INSIDE OUT

A POETRY COLLECTION

decarcerate

Table of Contents

Kidnapped / Anthony Thrash	1-2
What the Hell Was I Thinking? / Isla Noble	3
Untitled / David S. Hollowell	4-5
Crash and Burn / John Luckett	6-7
Just Say No / Andre Lasker	8-9
Hell N' Prison / Whitley Ousley	10-11
Every Rose Has Its Thorns / Ben McCarter "Benny Mac"	12-13
13 Years Left / Shaunte Smith	14
Untitled / Doris Ann McGee	15
Untitled / Kenneth Slocum	16
The Trap / Darcus Allen	17
Deaf Tones / April Derrick	18
Pricking My Fingers and Loving the Pain/ John Luckett	19
Lose to Win / Brandon Deshawn Lea Sr.	20
The Deepest Blue of Sky / Ben McCarter "Benny Mac"	21
Just A Letter / Wayne Young	22
Untitled / Heath Stocks	23-25
Soul Utterance / Brotha Knowledge of Self	26
Somebody Wake Me Up Man! / John Luckett	27-28
Hang Not Your Head / Jamie Ross (Bobby Walker III)	29
Help Me / Francis Nolan Holland	30
Honey Bun Vultures / Jeff Stanton	31
The Fallen / Ronnie Foster	32
Untitled / Daniel Gonzales	33
Michael / John Luckett	34
The Life / Kelleye Marie Griger	35
Tic Toc Tic Toc / Robert L. Williford	36-37
From the Inside of Prison Looking Out / Willie Clay Smith	38-39
Count Time! / Undrea Jones	40
A Proverb / Eric Lavell Hopkins	41

Kidnapped
Written by Anthony Thrash

Where am I
What am I doing here
This is not where I belong
A man name Law
With his friend called Justice
They picked me up off the streets
Put chains on my hands and feet
I asked what had i done wrong
Law, smiling at me
Said I committed an act
Misusing his friend
But I can only believe
That it is all because of the color of my skin
For Justice I have never seen
In my part of town
I am Black
And in our neighborhood
He will not come round
Then I knew
That I had been kidnapped
By a man name Law
With his friend called Justice
Yes, taken away from the people I love
Held in bondage
Without a right to speak
KIDNAPPED
KIDNAPPED
That's what happened to me
Are we in a world
Too blind to see
That every man is born to live free
Well I am locked inside a room
Law has the key
Justice, I have still not seen
My being kidnapped what does it mean
Is it their plan
To destroy the Black man
And what of my family
Will they unite
I've got to send some kind of message
Where they will see the light
And all come together

Ready to fight
Using one big blow
Wiping out this man name Law
And in given time
Seek his friend called Justice
Making him what he is suppose to be
Not just a friend to Law
But someone to help
Both you and me!!!

What The Hell Was I Thinking?
Written by Isla Noble

My heart is still pumping
but I'm barely breathing.
This cauldron of pain
Inside of me seething.
Standing on quicksand
I feel like I'm sinking
looking back on my life...
What the Hell was I thinking?

Most of me's gone
and none of me's whole
The guilt and the shame
are piercing my soul.
Will I ever be right again?
God only knows...
And man, What the Hell was I thinking?

The people I love
are the ones that I hurt.
My actions always
speak louder than words.
And all that does
is make things worse.
What the hell was I thinking?

Trust is not given
It's certainly earned.
I've tried and I've tried.
And I've crashed and I've burned.
Through it all
What have I learned?
And man, what the Hell was I thinking?

Now I'm stuck
behind these walls.
The price I've paid
Is far from small.
I wish I could
forget it all...
My God -- Why wasn't I thinking.

Untitled
Written by David S. Hollowell

They put us here to pay for crimes
or things that we've done wrong
We stay here weeks or months or years
the weak among the strong

Each man does time in his own way
locked up inside this cage
Turning in upon ourselves
so hurt won't become rage

Our days are filled with sorrow
the nights with tears and pain
The time we lose inside the cell
the scars they will remain

When I awaken every day
arise and look around
The faces that look back at me
few smile, while most they frown

We pass each other in the halls
expression hard and cold
No feelings or emotions shown
just doing what we're told

The walls and floors are concrete
our beds all made of steel
Hard surfaces surround us
all things we touch and feel

The things and people I have lost
what should and could have been
As I sit behind these walls
without even a friend

Standing here and looking back
through many lonely years
Seeing all the time I've spent
my hopes my dreams my fears

But now I've come to see the faults
and errors of my ways
I want to be a better man
throughout my final days

If I make it to tomorrow
I hope that I will find
A better place to live my life
in body, soul and mind

A place where everything is bright
and shining as the sun
A place where all my hopes and dreams
together become one

So with these thought I mold my path
to who I hope to be
My body may be firmly bound
but in my heart I'm free

Crash and Burn
Written by John Luckett (as Jesus)

Under the covers of my past fears,
I hear the rolling thunder
And the lightning strikes of heartbreak
As dark wings wipe away my tears.
As dark clouds loan me some tears.

