

Prisoner Express Poetry Anthology



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Volume 3

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

Feathers - Ben Winter

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mad Mojo - Gary Gregory

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

A Haiku of Violence - John E. Christ

Hunger Sated

Talons slash wildly
Winter mourns warm summer
earth

Bellies filled with blood

I Taste Cinders

Tempers spring aflame
Sweat drips across taut sinews
Reason burned to ash

I Wonder What It Means

Cold hands touch still breast
Winter's maw swallows dead
meat

Death laughs wantonly

Whipped and Tortured

Crucified hands fixed
Back lashed red with swollen
welts

Dermatography

Jack

Ripped throat jetstream
Each throb a pulse of life lost
Knives cut butter and meat

A Promise of Hope

Bitten tongues run not
Eye to Eye, teeth behind lips
Compassion always reigns

Conquered - Timothy Baker

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

It's not like you wanted me anyway!

Farther Than Deep - Chantell P. Price

Farther than deep...
Seeking the surface to scream
of tears on a dead angels face
And the taste of leftover love!

Proclaiming states of hollow sound
And shallow mirrors
—places of sand rivers
where mothers smile and
play reindeer games...
Farther than—
Deep...
Deep...
Deep!

Deep and festering
Rally for a farther seep to the
surface....

A Cimmerian Heart - Brian Joseph Wake

Kill, and kill, and then kill again—
My mind is persistent in its refrain
For here in the dark I've gained new
friends
Who through their means achieve
their ends.

Lies beget lies which seemingly die
For they cannot be seen with external
eyes
But echoes of ripples of them shall
appear
Revealing the truth which we
rightfully fear.

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

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

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

My Nemesis - Jimmy White

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

In the Arms of Hate - Timothy Baker

Lying in the arms of hate
Enfolded in her cold embrace
I have become resigned of late
By the inevitableness of my fate

I slack my thirst from a vile well
Tainted forever with the lies they tell
My heart and soul must endure the
hell
Of being trapped within this cell

Surrendering slowly to the pain
Blocking all else from my brain
Struggling not to go insane
Knowing I can never reclaim

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

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

Surviving on the strength my hate has
fed
Tossing and turning on my narrow
bed
Tormented by the life I dread
Knowing it will end when I'm dead

World of Stone - Gary Gregory

I am cold, in a world of stone,
The sun a vague memory, warmth a
myth
Gravity weights upon my soul, which
longs to fly free
And be one with the mist
Searching for inclusion, but all alone
in purgatory suspension
Not long for I wander the graveyard
hoping for ascension
Longing for a lost love, a lost
meaning, a lost world...
Blown to pieces in blackout oblivion
A sentence for my shadow to shade
more obsidian
I can feel the chill go down into my
bones
Broken when cracked on the
pavement
I am only a skeletal soul
In this hollow vessel of enslavement

"Tickle fickle me" - Doc

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

Amends - Brandon Lee Garvin

Back down memory lane, again and
again...
Too fast to stop, to slow to begin
Slow pain remaining, it's not the end
Gotta choose who are your foes and
who are your friends
Where'd it all take you to, what road
then?
Why did they send you for dividends
in the Penn?
And who gives a damn about
memories to lend?
What kind of blend amends this cold
hearted sin?
Want me to ask you this again and
again?
I said, "How the hell do we make
amends?"

Stay Strong - Reginald West

Within every difficulty, there's
inherent good, If you can stay
strong, you should.
Stay strong when unexpected
problems come your way. You
can bear them another day.
No matter how tough they seem to
be, you must face facts
realistically.
When fear, nervousness and anxiety
rise up inside of you,
You're through if you don't know
what to do.
Because worrying is a state of fear,
keep your faith near
Through deep breathing exercises,
mediation and sincere prayer,
you'll be able to do things that
are beyond compare.
Because a strong person has a fully
developed mind, that's in
harmony with time.
They are filled with optimism, do not
see difficulties in every situation
and believe that the good in life
outweighs cynicisms.
With inner strength, you begin to
look like you're god-sent.
But practice is the key, when you
begin to be, you'll see.
Stay Strong...

