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RECIPIENT

POETRY ANTHOLOGY  
VOLUME NO. 9  
Prisoner Express  
Fall 2012

Questionnaire  
inside!

\*Artists featured on the cover  
are listed in the introduction on the reverse side.

\*\*Interested in authors and artists' contact information?  
Visit [prisonexpress.org](http://prisonexpress.org) for a complete listing.

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

*Subscriptions are free to prisoners. All others, please contact Prisoner  
Express for rates. All proceeds are used to fund programming*

*The Durland Alternatives Library, which funds Prisoner Express, is a project  
partner of the Center for Transformative Action.*

*Additional Support comes from the Cornell Public Service Center and  
Cornell University Office of Minority Educational Affairs*



# Introduction

## PRISONER EXPRESS MISSION STATEMENT

*To promote rehabilitation by offering inmates information, education, and the opportunity for creative self-expression in a public forum.*

2.November.2012

The Prisoner Express (P.E.) program welcomes its readers to *Poetry Anthology Volume No. 9*, enabling prisoners across the nation to examine, share, enjoy, and respond to both written and visual works. In order to create this publication, hundreds of poems and approximately eighty works of art were reviewed prior to making final selections. Inside, readers will enjoy poems and illustrations featured. Examples within your works demonstrating a few applicable literary terms have been underlined, identified, and defined in the glossary at the end of this publication. Apply these tools as you see fit when reading and writing.

As you may imagine, it was difficult to discern which poems and artworks to publish. All submissions were found to express valuable and important messages. In the end, final decisions were determined prioritizing universal and empowering themes. Again, these decisions were challenging to make, however, we would like to announce that since so many submissions were found to be moving, another issue is in process. In other words, we ask that you please stay tuned for *Volume No. 10*, coming soon this winter. Great work everyone!

Also, congratulations to those of you who were featured in the *Prisoner Express Fall 2012 Newsletter*! Newsletters reach a vast amount of internal and external constituents alike. Here is the list of poems and authors included in Fall 2012's edition: "Carmines Slacker", by – Robert L. Hambrick #1415470, "Salute", by – Gerald Cain #812200, "This I Know", by – Kristopher Smith #01703391, "Forget to Remember", by – Kristopher Smith #01703391, and "Roses and Sunshine", by – Brandon Rushing #1525692. In an effort to maximize the number of featured publications, you will find Newsletter selections are only in the Newsletter. (Available in print and online).

Note: The examples on page 14 demonstrate how an epithet can be used in a positive connotation, as well as negative. For instance, in "Mamma Bear," the author complements his mother, using the title as a term of affection for her constant care and nurturing. In the example "Mom," one could argue that the author opens with negative references of the team, almost implying that name is a derogatory word. However, he then closes with appreciation, complementing the love he receives. Epithets therefore may imply either a positive or negative nickname for the individual being referenced.

## HYPERBOLE

p. 37

- *exaggerated statements or claims not meant to be taken literally*

Source: Oxford Dictionaries (online)

## INTERNAL RHYME

p. 38

- *either where a word in the middle of a line of poetry rhymes with the word at the end of the line e.g. **The Raven** by Edgar Allan Poe or where two words in mid sentence rhyme e.g. 'dawn-drawn' in **The Windhover** by Gerard Manley Hopkins.*

Source: Poetry Soup (online)

## METAPHOR

p. 36

- *a figure of speech in which a word or phrase literally denoting one kind of object or idea is used in place of another to suggest a likeness or analogy between them (as in drowning in money); broadly : figurative language*

Source: Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Note: A metaphor is underlined in the poem "Seduced by Lady Sin" on page 36.

## SIMILE

p. 35

- *a figure of speech comparing two unlike things that is often introduced by like or as (as in cheeks like roses)*

Source: Merriam-Webster Dictionary

Note: Similes are underlined in the poem "Infiltrate" on page 35.

# Glossary

## ANALOGY

p. 45-52

- a comparison between one thing and another, typically for the purpose of explanation or clarification:

*an analogy between the workings of nature and those of human societies*

Source: Oxford Dictionaries (online)

## ANAPHORA

p. 43-44

- Rhetoric: the repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning of successive clauses

Source: Oxford Dictionaries (online)

## ANASTROPHE

p. 13

- inversion of the usual syntactical order of words for rhetorical effect

Source: Merriam-Webster Dictionary

## ASSONANCE

p. 37

- resemblance of sound between syllables of nearby words, arising particularly from the rhyming of two or more stressed vowels, but not consonants (e.g. sonnet, porridge), but also from the use of identical consonants with different vowels (e.g. killed, cold, culled):

*the use of assonance throughout the poem creates the sound of despair*

Source: Oxford Dictionaries (online)

## CONSONANCE

p. 15 & 41

- correspondence or recurrence of sounds especially in words; specifically : recurrence or repetition of consonants especially at the end of stressed syllables without without the similar correspondence of vowels (as in the final , sounds of "stroke" and "luck")

Source: Merriam-Webster Dictionary

## EPITHET

p. 14

- a characterizing word or phrase accompanying or occurring in place of the name of a person or thing

Source: Merriam-Webster Dictionary

# (Volume No. 9)

Artists featured on the cover are credited from left to right with P.E. assigned descriptions: Michael David Russell (uncle sam), James Hughes (*labios*, lips), Jason Forbes (abstract), Lester Ransburg (sculpted face), Lester Ransburg (dolphin), and Thomas Wojnarowski (shades of grey). Special effects were applied by our volunteer layout designer and basic edits, mainly spelling, were applied by our content editor. All author and artist contact information may be found online at [www.prisonerexpress.org](http://www.prisonerexpress.org).

Prisoner Express encourages you to continue channeling your energies on: writing, reading, and designing more artistic and written works for future publications. Also, we would greatly appreciate your feedback regarding this volume (No. 9) - in terms of what you would like to see changed, improved, or continued in the future. Please take a moment to send us your responses to the form towards the center of this issue. Thank you in advance for your cooperation in allowing us to gather your valuable feedback. Remember, at P.E. we serve to empower the voice of prisoners as people.

In closing, it is only fair to also share a special thank you with all of the students and staff who contributed to the compilation of this publishing. Without their collaborative efforts, this issue would not be possible. Thank you all, for your dedicated work and input.

MAY EVERYONE ENJOY THIS HOLIDAY SEASON & NEW YEAR,  
BOTH PEACEFULLY AND INCLUSIVELY.