Yesterday the winds of doubt blew away my love,
Now, she floats on the turbulence of betrayal.
Waiting to descend from the chaos above.

I am man in love with another man.
I got to sleep every night with my man.
He makes me feel good.
He relieves me of my worry as I hold him close.
When I awake he is always there for me.
When I reach out to he never resists my touch.
I hold him in my hands and taste him with my lips.
We are lovers.
We went everywhere together.
I can't make it without seeing him.

One day his sweet nectar was sliding down my throat.
The sensation was so intense that he fell out of my hands.
I was startled by the loud crash.
I looked down and saw my lover broken into pieces.
I cried.
Oh! How I cried.
I had lost my lover. My friend.
I had to have another man.
I loved that man.
But, being the male whore that I am.
I went out and got me another man.
And lured him to my bed with Jack Daniels.
Jim Beam became my new lover.
I kissed Jim Beam and held him close to my heart.
Hoping he could love me and not fall to pieces.
Jim Beam and I dated for six months.
One night we left the club and drove home.
Jim had me feeling so good.
I could feel his presence all around me.
I was in another world.
I saw bright lights.

I heard noises and then I heard a loud crash.
Oh! Hell No! Jim was laying by me in the car broken to pieces.
I watched myself being taken to an ambulance.
I cried out to Jim. I begged him not to leave me alone.
The medics put something over my face and I fell to sleep.

I woke up in the hospital and swore to never mess wrong with another man.
I was hospitalized for two weeks.
An orderly introduced me to this fine white girl.
She made me forget about Jack and Jim.
She was the woman for me.
She made me feel so high.
I floated around the room.
It was with her that I had my first menage a trois.
What a day!
She invited her girlfriends Mary Jane and Ecstasy over for fun.
The things we did I can't write about.

Once again I woke up in a hospital bed.
The doctor told me I had overdosed.
And I told him I wasn't a gang member.
Yet, I was arrested and charged with possession anyway.

Now I am locked in a cell with a guy riding a white horse.

Just Say No
Written by Andre Lasker

Just say no
I want to say no
but how do I let
my old feelings go
sooner or later
I'll walk out that door
have I had enough pain
or do I go back for more
in my addiction
I have suffered defeat
I have slept in my car
and I have lived on the streets
I started drinking
so long ago
and now a friend is telling me
to just say no
I'm staring at a syringe
and its full of meth
as God is my witness
I can't help myself
just one air pocket
and it'll bust my heart
how do I stop
and why did I start
I started firing up
so long ago
and now a friend is telling me
to just say no
it's three in the morning
and I need a hit
I keep telling myself
after this one I'll quit
but the days turn into months
and the months into years
I watch my love ones smiles
gradually turn into tears
I started doing drugs
so long ago
and now a friend is telling me
to just say no
just say no
I want to say no

but how do I let
my old feelings go
sooner or later
I'll walk out that door
have I had enough pain
or do I go back for more
we started using
so long ago
and new a friend is telling us
to just say no
just say no
just say no
just say no
God I want to say no

HELL N Prison
Written by Whitley Ousley

At 17, I messed up and chose to follow the wrong,
didn't think with my head,
so now prison's my home.
Instead of reforming my mind,
they're more concerned with if I was high
when I first committed my crime.
They don't care how we feel,
or care what we think.
They'll say it to our faces
and only dare us to blink.
Because of the color of my skin
I used to have way more problems:
verbal abuse, they misused.
A lot of times
I thought suicide would solve them.
So how many can honestly say
that they'd be strong enough
to take my place,
not only my life in all,
but my image, my color, my flaws.
Could you really be strong at 17
behind these prison walls,
watching sexual favors go down
in the bathroom stalls.
Just 'cause yo girl don't wanna
be yo girl.
They abuse P.R.E.A. and make false calls.
Well, that's what I see,
it's the way we're living.
So you should understand why
I call this poem
Hell in Prison!
I've seen people die,
and some get cut.
Razor blades are a big thing here,
no ifs, ands or buts.
I'm 19 years old now, in this nightmare nearly over.
Never could I see myself coming back,
or even getting closer.
Every day in my cell I cry myself to sleep.
A lot of times I get so depressed
my mind won't allow my body to eat.

So if you ever were to ask me
Whitley, describe how you're living,
I would honestly have to tell you
HELL in prison!