I'm Just a Mouse - Rickey Pearson

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

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

That the cheese is getting closer.

Who's Stuck - WBS

Silence, aggravation, thoughts,
staring...flatline—
Stuck on this trip, zoned out, and this
year... time
And that world bars none, cold
outside this house of pain
Strugglin' on both sides of the fence,
same ol' game
Solitude, idle time... a disadvantage
or a stepping stone?
Plans, future remedies, throw 'em on
that table when I get home
She loves me, she loves me not...
kids, marriage, why not?
Head up, foot down, hold on, it's all
you got
Now they got your joy, can't take
your pride, wait! There goes your
soul
Stripped of attire, can't get any
worse, a big heart with bullet
holes
Stabbed in the back, jammed into a
brick wall
They will strike you, fast, don't let
them catch you fall

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

My - Cristobal Garcia

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

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

Parasite - Gary Gregory

My time is up the reaper is grim
I have no light or love within
The door is shut and the walls are
cold
The hours are empty and the lies are
bold

The signal is not getting through
There's too much damage being done
The bones are brittle and the skull is
too
I'd like to split it wide open and feast
upon

Violence begets violence so they say
Indignation is sometimes too
righteous to go away
It festers like a poisoned wound
bleeding disease
It begs to be heard, it begs for release

In the end it cares not in whom it
resides
It's a corrosive bug that eats away
inside
It says you have every right to feel
justified
And any act no matter how brutal is
necessary to rectify
By that evil f*c!*ng parasite

Driveby - Gary Jimenez

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

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

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

Forest - Ben Winter

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

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

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

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

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

And even as I turn away from
This one twisted tree
It scatters its seed and I am
Surrounded by a fearful Forest
Where unknown things dwell
In a perpetual, artificial twilight
Waiting for me to sleep

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

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

Race of Life - Bill Sims

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The World's No Longer Flat - William Chaplar

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

"Defined by primitive desires" - Chantell P. Price

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

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

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

Tugged along by acceptance
Proclaiming to be advanced
Living a primitive existence
Stand a primitive stance!

After centuries of progress the human mind still dances
a primitive dance...

Flow Free - Cecil Everett

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

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

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

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

The Earth Will Turn - William H. Davis Jr.

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

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

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

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

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

Love and Hate - Timothy Baker

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

Life - Sadd-Boy

Life isn't a destination—it's a journey
We all come upon unexpected curves
and turning points, mountaintops
and valleys.

Everything that happens to us shapes
who we are becoming and in the
adventure of each day
We discover the best in ourselves and
remember, I will always be on the
turning point no matter how high
the mountaintop or how low the
valleys are ...

It's just another journey around the sun.

Thorns - M.A. Glaros

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

Rising Up - Juan Ochoa

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

Nomenclature - Leroy "Doc" Floyd

And whence this desperation comes
Of despair and consternation wrapped
in one?
When did all I'd sought to prove
Remove the faith I'd fought to use?

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

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

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

Dust - Ben Winter

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

Barely able to hold it together

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

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

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

And as the dust settles on this page
once more

I wipe it aside and watch the pieces
fly
Cursed to repeat it all again

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

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

Will enter into a dark age...
The SUN may not shine
And the MOON may not cast its
glow...
But the children represent our future
They are our passport to create...
Everlasting history.
If "we" do not love them NOW
We may not get another chance to
love them...
TOMORROW!
See the children standing there,
Don't be blind...
Look at them from the corners of
your mind...
See them "glowing with the
sunlight?"
They are the real PYRAMIDS.
The KEY into tomorrow.
We determine how they will bud...
We determine whether they will
become:
Dr. King, Malcolm, Garvey, Rosa
Parks,
The Queen Mother Moore or
Corretta.
They are our E equals MC2
Our Plats, Apollo Creeds, Marleys
and Billy Holidays and Miles
Davises.
These little one's are our Christs...
Our Buddhas and Muhammads...
The ones out there, standing with
Tears as big as raindrops...
Because we are neglecting them.
Didn't someone teach you that
through the children....
We live "forever?"...
Therefore, love them and hate them
because no one...
Taught them
To see them, is to understand them.
Because the children will create
tomorrow's history...

