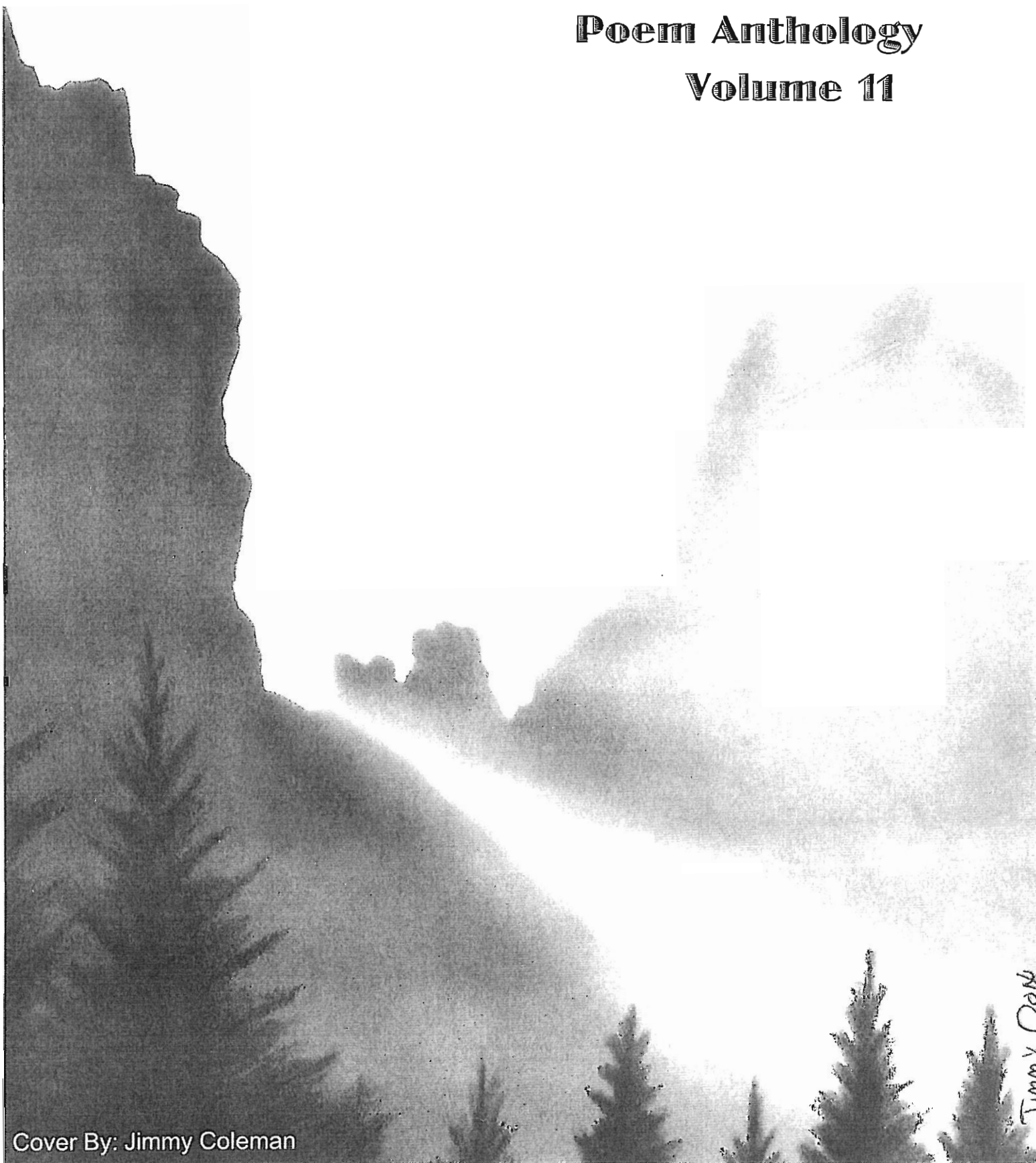


PRISONER'S EXPRESS

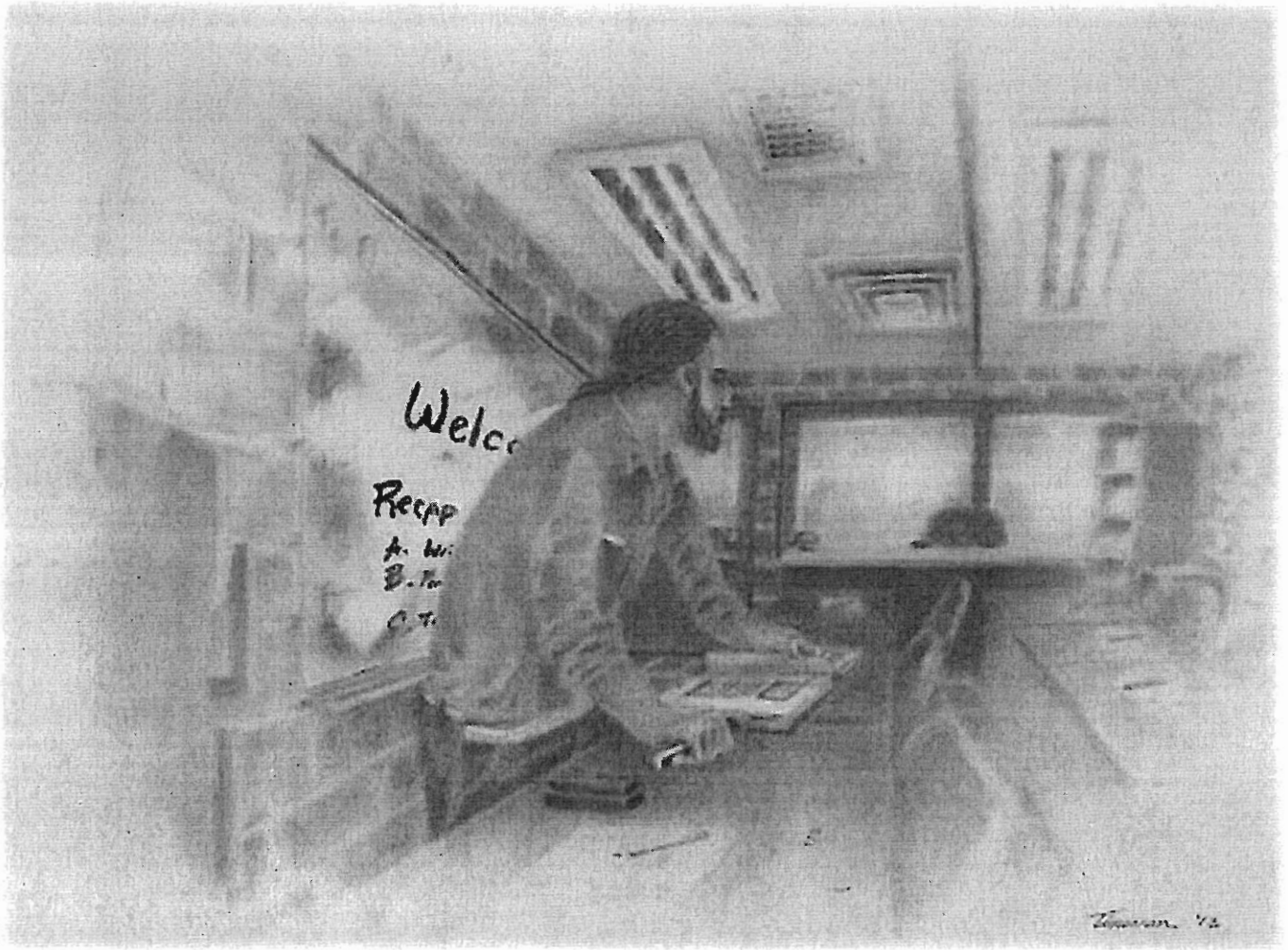
Poem Anthology

Volume 11



Cover By: Jimmy Coleman

Jimmy Coleman



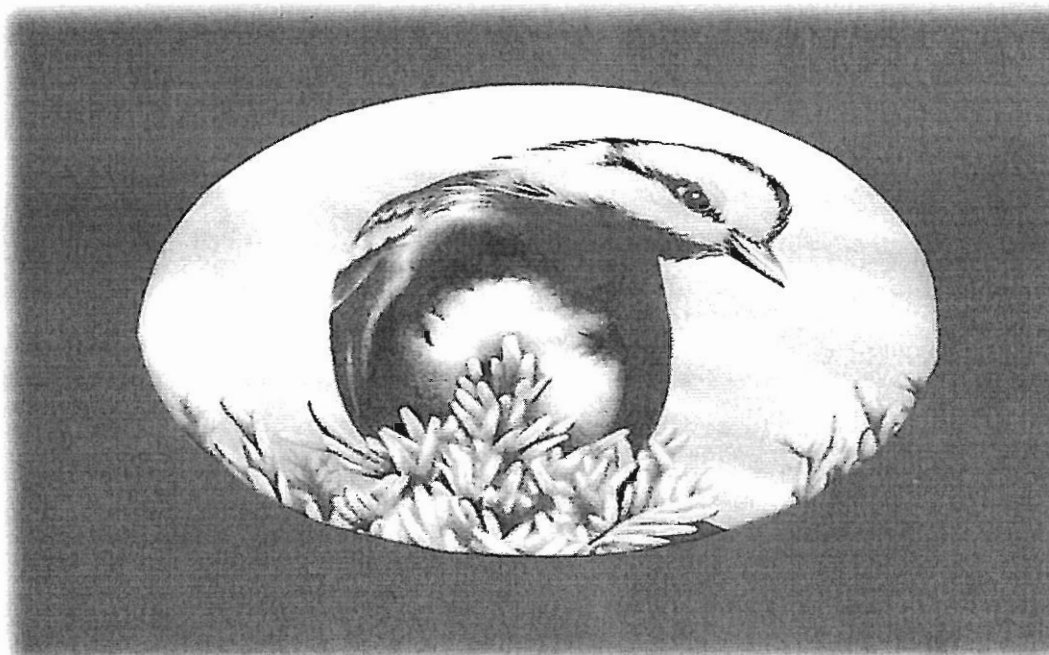
BY Anthony Tinsman

Dear Reader,

Welcome to Prisoners Expresses' 11th poem anthology. My name is Joelle, and I have had the pleasure to work on and create this unique and new volume. I have spent a series of weeks reading all the submitted poems, and selecting those I felt demonstrated artistic ability, evoked emotion and/or was narrated from a unique perspective. The poems selected ranges from the art and challenge of poem writing to nature, love and moments of despair. The toughest part was the organization of the anthology, specifically finding the balance between ordering the pieces in some comprehensive way that does not impose my interpretation of the poem. I hope that I was successful! Enjoy!

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BY: Ben Rodriguez

The Pen

By: LeRoy Sodorff

The pen is only
meant to contain.
It's what's inside
that leaves the stain.
The pen it leaves a permanent mark
on your jacket.

Subjective Verbs

Robert L. England

What is poetry? I don't know. What is life?
Is life strictly a string of occurrences?
Is poetry simply a string of words,
that we trick ourselves into finding
meaning?
Is the meaning in the nouns, adjectives or
verbs?

I've never really had faith in nouns.
I've met countless people,
but never truly known a person
I've lived many, many places
I've heard there's no place like home
Wouldn't know, never been there
Things are what you acquire in life.
I've barely acquired a life

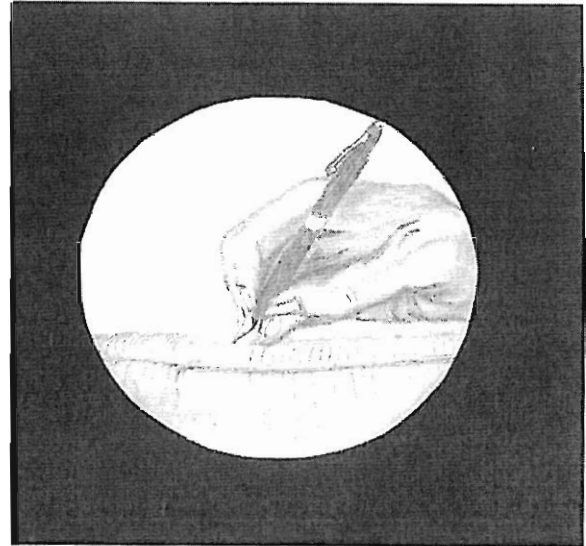
Adjectives are modifiers of nouns.
