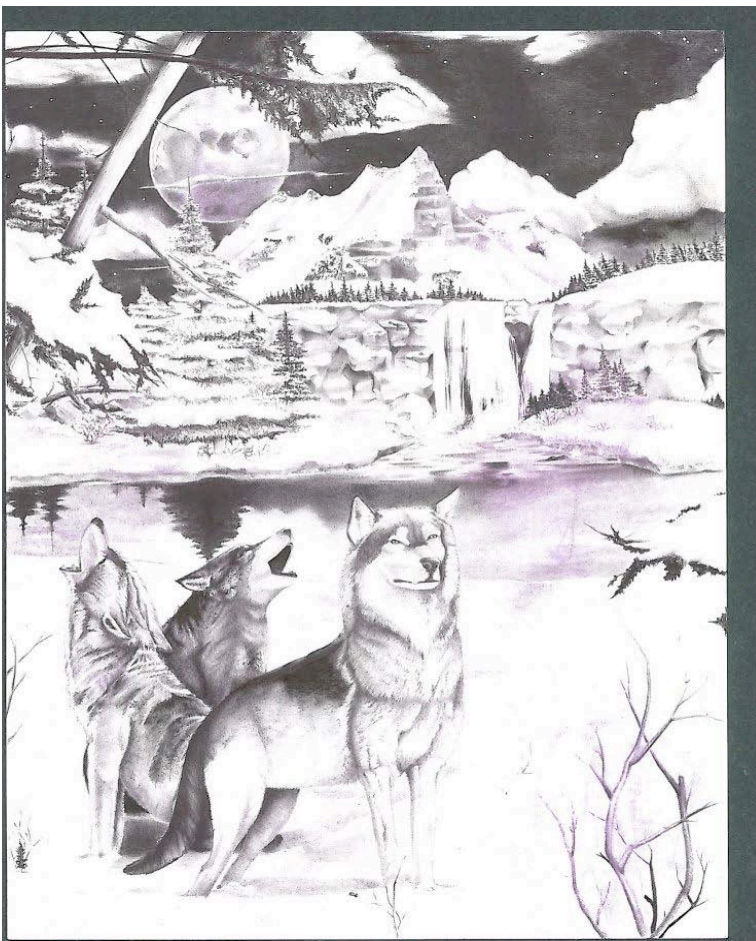


Prisoner Express

Artwork by: Martin Rivers



POETRY ANTHOLOGY



Volume 8

Artwork by: Billy Sell

• Thanks to all of our contributing Authors and Illustrators! •
They love to receive your feedback.

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Temporary Condition
By: David Duran

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

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

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

Three create new concept.

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

Untitled
By: Leroy “Doc” Floyd III

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

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

Where physical torture
lessens morale the outside
world has sown,
Down this hole both mind
and soul complete with
flesh and bone.

Thru its battered window
there’s a hope he cannot
reach,
The sacrosanct of hidden
tombs where secrets have
no speech,
Where passion threatens
purity and by violating each,
We taste the aura of nirvana
both pain and pleasure
teach.

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

Penny Heroism
By: Leroy “Doc” Floyd

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



Artwork by: Carlos Dela Garza

the dance and so uneducated
advance.

II.
Here's conversation in the
stall down concerning god
and psychotrophics,

it's a hallucination of order
and reason returning to
out of focus—
'cause by tomorrow
journalists will have
redirected the sirens
sponging penny heroism off
a saddened highways back,
Reinventing clever
coincidences for the horror
real life lacks.
just conned into residual
intelligence, a part of "Just
Relax"
forging commonplace from
far fetched fact...

Big Girl **By: John A. Rodda**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eccentricity **By: G.L. Proper**

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

Like you there are none

Your thoughts are not round
Centered nor squared

Shapes unknown
Birthing a scare

Free thinker, free thinker
Who will give ear?

Trading our tenants
Quixotic and queer

Are you to hide,
When dogma appears?

Bringing about
Societal tears.



Artwork by: Martin Rivers

A Haunted Heart
By: J.S. Slaymaker

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

Grind
By: Zachary Newman

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

Everything
By: Zachary Newman

The pulsation of the earth
tonight
Crashes through my spine
like a hurricane
Galaxies roll unending
The roof and walls
disappear

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

Today
By: Ruben N. Barrios

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

I am a wondrous being with
five senses;
I hear children's laughter as
they play.
I smell Spring morning
flowers
I see the sunrise and sunset.
I touch my lover's race.
I taste the honey.