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

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

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

My Daughter’s Child - William Chaplar

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

Someday - W.B.S.

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

Hummingbirds and Runningbears - Kenneth Humphries

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

And another time

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

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

I lean down and kiss her on the
cheek, dark and leathery, hickory
smoke smelling sanctuary
She takes me in her arms, hugging
me – how much time’s left? I’m
scared and wondering.

And another...

In the middle of the night, coming in
from out of town, unexpectedly
Knocking on her door, waking her
up, patiently, “Who’s out there?”
“It’s your wandering grandson, I got
a surprise,” door opens slowly but
wide
“Who’s this pretty girl with you?”
“Grandmother, she’s, well, meet
my wife.”

Another

“What ya doing out here on the back
porch, lovely lady?” alone, but
animated, pretty
“Oh just watching the hummingbirds
fly around the feeder... They’re
so busy!”
“Well, um... I was fixing to sight – in
my 30-30. We’re going deer
hunting this morning”
“Sit and watch the hummingbirds
with me a minute, son—They’re
trying to tell us something.”

And finally

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

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

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

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

Silent Screaming - Clifford M. Nowell

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

I Changed For You - By Dr. Richard Sunday Ifill

“CHILDREN...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Changed for you.

I’m Here - William Chaplar

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

Innocence - Jimmy White

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

Father to Son - Ruben Camberos

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

Life - Tim Hampton

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

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

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

Cruise Control - WBS

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

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

The Message - Brian Roberts

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

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

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

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

Prejudice is a choice, ignorance and
fault.

Why must we pay the price so easily
bought?

The choice to hate goes deeper than
generalizations.

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

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

Society has branded itself with a
racist mind

Children are taught to hate, not to be
kind

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

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

We need to awake the soul from the
dead.

Remember the message of the
mountain top

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

Through love we may just one day
succeed

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

My Black Heart - Jonathan Thompson

To those who wonder...

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

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

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

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

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

Livin' in a State of Shock - Michael Belle

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

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

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

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

"Within the world seen" - Doc

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

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

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

**Motivation and Inspiration -
Reginald West**

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

Onward! We March - Jeremy Rios

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

Chasing our own immortality,
Together we march.

Be True - Ray Reyes

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

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

*Dedicated to all who struggle
with psychological disorders.*

Neurotic, psychotic, paranoid
anti-social and all that jazz
if a label is what you're looking for,
then label me ... King of Spazz

They want to get inside my head,
but no one has ever has
many have tried, but all have failed
I am the King of Spazz

Bearded chumps with spectacles,
their questions make me sick,
they try in vain to ascertain
just what it is that makes me tick

Want to play a mind game, Doc?
I can play with great pizzazz
you have no chance of winning,
as I am the King of Spazz

I do not want your damned advice,
people's sympathy or their razz
I live alone inside my head,
I remain ... the King of Spazz

**A Resignation - Brian Joseph
Wake**

Rising on the breakers of dawn
My eyes are cold, dark and drawn
For the road ahead is long and tired
And above me rolls a heaven expired

Consequences indifferent,
Here the angels have all fallen
And where I go I am not sent
For there I've been forgotten

So the greater of wills is chosen for
me,
But not by my remittance
For I do not believe my soul shall fell
The transcendence of my forgiveness.

**Legacy of Your Own - Theresa
Battles**

You wasn't here when our ancestors
had to endure
being degraded, spat on, some even
lured.

Into the woods beaten, raped, and
even killed
for just being black, bad cotton
pickers or
slowing up the production at the mill.

How could this generation of our
children learn about the past?
The struggles, the fight, the
perseverance and the voice of
Dr. Martin Luther King shouting free
at last.

I didn't understand our legacy when I
was your age either, but
we are intertwined from the same
cloth from which
we've all been cut

So take the torch and carry it proudly,
never letting the fire go out
Young men and women of our future,
your voices need to be
louder than theirs as you began to
SHOUT!