How can I modify what I don't possess?

So I guess that leaves verbs.

A verb expresses an act, occurrence
or mode of being.

All of which are subjective to perception.
Speaking of which, poetry is nothing
if not subjective to perception

So I guess poetry is a subjective verb.



BY: Jackey Sollars

What is the value of a Poet in 2013?

Eric C. Hurt

Can the words of a poet get you a job?
Can the words of a poet provide food and
shelter for the motherless child?
Can the words of a poet stop members of
one religion from killing the members of
another religion?
Can the words of a poet stop a member of
one race from despising another race?
Can the words of a poet encourage alien to
communicate with earthlings when
earthlings are busy killing each other?
Can the words of a poet bring about the end
to all diseases?
What value can there be in the words of a poet?

Beside Me

Howard Hewitt

How can I love you?
When you stay so distant from me
I wish you were near

If a lie, could kill

By Daniel Jackson

If a lie was a weapon
that could kill when used,
maybe people would differently select,
the words that they choose.
When talking to a loved one,
or explaining how you feel
They would instantly die,
if your explanation wasn't real.
Rather it be small or big,
or even just a joke
bullets would leave your mouth,
if a lie is what you spoke.
If you tell your kids that,
"Daddy's gone away on a trip"
When he's really in prison
because of the choices he picked.
They would turn into smoke,
and mix with the air
A burden that no parent,
should ever have to bear.
If you choose to break your vow's,
then lied to your spouse
Their heart would stop beating
and literally fall out.
Who would be left, if we lived in such a
world
Who would be left, if we live in such a
world...