Every Rose Has Its Thorns
Written by Ben McCarter "Benny Mac"

I'VE SPENT TOO MANY YEARS JUST STARIN' AT THESE BARS
WALKIN' CIRCLES IN MY HEAD & CIRCLES ON THE YARD.
NOW MY SPIRIT'S WEARIN' THIN, LIKE GRASS WHERE FEET TREAD
FEEL LIKE DUST IN THE WIND, AND SOMETIMES WALKIN' DEAD.
IT'S BEEN SAID THERE'S NO REST, FOR THE WICKED SOULS, YET,
I DON'T FEEL LIKE THE DEVIL OR EVEN REALLY BLESSED
SO I GUESS I MUST CONFESS IT'S SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN
STILL WISH FOR NOTHING LESS BUT WAKING FROM THIS DREAM
YET IT SEEMS THERE'S NO END, ONE PASS, AND NEW BEGINS
FRESH HELLS, LIKE BAD SPELLS KEEP COMING BACK ON BEN
AND I AIN'T JUST REALLY FRAIL, JUST CAN TELL MY STRENGTH IS THIN
CUZ I'M TIRED OF THE PAIN BEIN' MY ONLY FRIEND
I GUESS WHAT BRETT HAD SAID ABOUT COWBOY'S SAD SONGS
MEANS THAT BENNY BOY IS SINGIN' WITH MY BOOTS ON
AND THE TRUTH IS SO STRONG IT'LL LEAVE YOUR HEART TORN
BUT I GUESS THAT WHY GOD SAID LET THE ROSE HAVE ITS THORN
NOW I'M STARIN' AT THE SUNSET & THINK WHERE'D LOVE GO
I THOUGHT SHE SAID FOREVER BUT FOREVER IS NO MORE.
AND THE WORST IS DOING TIME WITH BROKEN HEARTS & BROKEN MINDS
CUZ THERE AIN'T NO STEALIN' HERE JUST STEALIN' OF YOUR TIME
AND I FEEL MY SOUL IS FLOATIN' OFF IN THE DEEP WATER
THE ONLY BOATS I SEE, ARE STEADY SAILIN' FARTHER
DISTANT SHIP SMOKE OFF ON THE HORIZON
WATER'S GETTIN' COLD, DORSAL FINS ARE RISIN' ...
SINK OR SWIM, THERE REALLY IS NO WIN
NO MATTER WHERE I LOOK IT'S STILL JUST OCEAN
IN THIS DESERT OF THE SOUL, THE HELL OF ALL ABOVE
HELL BEN JUST SETTLE IN "AND CALL THIS HELL YOUR HOME"...
BUT HELL NAW, EVEN THOUGH, IN HELL IS WHERE I'S BORN
I'M TELLIN Y'ALL RIGHT NOW THAT HELL AIN'T WHERE I'M GOIN.
SEE I'M CUTTIN' IRON BARS TO SET THE PRISONERS FREE
AND THIS LIFE IS FULL OF THORNS, IT STILL BLOOMS BEAUTY
HEY THERE MR. TOM, MAN I HEARD THE THINGS YOU SAID
SAID "SHIT IS FERTILIZER" AND I GUESS I CAN'T FORGET
AND THE BEST IS COMIN' YET CUZ THAT SHIT IS IN MY HEAD
SO I'M PLANTING ME A GARDEN, COMPLETE WITH ROSE BED..
YEAH THEY TOOK AWAY MY FREEDOM, BUT CANNOT TAKE MY MIND
WITH THORNS I'M GONNA BLEED EM, SO I KEEP EM IN THE RHYME
SUNSHINE THAT'S IN MY SOUL GONNA HELP THE BLOOMS TO GROW
HELL YEAH I GOT A PAST, BUT HEY, WHO DOESN'T THOUGH?
AND TO ALL THE HYPOCRITES, YES I CAN SMELL YOUR SHIT
LOOK AT THE WORLD THAT YOU'VE MADE, FULL OF SUFFERIN'

NEEDLESS, SO HEED THIS, I'M ORGANIZIN' NOW
AND WE THE PEOPLE NEED THIS, AND WE'RE RISIN' UP IN POWER
A MAN OF DESTINY, I CREATE MY OWN LUCK
MANIFEST THE BEST OF ME, AND I DON'T GIVE A UH..
WHAT THESE PEOPLE DO TO ME, THEY TRY TO GRAB AHOLD
BUT THE PAIN THAT THEY FEEL IS THE THORNS ON THIS ROSE.

13 Years Left
Written by Shaunte Smith

You're told when to sleep, you're state issue you're told when to eat, your 8 hour labor you work for free and you're talked to like a vegetarian talk to meat. Incarceration.
We claim here we have no rights, the crime we did to get here was it right, against our own kind we're quick to fight, but don't get mad at me,
we chose this path of life. Incarceration.

They say lady justice is blind, I think she be peepin' under her blindfold,
if you're the right color and wealthy your time ends of short,
if not, you're stuck 'til you grow old. Incarceration.

Your doctor visit cost $12.00 we know they're not listening, you been seen over 8 times for the same reason and the same results are always mentioned. Incarceration
.
You sneak and sell tobacco for commissary to have chips and cookies to munch on, certain inmates will snitch on you, cause you won't share your snack you risked going
to the hole over to munch on. Incarceration.