A Letter Never Sent - Charles Marques

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

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

Love,
Charles

Can't W8 2 CU - WBS

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

Stripped - Gary Gregory

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

Stuck - Brian Roberts

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

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

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

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

A world built on bricks of despair
Separation by design, that much is
clear

I walk the track, around and around
Searching for peace to block out the
sounds

A hole, a ditch, stuck like chuck
Pray for a ladder, or just a little luck
Some give in, change their name to
missy

The pacmans of the system, each day
a new sissy

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

Prison - Sadd-Boy

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

Walls - Gerald B. Prisock

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

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

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

Propaganda Pirates - Leroy "Doc" Floyd

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Think About It - Deandre Williams

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

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

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

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

What-cha-gonna-do?
Now?

Think about it

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

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

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

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

Crystal flowers bloom
Dripping with sweet morning dew
Sunrise awakens

Pure Poppycock - A.J. Crate, Jr.

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

Baptized - Anwar Tapia

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

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

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

Triple A Cards - James Bauhaus

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

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

Captive Audience - Charlie Harbert

Don't tell me about judicial system
And the White House massing some
worthless bill.
I don't want to hear about the death
penalty
Or the next person they're about to
kill
Don't ask if I'm going to vote for
A Republican or Democrat.
No more about Sept. 11th
Or the ongoing war in Iraq.
Don't bother me about Israel and
Palestine
Trying to kill each other whenever
they can.
I don't want to hear about North
Korea
Or nuclear reactors in Iran
Forget about China and Russia
Saddam Hussein and Osama Bin
Laden
America has so many enemies
Who knows what's about to happen
But who cares about this or the
economy
And the millions of dollars being
spent,
And just for the record so you will
know
I don't give a damn who's the next
president

Social Justice - Starkim

Police shot me in my face, back and
leg, trying to stop me from dying
of old age.
Now my stage become my
environment, the community
hears of my persistence, but
doesn't bear witness to my
existence.
Little last as middle class.
But a simple laugh becomes a frown
and I drown in simplicity,
because my complex bomb
threats of words are used, as a
fuse to ignite your views on
racism, poverty, the state of our
economy.
But honestly, I don't care.

I never did, as I never hid from
addressing what I'm professing.
The transgressions against the poor,
the ending of a war will not be
resolved, because it's etched in
the core of their desire to Hate,
Overtake, Rape, and facilitate a
new world order.
Some say conspiracy theory, but I'm
weary and optimistic.
Now statistics show that crime is
down and educated offenders
recidivate, but it's getting late,
why we gotta be here?
Now lets be clear, they profit off
prisons, and profit off religion
and there's gossip of decisions to
change things but the song the
insane sings is a different melody.
So you're telling me that we are free?

An Attack On The King - William H. Davis

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

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

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

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

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

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

When Pigs Fly - A. Knight

Some pigs flew by my window
En route to who-knows-where.
Some pigs flew by my window
I saw them right out there.
Some pigs flew by my window
You say you doubt my words.
Some pigs flew by my window
With wings little birds.
Some pigs flew by my window
If only you had seen.
Some pigs flew by my window
I wonder where they've been.
Some pigs flew by my window
I'll bet you think I lie.
Parole is fair in Texas
And little piggies fly.

Enamor - Reginald West

Afar, and beyond where the pale
moon arises,
Midnight is slaved to its silent death.
For thou hast come again... again and
forever more has come.
Transpiring before the elusive soul
quite humbled and much in
revive.
And where into dost hollowed eyes
rest in dappling shadows of
golden sun and gallant cries and
squawk the blue carpet horizon in
liberal song.
This be my good fellas
Where in valleys low, the valve dusk
cloaks purple mountains
Steeps and the rivers stream quiets
trickle the pebble sand flows all
through the tick tock hours.
And where through the vast and
gloom dost black ravens take in
flying trails whispers of such
sweet rapture dance along the
knitted pine where fields of
empty untilld inner entwines
fields of splendored green dabbled
in silvery dew.