"Small Talk"

Dan Grote

Please to meet you
What's your name?
I've been quite lovely
I'm glad you came

Enjoy my madness
there's nuff to go round
You're actually quite safe here

We're lost and can't be found
Would you like to hear a story?
Do you have much time?
Did you bring your sense of humor?
Would you help me look for mine?

Don't look uptight, you see?
We're all here to relax
Perhaps you'd like a glass of wine
We'll eat out woes like snacks.

I'm not that good at small-talk
So let's out the quick
Make sure that you cut deep enough
To let out all the sick

What's that you say?
It's late you have to go?
That's ok, I've still got myself
A messed up one man show

"Concert"

Bill Nakamura (KOT)

I am a music man
My life and heart
Flow with the sound of art
Harmonious chimeras rise to their feet
In a standing ovation
As I voice my passion to the nation

I am a musician
Playing words that dart
Into the minds of souls apart
A sea of ears my voice will meet
Emotion without cessation
Feelings soaring from my creation

Hear Me!

Longing for Love

G.N. Strauch

I have a secret crush on him,

But dare not say a word.
With careful eye I steal a glance,
His name I breathe unheard

His eyes and skin are rich, dark brown,
He's hot, so hot I think
His shoulders broad with easy smile,
He charms the world with a wink

If I could tell him how I feel, I fear he'd turn
away.

He seeks a lady, I would guess.
I doubt he goes "that way".

I'm tired of being alone in here,
I know! I have a plan,
To put an online profile up,
And find my own good man.

Perhaps today some mail will come,
Bring word of love and joy?
A pen-pal dear? New friend sincere?
My own sweet lover by?

The Flames of Love Dennis E. Shaw

The flames of love burn bright and hot,
to illumine what is and purge what is not,
to cook up what is in the pot,
the flames of love burn bright and hot.

The flames of love burn straight and true,
it lets us know what we should do,
to keep our love fresh and new,
the flames of love burn straight and true.

The flames of love burn eternal,
for those of us who learn to stand tall,

with the lovers we find who give their all,
the flames of love burn eternal.

The flames of love burn through and
through,
in our hearts and souls too,
in the words we speak, when we do,
the flames of love burn through and
through.

Creepin' Anonymous

I crept into your dream last night
But you didn't know I was there...
I kissed your eyes your nose your lips
And gently caressed your hair...
My eyes roamed over your loveliness
As I inhaled your intoxicating essence
I whispered into your ear
That is was time for a love session...
I slid beneath the sheets
And I heard you softly moan...
I reached over and hit the radio
And it played a sensual love song
I kissed you on your neck
And two became one
We laid, we played, sweet love was made
until the rising of the sun...
the next morning you opened your eyes
and my aroma was in the air
Your eyes searched the room
"Had I really been there?"
If you step out on your porch
and gaze upon the stairs
Know that I creep into your dreams
Even though I'm behind these bars....

High Edward W. Gallagher III

I lose and I lose and I just wanna die
I'm always so low, I wish I was high

Stumble and fall whenever I try
I'm feeling so low, I wish I was high

A tear in my eye as I took to the sky
I'm always alone I wish I was high
I f*\$k up even the simplest things
I wish I was high, I wish I had wings

I lose and I lose and I just wonder why
Warn all your friends, I'm such a bad guy
I's like to look down on you all from the sky
I'm always so low, I wish I was high

Things I dream of in Prison

James A. Merrill

My morning coffee
 brewed and not instant
 with honey and chocolate syrup
The telephone ringing
 to tell me that some
 cares enough to call;
The voices of passersby
 intruding on my solitude
 to remind me that I'm not alone;
Waking in the night
 and finding the familiarity
 of my own home;
Stepping outside the house
 at a time of my own choosing
 for a breath of fresh air
Being involved in some Endeavor
 or doing nothing at all
 of my own choice;
Sleeping in or not
 without a loudspeaker
 or cellmate to wake me;
Listening to the radio, T.V or CD
 as I please
 and having a remote to do it
Choosing who I see
 and eat with

and spend my day with
Having a real life
 not penned in and surrounded
 by concrete and barbed wire;
These are the little things,
 the things that I dream of
 in this, my prison cell.

Wet Paper

Moore M. Chezeray

Over and over, I've tried and tried,
to regain the freedom that I've denied
I came in at 18, with an infant son,
Who was the light of my life, my only one
Years went by, and now he's grown
 (21) in total, with him on his own
 (21) birthdays down the drain,
graduations gone by never to come again
First tooth, first step, first day of school,
I missed them all, and that ain't cool
But every night, on my knees I pray
That my son knows I love him everyday
And that he knows it has always been so,
from the moment they came and I had to go
My every thought and effort spent,
Has been to recover the years that swiftly
 went,
 into a place that is called the past,
and I wonder how 21 years go by so fast
but love is timeless and has no bounds
And it teaches the lessons which are most
 profound
I've learned how to be all I can,
Letting him know his father is a good man
Through words on wet paper I've written
 these years,
On pages alive with the truth of my tears

Deep Twist
Anonymous

Same appearance, opposite mind,
confusing shadow, search to find.
Angry assumption, calming approach,
pack the pipe, smoke a roach.
Inner selves, deeper strength,
shallow fellow, mysterious length.
Fondled pride, complete confusion,
saddened heart, suppressed depression.
Gather yourself, truth to follow,
occupy areas, emptied and hollow.
Questions arise, neither here nor there,
I can't find myself, not anywhere!



BY: Ben Rodriguez 1

"In the dark"
W. Hart

Day burns down to night as the sun drops
from the sky,
And the only light you see is the fire in my
eye...
Darkness smothers the light and my hopes
begin to die,
Then my soul begins to rain and my eyes
begin to cry...

Pirate's Ball
J.S. Slayermaker

Henry Morgan played the organ,
and mourned a soulful tune;
with a voice angelic enough,
to make the ladies swoon.

Captain Kidd, Heaven forbid,
accomp'ied on the flute;
And Jean Lafitte picked a guitar,
or is it called a lute?

John Paul Jones tickled the bones,
making sweet melody;
Blackbeard, then, tapped a jazz rhythm,
with ingenuous glee.

Sir Francis Drake was thought a flake,
for he on a fiddle sawed;
While Edward Low hummed fast and low,
as the crew did applaud.

And all the while a dreamy smile,
replaced their pirate's mask;
What these rouges had to smile about,
afraid was I to ask

All you do is hurt me
Doniece Robbins

All you do is hurt me
why in the hell even try
cause all you gonna do is hurt me.
To be torn down like a child
when her hopes have been crushed
when her mama next door getting high
with the money she promised to buy her
those shoes she so wanted.
All you do is hurt me

Take a peek inside my head

Richard Singlerberg

The blood that spilled from my enchanted
pen saturated my bound volume
Tattered pages of entries in my journal
causing every transparent scribbled word to
cease to exist out of sight of preying eyes.

A steady fixed look into the oddity of mind
that I portray by writing devoured me by an
accelerating urgency, alluring me through
the Labyrinthine passages of my enigma
quality literacy work.