I acknowledge yesterday,
inasmuch as
I live today, the future,
I have been forgiven,
Heaven,
I live in hell.

I believe in me.

The Pimp
By: Frank Johnson III

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

Next time somebody calls
you a pimp, it may be in a
good way.

A Lily Among Thorns

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

In Passing

A Haiku Poem (Haikupo)
By: Frank D. Johnson III

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

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

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

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

Snipsnapsnorum

By: J.S. Slaymaker

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

Time Machine

By: James Murphy

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

Game Over

By: James Murphy

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

Artwork by: Afshin Sustaita

memory.
At times dulled
by dreadful reminders
of errors made
or play turned to toil
or parks turned to fields.
Yes given plenty of chances
to put wood on the ball.
Last chance, at bat.
Full count.
A curve ball in for strike
three.
Caught looking, called out.
No post season play.

Haiku Trio
By: Jack McCollister



Artwork by: Afshin Sustaita

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

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

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

I Wannabe
By: Eric L. Mapps, Sr.

I wannabe him, I
 wannabe her, I wannabe
 that glass bottle sitting
 on the curb.
 I wannabe that old oak

tree at the south end of the
 park, I wannabe my
 neighbor's dog that always
 barks.

I wannabe a extra large
 vanilla shake, I wannabe the
 lottery ticket that wins first
 place.

I wannabe the gas that
 makes all automobiles run, I
 wannabe a bag of Mrs.
 Bairds hotdog buns,
 I wannabe anyone or
 anything I see, I wannabe it
 all. Everything I wannabe, I
 wannabe but me.

My Mind at War

By: Eric L. Mapps

There's a rumble in the
 jungle a clash of two sides,
 the battle ground is in the
 mind the war zone is wide.
 A strategic maneuver, a

struggle of power, a pursuit
 of death, a corruptible desire
 of a paradox test. A tactical
 play of a paragon need that
 malevolent by nature,
 critical by creed.

They meet in the middle
 each side waiting for a sign,
 about fire marching all in
 totally separate lines.

Mental and physical
 impulses, the action each
 nerve cell controls, each
 lobe is a city, a vast
 complex defense, a world
 all enclosed.

The brain procreates and the
 body adheres to its
 commands, forever thinking
 always working out the
 plan.

The mind at war, it's a
 terrible thing to waste, we
 must pollute it by our
 contaminating taste.

In the Fullness of Time

By: Eric L. Mapps

In the fullness of time all
 things will change,
 I want to be ready when
 that decision is made.
 Our purpose as a race of
 worldly fulfillment will
 cease, no more world
 order, division, or
 quandary of need.
 In the fullness of time a
 benevolence aura will
 swell, an imperative
 command for the brides to
 open their veils.
 To receive the groom who
 arrives as a thief, on silent
 words that trumpets
 bequeath.
 In the fullness of time all
 will stand in judgment of



Artwork by George Dominguez

themselves, to account for
their activities whether in
poverty or wealth.
To determine their
destination in the spiritual
realm, eternal glory or
burning damned.
Will there be hesitation,
anxiousness, a sign?
Will you be ready in the
fullness of time?

Tomorrow is Born
By: Eric L. Mapps

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

Is it asking too much to
have someone made for me,
Is it really too much to have
someone to love and see?
To have talks, to laugh and
sing, to hold hands while
walking in the park, oh what
a joy that would bring.
Longing to be loved, I pray
for a sign, to embrace a
closeness, to be fulfilled and
entwined.
I know she's out there and
until she comes, I will
adjourn my quest until
tomorrow is born.

Quantum Construction
By: Tony "The Tiger"
Christian

As I ignite the composition
of this manuscript,

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

Each currents nature
incubates inside the brain,
you see...
its tantamount to fluid levels
in a battery;
Our intents will barely
speak if the charge is low;
When its properly
maintained no one can stop
the flow!
Peep the underlying
message: "Exercise Mental
Stealth,"
then the power in your
thought will truly speak for
itself!
Be it positive, or negative
depends upon choice,
but the key is: "Form your
thought before its given a
voice!"

Is this Poetry
By: William Miles

1.)
This thing everyday I feel it
creep
Often it makes my soul to
weep.
She calls to me in her
sensual voice
Giving me no real choice.
She batters and beats at my
defenses
Easily scaling all my fences.