Beautiful Fall - Rickey Pearson

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

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

Riding her Wind - Jackie R. Sollars

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dragonfly - William H. Davis Jr.

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

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

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

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

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

Nexus - J. Wilson

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

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

In a minute, minute particle
Of time.

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

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

Until they reach the
Nexus of the dreamcatcher

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

The Mighty Humble - Francisco J. Lopez

I stood on the sand and gazed out at
the mighty ocean. So powerful,
mysterious, an untamed rogue—
that appeared arrogant!
As if in a trance, I held my breath
(hypnotized) unable to move as it
approached me, and just when I
was sure it would swallow me
whole, I stared in awe as it bowed
before me and kissed my feet!
Beside myself at this show of
humbleness from the mighty
waters, I felt the tears rushing to
sting my eyes...
...So I wept, I wept like a child
and allowed my tears to mingle
with the mighty sea, so that it
would carry a tiny part of me in
its heart 'til eternity—
As I shall never forget its humble
kiss...

Adieu - Timothy Baker

Can you hear the bird's song
Or their silence when something's
wrong
Can you smell the leaves of autumn
Before they're fallen and lie forgotten
The smell of rain is heavy in the air
Rolling clouds block the sun's warm
glare
Dry and hot tomorrow again
What a wonderful summer this has
been
Though the sun has stopped shining
And the moon has stopped rising
The flowers have stopped growing
They can never stop me from
knowing
The beauty far and beyond this place
I close my eyes and a smile comes to
my face
I can see you out there past the wall
One day soon I will hear the raven's
call
And as much as they try there is
nothing that they can do
When I bid my last adieu

Happy Halloween - Rickey Pearson

Expecting a princess or pirate, I run
to the door, candy bowl in hand
But what greets me from my front
porch seems from another land
It's got big bulging eyes, and one
ragged pointy ear
And sitting on its ugly face is a nasty
little sneer.
Its legs are short and stumpy, there is
no neck that I can see
It's such a scary little creature that I
almost lose my pee!
The thing is so short that to talk I
have to stoop
And when it lets out a hearty growl, I
almost lose my... you guessed it!
Such a horrid little creature, I stumble
to my feet
But before I turn to run inside, I hear
his "Trick or Treat"
He holds out a burlap sack, I thrown
in a piece or three
And as he turns to leave, he tells me
"Happy Halloween"!

Abused Woman - Jonathon Thompson

When I first saw you
Your soul reeked of misery
And you were afraid to
Open up and share with me. Abused
woman
Your heart was this cornered, tucked
away coffin
Hollowed with emptiness
Scared to let me in. Abused Woman
You denied the presence of life
So you ignored the out stretched hand
Stuck with the pain
That you can't have a better man.
Abused Woman
You live your life like a puzzle
And it's a challenge to your emotions
Knowing you deserve better
Your pain runs deep like the oceans,
Abused Woman

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

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

To My Woman - Reginald West

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

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

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

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

Only The Lonely - Robbie D. Thomas

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

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

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

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

Back - Ross Bonilla

"Why do you turn your back to me?"
She queried in the darkness.

I felt her hands trembling at my
spine.

How do I explain to her? It's not out
of disgust, nor lack of love.

Could she ever understand a child's
insanity?

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

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

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

I mumbled as I reached for her hand.

"No," she rolled over her back.

The Patchman - Ross Bonilla

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

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

The brittle pieces slip easily into
place.

Well rounded corners, discolored
patches

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

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

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

Coastline - John E. Christ

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

Moonbeams caressing, wind and sand
Palms swaying in lissome rhyme

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

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

We spread ourselves in each other's
arms

I smell the pungent musk of labial
heat

She draws me close, pressing lips to
mine

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

Sighing heavily, the cycle spins
forever

Yours - Starkim

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Promises - Jimmy White

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

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

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

Untitled - Charles Strickland

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

**The Romantic Herb - Johnny
Angel Martinez**

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

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

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

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

**In the Beginning - Jonathan
Thompson**

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

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

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

In the Beginning God said, “Let there
be an arch to divide heaven and
water.”

