her eyes
As you broke through the clouds in the skies.

Castles were made for Queens and Kings
And a marriage is sealed with oaths and rings.
You know an angel can't fly with broken wings
And a bee makes its honey before it stings.



In memory of Billy Sell
– a talented artist and
member of Prisoner
Express.

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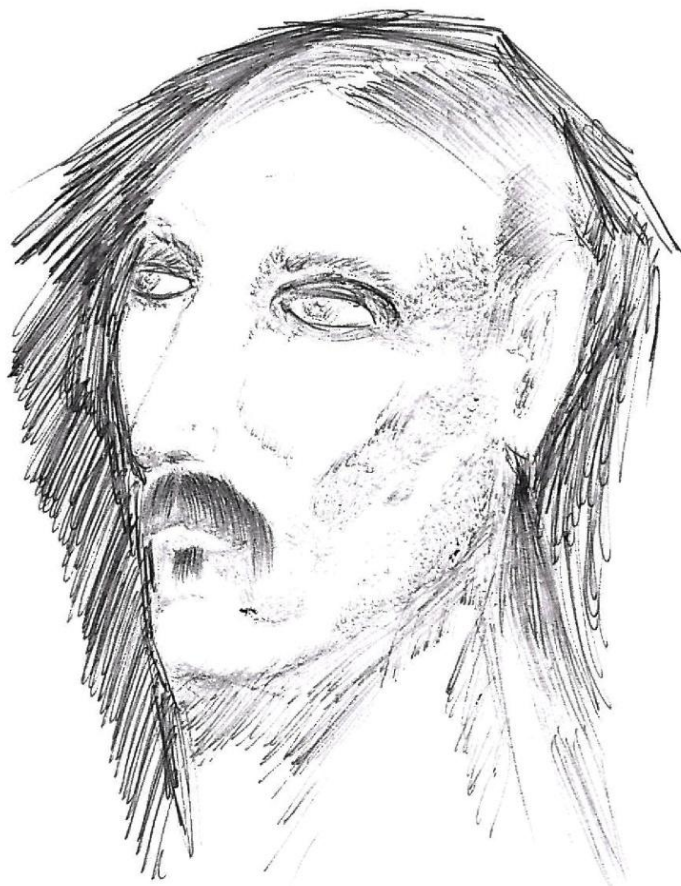
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POETRY ANTHOLOGY
Prisoner Express
Summer 2013

The Durland Alternatives Library, which funds Prisoner Express, is a project partner of the Center for Transformative Action. Additional support comes from the Cornell Public Service Center (PSC) and the Office of Academic Diversity Initiatives (OADI).



Gabriel Roberson