Trudging through grappling hooks that
stood hidden in the shadowed corner
threshold of my walking awareness



BY: Micheal David Russell

perceptible by every sordid breath I ingest
sent on a incapacitating terror pilgrimage.

My mind would become transmute,
cosmically expanding the creative power of
my mind that is characteristically well
removed from reality. I was no longer
mentally trapped or confined in an eight-by-
twelve-foot Borrow

I succumb to the illusionary perception of
my reality. I sedated myself with the narcotic
aid of handling my vivid thoughts of a brief
biography of me being deceased and lurid
visions of the darkness of this world like I
was studying architectural drawings with a
deceptive and evasive strategy to escape the
ugliness of my physical conditions.

S.O.D.A.S

Jason Vera

SUPPRESSION

Is what I perceive thoroughly
from the powers that be?

OPPRESSION

Is what I feel is real
when I look around me

DEPRESSION

Is what begins to set in
cause I'll never be free

AGGRESSION

Is what I know that flows,
It surrounds me you see

SUBMISSION

Is what I fear but it's clear
I'll never bend my knee

-Isolation-
By Gary Gregory

I serve my sentence _____	I serve in penance _____
Sorrow fills a soul _____	Sorrow crush a skull _____
Of longing was apprentice _____	Of longing need repentance _____
Lonesome swallows whole _____	Lonesome never full _____
Alien are their tongues _____	Alien was their fun _____
Torture was the light _____	Tranquilize the night _____
Inebriation kept me numb _____	Inebriation stole me young _____
Outside lies secure _____	Of demon lies and might _____
Nowhere lies secure _____	Nowhere is a cure _____
Cut off from the mother tree _____	Cut off cut throat family _____
Hollow hearts homegrown _____	Hollow halos have shown _____
Odious eyes judge what they see _____	Odium building inside of me _____
Kindred kindness unknown _____	Kills laughter's easy tone _____
Suffocating silence alone _____	Suffocating smothering stone _____
Makes a man question morality _____	Makes a monster question mortality _____
End dates end this fate _____	End dates will insure I wait _____

Behind the Fence

Jeffrey Hatcher

Judgment was passed
to prison, I was sent,
A concrete jungle,
surrounded by the fence
All hell broke loose,
some inmates came undone,
but within this nightmare,
there's nowhere to run
so blood was shed

But while they disappeared
I was still behind the fence
After so much waiting
my day finally arrived
to enjoy American freedom
because somehow I'd survived

Anxiously starting over

Working for my keep
some of my own
I'd seen too much
To ever truly "go home"
One by one,
my friends all left,
Either out to society,
or laid to eternal rest;
with years or death
they paid crime's expense

so much had changed
I could barely get to sleep
People said not to worry
That I'd do just fine,
But bosses looked no further
than the "past conviction" line;
No job for the forsaken

no hope for the lost
no chance at redemption,
for the ones who got caught;
They don't see the man,
or unchangeable events,
And I couldn't break though,
Still trapped behind their fence

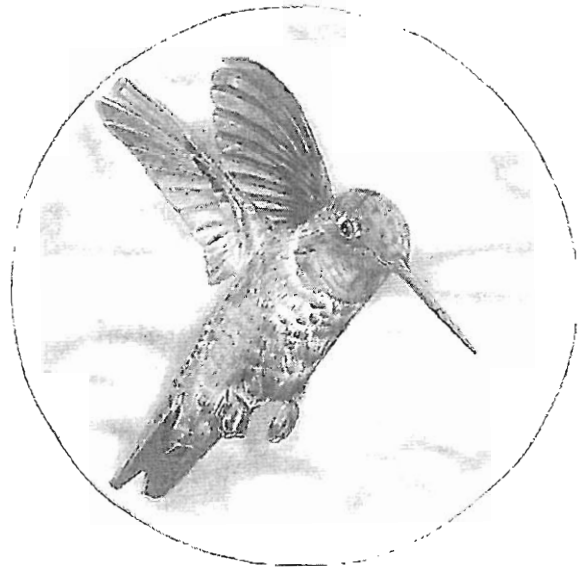
In the dawn's awakening,
early light in the skies,
I remember prison mornings
fresh tears in my eyes
So much time wasted
How I fought and bled,
the screams of the wounded
the silence of the dead
It all rushes back
Years of terrible suspense
and even though I'm gone
I'm back behind the fence

The one who is caged
Travis Hoffmeister

I'm looking through the bars
It's a pretty blue-ish green
An itty bitty bird
And it's staring back at me

I wish I had some bread to give
or maybe some bird seed
I'd love to offer something
then just sit and watch it eat

It hops around a little bit
and then it starts to sing
the song is really beautiful
like something from a dream



BY: Emilio Pelayo S



And then it takes flight through the air
and flies away so free
and I realize that it's not caged
the one who's caged is me

I found a feather
Cee Vagante

I found a feather
which is the only thing
that once lived

I have touched
or been touched by
these many years

I found a feather
and though it is small
though it is fragile

it is largely the hue
of my erstwhile lover's eyes
oh her silky mink hair

I found a feather

I trace lambently
along my lips

Across my cheek
imagining it her eyelashes
tickling my own

Butterfly kisses
she termed the brushing
touch of her eyelashes

Should I see her again
I will tell my love
I found a feather

The Anticipation of a visit that never arrives
Paul Shamonsky

I'm sleeping my days away
between borrowed stories
the phone off the hook,
dangling, never calling,
who cares?

Withdrawing from the world,
life funneling down a drain.
Alas, a possible death
plagues my overactive brain

Castle beneath the Sand
William Andrews

Bury me on the edge of the sea,
where the waves crash to the land.
wash my bones, clean of tempted flesh,
Grind my lust into the sand.
The mortal fiber of the shell,
return it to the oceans brine.
Allow the tide to become my clock,
to watch until the end of time.
Tumble my cares into the sea...

...back to where life began.
Left to spend,.. eternity,
in my castle,.. beneath the sand.

Despicable Me
Donald Kenneth Brown II

Once upon a time in hell
I thought I was doing well
I had not had a drink in years
the heat had never dried my tears

Soon Satan came and saw me crying
He knew my tears were just me lying
He said I have not had my fill of pain
And sent me back to sin again

He sent me a good woman too
knowing exactly what I would do
I'd lie and cheat and rob her blind
Turn her against all mankind

Thru my drunken life of sin
I had brought another soul to him
stripped her of her will to love
I had stolen her from god above

Satan's work is never done
But is he pleased with what I have begun
I have sown seeds of hate and fear
and brought his final victory near
I say it is only me that I have harmed
forgetting all the victims charmed
with my quick and easy smile
they failed to see me for my guile

When I knock they let me in
never to feel safe again
They gave the golden gift of trust
I tarnished it with my souls rust

No nice guy, I have been a taker

A game show host, a lie, a faker
nothing to show for all my years
but a trail of bitter tears

A coldest in the warmest heart
a loser from the very start
and now I am locked within a cell
Just wishing I was back in hell

Freedom

Joshua Scooter Miller

Where you stand now so once did I
Where I am now will make you cry
Close your eyes and picture love joy and
peace