Then dropped me off in the desert—
lifeless place where I turned
darker

So they called me black meaning I
was hostile and stained,
And I’m treated as such. That’s why
I’m filled with hate and pain

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

My judgement stayed cloudy from
the smoke of the strange weeds

In the beginning God made stars to
bring light to the dark
So I smile because I was thought of
from the very start
Knowing that I was on God’s mind in
the beginning when he first made
seasons

Tells me that I was part of the plan to
uplift myself from the Demons

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

My feelings and thoughts are evil and
fiery

I’m afraid to express them, they
might ignite me

I feel like Satan has me in a choke
hold

Lord, here is my hand please take
ahold

Lord, pull me out of this black hole
Just like the scriptures foretold, I
turned away now demons possess
my soul

I’m about to have a breakdown, I’m
losing control

I’m in a battle with Satan, it’s
spiritual warfare

I’m reaching and does anyone care
Lord, are you going to help me or are
you just going to sit there and
stare

Even in my dreams the demons are
there

Get behind me, Satan, there is no
room for you here

Dear Lord Jesus, I need you, you’re
the only cure

Without you these demons are going
to drag my soul to Hell for sure

I Am Free! - Ryan Barber

Day by day, Night by night
I can Lose myself from watchful
sight

I travel far and I travel wide
the air of freedom I must glide
No thoughts of burdens, no thoughts
of strife

I soar around the Tree of Life.
Asgard in the distance my heart
swells madly

To enter those gates I would do so
gladly

To sit next to Odin or fly next to Thor
In this Life I ask for nothing more.

My Praise to the Gods and the
Goddesses so true

If you weren’t in my Life I’d be
nothing to you

I hope that you see the Kindred Fire
in me

Without you in my Life I would
never be free.

So hail to the Gods that give their
Values,
for Courage and Honor your
lessons I use.

And Hail to the Goddesses that taught
me Respect.

Love and Passion of Life I gladly
except.

So until the Valkyries come to
retrieve me

I travel the worlds of my faith and am
FREE!!

Alive Like Me - Kenneth Woodard

O let me hold you old tree
Let others look at me like I am crazy
Yet they have eyes and just don’t
see

You are alive just like me
Reaching up holy limbs giving
praise to Allah
You house and shelter the birds in
your branches

O obeying all Allah Commands
O while taking Shade under your
embrace

As a reminder we all should
remember Allah’s grace.

Sonnet - Dana Crawford

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

Merchants of Hope - Jackey Sollars

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

God of War - Thomas Cannup

God of War
 Pick up your sword
 And fight with me today.

 Pick up your gun
 In rain or in the sun
 Beside me all the way

 When I lay me down to sleep
 And the enemy begins to creep
 He'll find that one eye is open.

 My mind is ready
 My heart beat steady
 My spirit cannot be broken.

 God of War
 Clean your sword.
 And bless the blood we shed.

 Remember this day
 Forever this may
 And pray for the men who were slain.

Possession - Gary Gregory

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

Lessons - A.J. Crate, Jr.

Like you, I grew up doing most
 anything I wanted
 Even when family and friends
 became dubious or daunted
 Physical harms now hurt like those in
 my mind and it's jaunted
 Sometimes it's alright at others to get
 foggy and haunted

 Even still I do my best to stay
 focused doing what's right
 Sometimes 'cepted like when my
 mind battles giving me fight
 I see and hear phantoms attacking
 from darkness and light
 I duck, punch, and run still they find
 me and inflict great plight

 So I try over and often to keep on
 truckin' like ya'll would
 It gets very tiring though like my
 mind's out choppin' wood
 Few days I'm elated when all is well
 and things are good
 But on most I get miffed cause it
 Is bad or not as it should

 Some folk just don't get it they think
 you act as you've been taught
 I know that ain't true else victims
 behind would number naught
 Yet I'll not lay it down now see over
 all I've always fought
 One new help I'm learning to ply
 love n truth as I ought