Holiday cheers and best wishes to all,

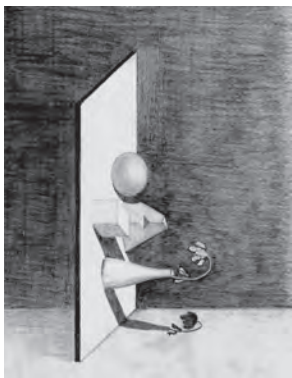
*Your Friends at P.E.*





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by – Larry Blackburn

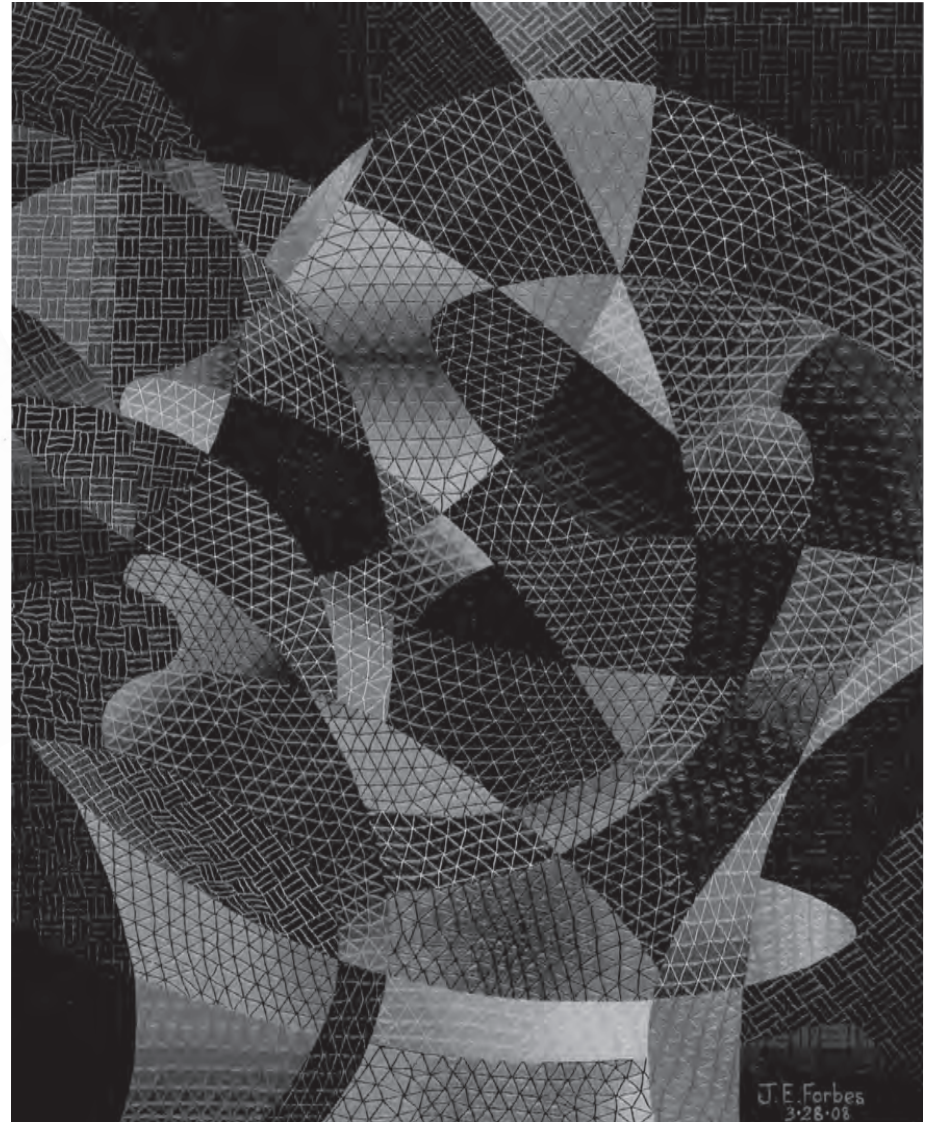


by – Martin Rivers



They're all around me as I write,  
Just waiting for me to be done.  
It seems we have truly lost this battle,  
But, with the child, the war shall be won.

I'm the last of the eagle people,  
And now it's time for my song.  
When it's finished, I'll be dead,  
And the eagle people will be gone.



# Narratives

## IN MY PRISON – Shawn Barclay #899733

In my prison  
Set apart  
Without a friend or shoulder to cry on  
Not one listening ear to hear.  
I vent confused and spent;

In my prison  
Where BPD enslaves my soul  
My sexuality contaminates my gender expression and spiritual peace  
I sit inflamed in this wounded hearts hole...

In my prison  
Why can't I know myself?  
So confused am I? with ill mental and emotional health  
I'm my own worst enemy, somehow sabotaging relationships

Why can't I  
Go to Heaven's paradise for a new life where my spirit can fly?  
Maybe then and there I could finally find my soul mate  
Maybe, in the next life...  
Is that where love waits?

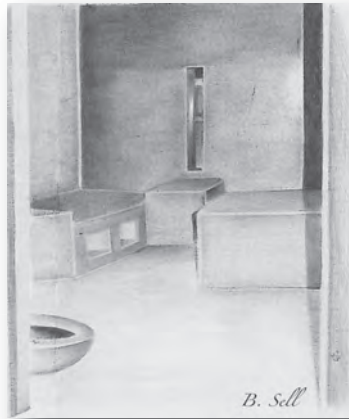


by –  
Michael  
David Russell

## INDETERMINATE ISOLATION – Martin Gonzalez #K37097

Shackled to a feeble mind  
to subdue my soul, looking  
for salvation in a place the  
sun won't even go.

Trapped in Administrative Segregation,  
found guilty of mere ASSOCIATION, and  
sentenced to a stay of indeterminate  
isolation.



by – Billy Sell

"Come, quickly!" I'm told from afar,  
And my eyes filled up with tears.  
For this child, this wingless child,  
Has been sought after for many long years.

His mother put swaddling clothes upon him,  
And kissed the face of the child.  
I bowed my knees upon the ground,  
Lost for words, I could only smile.

I took the child to my chest,  
And held this special gift from Above.  
I held his little finger in my hand,  
My emotions showed nothing but love.

I handed him back to this mother,  
And she killed his precious face again.  
I went to the edge of the mountain,  
And discussed warfare with my kin.

His mother set him down beside her,  
For in a manger they did lay.  
This mighty child of foretold prophecy,  
Will still all evil someday.

The final battle is coming soon,  
As I've said, we see their dust.  
A thousand, wingless, murderous, demons,  
And just a mere twenty of us.

The child is taken far away, to earth,  
The women and children as well.  
The rest of us shall fight until dead,  
As they escape from certain hell.

I must confess, it's been a long time,  
Since I've known this kind of despair.  
There's no one left to fight beside.  
There's no one left that cares.



by – Jeff Harnden

Our enemies were putting the blades to themselves,  
And their numbers grew as each second passed.  
We could not win this war.  
I called my kin, from first to last.

Our only option left was to fly away,  
Let them have home and hunting grounds.  
No one liked the sound of my words,  
But you could hear no opposing sound.

This war has left us with only a few,  
The old, the children, and the women as well,  
Would we survive in the end?  
Would I have more to tell?

We gathered our hurt and wounded,  
And made for the distant shore.  
Hoping to find a place to rest,  
Staying ahead of our enemy, and this war.

They're not content with out retreat,  
They keep coming wherever we go.  
The rain forest of deep Dragon south,  
The cold of the dead Dragon snow.

Still they come, they seek us out,  
Our old has begun to die.  
Our young has no hope, no security,  
And our women can only cry.

We fight when we must, fly when we can,  
God only knows what the future will bring.  
If the prophecy could be fulfilled,  
Only then, in victory, will we sing.

I hear the cry of a newborn babe,  
This is no time for such a thing.  
Here we are, about to be destroyed,  
Yet, I hear the joy a new child can bring.



## CONVICT'S POEM – Brandon Rushing #1525692

Tonight you hear a poem  
from a convict serving life.  
Not about God or his freedom  
but of loved ones left behind.

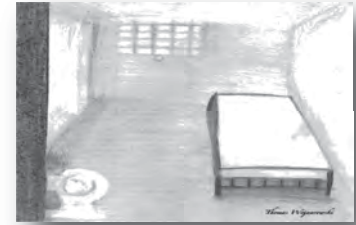
He tells you of his wife  
so beautiful, strong and kind.  
A mother of three young children  
and a lover of her husband's time.

You will hear about this son  
he left calling out his name.  
Some of the best times he's had  
were with this mighty James.

Leaving you with his daughters  
the first he calls a Rose.  
Pilar blonde hair with big blue eyes  
she is a wonder to behold.

The last was an infant  
so beautiful, frail and small  
he will tell you how he held her  
his Skye would never fall.

These are the loves he'll tell you  
are deepest in his heart.  
He may serve his life in prison  
but with these memories never part.



by — Thomas Wojnarowski

---

No chance at rehabilitation while  
Living in sensory deprivation, and  
slowly dying of mental starvation.