Now open your eyes and meet defeat
You're stuck inside behind brick n steal
I'm on the outside eating home cooked meals
I've done my time and paid my due
Now it's your time to do the same thing too
The pain you face will come with a price
But it's up to you to quit or fight
You have someone in your corner who
spayed the cost
Now it's your time to kneel at the cross
Jesus is the answer and always was
Now come back home to you family and the
ones that you have

Untitled

Joshua C. Morrow

Clouds float with such ease,
as the winds assist the sails
Turtles swim ashore

The Plunder Aries

Dr. Chezeray M. Moore

I will wage peace with all my strength,
Tripling the intensity of those who wage war,
the land will rest during the course of my
watch,
As peace makes a home on our shore
I will wet the powder in the angry heart
with the cool waters of deepest calm
No weapon will be drawn against another,
No guns, no knives, no bombs
I will advance upon the battlefield of the
heart, and wage peace where Aries rules,
I will quench the fires which forge his
weapons,
And strip him of his tools:
The ego, selfishness, greed,
Envy, ignorance and pride,
Poverty, sexism, homophobia,
And the religions where bigotry hide.
Vanity, classism, and emotional immaturity,
And an unwillingness to forgive;
All of these things cause chaos
Where fear had permission to live
Vengeance, jealousy, jingoism,
Xenophobia and the competitive drive,
Which causes one to exploit another,
And says only the strong will survive.
I shine the light of peace in the dark places,
Where the cancer of violence spreads;
Eliminating the mental shadows,
Which feed the tumor in the head.
The violence in the land, was first violence in
the mind,
And it's there I wage this peace with you.
So stand by me, my friend, believe that peace
can win,

And together we will bring a peaceful world
into view

If Jesus came to your House

James Glaze

If Jesus came to your house to spend a day or two
If he came unexpectedly, I wonder what would
you do?

Oh, I know you'd give him your nicest room this
honored guest,
and all the food you'd serve to him you're glad to
have him there,
that serving him in your home is joy beyond
compare

But-when you saw him coming
would you meet him at the door with arms
outstretched to welcome your heavenly visitor?
OR

would you have to change your clothes before you
let him in?
or hide some magazines and put the Bible where
they'd been?

Would you turn off the radio and hope he hadn't
heard?

And wish you hadn't uttered that loud hasty
word?

Would you hide your worldly music and put
some hymn book out?

Could you let Jesus walk right in, or would you
rush about?

And of wonder, if the savior spent a day or two
with you

Would you go right on doing the things you
always do?

Would you go right on saying the things you
always say?

Would life for you continue as it does from day to
day

Would your family conversation keep up, it's
usual pace

and would you find it hard each meal to say
a table grace?

Would you sing the songs you always sing,
and read the books you always read?
and let him know the things on which you
mind and spirit feed?

Would you take Jesus with you everywhere
you planned to go?

OR

Would you, maybe, change your plans for
just a day or so?

Would you be glad to have him meet your
closest friends?

OR

Would you hope they'd stay away till his
visit ends?

Would you be glad to have him stay forever
on and on?

OR

Would you sigh with great relief when he at
last was gone?

It might be interesting to know the things
that you would do

If Jesus Christ in person came to spend some
time with you!



By: Jerrell Davis

An Unbelievable Sight

Daniel Jackson

I watched a flower grow day by day, without
the conscious help of man
I saw a group of ants build a house, but
never stopped to make a plan
A pregnant woman rubbed her stomach, and
said that she was eating for two
A poor man shared his food, with someone
that he barely knew
I witnessed a car flip four times, and smash
into a tree
And the only harm the driver suffered, was a
scar upon his knee
I watched a bird fly, the sunshine, and the
ocean stop at shore
And you ask me for the evidence, but there's
nothing needed more
Some may call me crazy, and think it's kind
of odd
But I'm one hundred percent sure, that I've
seen the face of God...

Raindrops

By J.S. Slaymaker

Raindrops like our tears,
fall from the eyes of heaven,
watering our souls

Flowers of the heart,
upwards growing to the sun,
blooming in laughter

After rain, sunshine
After sorrow, happiness.
Both needed for growth

The rainy tears of April,
bring the sunshine of May smiles.

Say a little Prayer

A prayer for a man who spent his life
drinking,
his breath always stinking,
he acts without thinking.
Pray for the man who lives only by grace,
with shame on his face,
He's at home in no place.
A prayer for the man who has cut his own
throat,
he shoots holes in his boat
and drowns in his moat
Pray for the man as he builds his own cell,
he will never do well
he creates his own hell
A prayer for the man with promises broke,
and the lies that he spoke
as he stole from his folks.
Pray for this man who is all alone now,
he may never learn how
to keep to his vow.
A prayer to the man who has lost his true
voice,
gave up his choice,
tears keep his eyes moist,
Pray for the man who is all out of time,
he will pay for his crime
until long past his prime.
A prayer for the boy and the boy that are
lost,
they never considered the cost
of the die they have tossed.
Pray for the man and the woman who cared,
they ought never be paired
she should never had dared.
To pray for the man who would soon break
her heart,

and tear her world apart,
she waits for healing to start.
A prayer for the day that he will be taught
that all he had fought
has rendered him naught
Pray that in time all his wounds will heal,
and he will learn how to kneel
and believe forgiveness is real

Reaching for Help

Clayton Dornell Jefferson

Welcome into the rainforest of a man who
lives within in a dream,
a dreamer who seeks to dream but has been
suppressed by his screams.
The water sheds of pain, the love of those
that remain.
And hurt for those that left, when God
decided to call their name.
The touch of something at night, when your
ways don't equal your thoughts.
And you mind reaches for the roots of the
trees that grow your faults.
"I'm Tested.."

In a controlled environment that breeds
violence,
where faith is a sin, and hope remains silent.
'This is a look inside of me.' As I pray for
things unknown.
And seek for things un-shown, every time I
lay 'My Heart' 'My Soul' at the foot of the
throne.

I look around and see things, perversions
and political casements.

The destruction of the family, morality
slowly decaying.
The newest of the truths That we live in
order to exist,
as we become enemies of Ourselves, and we
indulge in things we can't resist,
the echos inside our rainforest, can't be
missed.