 Oh life has its rules which ain't
 always writ' just ask some crooks
 Ain't no harder followin those in the
 tomes of two books
 Mustard-grain-size faith is needed
 you can't see it by looks
 It shows out by whose laws you keep
 and prayin by the nooks
 Now I pray all to seek truth n love to
 soar high like birds
 Cause when we don't we stink yep
 you guessed it just as fresh turds
 I hope these runes feed all well like
 mackin biscuits and curds
 Here follows lesson and trysts with
 justice the old j word

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

"Carriage over dawn" - Doc

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

Vapor Trails - Patricia Barker and Kenneth Humphries

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

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

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

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

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

Broken Boy - Reginald West

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

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

Assassins - Bobby Biffel

The syncopating sound of the drums
melded smoothly
With the soothing tone the old jazz
player from Ancient Earth
Coaxed from his saxophone
Just as the blue and gray smoke
From cigars and pipes
Intertwined exotically with the
patrons filling the tables of the
Wet Dragon saloon

While most of the men supporting the
two man band were regulars,
Drunkards and gamblers mostly,
This night there was in attendance a
special group of steroid men and
mineral spectators

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Surgeon and the Patient - John E. Christ

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

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

Into the sacrificial room I come
Arms outstretched, up in supplication
I am draped with the robes of my
office
The victim I know well
She knows no fear, she smiles
I nod, my eyes smile back
She is offering herself to me

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

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

Quagmire Dreams - Gerald B Prisock

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

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

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

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

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

Night Sky - Rick Pearson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Darkness Dwelling - Gary Gregory

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

Night Comes - Peter Stebbins

Clouds behind the mountains
repeat the mountains' lines.

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

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

Mail Time - Paul Smith

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kaleidoscope colors
iridescent humming birds
sparkling morning sights

A Letter - Darrell

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

Mail Call - Sadd-Boy

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

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

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

The Picture of the Poet in Prison - Unknown

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

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

911 - Timothy Baker

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

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

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

What is Poetry? - Johntrwell Johnson

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

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

From the Poetry Workshop...

Linin' Is Hell... - Dana Crawford

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tilted World - Gary Gilbert

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

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

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

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

To Go Further Than Far - Bobby Biffel

Throughout our lives there's one
place to go
When troubles arise, there's no place
like home
Exploring the new, the as yet
unknown
The deepest seas, all land under the
stars
The caves and caverns and all
mountains far
A stirring, a longing, to know it all.

Fueled by that drive, that need to
know it all
When Earth's been a'searched
wherever we go
We'll need to travel further a'far.
Leave Earth behind, our ancestral
home.
For we will travel among the stars
And there will lie the as yet unknown

While some suns, black holes and
planets are known
In small bits of info, no where at all,
For who can know the secrets of the
stars?
No mere human will until he will go.
But forget the Earth and all thoughts
of home
For you will be traveling further than
far

The moon is first, it's not really that
far.
We've visited once and it is known.
A familiar place, we might call it
home.
Move in, colonize, a new place for
all.
Some and Sci-Fi writers will surely
go
For in their hearts pulse the beating
of stars.

Mars and moons of Saturn then
distant stars.
Planets exotic much further than far.
Of wonders and dangers forward we
go
Exploring the new, the as yet
unknown,
To learn, to live, to fill our souls with
all.
A dim memory now, Earth our old
home.

To these brave men and women, what
is home
When worlds spread before you in
the stars?
They pioneer new places for us all
Besides, Earth is now much further
than far.
Blue trees, deep yellow seas, is all
they've known
Since that day they decided they
would go.
The Earth is home for those who do
not go
Across the sea of stars, the great
unknown
To planets far they'll never love at all.

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

What of all I've seen
a multifaceted eye
cries the blue world grey
Wheels revolving wheels
sleep and reincarnation
made as little stars

Alight thru nothing
magnanimous yet common
never forgotten

A feeling quiet
spontaneously karma
lend a helping hand
pebbles in chaos
indecision embedded
hunters in the rain
there beginning ends
halls of mirrors undefined
erasing back to blue

Captive Bedrooms' Prisoner - Uri Small, Sr.