Where's the humanity in driving  
a man to insanity, human rights  
and the A-C-L-U where the  
HELL are you?!



# Reflective Poetry

SOUL PURPOSE - Unknown

Was life designed to torture the soul?  
I'm prisoned with chains  
Of nerves and veins  
Pays for the body with anguishing toll.

Through a life one's never content  
But in death forever peace.  
When the body withers does the soul too disease,  
or linger from the space it's lent?

Without the soul what'd a body be?  
An aimless mass of bone and muscle  
Or flimsy vessel,  
As like a fruitless tree.

To everybody's an entity  
To the soul it's body's a tomb  
Fused together as bride and groom  
But within, life's not free



by – Lester Ransburg

I watched as they fell to the ground,  
And I couldn't believe what was going on.  
They split in two upon impact with the rocks,  
Two more got up, though one was gone.

I called my kin to my side,  
And revealed what was happening down below.  
One dies, yet two more emerged from him,  
We put our differences on temporary hold.

Over the course of the next few weeks,  
We tried different approaches upon our killing.  
We tried spears, arrows, drowning, burning,  
The same results were so chilling.

My kinsmen are being overrun by numbers,  
We grew tired and sleep-deprived  
Then, finally, a break cam our way,  
By their own, they were being betrayed.

Pain and torture s not our way,  
But we had no choice in the matter.  
It got our questions quickly answered,  
So much blood was then splattered.

The only way to kill our enemies,  
Was to chop off their heads.  
The only way to stop their diving,  
The only way they remained dead.

We started making some progress,  
And many fell before our blades.  
Their numbers were soon diminishing,  
We could rest awhile, sleeping in the shade.

I was awakened, long before I was rested,  
And was told to come take a look.  
My eyes beheld the carnage before me,  
As our chronicler, I wrote it in my book.



by – Jeff Harnden



The ground began to shake and rattle,  
Just to stand became really hard  
Many of us took to the air,  
But we didn't get very far.

All at once it stopped shaking,  
And then it split really wide.  
Another cry of alarm was heard,  
As a marvel came from inside.

I flew quickly to the cliff's edge,  
And surveyed the land far, far below.  
They were there by the thousands,  
Barely making them out in the sun's glow.

The wingless ones were only six feet tall,  
Half our size, possessing superior weapons too.  
Their talons were 10 digits wide,  
And their skin was a crimson glowing blue.

Many of us went to communicate,  
To see what they wanted here.  
They showed us a superior aggression,  
And they have little, to no fear.

On the ground, they're an unstoppable force,  
Aggressive, and very evil in their cause.  
They started ripping and tearing at our wings,  
No one provoked them, nothing gave them pause.

Tomorrow morning they will attack us,  
But we have the night on our side.  
We can see very clearly in the dark,  
And will kill many where they try to hide.

During the night, we killed eighteen hundred,  
And still, they came on strong.  
Their numbers seemed to be endless,  
I knew something was terribly wrong.



by – Jeff Harnden

## MEET ME AT THE CROSSROADS – Dustin Albert

I've been used, abused, and accused  
Society has kicked me to the curb,  
Lied to and cheated on,  
There isn't anyway – or anyone  
Who can hurt me now.

My freedom is now taken  
And my nights destroyed.  
And now there is but one person  
That can fill the great void.

Endless days and many of sleepless nights  
Are traveling away because of the light – so bright  
A guided path to the end of my street  
At the crossroads is where we'll meet.

This time I sit and in patience wait  
The Lord knows I am a sinner  
And ain't no saint,  
But the forgiveness He gives –  
Is a lifetime of love  
So I could be saved.

Chaos and destruction are everywhere I go  
Sometimes high and sometimes low  
The higher end society and  
The lower end being prison  
Where we stop no one can know.

How many times does it take, before we break?  
Now will I stand with my new mate  
And leave others to their fate.  
My destiny that unfolds – is a future foretold  
And close to my heart a dear love I hold.

The things I now see are what were meant to be...  
Abused, used, and kicked to the curb,  
Lied to and cheated on



by – Billy Sell

# Reflective Poetry

A TAINTELESS DELL – Robert Forzano #15842-097

I  
It began; a taintless dell,  
Virgin soul, a place to dwell.  
Warming zephyrs filled the air  
With fragrance of golden hair.  
Clouds of trust, so snowy white,  
Floated free amidst the light  
Of sun and moon, in the sky,  
As butterflies flutter'd by.  
Wholesome land, where water flowed;  
Seeds of love sprouted and grewed.  
What wretched deed spoil't the loam,  
Tainting seeds and tainting home?



by – Marco

They communicated by using sign,  
And wanted to trade with us.  
We wanted their steel knives and blankets,  
And they wanted our best furs.

They left several hours later,  
But our excitement stayed for awhile.  
The women had beautiful colored things,  
That was useful out in the wild.

About that time our seeker flew in,  
He landed next to me and folded his wings.  
At seven-foot three, 300-plus pounds,  
His yellow eyes still gave a sting.

He looked me in the eyes and said,  
“The red ones are far up the river now,  
We could easily overtake them.”  
And then he gave a respectful bow.

“Leave them be. They mean us no harm,” I said,  
I took him by his armband.  
He looked up at me and came alone,  
As we walked in the warm sand.

We are a war type winged people,  
8 feet, 400 pounds, at full growth age.  
At home in the Dragon Mountains,  
Or on the flat plains of sage.

Our wings can carry two enemies high,  
And then we let hem fall.  
A couple thousand feet, there's no survivors,  
A loud screech, is our warrior's call.

We walked by a cooking fire, burning low,  
Grabbing a chunk of meat as we went by.  
Others were waiting up ahead for us,  
The stillness was shattered by a warning cry.



by – Jeff Harnden



# Epic Analogy\*

THE EAGLE PEOPLE – Wes Drinkard #385637

I can see them in the distance,  
Thought it's really just their dust.  
So many died beneath their blades,  
They're coming for the rest of us.

Let's protect the old ones,  
Women and children as well.  
We will fight while they flee,  
May our enemies rot in hell.

We stand together, though so few,  
Against a thousand or more.  
My mind goes back in time,  
To the event that started this war...

Nothing stirred, but light wind and dust,  
The heat of summer was on high.  
Even the children were quiet now,  
The only sound was a baby's cry.

A shout came from the river bottom,  
And the village went to see the sight.  
There were ten canoes with men,  
I stood there, ready to fight.

They called out to my people,  
In a tongue we didn't know.  
I saw no weapons upon them,  
They truly were a sight to behold.

They ran the canoes to ground,  
And smiled at all the children's glares.  
It was the first time we ever saw,  
Anyone, with red and yellow hair.



by – Jeff Harnden

III  
Life began; a silver bell,  
Now behold a tarnished hell!  
Asmodeus, in his lair;  
Holy Trickster; Foul Nightmare;  
Phantasm; Fiend-of-the-Night!  
Darkness spreads, as end to light.  
Driven forth by banshee brays,  
A child's love has flown away.  
Craven heart – accursed, obscene –  
Fills the place where love's unseen,  
Pumping poison through the land;  
Horrid demons walk the sand.

IV  
Memories – a deadly spell.  
Voices past – a deathly knell.  
A child's soul, once snowy white,  
Is not stained as dark as night,  
Blasphemous, and full of ire.  
The agony of desire!  
Poor craven thing, Child of sin,  
Ethereic mp; he groans within.  
Failing life, he finds no peace,  
But knowing Bāal, brings surcease.  
Now not fit for one to dwell,  
He began, a taintless dell.

## GRATITUDE – Weldon Jeffries #J-12633



by – William Andrews

With each day that comes, if we just  
'Realize' what could be –  
Then we would only choose to find  
The 'good' in what we see.