That you and I and I in you should
understand that it starts with self and
believing in the blessing of a Breath.
And never being afraid in Reaching for Help

The Proper Response (In Memory of Trayvon)

Bryan Jones

There's part of me right now that wants to
riot and fight
But the best way to really express how I feel
is to write
Like millions of others I'm angry and mad,
heartbroken and sad
Because our "justice" system has gotten so
bad
Rodney King was first
But this is ten times worst
A black kid in a black sweatshirt with a black
hood
in the wrong place at the wrong time must
be up to no good
So a man plays hero at a child's expense
by disguising a hate crime as self defense
A killer with no remorse on his face
Found not guilty just because of his race
It's not right or fair
Because we all know if George were black
and Trayvon were white, George would
have gotten the chair
How can a jury of six women, some who
have kids

Find it in their hearts to condone what
 George did?
 Now, because they didn't do their job
 All Trayvon's parents can do is cry and sob
 Over the healing and justice of which they
 were robbed
 And even if the rest of us form an angry mob
 Fear everything up and go on the attack
 There's nothing we can do to bring Trayvon
 Martin back
 That's why my heart is breaking more as I
 write every word
 Because we can't even scream loud enough
 to make our voice be heard
 But even if we're just wasting our breath
 We can't just keep quiet about Trayvon's
 death
 Or the same thing will happen again and
 again
 The lives of innocent young men
 Will be savagely brought to an end
 Just because of the color of their skin
 Only to have their killers acquitted
 leaving us scratching our heads because we
 just don't get it
 And even though it's wrong
 We've got to stay strong
 I'm not saying don't fight
 I'm just saying let's do it right
 Let's not add to the strife
 By responding with the same hatred and
 violence that took Trayvon's life
 I know we're hurting, but let's not act on a
 whim
 Let's respond with peace if we really want to
 honor him



By Armando Macias

Dad, Brother, and I William Williamson

The mist hovers like an ominous fog.
 A chill in the air as the sun comes up.
 The lake lies still in the cool morning light.

A short, steep trail leads down to the lake edge.
 A cleared cut spot on the bank of the water.

We set up our spot with tools of anglers.
 We've come to see what the lake can offer.
 This group of hopefuls-Dad, brother and I

Though we're hopeful, it doesn't always help
 There's a chance to go home empty-handed

Empty hands are fine when our hearts are full.
 A day at the lake with nothing to show,
 except for the bond- Dad, brother and I.

Never the stereo-type

By: Charles Smith

As I'm off to the store
I soon enter the mall

In search of a radio
With a two band dial

Of course an FM
But especially an AM

Some ways up the aisle
I browse for-a-while

Till suddenly I spotted
the new popular style

An asserted type
never the stereo-type

II.
At the cashier's line
damn I'm short a dime

Just my luck
so I pitched her a line

Sort of like the dating kind
but it didn't even rhyme

But she rudely responded
with a bigoted comment

So I swiftly replied
with a witty lament

Good Lord!
I beg your pardon

But I don't buy
that old stereo-type

Mrs. Tango (Mind in the gutter)

Charles Smith

Mr. Tango, do you by chance- Marango?
Sure (if it's all you have), I'll drink it.
Mmm! That's interesting. But, do you, Salsa?
Well, why not, if that's all of it, I'll eat it.
Please Mrs. Tango, do try to listen more
closely when you mingle!

Oh Dear! - You're so kinky. But it's best we
hide behind the panel.
Out of sight of my husband- he'll wanna put
a fight

No! No! No! Mrs. Tango You're
misunderstanding
I'm just simply saying: "Do you dance?"

Oh! Good Lord! Well why didn't you just
say so?

On the contrary, I did. But you see,
Mrs. Tango - Mind all in the gutter

Cocoon

Dr. Chezera M. Moore

The most natural, most subtle
most prevalent, and most clear;
of all things we can experience,
evoking awe, or even fear
Is the difference between what is,
and that which is yet to be
As it gives life to new dreams
which shape the world brilliantly
the word... is "change"
meaning different from what was before;
I can take from those who have too much,
And to those with little it can add much
more
It helps strangers become friends,

and makes daughters into mothers
As the caterpillar gives way
to the butterfly it holds within,
by wrapping itself with silken comfort,
As the transformation begins
Let us learn this lesson well,
And wrap ourselves in the cocoon of grace,
As we let go of our past attachments,
and greet our new life with a warm embrace

I AM

David B. Le

Being in a world of endless movement,
I am as still as night, unmoved; silent,
Un-touched by life's condition and affair.
I am vast as the sky, calm, silent;
Patiently observing the world's affair;
Patiently observing the world's movement.

Unwearied of the world's constant affair,
unwearied of the world's constant
movement,
I am shapeless like the air, free; silent.

No silent path goes un-noticed;
no movement that I'm unaware;
No affair that I do not take part in; I am
everything and everything is me.

Comic Pain

By: Shawn McGriff

Living in the edge of insanity, imbalanced,
How can the fall be avoided?
Should matters if the other world dictates
why I sit stage?
Where does water keep coming from?
A ripple, A tsunami, a minimum, a wage
Dis-ease makes more sense than American
idol

Who is it anyway? That somebody's shoes
you'd put on in a heartbeat?
I escape to Baghdad when my eyes close
sometimes to hear the sacrificial prayers
before the light go out
Dimensions are instantaneous.
Could that be what the black cloud is all
about?
What then about the bacteria on a beer can
that you can't wipe off with a throwback
Bret Favre jersey... (?)

"Stolen Moments"

Michael Wilson

Togetherness is measured in moments.
Intimacy is distilled into the heat of passion.
Time with another is taken, stolen, when
found.

Sharing of bodies tries to make up for
sharing of souls.

You take what you can get.
Something, anything, becomes all
encompassing.
Eclipsing what could be with what is.

One minute of Hell

Clayton Dornell Jefferson

Hold on to your seat, because in One minute,
This shit gets deep...
Pain that you're scared to feel, wounds that can
Never heal...

60 seconds, of a d!c% head cop in your
face secreemin he's the boss. Count backwards 10
before you go off.

50 seconds, surrounded by murderers,
drug dealers and child molesters. The Evil inside
these walls. Take 10.. Deadly.

40 seconds, the walls continue to close as
you lose family and friends, pray for 10 seconds.
Or lose part of your soul.

30 seconds, deprived of the feeling of a
woman, b!tc# n!99a\$ playing women, real n!99a\$
falling victim. 10 seconds for forgiveness.

20 seconds, stay strong in the midst of the
war's when the blood floods runs, and the screams
stick to the walls...

10 seconds, buried alive, stripped from
society, gone and forgotten, out of sight, out of
mind.

I minute of Hell...

All mine... but I survived...

Clayton Dornell Jefferson



BY: Martin Rivers

Untitled
Anonymous

With this separation from each other,
I am finding a type of peace.

I no longer crave your voice or touch,
could be that I am finally free.

Without you ensnaring webs around me
I can finally move around and enjoy life

Your beauty once blinded me
Now I won't fall like King Kong

Being able to see again
I can see in you the darkness within

I have fought free of your deadly embrace,
Now I can walk tall and proud again.

Moving on with my life,
Made easier without you and strife

Joshua C. Morrow
Night will cast darkness,
Day will provide us the light
Both help sustain life

Nothing but the Ink
Jerrod McCool aka Pharaoh

Nothing but the ink, bleeding like a
wound. Lacerations and un-healing scars
that all can feel.

Nothing but the ink, planting seeds
in the soil, fruits and veggies of the ground
that all shall till.

Nothing but the ink dripping acid
and poison, death incarnated and pain that
none shall heal

Nothing but the ink, dripping on the
pad words of inspiration: death, pain, and
desperation

Nothing but the ink, speaking truth
and telling lies, spinning stories and webs
that all shall read and be trapped by

Nothing but the ink, living through
these words and flowing through my veins
like a river of power...