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

2.)
A wild thing I did
encounter, deep in the dark
woods, far into an ancient
forest located in Germania
Wild and unkempt her hair,
twigs and leaves, feral was
her beauty, in her all natural
state.
Clothes worn and nearly
gone, upon her did the cold
moon show, shadow hid in
her eyes, relief to myself it
also hid my grim surprise.
Hunger in her ebon eyes did
creep in fear, did I realize
my soul, death soon shall
reap,
So backwards I did flee,
leaving all my pride far
behind me, deeper in her
haven I fled weeping from
my dread, shall I soon be
dead?

Over logs, even frogs,
pursued by someone far
worse than any of hells
dogs, I ran deeper in
shadow her laughs echo, I
did at one time love to cause
joy in the ladies, though not
exactly like this
Pulled into shadow, cold
and cruel, her speed and
strength did subdue, in my
heart, I did wonder who I
may sue.

3.)
Pain and pleasure, chained
me, lost in my sin

too much, no too little
shame to grin, again I gave
in,
to My Wild Thing I always
lose.



Artwork by: Jay Martin

Smile
By: Tyrone James

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

One love

A Sonnet
By: William Hagan

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

The Icicles of my Heart
By: Rebecca Seiber

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

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

Now, you have entered into
my frosty forest,
Nothing but cold darkness
holds you tight,
Your path soon becomes the
very poorest.
You can no longer see; for
the darkness of night.

All you have left is the very
warm memory,
Remember? The sparkles of
light in my heart?
How cold they were before
you met me?
They are back once again,
never to depart.

Untitled
By: Dave Gordon

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

His arms were soon filled
with god's creatures
He counted them all as his
own
Then in the surprise of his
nature
He started to drop new
acorns

Young trees all around him
soon sprouted
Growing safely up under his
shade
So proud of their father they
shouted,
"Hey look at the family dad
made!"

it didn't take long for these
trees to grow strong
Under the shelter of their
father's strong limbs
For when these trees grew,
the plain they once knew
Was a forest of trees—
thanks to him

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

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

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

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

**Where Your Heart
Resides**

By: Brandon Rushing

M fair lady,

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

Oh sweet darling
Have I faded from your
dreams?
That sacred place of hopes
Those picture perfect
scenes!
Has my chance of making
memories
Been severed through so



Artwork by: Pico Ortega

clean?
To bind my love in fettered
chains
And from your bosom
weaned.

Thy dearest woman
What has kept your heart
from me?

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

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

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

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

And where your heart
resides!

Teeny Dancer

By: Anthony J. Machicote

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

Prisoner's Song

By: Kirsten Parker

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

There are criminals and
castaways

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

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

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

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

A people raised out of
corruption
Lives restored from
complete destruction

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

A Life's Destiny

Michael Evans

Before I was born I was
destined to be great
When I was born slavery to
sin was part of my fate
The evil within and
deception of the world

Blinded by people lost
because of a certain girl

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

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

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

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

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

Artwork by: Wayne Cole



Mommy Dearest
By: Leroy Sodorff

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

That remembrance of the
hickory switch
The whipping of the air
A rhythmic motion to
embrace
Yet the tenderness to cape

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

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

But overwhelmed listless
thunder

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

Desolation
By: John Curtis

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

Borrowed Time
By: Douglas H.

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

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

Then my mouth did I open
Pushing forth panicked
scream

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

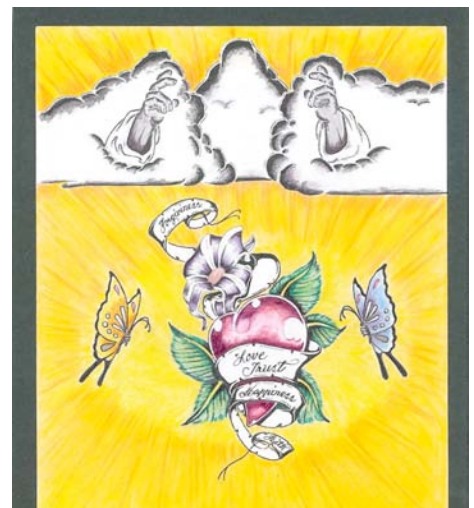
With absent voice and
breath unfound
Cloudy and dim did grow
my sight
My starving lungs on verge
of failing heart
Struggled I 'gainst princely
foe this night

Then voice filled with
clarity unbound
Thus the shadowed specter
did not speak
“A game I play upon a soul,
of which, I do not seek”

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

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

Artwork by: George Dominguez



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

Lost and Found
By: Mitchell Yelverton

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

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

I was in chains
You were an artist
You went our own ways
Looking for others
Somehow things work out
We found ourselves

Now I am free
But you're still an artist

When the Kite String Pops
By: James Murphy

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

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

You Are
By: Justin Cameron

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Visitation
By: D. Albert

Painted beautiful in the
picture,
Love lighted twisted fixture.
Times that pass through the
lines,
I love hello's but I hate
good bye's.