And if we count the blessings that each  
Day this life provides  
Then life would fill our hearts  
With much more gratitude inside.

For gratitude alone is what creates our  
Hearts anew –  
Then when our hearts are healthy  
We'll transcend to what is true!

# Apology

ALL – I SUPPOSE – R.J. Clayton #1078585

I saw angels dancing in her eyes,  
As if my God had just returned.  
I felt her love  
Even though she cried.  
From all the bridges we have burned.  
We used to be – so many things,  
All through the night,  
Whispers in dreams.  
Forgive me please,  
All – I suppose!  
We bury love  
And hope it grows.



by – Marco  
Marco

WHY AND WHEN – James R. Osmund #1008018

Why do I yearn to hear your voice,  
When all I hear is degrading and cruel.

Why do I long for your touch,  
When all I feel is pain and hatred.

Why do I crave your attention,  
When it is so short lived and uncaring

Why do I want your company,  
When I know you care not for mine.

Why do I desire your love,  
When you love none but yourself.

Why do I do this to myself,  
When I know it's killing me slowly.



by – Marco

SOMEONE TO FORGET YOU – Jonathan C. Holeman #AI-7466

Sometimes we fall in love, with people far away  
Someone we cannot touch, hold, make love to, or betray  
Someone who will promise, to never go away  
But as the days become the years, their love begins to fade  
Someone to remember, because they're gone away  
Someone to forget you, when there's nothing  
left to say.



# Anaphora\*

THERE WITHIN – J. Logan Diez “The Pen Dragon” #342162

There within there lay a Darkness  
or there within there lay a Light  
there within there lay our choices  
be they made for wrong or right

There within there be no demons  
there within there be no saints  
there within is but our character  
with which the world we paint

There within are thoughts of evil  
there within desires so pure  
there within we nurture illness  
or seeds of peace a world to cure

There within we champion ruin  
or there within we foster love  
for heaven comes from within  
not borne by Angels from above

There within we’ve the power of change  
there within the will to live  
there within we find the strength  
a better world to Children gibes

There within our answer “yes” or “no”  
there within we find our self  
not from parents, friends, or teachers  
nor from books upon some shelf

Each day I see the world at large  
and wonder **“when will peace begin?”**  
then hear **my voice** inside my head  
tell me **“it begins right here within”**



by – Jackey Sollars

# Dedications

A MOTHER’S LOVE – Sean Michael Church #V-66407

A mother’s love is beyond mere words, but humbled I come to say.  
Through pain and joy you were by my side, to kiss my tears away.

A mother’s love to withstand the times, to shine forth in times  
of need, unconditional devotion throughout my life, as deep as  
the clear blue sea.

A mother’s love is like a rose, gentle to the touch, a beautiful Queen  
among all others, that’s why I love you so much.

A mother’s love to guide my ways, to teach me right from wrong,  
with you my heart will always be, with you is where I belong.

So to you my heart of hearts, my mother, my Queen of  
Queens, for you I write this down, for you are my  
everything.

A MOTHER’S LOVE – Michael DelDonno #1426152



by – Gorge Domingues

(i) A mother’s love,  
One of a kind.  
Words of wisdom,  
Best I’ll find.

(ii) A mother’s protection,  
Her wonderful care.  
Her tender feelings  
With me she’ll share.

(iii) A mother’s touch,  
A kiss to heal.  
Her beautiful smile,  
A difference I’ll feel.

(iv) On Mother’s Day,  
Which is once a year.  
Though I love her everyday,  
This one will bring a tear.

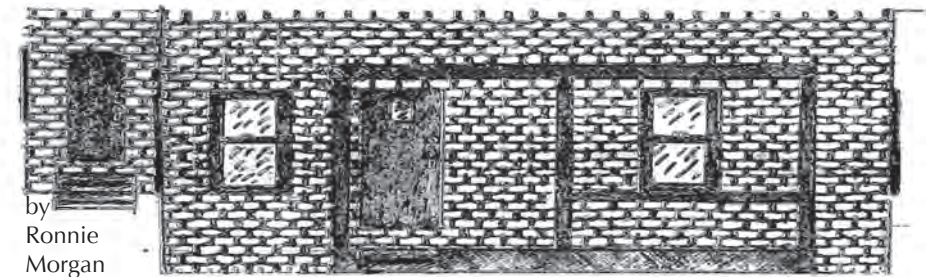
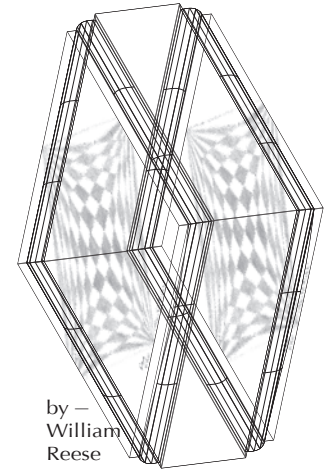
# Anastrophe\*

A FATHER'S LOVE – Michael J. Santiesteban #455545

If I were to die so far that my voice  
 Could not reach or my lips kiss you each goodbye  
 Feel not any pain for the loss or what couldn't  
 Be, let not your tears blot your eyes.  
 Just bury me close to the roar of the blue  
 Open sea  
 That in this way when must you feel alone  
 You can visit, hear, and remember me,  
 When the nights are moonless and all seems so  
 Very dark,  
 I will plead with the heavens to arrange  
 For each of you a banquet of a billion stars,  
 So that in this way we may erase  
 The pain, the loss, and any unknown life given  
 Wound or scars.  
 Getting all who care to wonder, come and  
 See,  
 That a father's love for his children  
 Beyond death, alive and well will always  
 And forever remain and be...



Guns are drawn and each shoots  
 As the Villain lay dead  
 These are the words  
 That the Lone Poemer said  
 Sticks and stones might crush those bones  
 Yet with the weapon of the Poemer  
 Your soul he owns.  
 At the final duel  
 Keen words are his tool  
 And as you gasp your final breath  
 At least you've died a poematic death



I'M FROM THE COUNTRY, WHILE YOU'RE FROM THE CITY  
 – Terry T. Mann #0950090

I know about gutting fish, you know about lookin' pretty  
 I talk about all the places I've been, and what I've seen  
 You talk about what you've learned from bad boys on a movie screen  
 We come from different lifestyles of this I'm sure  
 See I've been frog giggin', and learned about fishing too  
 While your toes get manicures, then you buy new shoes.  
 I'm not calling you a girl – I'm just saying we're not the same  
 You'd get lost in a forest, while I say this concrete jungle is insane  
 Please give me wide-open spaces an fishing, Thanks  
 While the only fish you've ever seen comes from a tank  
 You talk about your pitbulls fighting for a winner  
 I speak about my lazy ass hound dog, watching me eat dinner  
 But in the end we're not much different – you and I  
 I write these lines it's quite easy, like cutting butter with a hot knife  
 And you can bring the Phat beat, as we reflect on our life.