Nothing but the ink-----

The Freedom of Choice

Kyle Seidel

What is choice?

A choice is the act of choosing
it implies a necessity to choose and reject
another possibility
As prisoners we have the freedom of choices,
every choice we make may affect us either
positively or negatively,
we may choose to eat the slop we receive
through the wicket
or choose to disregard the circumstances we
are forced to envision.

We may choose to obey orders from the
oppressors or disobey and seek out the
destruction

It is the choices we make that may change
our ways or compromise our stay, here as
prisoners.

The choice we make to stay awake
is to fight our mental
to keep our oppressors from our will of
choosing what is right,
therefore our right is the freedom
and the will of choice...

Untitled

By Jerry Buckley

I say curtains or drapes?
By heaven what do you, mean sir?
I said curtains or drapes! For your
living room of course. I've been
door to door for years on end,
man some say curtains some say
drapes - why so ever far

No more Ghettos

Davy P "the Rebel writer"

We are a great nation today
and I have something to say,
we can put a man on the moon, and make a
make a nuclear power plant
No more ghettos is an objective we should
grant
Would you imagine what this would mean
Poor neighborhoods would become serene
Mothers in poor neighborhood could breathe
a sigh of relief
Politicians would have to change their belief
It would mean no more slums as we know
them
No little kids living so prim
we can do this it is possible I know it is
let's get together and do the biz
let's put the great minds on it
they can do it with great wit
Ghettos just must end
To do this we cannot bend
No more ghettos let's yell it out
we can do this I have no doubt

SOR-REE

Anthony Tinsmon

The profoundly stupid acts I've done
in my life
serve proof
of my intelligence.
Only genius could power away
any
thought
but
their
own.

Or was that the ego I meant to credit?

Son of a fool
Charles Moore

Son of a fool
walks sideways

Breaking heart's aplenty
with all the games he plays

Son of a fool... ..
no father in sight
he runs from the truth-with all of his might

Son of a fool...
on a pathway of loss
He never considers...
HIS ways and their cost

Son of a fool...
Amidst all the madness
Inside he is broken
He hides all his sadness
His life is not fair
But he sure is "cool"...
Is there any real hope...
For this son of a fool?

A Story Foretold
Javier Quintana

Life in the fast lane
inevitability
in a cage for life

"The Closeness of you"
James E. Thomas

As I turn out the light
So, that I can dream of holding you tight
My desire is to hold you with all of my
might

I should have known, right from the start,
that you were my Heart's delight
But, in my uncertainty sometimes don't seem
right

Therefore, won't you aid me in my plight?
All I want to do is hold you tight without
fright

There may be too much doubt floating
around-But I am like a lonely Bird in flight
I am desperately hoping that all my nights
will just use my imagination until my dream
floated out of sight

Unrequited Love
David B. Le

Do you still remember how we first met?
It was on a cold windy autumn day.
Our hearts locked without a word being
said.

It began to change in the Month of May.
How vividly I remember that day,
I took your hands and looked you in the
eyes,

Telling you that my love for you has died.
Feeling regret as I stood there and lied.
Ten years has passed and this feeling still
lasts

I tried to mend the feeling we once shared;
The end result left me with much despair.
I refuse to believe that you don't care,
I may be a fool for loving you,
and a fool I be till my time is due.

Time's a Wastin'
Paul Shamonsky

Won't waste my time
Won't waste your time

In time you're WASTED
In time I'm WASTED
WASTED, waste of the time

Rolling down hill
Joshua C. Morrow

Reaching forty is like climbing Mt. Everest
Have you gave it your all? Have you passed
the test?
Always on the phone, working the clock,
Trapped in your own prison of wedlock,
Between women and children, which nags
best?

John M. Price

Full of memories
Wonderful, fleeting, fading
were they real or fake?
Lighting up the room
her smile dazzles, full of love
Making me smile too

Survive?
James Higgins

Life is but a moment in time;
Our destiny changes day by day;
Upon ourselves, we adjust as we go;
Whipped by the winds of the time;
Tossed in the storms of fate;
We climb a mountain;
Cross the sands;
Swim the oceans;
Look for solid ground;
Do not be depressed or weary;
Life strives on;
The never ending fight to survive.

Sunshine Dawn
LeRoy Sodorff

Standing before the glass
All agape and wide-eyed
For just beyond my grasp
A beauty lied.

With tears flowing down
like the summer rain
the moment I first saw her
she came pouring through the pane

She spilled across the kitchen table
and crawled along the floor
playing peak-a-boo with shadows
that lurk behind the door

She arose every morning
bring warmth into the room
chasing away these storm clouds
that always threaten gloom

Now I sit here in the darkness
for the curtain was drawn
there's no longer any sunshine
since she's been gone

Untitled
Joshua C. Morrow
Night will cast darkness,
Day will provide us with the light
Both help sustain life

Untitled
Will winter be here
long enough to watch my thoughts
gather solemnly
around this photo of you
held tight by frozen teardrops

Prison Life
LeRoy Sodorff

A filing cabinet of human lives
bulging at the seams
"In" baskets stacked,
way beyond their means.

At the main office
information complied,
labeled and sorted,
catalogued and filed.

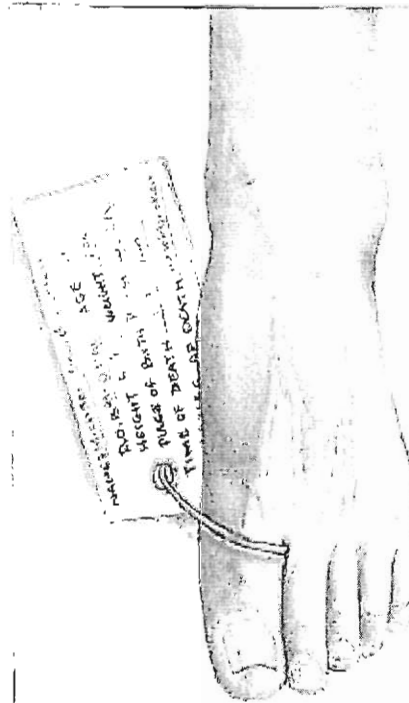
Files retrieved
on a regular basis,
looking for gaps
trying to fill in the spaces.

All the blanks filled
checked for quality control,
some are returned,
while others let go.

So where is my file
Amongst these cobwebs and tiers?
store here in a box
for the next thirty years.

Affliction
Wolf

The angles have fallen
the sky has become gray
"Lord they're killing kids
and the people are afraid."
"Raise your sword to the sky."
"Oppressors meet your aggressor."
Head from body divide
And return to the hereafter.



BY: Micheal David Russell

THING
By Anthony
Tinsom

"Infernal"
raised
fist
shakes,
lost,
teeth
grinding
slack
for
hope
and
then,
"... Insert
Epic
Word!"

Untitled
Luis Ortiz

"United we stand
but never we'll fall
We will fight for what's right
& conquer it all
through the good and the bad,
happy and sad
We will fight for what's right,
& conquer it all."