We pay $8.00 for thirty minute phone calls, 3 way calling the operator will flag us and disconnect the call quick, but it's the only way you can converse with your kids, because their mother don't have collect service with Sprint. Incarceration.

Women guards they wear tight clothing and show off every curve on their body figure, we haven't had sex in years, they get mad and threaten to write us up
when we stare at their ass and compliment 'em. Incarceration.

One thing about doing time there's always something to complain about, but if you want to be free inside, use your time wisely with your Bible out. Rehabilitation.

Untitled
Written by Doris Ann McGee

I wasn't in the courtroom
That cold dark winter day
I wasn't there to say goodbye
Before he went away

You send my boy to prison
Then threw away the key
But I beg you sir to listen
To a mother's humble plea

Sir please-please believe me
My boy's not really bad
The footsteps that he followed
Belong to his own dad

He followed his daddy close
Then one day he began to play the game
To late I tried to change him
For this I am to blame

I'm still the boy's mother
That prisoner is my son
Such a high and hurtful price
You've made him pay for the crime he done

Your Honor, how much longer
Before you set him free
That boy you sent to prison
Means everything to me

Sir have you any children
Who warm you with their touch
All i ask is give me back
The son I love so much...

Untitled
Written by Kenneth Slocum

I Lost You A Long Time Ago.
You Were So Beautiful Then.
Words Cannot Express How Much I Miss You.
Today My Mama Smiled And The Sun Shined.
Today I Felt You Deep Down In My Soul.
I Would Give Anything To Feel You Once Again.
Please Come Back To Me... FREEDOM.

The Trap
Written by Darcus Allen

As I sit here trying to figure out this situation I'm in,
causation is everything so that's where I began.

My mother? my Queen so beautiful and kind.
No king to role model, so that I'm blind.

Curious as a child and abused by fate,
sick cruelty and instability, manifestations enate.

Encubatious in fear and fear and solitary uncertainties,
blind to my blessings, while fully aware of my menial inadequacies.

Understanding is the key but as a child this I did not know,
it would take a life time of ups and downs,
misunderstandings, they come and go.

But reality is evident obvious and right before our eyes.
It's not unseen but disregard, and in this the problem lies.

There seems no need for explanations, "cause and effect" are sure,
they say all that glitters ain't gold but to keep it 100 it's a hell of a lure.

"Trap" defined a position or situation from which
it is difficult or impossible to escape.
The clear depiction of my current estate.

As I sit here trying to figure out this situation
I'm in causation is everything so that's where I began.
"The Trap"

Deaf Tones
Written by April Derrick

I've acquired a collection of lyrics to read
I can't hear the music, but the words plant the seed
The beat in my head is so hard to retrieve
Since music was a part of my daily routine
It's hard for me to believe
I can no longer sing what my ears have heard
But instead it comes down to what my eyes have just seen

There's a hole in my heart and my soul is sweeping...
Al the melodies seem to be missing from where I once stored
Them for safe keeping.

My mind is filled with silence, my eyes are blurred with salty tears...
My stomach is in knots, and my body aches with fears.

If only I could listen to the notes that normally medicate my mood
But I rather consume the hooks I rely on...
As I am confident they would fill me up faster
Than what this prison likes to call food.

Pricking My Fingers, and Loving The Pain
Written by John Luckett (Recorded by Saint John)

I have made ashes into rose petals,
And I have made vinegar as sweet as sugar,
In an ice cream sundae mix.

No doubt,
There are some things about you that I do find attractive,
Beauty or no...
It is your heart that I want.

I will not bruise the fruit of your establishments,
(your hours in the gym)
Because you do settle well.

It was the unexpected compassion that made my bitter waters sweet,
Whether I've seen you two, or five days a week.

Now, I sleep comfortably on a pillow of stone.
Beauty or no...
It is your heart that I want.

Pricking my fingers, Loving The Pain

LOSE TO WIN
Written by Brandon Deshawn Lea Sr. a.k.a. Rome

A FEELING OF PAIN THAT DEFEATS THE SOUL
RATHER FROM A LOST LOVE OR FROM A BROKEN HOME

WITH NO HELP OR A PLACE TO GO
JUST A HOMELESS CHILD IN THIS WORLD THAT'S SO COLD

A SINGLE MOTHER THAT STRUGGLES ALONE
WITH DECEITFUL FATHERS THAT CLAIM TO BE GROWN

A PREGNANT TEEN WHO'S STILL A CHILD HERSELF
A VICTIM OF SOCIETY THAT NEEDS GOD'S HELP

IN ORDER TO WIN SUCH MUST OVERCOME THE DEVASTATION OF LOSS
IN THE WORLD LABELED A STATISTIC WITH NO EDUCATION & NEGATIVE THOUGHTS

LOSE TO WIN DETERMINES YET REFLECTS YOUR STRENGTH
TO MAKE MISTAKES WHILE LIVING IN POVERTY
WE ALL PAY TRIBUTE TO DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING

The Deepest Blue of the Sky
Written by Ben McCarter "Benny Mac"

BATTERED AND BRUISED AS THE ROCK OF THE AGES
BRANDED AND INFUSED WITH THE GIFT OF THE SAGES
IT MATTERS TO FEW WHAT'S WRITTEN ON HIS PAGES
AND HIS HEART'S TORN IN TWO FROM LIVES LIVED IN CAGES

THE MAZES ENVELOPE THE LIGHT FROM THE SUN
THE LABYRINTHS DEVELOP THE STRENGTH OF THE ONE
WHAT'S FUN FADES AWAY AS IT'S LOST TO THE MISTS
WHAT'S DONE TAKE IT'S PLACE, THE LOST OF LIFE REMISS

AMIDST ALL THE CHAOS, NO PLACE TO REST HIS HEAD
THE WHIP'S MADE TO HATE US, A TASTE OF FIRE FOR HIS BED
FACE ETCHED IN PAIN, AN OCEAN OF THE MADNESS
EVERY DAY BRINGS MORE RAIN, TIL THE FLOODS COMMIT TO HAVE US.

THE HELL OF SOLITUDE RINGS TRUE INSIDE YOUR SOUL
A TIME OF VICISSITUDE BRING YOU TO PAY THE TOLL
AND WHAT CAN YOU DO...BUT CHOOSE TO PAY THE DUES
AND FIND A WAY TO FLY IN THE SKY'S DEEPEST BLUES...

Just A Letter
Written by Wayne Young

You never know what a letter can mean
Until you've been where I've been or seen what I've seen.
I sleep at night, sometimes I wake up alarmed
From fear that a friend or loved has been harmed
As I mask my hurt and pain, then come to my senses
I glance out the window and see razor wire fences.
Mail call comes and I feel today's the day
I ask if I heard my name, "None For Me" they say
Not a letter, a note, or even a card
When no one writes, it really makes my time hard
So to ya'll that don't understand the pain I'm in
The recipe just takes a paragraph, shout-out, paper, and pen
So to so-called friends, take time out to write me a letter
It might not be much to you, but it makes me feel better
Real talk, you never know what a letter can mean
Until you've been where I've been or seen what I've seen.

Untitled
Written by Heath Stocks

We visit, he and I.
His youth, so fragile. His limits, the sky.
Comfort, I give. Assurance, he needs.
I can't stop time; it simply proceeds.

There are answers, today I know,
It's tough, telling that to him though.
A mind so cloudy, a heart so bruised,
How do you explain love to a child, abused?

Distorted; his view, perceptions; so wrong.
His abuser lies, but he'll sing his song.
I know the tune, a melody I repeat,
My life's theme song; "lullaby of defeat."

"Stand up, be strong!"
"The things he does to your are wrong!"
I try to whisper truth; scream it when I can,
It was so long ago when it all began.

I bear the scars, he feels my pain.
All ears are deaf when he tries to complain.
He's so scared and I am too;
The future is clear, but not from his view.

The one he fears, his name is Joe;
An unshaken fear he'll never outgrow.
To another he's given; I know that man.
Doing right by Joe was never his plan.

Joe had a boy, he wanted a man
Why was that so hard to understand?
Harsh words and beatings, they did no good,
So he send that boy to someone who could.

A Scout's honor, he took the Oath,
and swore to a life of character growth.
He was set on a path; a course to disaster.
Welcome to the Boy Scouts! Walls, your Scoutmaster.

The rumors and the gossip, so many knew.

Allegations; yet to some it was true.
Never would they forget the day,
A predator took their innocence away.

Walls; the Scouts just called him "Jack,"
to the town, the name went way back,
The son of a judge and "Man of the Year,"
It was a name so many did fear.

Jack had money, politics, and power,
he'd save your son in the 11th hour.
"Give them to me, I'll make 'em a man."
The parents became his biggest fan.

Jack had guns he would let them use,
Then given his pick of whom to abuse.
Books - dirty, alcohol - so pure,
neither worth what they'd endure.

Meetings they had; campouts the best
Allegiance to Jack would be the test.
Fondle that, just touch him there,
"It's our secret; only we can share."

Disguised as love, support, and praise,
That boy would learn all of Jack's ways.
Manipulations a many, and sexual abuse,
Still it was Jack that he would choose.

I watch him carry, I remember the weight;
an innocent heart that grew to hate.
None could reach him, his soul was lost,
He could never know the ultimate cost.

"It's our secret; only we can share."
He told that secret; he no longer could bear.
The one who loved him was who he betrayed,
It was Jack's forgiveness for which he prayed.

He created a problem Jack said he must fix;
a solution with which his heart conflicts.
All Jack's lies, like a seed took root
Jack would win, there was no dispute.

A secret was safe but that boy's family gone,
and I continued to help Jack sing his song.

I had no hope and all lies became truth,
so I mourned my future, along with my youth.