The Lone Poemer  
Patiently waits for the call  
Cards on the table  
Smoke around the hall  
The gambler's luck  
Has just run cold and dry  
The nervous chuckle  
The bad pun told in his eye  
He inspects his shortened stack of chips  
And checks the Lone Poemer's  
Guns on his hips  
He wisely decides to fold and not die  
The player piano groans like a ghost  
As Toothless Tom takes his tenth toast  
Bald Bert the barman brags on his beer  
As Sultry Sally solicits a soulful sonneteer  
Out I the street a thunderous crack  
Come to do some killin'  
The Villain is back  
"Hey, Stranger with the rhymes,"  
He growls up a shout,  
"This here town is mines,  
I'm callin' you out!"  
Slowly the Poemer gets up from his stool  
The cards have been played  
It comes down to a duel  
He checks on the action  
Of his loaded Smith and Wesson  
There'll be grim satisfaction  
In the lyric of this lesson  
All bets have been made  
This game is nearly complete  
Death he will greet  
As he strides into the street  
The Villain wears a shadowy frown  
Sweat on his brow as the sun beats down  
On the spurs of the Poemer  
A gleam on his boots  
Through the dust and bloodlust

<-- [CONSONANCE]

## Epithets \*

MOMMA BEAR – Brian Dyer #14497-026

Don't ever forget, any minute of any day!  
Your son does love you and your motherly way.  
You are my spark of hope, my love and affection!  
Like a warrior's sword, you are my protection.  
On this nasty rough road, one thing is for certain!  
My mom will hang touch until the final curtain.  
No matter which way this nasty road turns!  
A mother's love – a son quickly learns.  
Will never falter or grow weak from despair.  
No matter what she will always be there!  
You have never failed me, I say this with pride...  
On the darkest of nights – you were my guide!  
You're my guiding light – you're my North Star!  
Your love is so strong you never seem far...  
But like shadows at night, certain things remain hidden.  
Like the Apple; some things are just forbidden.  
Never think you failed me because I'm caged,  
behind this stone wall....  
Remember mom – even some of God's own Angels,  
did fall...



MOM – Randy Miller #154124

Who was there to catch me  
or help to break my fall?  
You could have been there sometimes,  
but you never were at all.  
You were always somewhere else,  
with someone more important than me.  
Like I was life's big burden,  
and without me you were free.  
All I wanted was your attention,  
to feel a loving touch.  
I tried everything to be near you,

because I loved you so much.  
You could have tried to care for me,  
to let your love be shown.  
Instead you left me behind,  
confused, scared and alone.  
So much time has passed,  
with so much damage done.  
Even with all the pain I've felt,  
I'm still glad to be your son.  
I hope you hear me calling,  
I hope you know this is true.  
The thing to me that means the most  
is the love I get from you.

# Consonance\*

## CHILDHOOD – Gary Gregory #T66532

Many blue moons ago I saw such a great world.  
One not yet filtered through bloodshot eyes.  
Not yet reflected in the watershed.  
Not yet broken by betrayal or beaten and left for dead.  
Not yet suspended in disbelief.  
A world ripe with potential and promise.  
Primed to proceed.  
Not yet shattered by deceit.  
A world of enough wonder to hold sway.  
Of enough awe to captivate and keep attention.  
Of enough magic in every day to enhance and enthrall.  
Of enough simple pleasures devoid of pretension.  
Of enough giggly silliness, not yet enclosed by protective walls.  
Not yet weighted down by worry or self deception,  
Just cotton cloud imagination, carefree and divine.  
Not yet deceived by delusions of the mind.  
The pain of becoming something bruised and bent.  
Not yet evident.  
Not illuminated in the darkness of nightmares.  
Not witnessed through weathered eyes weary with regret.  
Still attached to the mad picture show.  
Should have “given up the ghost” long before I let –  
The mad manifestation materialize.  
Not yet broken expectations in barren eyes.  
That hypnotized, traumatized such an impressionably pliant mind.  
On which identity am I supposed to refine?

## PRISON WHINE – William Andrews #1701022

Hey! There's a cockroach in my beans!  
Wait a minute! These clean sheets ain't clean!  
Hold up! Is that all the mail?!  
I thought we could still smoke in this jail?! –  
Man, the time is passing slow...  
Guess I should forget about my “favorite show...”  
Damn! Steel toilet stays cold as ice!  
I never thought prison was supposed to be nice. –  
Once a month, I'm allowed sunshine...  
My sanity teeters on a blue paper line...  
My body is thinner, but that I'll survive  
So tired of hearing all their “shuck and jive” –  
Years from now, this too shall pass,  
And I'll step away, ahead of this class,  
A whole lot stronger, though shorter on time,  
Never again... to share this Prison “whine.”



by – Jackey Sollars

## LOOKIN' TO SCORE – William Andrews #1701022

I was sittin' alone, with little to do,  
Not really happy, yet not really blue, –  
When two lonely chicks approached my door,  
Looking as if, they were lookin' to score. –  
With dark innocent eyes, searching to find,  
Something to ease, the need on their minds. –  
For what they wanted, I just didn't hold,  
I guess it wasn't silver, but it may have been gold, -  
But they still took their time, for we had it to share,  
With quiet amusement, not having a care. –  
Then they left without warning, clear from sight,  
Not a sound from them, for another day and night. –  
So I managed to score, something they'd like,  
When they came again, it'd be gold they would strike. –  
Again they found me, and headed my way,  
To eat the cornbread I'd saved from my tray. –  
Now those two little birds, they show so little fear,  
It's how us jailbirds, survive around here. –



# Clever Rhymes

WAKE UP CALL – Edward Ramos #1751910

It is far better to be tired, than to be wired...  
better having a second chance at life,  
than your time to be expired!  
Lots of us think it's not yet our time,  
life is just a party, is everything we rhyme.  
Despite our loved ones' heartaches and blues,  
we just blow it off 'cuz, what do we have to lose?  
Drugs, homies parties and females...  
weed by the ounces, even the bales;  
those are decisions that we chose,  
snorting cocaine through our nose.  
But then in comes that drunk driver,  
head-on collision into our car...  
our children's bodies burning, because gasoline does char.  
With the drugs in our system, so high don't you know it,  
if we'd have been sober, could've avoided  
the cemetery pit.  
There's danger at the connection's house,  
a shoot-out drive by about to happen,  
but we steadily keep cruising that way,  
Tupac-playin', steadily rappin'.  
We're not in danger, our minds in a daze...  
don't realize the truth,  
'till we hear those automatics blaze.  
We're grown-up now, it's time to start thinking,  
if we don't change our ways, we'll keep steadily sinking.  
"We're not scared to die," we say, sounding so dumb,  
but after we're buried, who'll raise our son?  
"I am a true gangsta," think we'll have a long life,  
but you better give it up,  
for your sweet, loving wife.  
Life's not a party, don't live in that illusion...  
enjoy your childrens laughter,  
love your cherished wife,  
that's the only solution!



by – James Hughes

# The High Road

JOY RIDING ON LIFE – Timothy L. Wade #1516343

Today I woke up without a goal or plan  
a plan – what goal – my life demands...  
Waking up getting high as I can – man  
What a life I live, I live to die and I'm dying to live –  
What do I have to give – give to life that was freely given to me,  
Not knowing when I was born – Was born to be free – free  
from what – of what – for what! Sport and play, having fatal  
thoughts of preconceived suicide by being in the way – of  
life's progression. Or being in the way cause of the hard life that  
I lived... Joy Riding on life s what it s – what do I have to give.  
Never thought that this s how my life would be – for me –  
a long lived life – spent in the state penitentiary.  
All this time – and all these wasted years, waking up early  
getting high is what got my eyes filled with tears, tears with  
bitterness and tears of fears – Fears of life has dealt me one  
hellova hand, now I wish I would have woken up with  
a goal and plan.  
I have to wake up consciously before it's too late –  
Too late to live in this precious thing called life – instead of  
playing games and Joy Riding on Life.



by – Jeff Harnden

# Internal Rhyme\*

ABHORRENT – Francisco B. Ramirez #687080A

Every desire has brought me pain.  
Every surprise – torment  
That to fall in love all over again  
Will bring abhorrent to the sentiment



by – Michael  
David  
Russell

# Insight

THEIR LIGHT SHINES THROUGH ME – R.J. Clayton #1078585

The stars are angels,  
And planets Gods.  
Constellations Titans,  
But all are one.