As I look deep past the
glass,
I feel Dorine's love
bouncing back.
I see her pretty brown eyes,
In the tears that I cry.

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

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

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

My Precious Little Dove

By: M. Stanley

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

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

Savannah

By: James Murphy

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

Untitled

**By: Benjamin M.
Caranchini**

Acid rain falls on blinded
eyes

Washing away their infernal
lies
Each day passing yes sir no
sir
While the heat of battle
passions stir
We follow commands like
penned up sheep
Only to be thrown away
with nothing to keep
But broken bodies no one
wants
Listening to laughter and



Artwork by: Jay Martin

cruelties taunt
So I say today before
tomorrow
Stop the wars stop the
sorrow

Memories

By: Willie Castillow

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

Do you still think of them
too?

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

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

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

Journey of Life
Wade Bibbs

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

Emotions at War
By: Wade Jarome Bibbs

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



Artwork by: James Hughes

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

The Anthologist
By: Frank D. Johnson III

Sheena,
I'm afraid your high
intellect maybe out of my
league,
Your poetic wisdom excites
me, I feel so intrigued.
But I do have a few
questions;
I hope you don't mind If I
ask,
I'll start by asking, is your
skin white or black?

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

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

You
By: Rickey Pearson

Blazing beams of light
permeate the surface,
become the surface
Of the object, the obelisk,
the not so secrete pattern of
a smile, I saw
The new day rising as I slid
into my shoes, walked the
streets
Admiring artifacts of ten-
year-old lost civilizations,
the tears
Of angels pouring on my
brow...
And you?

Who saw me in the room
exploring new depths of a
pencil, scratching
On the surface of a white
once-tree, we met an eon
after,
Heated talks of new
dimensions, and the power
of the tongue, the
Holy word...
And you?

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

The Garden **W.J. Carlisle**

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

What Life **By: Robert Brockbank**

A man in pain
Alone with no one to cast
the blame
Misery, anger, rage fills his
heart
He swims to darkness as a
moth to flame.

To yell, shout, break, to
destroy
Looking for an end but
more came
Tears, sobs, endless cries
for help
A man left alone to suffer
his shame.

His life his own creation
Now forced to live without
another's love
Left to his own devices
Decay, fits like a tattered
glove.

Darkness, despair like cold
hard rain
Too late for one to heed
Sleep, rest, no longer a
pulse
No longer my soul to bleed

My life to just escape
Shall no easy feat
A pill, maybe tow, maybe a
rope
Only wish to stop my heart
to beat.

Whispered In The Wind **By: Jason Reid**

I feel the wind blow,
Through my hair...
Across my face.

It comes from me in the
west
To you in the east

At a very quick pace.

Did you hear that my
daughter...
A message blown through?

I whispered it on the wind
And sent it directly to you.

It said, "I love you, I love
you,
With all of my heart.
Even though time and
distance
Has kept us apart."

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

But for now when you feel
The mighty wind blow



Artwork by: Angel Boyar

Know that I feel it too.

And in every gust of air

I'm sending a special, "I
love you."

What is Known

By: Robert Starr

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

Sable Rose

By Lucio Shadow Urenda

Onyx Satin
Glossy Surface
CHANGE OF IMAGE
Mirror Focus

Vibrant Light
Minds Reflections
Inner Thoughts
Conceal Persuasions

Velvet Petals

By: Ed Rose

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

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

When An Angel Cries

Dedicated to Jessica

By Andrew Barnes

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

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

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

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

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

When an angel cries
My day seems so strange
Cuz in my heart I feel their
pain

So please be happy
Spread your wings and fly
Cuz this is what happens
when you cry.