We still visit, he and I.
His youth, so fragile. Our limits, the sky.
We tell this story; help others understand
For I am that boy and, he, this man.

Soul Utterance
Written by Brotha Knowledge of Self

My *Angel* is the very *image* of the *ideal* meditations of my *soul...soul.*
Drawn into the inner circle of my *circumference* through
"Divine *Magnetism", magnetism*
Engraved in the *scrolls ...scrolls.* Prophesied of *old...old.*
OH!- If the "Celestial Beings" could
Find me *guilty* of "Divine *Plagiarism! Plagiarism.*
Still I'd choose to sit at the "Foot of the Moon";
Singing "*Ptah-Hotep's*" tune,...*consumed* by the study
of the reflection of the *stars.*as they
Twinkle in the eyes of my *Angel!*...my *Angel.*
And *then*, and *then*...as a new day begins to bloom...bloom...
I'd turn around and usher in
The *sun, sun*...Boldly proclaiming my position before all *mankind*.
As the *trumpet* is blown
And the heavenly *hosts* arrive--waiving a warrant for my *arrest*...my *arrest*.
From Divine *Plagiarism*...Divine *Plagiarism*...To Divine *theft*...Divine

Soul Utterance

Objection, your *honor*, your *honor*. The *question* is *not* whether
I am *guilty* as much as it is *What*, I am allegedly guilty of! For *indeed*, in my *defense*
one could *easily* plead temporary
Insanity...insanity. But lets be clear, lets be clear, lets be clear, lets be clear.
DejaVu's and E(xtra) S(ensory) P(erceptions) are only the personal claims of individual
Recollections, wherein the *soul*, having caught up with the *spirit*,
has been provided with Grand *glimpses* of a fleeting momentary pro-*jection*!
I herein, thereby *invoke*..."equal protection"...
Who then in Heaven or on Earth can judge *me*?... For if *I* have *witnessed* within the
Vast Universal Cosmos of *Self*,--a prophetically perfected *union*, based on an unfailing
Friendship and *undying* carefully cultivated love,...
Then only *she*, of whom I know to be my *Reflection* was there.
Therefore, it is only *she*, my Angelic soul-*sister*, who could serve as a *credible witness*
To that which *my* Soul Uttereth. . .

Soul Utterance

Somebody Wake Me Up Man!
Written by John Luckett

1. Crossing in the sands, like a man, from the stands, holding two hands, dodging the crosses of da financial klans, oppressing, suppressing, changing da' dressing, while those resting, thinking, head in hands expressing, with words, like birds, chirping words, and drinking kurds, ain't nomads, just been had, by the word of the bird in hands, flexing its power, every hour, reaching high towers, as its nuclear rain showers, create fears, baby tears, closing your ears, drunk on beers, scared as hell, you can tell, by the smell, and the bell, of the life, it's not yo' wife, it's not a knife, sharp edge, understanding and knowledge, carving new policies, in factories, of the mind, apologies, of the blind, walking in the wind, suffering head spins, trying to get in, calling, balling, big-egos, too-talling, earth bound, with the sound, of electronics, phonics, spitting ebonics, on cd roms, for some, it bomb, Boom! Boom! Too soon, to leave the room, with yo mind chained, in pain, supporting the insane, with lyrics of material goods, destroying lyrical hoods, no pain, then you gain, realize and retain, still a slave, trained not to misbehave, by those who left the cave, and gloat, hit you in the throat, put you on a boat, helluva start, in a wooden cart, struck you in the heart, kept you apart, and said, get it out of yo' head, you're dead, I said, I hit you in the head, with the game, forget yo' name, it's lame, ashamed, got to tame, you to believe this life, american pie, watermelon in the sky, worship me until you die, see my face in yo' world, murdering boys, aborting the girls, a spin, a twirl, beats by the pound, while you clown, deep down, forget yo'self, bad for yo' health, what else, Ah! I win you lose, Again! I got the juice, ain't cutting it loose, but this noose, is for yo' neck, so respect, every speck in yo' eye, I put there, can you swear, everywhere, do you care, just don't die, my pen is the saber, yo' labor, is what I need, to feed mine, no champagne, no wine, sober mind, in time, for this kind, that's blind.