Divine assistance,  
Invisible powers.  
Souls are forever,  
Flesh but an hour.

Heavenly world,  
Connected to me.  
What can I be?  
Help me to see!



by – Michael David Russell



# Assonance\*

SEA FLOOR – Chaplain Gayle Fisher #197900

Alone in the zone  
 Just me in the sea  
 Water gets deep but starts off shallow  
 Sharks want a piece, whales simply swallow  
 Stingrays and jellyfish don't touch.  
 They'll give a shock that's way too much  
Dolphins do tricks.  
Blowfish have pricks.  
So it's best to be me, low in the mix so most ignore  
 A starfish on the sea floor



by – Michael  
David  
Russell

ADDICTION – Ryan DiCharo #M14115

Consider for a second, if you will,  
 What certain people find in the form of a pill.  
 Relief and euphoria, not theirs to give,  
 Renditions of a life they have left unlived.  
 Deep-rooted pain and the search for an answer,  
 All while the drugs eat them up like a cancer.  
 They search their whole lives for ways to get high,  
 While other people watch them and simply ask, why?  
 Well if the answer was simple, everyone would know,  
 And if “treatment” could cure them, surely they'd go.  
 But the real answer lies inside of their heads,  
 Not in a rehab or handfuls of meds.  
 So the next time you see an addict around,  
 Let him know you'll be happy when he puts the drugs down.



by – Martin Rivers

# Hyperbole\*

THE ILLEST MAN – Chaplain Gayle Fisher #197900

For whom's the illest man there be no cure, to him he's well  
 No, calming the fever he is the flame of hell.  
 Violently sick to others  
 Uncontagious disease no one discovers  
 Isolated, misunderstood  
 In his world, body and mind are good  
 He's lost his sympathy but gains hate  
 To him he's fine and everything's great  
 There'll be no therapist or physician  
 The illest man is fine in his position.



by – Michael David Russell



# 21st Century ♀

A WOMAN'S WORTH – La'Marcus "Solo" Hayden #1358980

To all beautiful precious women  
who uplift life and bring forth creations of one who breathes,  
Intelligent beyond the wonders of this world  
all the joy that the birds sing.

Hold true to what is destined to be yours  
that's commonly placed in your minds,  
Give us the pleasures and opportunities  
to seek tender love and care that will entwine until the end of times.

Your beauty is radiant  
like jewels that can't be described by any words,  
Majority would be attracted by the wrong things  
instead we adore your mind and personalities more than we crave your curves.

The clock forever ticks  
we can't take life for granted knowing we've already lost enough,  
Help a man pick up the pieces  
to find a way in a world that is not dear or kind to us.

Every man has a woman who's their equal  
whose qualities that are exquisitely needing,  
Hear the words of sincerity  
for I speak the truth from a heart that is constantly bleeding.

We men make mistakes for not showing our total appreciation  
for your abundant love and support,  
Believe our world revolves around your graces  
the unconditional compassion inspire our progress to feel comfort.

Only you lovely women can touch a man's soul  
mentally, emotionally, physically as well as socially,  
Contemplating how we can express the desire  
of affinity that is so deep devotionally.

SEDUCED BY LADY SIN – Frank D. Johnson III #1485979

Through a black satin veil –  
I saw her irresistible eyes,  
Contrary to her engaging beauty  
It was sin in love's disguise,  
Fooled into believing –  
I had sole possession of her heart;  
Destruction caused by an uninheritable love,  
Innocence torn completely apart.

Defiled substances of greed and lust,  
Her kiss was death to honesty and trust,  
Her touch was the poison  
That traveled down my spine,  
After our bodies danced –  
Intertwined...

I laid bare – underneath a dying moon,  
In a cold blanket of deceit,  
I waited for love's face to appear  
But it chose to retreat.

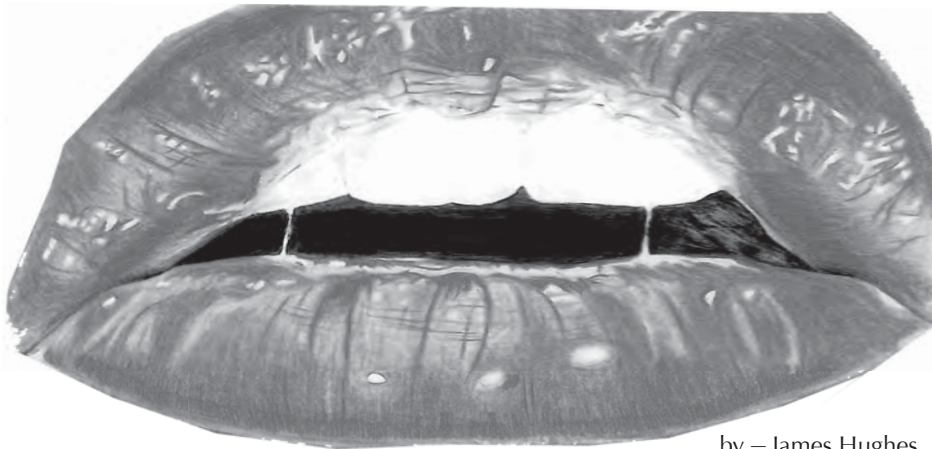
Lord, undo my wrong so I can accept  
Love at a higher rate,  
Contrary to my faithful love of her  
She's offered me nothing but hate.



# Similes \* & Metaphors \*

INFILTRATE – Tim Hampton #852404

As the sun begins to shine, I've realized  
We were more like Bonnie and Clyde  
Inseparable like Romeo and Juliet  
The lightness of your touch made me sweat  
I asked that you be understanding  
But since I've been gone away  
Less and less is understood  
So who are you believing, me or the hood?  
Nobody but God can love you like I can  
For you I'd run through hell. Rid or die  
So many sweet memories, don't you say goodbye  
Too many words are on the grape vine  
Jealous fools say I'll never be back  
Didn't I say you'll never be alone  
All you have to do is keep the faith  
Pretty soon daddy will be home  
Girl, look into my eyes because this look is sincere  
I'll kill your fears, help conquer your dreams  
Whether you leave or stay  
Remember, I'll love you until my dying day



by – James Hughes

My heart speaks for all men  
who are blinded by the lust of unawareness,  
Appreciating the elegance for all the love  
of a woman that understands our moments of paralysis...

WHO IS SHE? – Johnny Jon #1339216

She unfolds her arms at the break of dawn,  
To greet the new day with a waking yawn.  
And dew drops glisten on her silk-soft cheek,  
As the sun rises over the mountain's peak.

Her purpose is simple, but important to all –  
For happiness she brings, in the spring, summer, and fall.  
But her winters are lonely, for then she must rest.  
Her strength and endurance suffering nature's cruel test.

When the cold months are over, will her beauty still live?  
Will she arise each new day and much happiness give?  
Will her beauty, her love, her laughter, her cheer –  
Be withheld from our hearts for the coming New Year?

For her fate s a sad one that one day must come –  
She'll yellow and wither, no longer to greet the sun.  
But we'll always remember her and the happiness she did bring –  
And the glad, joyous memories will cause our hearts to sing.

But if natures cruel test she does pass,  
She'll arise in the springtime, her smile to cast –  
Upon wide open spaces, by mountains and streams,  
To brighten our days, and even our dreams.

And she'll lift up her voice to the clear blue sky,  
To sing her sweet song, happy tears in her eye.  
To announce her existence, though everyone knows,  
That with all she represents, she is but a rose.

# Goddesses

## A BLESSING FROM APHRODITE – Cody Newell #1395638

My lonesome heart longs for affection,  
Just someone special to hold,  
A passion fueled connection,  
The missing piece of my roaming soul.

I desire a woman's arms around me,  
Delivering me from this abyss.  
Someone who'll love the darkness in me;  
The warmth of love I distressingly miss.