Love is Love

By: Keith Garrett

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

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

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

Love IS Love whenever you
walk beside ME and WE
show the world our
Beautiful Smiles Knowing
that WE can overcome
anything and everything as
WE keep going those extra
miles

But most of all Love is love
that makes our heartbeat last
forever and forever
As long as love is love we'll
always be happy together

Hey Joe

By: Robert L. Hambrick

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

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

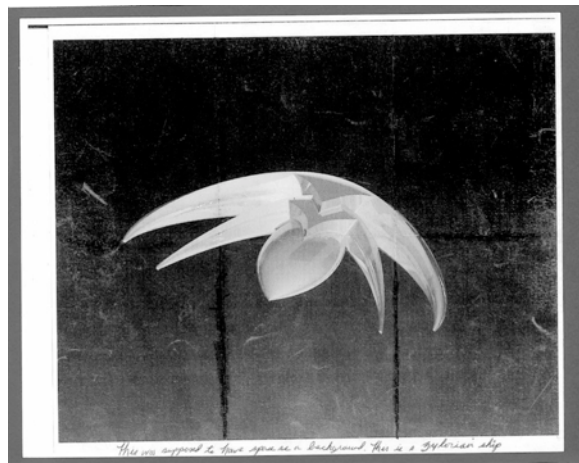
Call of the Wild

By: Charles R Moore

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

"The call of the wild",
whispers on the wind...
Lie's that's told deep inside,
where the pathway ends.
"The call of the wild",
meant to lead astray,
Deceitful words were
spoken—that led me to this
day.
"The call of the wild", these
ghosts that have no names,

Sent by one you cannot see,
like some insidious game.
"The call of the wild", that
left me here to cry—
Tears that will not fall, no
matter how I try.
"The call of the wild",
where false friends appear,
They stab you in your
back—in arrogance they
sneer.
"The call of the wild",
where it all begins,
No need to look outside



Artwork by: William Miles

yourself
This call comes from
within.

Untitled

By: Matthew Neifeld

The girl in the mirror
Stares but cannot see
For she is blinded by images
Of what society wants her to
be

The girl in the mirror
So young and insecure
Unable to love herself
For her vision is blurred

The girl in the mirror

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

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

Choose What You Want

**By: Scott Brian
Porter**

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

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

And let yourself dream.

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

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

Alcohol

Angie M. Davis

Smooth talker, smooth taste
I remember the first time
you were put in my face
I smiled at you and walked
away

But met you again the very
next day

You were persistent as hell,
not giving up
I figured, "What's the
problem in just one cup"
That first drink was hard to
swallow
But after a few, I had my
own bottle

You made me feel warm, all
fuzzy inside
You made me forget the bad
memories stuck in my mind
You helped me become
someone set free
You let me escape my
painful reality

I was empty, you made me
feel loved
You wrapped your ways
around me like a warm
winters glove
You never abandoned me,
you were always on call
All I had to do was pick you
off the wall

Soon you were a good
friend of mine
I had to have you with me
all the time
We kicked it all day, partied
all night
Broke many hearts and won
lots of fights

You took over my mind and
killed my soul
Before I knew it, you were
in total control
Loss of memories and
dangerous blackouts
Bad behavior and hate filled
shouts

Each time I left you said.
"You'll Be Back!"
But I stand telling you now
"I won't be, I'm Fighting
To put my life back on
track"!

You're no longer wanted in
my life
Take your poison and find
another wife
Please don't look for me,
Please don't call
Cause when I think of death
I PROMISE I'll think of
you... Alcohol!

That Bitch
By: Angie M Davis

You cheated with me
behind ya girls back
You thought she didn't
know, thought you had it
like that
But selfish, selfish you, how
couldn't you see
I was doing her too, we
were always three

You brought her to me and I
took her hand
She didn't know what to
think, she didn't
comprehend
She fell for the feelings I
gave
The way you touched her
and the love you made

She was all yours and you
were all mine
It's just too bad she couldn't
have you all the time
It probably would've
touched me, if I had a heart
But I love no one, not even
from the start

With her soul and you under
my spell
I was leading you both
straight to hell
Kisses at night, turned into
fights
She hated me now, couldn't
stand my sight

I have no morals, no
boundaries, no shame
I loved making you sick and
driving her insane
I just wanted you to feel me
under your skin
To feel me in your veins

Who was there for you to
hold your hand
When she was half crazy
and didn't understand
Who was there to help you
get fried
When all she wanted to do
was die

I was hard to get rid of, hard
to escape
I heard she was lucky and
made a clean break
I hear she still loves you and
hates me to death
I heard her say, "I hate that
fuckin' bitch,
That Bitch named METH!"