Somebody wake me up man! Living in this world is
Driving me insane
Somebody wake me up man! Living in this world is
Driving me insane
Somebody woke me up man! Who is it?
I'm your conscious man! Paying you a visit
Somebody woke me up man! Who is it?
I'm your conscious man! Paying you a visit

2. I wrote it, you tote it, and sport it, for play, everyday, it's yo way, can't change, new life is strange, plastic to clay, derange to ofay, ads the fads, beat for life, you glad, you ain't mad, say you bad, mob this, with a kiss, on yo list, can't fight with fists, shooting a brother, crying mothers, killing each other, look no further, for the enemy within, you sin, the story begins, not in the pen, another place, where yo face, wasn't disgrace, but held high, speak no lie, can't cry, tears dried and gone, many dead and gone, in a son, Yeah! Freddy's dead, I said, clear yo head, did Freddy die for you, it's true and untrue, poisoning you with drugs, blasting slugs, brainwashed, with no love, you ain't no thug, but you wanna be, can't stop and see, what you wanna be, is what you see, blink, turn around, think, drop down chains dragging in hell, empty casings, bullet shells, chasing your little sister, tornado, a verbal twister, turning her out, can you hear her shout, what it's about, her name lost, say she a ho', at a cost for show, got a black boss, on the go, smoking tempo', cavemanning her in the streets, on sheets, she gets beat, her head works for her feet, sour child no longer sweet, you don't care, murder one yo' hair, dread it and swear, that conscious, but punch this, and crunch this, plan, you the man, in the stands, with the bird in his hands, when it blow, you should know, where to go, to stay awake, spiritual earthquake, shaking your thoughts, before you fall off, it's at stake or all is lost.

Hang Not Your Head
Written by Bobby Walker III
Written to and submitted by Jamie Ross

Hang not your head when they put you in cuffs
Slam your face to the ground and start treating you rough.
Hang not your head when you're placed in the car
Don't let them deny you the woman you are.
Hang not your head when you're brought in and booked.
Don't let your mugshot be that dejected look.
Hang not your head when you're placed in a cell.
You're only in custody, not quite in hell.
Hang not your head because every man sins.
Just ask God to help you not do it again.
Hang not your head, if you want you can change.
A new life and new lifestyle can be arranged.
Hang not your head when you're taken to court.
Your God has not left you, you have his support.
Hang not your head, if you do then they've won.
You gotta stay strong for your daughter and son.
Hang not your head when you're placed on the stand.
Our Judge, judges judges. It's all in His hand.
Hang not your head about that law that you broke,
Those drugs that you sold or trafficked or smoked.
Hang not your head for your life is not through.
If you are still breathing, God's not done with you.
Hang not your head, let your heart harbor peace.
You're not serving life, one day you'll be released.
Hang not your head, be unhappy no longer.
Whatever does not kill you...
Will make you stronger.

Help Me
Written by Francis Nolan Holland

I walk through the yard and look at the sky,
My thoughts, my dreams, pass me by.
The brevity of my life,
Is like a candle in the wind.
The fire goes out and is lit again.

I look to the power up above,
For guidance and for love.
For help when I am weak,
For the freedom I seek.

If I walk the straight and narrow,
I'm told I'll not lose my way.
In life the sky is the limit,
And in it I apply myself each day.

So I spend my time to find,
The way to renew my mind.
To renew my thoughts, my very soul;
To make me clean again, white as snow.

So help me know freedom,
That frees the mind.
With wisdom and reason,
At least part of the time.

Someone once said,
"Give me freedom or give me death."
Just give me true freedom,
And I'll take care of the rest.

Honey Bun Vultures
Written by Jeff Stanton

What can I say about my life?
Sparkle and fade away
Gut-punched and dragged down.
Slow death warning.
Head down, take the pain.
And grit your teeth
And grit your teeth.

Sitting on my house of four and a half years.
Box for my zu-zus and cham-wham's
Gotta a few things
But fools looking so hard
Taking inventory every time
I crack the lid.
Honey bun vultures
And honey bun vultures.

Whatever gets you by
You'd never understand anyway
So sit and judge and try to
Keep that superior view
Cause I wear white everyday
And I grit my teeth
And I grit my teeth.

The Fallen
Written by Ronnie Foster

I walk alone in the shadows of my guilt. I stand shame-faced, beaten down and broken.
Stripped of my dignity, degraded, dehumanized and lost in the eyes of society.
Like a heavy coat I wear the scars of my pain etched across my soul.

I see the accusing eyes. They watch me from the mirror.
I am judged for all my flaws, but no judgment more harsh than mine.
Anger, rage, pride and arrogance-the masks that hide my pain and fear.

I struggle to break free from the chains that bind me to my past,
But not yet knowing how to move on.
The demons of my sins scream in my head, clawing at my sanity,
While bleeding destruction into my heart.

On my knees and screaming I cry for peace-freedom from all who judge me and peach.
Forgive me and know that I hurt too.
Don't hold me down with your judgment and criticism for my flaws that your eyes see
Are small in comparison to the shame and guilt reflected in mine.

Please let the old me die. Let me be as the Phoenix and rise from the ashes,
Shaking the dust of the old me away and showing a brand new heart.
Take my hand, lift me up, and teach me forgiveness,
That I might forgive myself for falling short.

So please don't judge me for who I used to be.
See me for who I could be, and know me for who I am.
I am a good heart fallen, but capable of wonderful things.
I am a hidden love aching to break free and be loved.
So see me, hear me, love me, and forgive me.
For I am the fallen.