I need a lover who'll listen  
One who drinks deeply of poetry  
Someone who'll sensually share her soul;  
A sea, I can search abysmally.

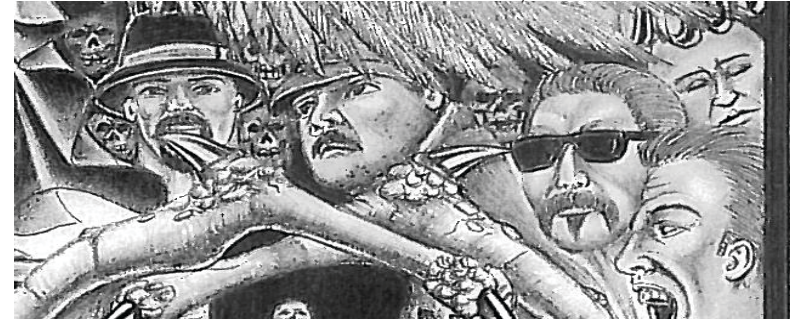
I need someone who breathes poems of love,  
Passion that rages infernally  
Someone greater than Galatea<sup>1</sup>  
yet, a love that lasts for eternity.

I need a soul who's not afraid of mine  
Though it's venal, dark blue and deep  
Love's a mystery on my mind  
Romance only breathes when I sleep

My soul thirsts for a second promise  
Promising me you'll never leave  
I long for the quintessence of love  
Pleasuring one another until we  
cease to breathe.

<sup>1</sup>Galatea is a mythical being given life by Aphrodite, the Goddess of Love.

by – Michael David Russell



## CELEBRITY GOSSIP – David Bendezo #07-A-4046

Imagine if James Bond had an afro and Oprah rapped on Tunes. What if Michael Savage became an ambassador for Iran or actually ran for peace, and Kim Kardashian was a model of chastity?

Imagine if Angelina Jolie adopted ten kids out of Harlem or rather Compton, and Elton John joined the military. What if Obama was on Dancing With the Stars competing against Bristol Palin?

Imagine if I had went to Harvard and Mark Zuckerberg wrote this. What if George Washington had drowned in the Delaware, and Dubois William Edward Burghardt wrote the Declaration of Independence?

Imagine if Justin Bieber and Lady Gaga ran America's educational system, and AL Sharpton represented Casey Anthony. What if Hillary Clinton cheated on Bill with Gaddafi, and Charlie Sheen became the poster boy for Occupy Wall Street?

What if we stopped imagining and revolutionalized action!



by – Michael David Russell



by – Michael David Russell



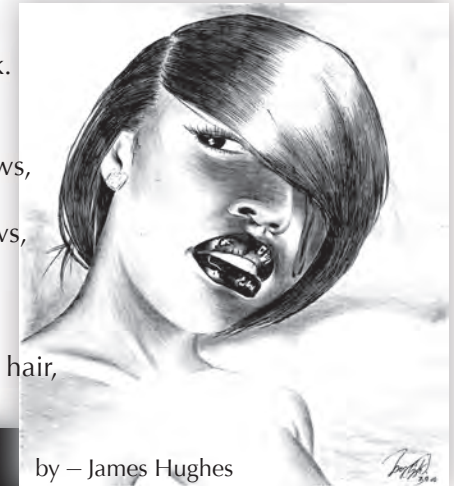
# Epiphanies

## SEEK WISDOM... - Edward Ramos #1751910

Wisdom can't be acquired in many different ways,  
but abundantly showered,  
on the humble man who prays.  
The essence of peace and joy's self-giving love,  
it's possible for all, a gift from Above.  
Spiritual gifts are meant to be used, not admired,  
if you speak with someone, try to leave him inspired.  
Being true to yourself gives you purpose and direction,  
within peace and joy, make sure of a strong connection.  
Within every person's heart there exists the gift of peace,  
it's the thirst of our soul, and it will never cease.  
You are one of a kind, created with such care,  
be sure to share your heart, true evidence you're aware.  
Remember to live simply, always be content,  
it's a sign to everybody,  
you received the love that was sent.  
A life filled with love for others,  
is a truly fulfilling life...  
because it's true where there is love,  
there is no room for strife.  
Correction does much, but encouragement does more,  
sharing a smile with everybody,  
can become your loving chore.  
If you see someone who's lost, treat them with compassion...  
send your love abounding,  
against such there is no ration.  
We are all brothers, and for happiness we should pray....  
by helping one another, we won't let temptation get its way.  
Peace is possible, but it begins with one...  
enjoy each and every morning  
as the horizon reveals the sun.

## CLEOPATRA EYES – J.S. Slaymaker #634548

Theatre is her life of lies,  
applause for what she dare not speak.  
A girl with Cleopatra eyes,  
and bloody tears upon her cheeks.  
This thing she owns that no one knows,  
a tiny piece of what's been lost.  
In her black heart where sorrow grows,  
it must be guarded at all cost.  
A thousand masks are hers to wear,  
what's true or false she cannot tell.  
She'll brush them through her gothic hair,  
and hide within her private hell.



by – James Hughes



Martin Rivers  
by – Martin Rivers

# Winter

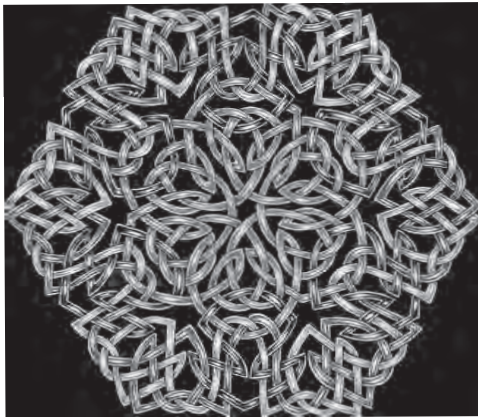
## SILENT SNOWFLAKES – Eric L. Mapps, Sr. #1653223

Silent snowflakes gently fall,  
Each touch my hands and quickly  
Dissolve.

Silent snowflakes frozen in time,  
Individually different, intricately  
Divine.

Silent snowflakes fall to the ground,  
All gathered together not making a  
Sound.

Silent snowflakes with nowhere to go,  
Waiting on spring to carry them  
Home.



by – Jess Clasbe

## VOICE OF VILLANELLE – Kelly M. Ware #742961

Somewhere out there, someone's calling my name.  
The face is hidden and the voice I fear.  
He says I have only myself to blame.

I give you love – The selfish heart you tame  
with generosity, it should be clear.  
Somewhere out there, someone's calling my name.

I give you peace – When anxiety's main  
and daily life no longer brings you cheer.  
He says I have only myself to blame.

I give you hope – Doubt will drive you insane  
and when I call, my voice you will not hear.  
Somewhere out there, someone's calling my name.

I give you grace – It's not a silly game  
when I give you everything I hold dear.  
He says I have only myself to blame.

I want to give you more – It's just a shame  
that you run when I only call you near.  
Somewhere out there, someone's calling my name.  
He says I have only myself to blame.