Nothing in my pocket
Howard Hewitt

I'm broke once again
No money in my pocket
I need ten dollars

Lost
Juan Ochoa

Lost in a numbness-
floating in stillness.
My life is dark,
engulfed in utter blackness.
Only a heartbeat comforts me;
in a sleepless slumber
hearing the promising riddle of time.

Sliding into a void of emptiness,
with death's silence,
wrapping it's arms around me.
Whispers of knives and needles
seeping into my skin.
Cutting and slitting
opening the floodgate
letting out all my hate.

In the end,
Nothing remains.
Except the echos,
of a fledging soul
bleeding its last drops.

Big tree
Joshua C. Morrow

Big green pretty tree
Grows rapidly and blossoms
Leaves change and then fall

Untitled
Joshua C. Morrow

Beautiful sunsets,
blue birds chirp soft melodies
rivers search for seas

If you could only see what I see
Jimmy C. Hull

If you could only see what I see,
you would see: a SMILE
that could brighten up a lifetime

If you could only see the color of peace
As I... in your EYES
you would look there more often.

If you could hear the care in your VOICE
so softly spoken
you would see a FACE
that's worth a thousand kisses

To the Poets
Daniel Jackson

What am I, I ask myself, I must not be a poet
Show me any line from Shakespeare or Frost,
and I probably wouldn't know it
I should be ashamed to show my face, in the
midst of those who are
They've mastered the craft, perfected the
path, and I fall behind by far
Here is my pen, here is my paper, you can
have them if you like
Take them before I disgrace your love, and
simply begin to write
Sorry, I swear I meant no harm, I really
thought I knew

What I was doing when I picked this form, to
share my feelings through
I tried to do naturally, what some of you
actually, study for years
The difference is evident, between my work
and yours, if ever compared
So, here is my pen, here is my paper, take
them and never show it
Because what I am, I ask myself, I must not
be a poet...

A wish for you
Mr. Leslie Bing

WISHING YOU: To be peaceful in mood!

YOUR HEART: Tap in happiness!

YOUR FEELINGS: Joyful,

vivid in all of the emotional colors!

YOUR SOUL: Free,
to be in ones with nature!

YOUR SPIRIT: Alive,
with versatility arise to meet all your high values
and goals!

YOUR HEALTH: Robust,
as a beautiful flower takes from the sun and rain!

YOUR BODY: Graceful,
in artful form and movement!

YOUR MIND: In willful force,
of positive activities, sound and clear of who you
are,
Affording your appreciation in realizing the
true person for self,
Is the inter- treasures of self! To make your
mark in life!

STAY SOUND AND BALANCED

Dear Friends,
I'd like to echo Leslie Bing's message regarding
staying "sound and balanced". I believe he has
caught the essence of Prisoner Express and the
intention behind the projects we offer. The poetry
project was in fact created by all of you who
began years ago to generously send in your
poems for us to read. After a few years of
receiving your unsolicited poems it dawned on us
to create this anthology series to share with all of
you a selection of the great variety of poetry
submitted. Writing poetry is a deeply personal
activity which takes you inside yourself to feel,
consider and phrase your experiences and beliefs.
I imagine that when you are involved in such a
creative endeavor it takes you inside yourself. In
going inside you offer yourself a new
environment to explore. We always have what is
outside of us to explore with all our 5 senses. In
fact the outside world is so stimulating most folks
don't even bother to look within. With all the
electronic entertainment in the world
introspection is even becoming even rare. I
applaud you all for creating poetry. I say this not
only to those of you whose work was chosen, but
to all of you who explore your inner being
through verse. You make this project possible.
These poems in this anthology were collected thru
early Oct. 2013. Any poems received after that sit
securely in a folder marked Vol 12. We will begin
selection for the next anthology in early 2014.
Please consider submitting a poem. If you
received Gizelle's poetry instruction packet,
please let me know if it was useful, and what
instruction you might like to see in the future.
Best wishes for a bright and balanced tomorrow--

Gary

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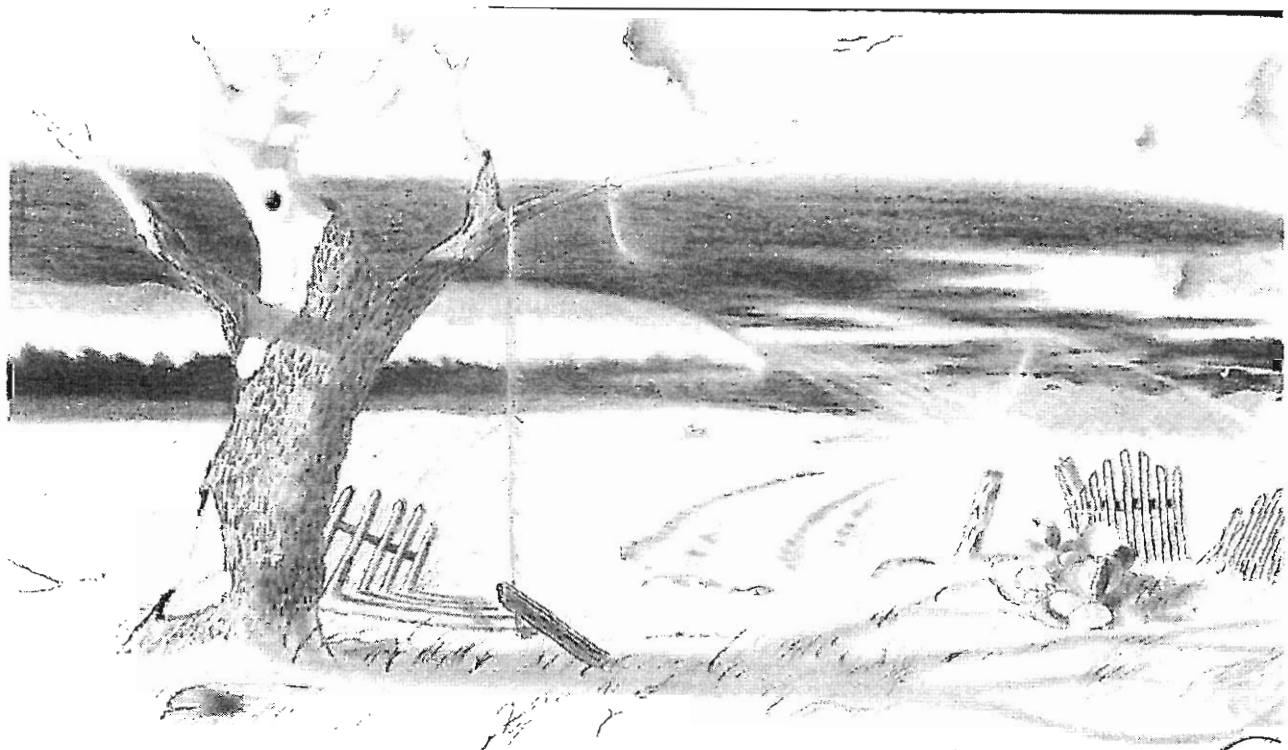
POETRY ANTHOLOGY VOL. 11

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

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Melvin Stewart