If... Is How I Feel
By: K. More

If I can't wear the rain,
How am I to know the
thunder?
If I can't breathe beyond the
pane,
Will all my hopes be laid
asunder?

Grant me a memory that I
might feast,
Grant me a step, starve the
beast.
My heart cries for what was
then.
My blood sings to feel once
again.

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

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

Musicisum

By: Zachary Newman

Shake these songs from the
sky

Ever so loud in your ears
alone
Stain your mind
Dye your soul

Color outside the lines
Bleeding together

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

Sift these songs from the
earth

Dig the melodies
Let them run through your
fingers
Get muddy with the soil
Of sonic rebirth
Awaken the senses

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

Like echoes through the
canyons singing.

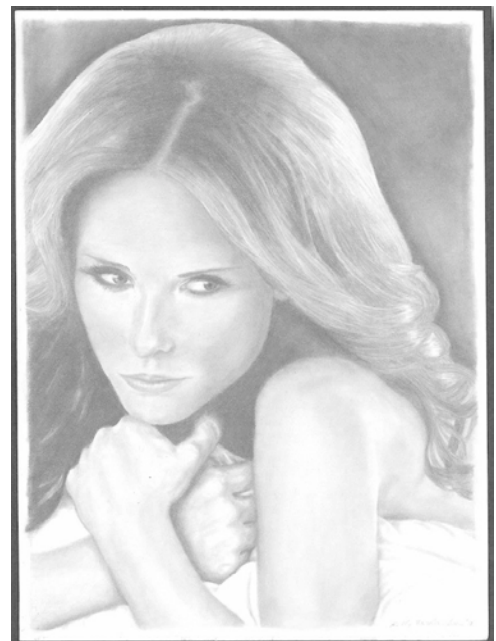
32 L(i)nes

By: Zachary Newman

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

Artwork by: Kelly Fredrichson

Sprinkle in a touch of
aggression
Psychosis from multiple
drug injections
And you'll find yourself
learning some tough life
lessons
And stressing.
No confession, no prayer,
no plea
Can save you from yourself
So go ahead and get off
your knees.
You've forsaken your god,
expelled faith
The sour taste
Of worldly vomit engulfing
your face.
Scrub and scour, try to rid
yourself
From the grimy film of
disgrace
There should never be a
time nor place.
The self loathing so pitiful.
The situation inching
towards critical
Sarcastic, pessimistic, and
cynical
So far down pull in your
own dirt at your funeral.
No mourners wearing black
No turning back
The dirt begins to stack.



Particles of dust, to dust,
grain by grain

Smothering the pain
Suffering fades into
oblivion... sustained.

Mind Flight

By: Erik Cathell

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

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

Shadow of Lies

By: Eric L. Mapps Sr.

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

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

Be Happy

By: Douglas Vest

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

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

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

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

Forever In Memories

By: Michael Wages

Swallowed the last drink of
the bottle
That washed away the pain.
Drowning the sorrows of a
life that
Continues to stay the same.
Dreams gone in a cloud of
meth smoke
A potent shard that makes
me choke
And I cough as I slowly
exhale
Memories and visions of a
life in
Prison and jail.
For some reason I just cant
let it be...
A life lived—Forever in
Memories!

Lost and Found
By: George Mendiola

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

Why has this happened,
What have I done?

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

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

Is there another way to find
the
Light of day?

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

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

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

A Rose
By: Jackey R. Sollars

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

Shadow Dancing
By: Leroy Sodorff

As I strolled across the
promenade
And waltzed into that dive,

I ponied up to the bar
To do my shuffle and jive.

I loco-motioned this same
old song and dance
From Boston to Boogaloo
Then I reeled across Texas
And found my Waterloo.

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

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

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

Kiss Me Softly
By: John A. Cox

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

Kiss me now

Carefree

By: William E. Castilow

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

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

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

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

Just A Moment Ago

By: Robert L. Hambrick

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

The world spinning
faster,

Much more than last
year,
Which was just a
moment ago.

Childhood seemed to last
forever
Strewn in innocence and
wonder,
Wasn't it just a moment
ago?

Once one begins to
understand



Artwork by: Jeff Harnden

The glass increases
its flow of sand,
And time, now
becomes the foe.

Learning to love in summer,
Learning to work in fall;
Trying to learn if there is
Anyone "up there" at all.
Autumn's gray...
slipping to winter,
Other lives
beginning to enter
This faster spinning
world.