Anger rejoices as Illusions good
While she being bruised travels in
fear
From doom to Living Room they
both are at
To call 911 she wouldn't dare
Through rivers of blood and false
love she doesn't speak
Of dreams and pardon's weak she
cries to God

One will't change the truth is her kind
of God
To see Hate as man of peace is her
vision of Good
'Stop It' is the wet and vain voice of
her speak
Both hands covering eyes that are
filled with fear
Though somewhere inside to stand up
is dare

Kitchen littered with flying fist and
broken glass is at

In her home walls, one sided brawls
all at
Self-ignored in the heart still resides
her God
Mind telling her "Exit" yelled the
dare
Applied not response made its
unknown good
Drowning now in her self-imposed
flood of fear
For only Act can save, spent is all
words speak

Soaking energy thrown off madness
speak
Moments ceased the clashing Fury
storms at
The roof smoking, Death closing in is
the fear
Questioning all things pre-ordained
by God
Last call for hurting possibility of the
good
No more drama by Mary J, is it truth
or dare

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

Fool's Love dependence birthed live-
in fear
What momma said was yellow but
she had to dare
Inner-Spirit intervened became
reality God
Knowing that some something, just
ain't right speak
Dug up her will power from under
Dirt's at
Captive Bedroom's Prison released
pain for good

Gray and cold fear cement lips that
speak
Otherwise acts of dare was boldness
at
When known Blessed by God is all
and good

The Green Dweller - Uri Small, Sr.

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

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

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

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

For hobby, and just because he loves
to reign
In the Blond's applause while Losers
moan
With Head Almighty and Legs that's
Mean

Learn't profit skill since age sixteen
Watched Wayne and Wayne,
somehow became Clone
Attention Folks, there goes the Green
With Head Almighty and Legs that's
Mean

Snow in Babylon - Gary Gilbert

It snowed in Babylon today.
The white pure only in fiction,
Amid the flaked red Mars held sway.

Kisses of winter can't belay
The strains of bellicose diction.
It snowed in Babylon today.

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

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

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

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

Derelict Footsteps - Leroy "Doc" Floyd

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

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

Ripples - Gary Gilbert

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

"Fleeing thoughts captured" - Gerald B. Prisock

Fleeing thoughts captured
Placed in random prickly piles
Untouched before dawn

No Bush, No Sea - Uri Small, Sr.

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

My Ol' Tree - Dana Crawford

My ol' tree and me...
He never says a word,
Jus' listens to me attentively.

My ol' tree and the bees...
He doesn't shun them,
Jus' lets them be.

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

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

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

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

Headache Chewables - Leroy "Doc" Floyd

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

Her Name Was Always Six - Leroy "Doc" Floyd

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

God and Goddess Walk - Uri Small, Sr.

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

Shy Guy - Uri Small, Sr.

Look her post see Beauty if life.
Approached at light speed, I not shy.
Lips gleam just nice in nature's be.
One reason why me slides to see.

Voice makes no mind known, speaks
cool sly.
Ears light, eyes point, she sees dude
nice,
But thinks short treasure as walks by.
Full-time kept pace on way no price.

Waved by this jabber seen it Waste.
Continued bend point then stopped
me.

Up backed to her spot, eyed her
space.
Comments poured light in range
from'd scene.

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

What a Wonderful Dream - Bobby Biffel

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

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

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

Uphill Stream - Bobby Biffel

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

Who can blame the Salmon?

A Gentle Change - Gary Gilbert

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

Music - Bobby Biffel

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

Scratches on the Surface - Leroy "Doc" Floyd

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

Questions - Gary Gilbert

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

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

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

What Did You Say - Uri Small, Sr.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Prisoner Express promotes rehabilitation by providing information, education and opportunities for creative self expression to incarcerated individuals throughout the United States.

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The Durland Alternatives Library, which finds Prisoner Express, is a project partner of the CRESP Center for Transformative Action. Additional Support comes from the Cornell Public Service Center.

About the CRESP Center for Transformative Action

Our Mission

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

About Transformative Action

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

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