## SERENITY – Lucas Shadow Urenda #710403

(i)	(ii)
I am sister to insanity	I am tranquil in all chaos
I am placid within	I am the clear mind
I am peaceful in calamity	I am calm after the storms
I am quiet without sin	I am gentle at all times

(iii)  
I am silence in a peaceful night  
I am humble in my vanity  
I am strength without pride  
I am your mind's serenity

# Healing

## A SIROCCO WIND (A THIRST FOR...) – Herb King #450482

A hot sirocco wind blows across the barren land  
The dunes rising uphill waves of dry sand  
No living tree nor a single blade of grass  
How many eyes yearn for sight of a muddle morass  
Canteens empty, not a cool drop to drink,  
I trudge on, much too miserable to think  
My lips are cracked and seared by the sun,  
The blisters now burst and are beginning to run,  
I mumble a prayer that soon will die  
Before I could and my brain begins to fry  
Suddenly I awaken, I have been asleep  
I bound out of bed with a mighty leap  
And run to the fridge to gulp down a coke,  
I drank t so fast, that I started to choke  
I turned on the taps and let the water run,  
I never knew, wasting water could be so much fun



by – Jeff Harnden

# Questionnaire

Please take at least ten minutes to answer the questionnaire below soliciting your feedback. Prisoner Express is dedicated to this program, in spite of funding and other challenges. However, we would appreciate your honest feedback to be able to capture reader input. Thank you for your time in advance. There are eleven questions. Feel free to use this form or submit your responses on a separate sheet of paper, mailed to us at the return address listed on this backcover of this publication.

1. On a scale of 1 to 5, one being a preference for the old Poetry Anthology layout and format, five being a preference for the new (*Volume No. 9*) format and layout, please circle your format and layout preference below:

1      2      3      4      5

2. In two short sentences, please take a moment to explain the reason for your answer to the previous question:

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3. Do you find this edition's inclusion of a glossary of literary terms to be educational? Please circle one answer.

Yes

No

4. Would you like to see future publications include educational content? Please circle one answer.

Yes

No

5. Please take a moment to describe to us (a) -- what you would like to learn about poetry in the future, and (b) -- how Prisoner Express may meet your poetry educational request(s).

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6. Briefly explain why you decided, for or against, your educational preference for content to be included (or not), within a Prisoner Express Poetry Anthology publication.

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next >



7. If you could create a Poetry Anthology, what changes would you like to see made? Please describe both, what you would do different, and what you would do the same.

Do Different:

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Continue the Same:

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Suggestions for Improvement:

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8. In future volumes, would you like to see more poems, a balance of poems and relevant works of art, or more artworks published compared to *Volume No. 9*? Please circle one.

More Artworks    A Balance of Poems and Artworks    More Poems

9. Please briefly explain your reason for your answer to question number eight.

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10. Do you have access to the Internet? Please circle your answer.

Yes                      No

10 b. If you do have access to the Internet, have you visited prisonerexpress.org?

Yes                      No

10 c. If you do have access to the Internet, please describe the frequency of your access by circling one of the below responses.

Daily                      Weekly                      Monthly

11. If you could access prisonerexpress.org and create a web page for prisoners, what would you like to see featured? Please draw an illustration, write a response, or submit both to answer the question.

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We wish all of your a stellar New Year and Happy Holidays! - P.E.

IF

– Daniel “Red” Northrup #1398887

(i)

What if I could take away  
all the wounds of yesterday  
What if I could just erase  
all the lines that we create  
that separate us from ourselves  
To finally stop and reach for help  
To accept the fact that I don't know  
how to make our relationship grow

(iii)

I ask this question every day  
yet still don't know the words to say  
to make it all just fade to black  
To make it where I have you back  
into my arms where you belong  
To give you hope and keep you strong  
So never again will I look to the sky  
and wonder what if, what if, what if, I...

(ii)

What if I could turn back the years  
to erase the heart and calm your fears  
What if I could reach your heart  
and build it up, not tear it apart  
What if I Knew all the words  
to ease your pain and calm your nerves  
What if, what if, what if, I  
could grow some wings and learn to fly

AD. SEG. (ADMINISTRATIVE SEGREGATION)

– Robert Ocanas #1251134

Everyday a sole individual is screaming  
Reality has set in; he is no longer dreaming  
He is overwhelmed with anxiety; fear  
Hearing voices that only he can hear

The isolation has broken his sprits completely  
His sanity is slipping no longer living neatly  
His behavior and appearance resembling a wild savage  
Not realizing his bad choices caused himself damage  
He is a prisoner held captive in his mind  
Segregated from his own sanity and his own kind

## THINKING OF THOUGHTS – Don Augustus #652188

I had been thinking of thoughts,  
Those thoughts that make one really think.  
Searing seriously,  
Throughout my mind,  
Sipped some on the thinking wine.  
I drank my fill of thoughts of old,  
Quenched the thirst of days untold.  
Refilled the cup of yesterday,  
To a measured amount of memories made.



by –  
Michael David Russell

Remembrance is but a chest of thoughts,  
Treasured thoughts when we pause to think  
Enriching our lives,  
Trinkets of time,  
Are dug deep from the thinking mine.  
Joy refined from thoughts once cold,  
We mold them into memories of gold.  
Richly buried until that day,  
Giving inheritance for when we gray..

I catch myself thinking these thoughts,  
Those thoughts that make me really think.  
I search the past,  
How things should line,  
But pleased of all I'm thinking fine.  
Knowing deep in my thought full soul,  
Wisdom awaits its time to unfold.  
Neatly creased to securely lay,  
Until it's needed for that wearing day.

## INCOMPLETE – Lucas W. Whaley

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| (i)<br>I am untidy.<br>I am unkempt,<br>uncouth,<br>unfancy,<br>and unwise.          | (v)<br>I am unstable.<br>I am untamed,<br>unsound,<br>unraveled,<br>and unsafe.         |
| (ii)<br>I am unsought.<br>I am unasked,<br>unheard,<br>unheeded,<br>and unenvied.    | (vi)<br>I am unafraid.<br>I am unbeaten,<br>unbloody,<br>unburnt,<br>and unbowed.       |
| (iii)<br>I am unclean.<br>I am unholy,<br>unchosen,<br>unatoned,<br>and unrepentant. | (vii)<br>I am unused.<br>I am unburied,<br>unwed,<br>unhealed,<br>and unhappy.          |
| (iv)<br>I am uncommon.<br>I am unlucky,<br>unneeded,<br>ungifted,<br>and unfazed.    | (viii)<br>I am unloved.<br>I am uncomely,<br>unartful,<br>unprized,<br>and undesirable. |
| (ix)<br>But I'm still unfinished...  |   |

# Global Thoughts

## A PRAYER FOR PEACE AMONG THE RACES

– Mr. Leslie Samuel Charles Amison #BL2372

Perhaps  
worse than the Sixties  
more ingrained than the Seventies  
hate among the races  
is so deeply embedded  
its rivals  
the hate of the Civil War

The Man of Sorrows knows  
Let he who is without sin  
cast the first stone

And the melting pot of America  
moves onward through time and space  
while no political system  
really works  
because we don't  
"LOVE ONE ANOTHER"



## WHAT DOES CHANGE MEAN? (THE ROOTS)

– Daniel Sparber #02A3570

What does change mean?  
What does change bring?  
Have I come this far to do the same thing?  
March thru the dead of winter and became spring  
I tried to change the truth  
But that tree bared no fruit  
For that tree had no roots  
Can we allow this tree to feed our youth?  
To allow a resurrected me  
To be the land where that tree's seeds  
Seize root and poison them like they did to Eve  
So they can hide themselves behind that tree's leaves...  
Prevents Eve-olution... Change...  
If we can only change the start  
But if you lost at love, would you change your heart?  
When you change a dollar is it the sum of its parts  
Or merely some of its parts?  
In a drop of water you can see oceans and lakes  
What is a blizzard without a single snowflake?  
A portrait is just a canvas with no paint  
To overlook this is a poor trait  
Like overlooking the crumbs on a plate  
Knowing that without them there would be no cake  
So what does change mean?  
In a poor fool I saw a great king  
I looked deep into his eyes and in their reflection I saw the same thing  
Then I remembered the rootless tree with the fruitless limb  
And saw a ruthless me and truth was grim  
I could change my name, my face, my skin  
Yet the only true change takes place within...