What was the age of
mystery
Now comes all too
easily;

Death's dark truth
unfurled.

Isn't there more life for me
to hew
Before my reckoning is
due?

For what I have left to show
Of being here, just a
moment ago?

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

The Door to Heaven

**By: Alvin G.
Simpson**

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

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

She's gone to Heaven,
She's with the angels,
They'll be singing,
Their wings as white as
snow.

She said the door to
Heaven,
Is always open,
Her sweet love,
Shows me the way.

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

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

The Bells of Peace
By: John Wilson

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

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

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

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

The bells of peace have
rung

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

Dance
By: D. B. Hughes

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

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

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

Pay Attention
By: Zachary Newman

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

Pay attention?
Can I make a down
payment?
Can I put it on lay-away,

Come back later to re-claim
it?

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

Pay attention?
Tell me... what am I
buying?
Could you give me specifics
Before pigs start flying?

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

Pay attention?
So, what... the poor are
passed out?
Settle for cheap wine get
drunk and pass-out
Attention? Nah... I got it all
figured out.

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

Pay attention?
Now I'm in debt, my mind
in for closure.
Unable to afford it, the
dream is over.

Missing You
By: Angel Reyes

Your hug, your kiss,



Artwork by: James Hughes

Is what I truly miss.

Your tender touch and soft smile,
Make my life worth while.

Pictures of you go thru my mind,
A love like ours is hard to find.

From day till night, from night till day,
One day soon I'll be on my way...

To hold you close and whisper in your ear,
Those soft words of love you like to hear.

So just hold on and stay strong for me,
This love we share is meant to be.

Our love is so special, so strong and so true,
This is why I'll always love you... I miss you!

Coming Together
By: Derek Bailey

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

Vigilant Owl
By: Ever Rangel Jr.

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

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

Upwards
By: Douglas G. Payne III

My rhyme styles pure THC
Street ta indoor- verbal war vocabulary
Verses coincide with my covert activities
Aerosol assaults- painted pieces: add artillery
Visually projecting bombs-destroying unclaimed territories
Remain calm- star scream KRINK metallic ink
Overkill – D.R.I.P.S. abundantly
PLAN B: blunt stall- public domain music

Staircase movement
 In battles for position- the
 opposition's mopped
 casually
 High quality coats primed
 for exposure—and photo
 shopped;
 Blackbook entries—
 classified missions
 Successful operations gain
 props
 Name famous
 Faceless destruction of
 property
 Vandal in disguise—like
 Zarfan masked—no litter—
 no loitering
 No traces
 Evident statements is
 writing on the walls
 DGK aspirations
 Lazy me
 Graffiti raps—skate
 anthems
 GT HARO fat boy
 percussions
 Gyro mushroom swiss
 independent truck
 productions
 All-purpose multi-functions
 Rhythmic ventilation-
 vaporous toxins got 'em
 jockin' spray-painted
 Spots
 Shit's hot!
 PASTA
 Now they sweating who
 made it
 GRIMLOCK—bubble up
 off of placement
 Fill-in where my man left
 off
 (while) trying to become
 “common fashion flouse
 invite”
 Cannabis cup winner
 tester—ecko spotlight
 signatures
 underground art life

hip hop—house—trip—pop
 nights at gallery showings—
 tryin' to get right
 practice sessions stressing
 borderless outlines
 backwards perception—
 broken alphabets
 connected opposites—
 projecting abstracts realistic
 character renditions—
 animated cartoonish
 murals—brought to life by
 fluid hand movements
 security is useless—color
 coded controlled confusion
 toys broken in—tools get
 racked
 SHARPIE written rhymes—
 on the run tags
 The rights to brag
 All-state recognition
 DARKWING: throws up
 the sickfest!

Life in Prison
By: Hilario Alvarado

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

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



Artwork by: Martin Rivers

almighty god.
And don't let nothing
happen to me, like being
forgot.

Changing of the Guard

By: Ted Christian Eason

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

School and Real Life
By: Reginald B. Smith

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

Untitled
By: Rocco Funari

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

Hope
By: Darnell Epps

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

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

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

Much of the poetry we received arrived after the selections for this issue were made. Those poems are being considered for Anthology V9. We received so many poems, it is impossible to feature all your work. Please continue to submit your poetry and perhaps it can be included in a future issue. Best Wishes! - Gary

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Prisoner Express Poetry Anthology • V8 •