Untitled
Written by Daniel Gonzales

Years and years. Where I I start? People don't see a killer. They see a face, a number.
A thing to fill a void, to make a bed. I walk, breathe, bleed in the motions.
My feelings hidden well, deep within myself. They don't care. They don't want to ask why.

Here I waste away. Years and years falling off of me like dead skin. Flakes of my past. Yes, I killed, and I regret it, but they don't see.

I should've let him rape me. Let him have his way. He could've taken a piece of me.

Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I will let myself open for anyone.
I was twenty years old and now I sit here in my 30s. With no life to claim my own.
I have no road that will lead me to riches or glory. No family to call my own.
The prison machine has broken my bones and mind, taking away every ounce of me.

What's a young man to do? When the end seems so far. When the only chance to live
is in secret corners and underground tunnels of the mind. I crave a love so deep,
a need so big an empty set of arms can't fill. I want to be lifted out of this place!
Find a soulmate to see my pain. Searching in vain is all that I do. All these years,
waiting for someone to ask me, what's in my day.

Years and years, that's all I have left. Please let me leave, please let me live!
Yes, my past is filled with a teenage boy's past, all the mistakes I don't want to claim.
But I will swallow those sorrows, just for a second chance.
I'm done crying for sins of my past. Please see this broken man
and understand, punishment is cruel, but redemption is sweet.

Michael
Written by John Luckett

Will the snake say to its prey…"I'll be your guide?" Could the tarantula say to the mouse…"Come, eat your crumbs near the spiders' bed?" Will the lion say to the zebra…"There is a gang of hyenas…come, rest in the warmth of the domain?"

A hiss is below a whistle. A sting is hidden. A good lecture is misunderstood, or sometimes ignored…So let's be brothers again by our first name. Let us not be wolves for the little ones, *Let Us Be Men.*

Let us digest *This Gift* correctly, less as gods from The Most High God, we be weakened as the children of nihilism for disrespect. The authorization of our homes is the pride of our hands, and if we use them deceitfully our children will fill with poison. How can a man be a man, a king, be a king, if an odd thing rules his household, and his wife with tears?

I am persuaded that we all cry for some things, but *the tears of comfort* I've widely spoken for, rather than to influence you into the old thing, I've acknowledged that those where the tears to justify destruction…So let's be brothers again, by our first name. Let us not be wolves for the little ones, *Let Us Be Men.*

The Life
Written by Kelleye Marie Griger

This is the life if you say nope
And dedicate your life to doing dope.
Whether you slam or smoke a glass dick
You sold your soul to something sick.
You won't even notice but your life will change.
You'll become scary and something strange.
People offer you food thinking of your condition.
They see your turn-up from malnutrition.
You spin around town thinking you're cool.
Fuck what they think, you're nobody's fool.
One by one people leave you alone.
They're starting to see the monster you've grown.
First it's your friends, then your kids and wife.
You're convinced you don't need them.
        TRASHING YOUR LIFE...
You shake the thought and do another blast
Thinking and wondering how long can it last.
What was once days is not time of no length.
Your habit grows... Rolling in strength...
Now all your time is spent making rounds.
First quarters, grams, ounces and pounds...
Now onto the last chapter of the book.
You've decided you're gonna be the "Big Cook."
You know in your heart it's gonna be trouble
When you're sitting in the lab
And watching the bubble.
Then one night you're sitting minding the store
When 16 punk cops come crashing through the door.
        They slam you down,
Put their feet in your chest
And say, "Hello, stupid, you're under arrest."
You know it's all over when you get to court
And there's 16 informants on the police report.
As you walk the yard and have time to reflect
How your life becomes fucked up and wrecked,

Suddenly it flashes like a neon sign,
        Hey, sister, you wanna nother LINE?
Soberly you realize in the world of strife
        The price is **heavy**
        For living The **LIFE**.

TIC TOC TIC TOC
Written by Robert L. Williford

Tic Toc Tic Toc
Life is lived by the clock
"Hold your head up high!"
"For every man is born to die"
He said, with a smirking sigh
The perspiring beady eyed Chaplain
Was standing beside the tired old Captain
He smiled and said I had nothing to fear
Though my time for execution was drawing near
"Son be a man, don't put up a fight"
But to me that just didn't sound right
No dignity could I seem to find
Did that mean I was going out of my mind?
It's Mother Nature's instinct drive
That we should always struggle to survive
Yet upon deeper introspection
I couldn't relate manhood to lethal injection
"Son, be a man," the Chaplain said again
"An eye for an eye," I must understand
Besides, today from my cell to the chamber
Momentarily, I would be in no danger
Since the courts wouldn't give me a reversal
I've found myself part of an execution rehearsal
For a few minutes I'll be a star tonight
As my handlers practice to get it right
Everything must be run with precision
Unless the Governor makes a last minute decision
I'll know when the clock reaches nine
Whether the red phone rings in time
To grant me a stay
And put my execution off for another day
Surrounded by ten guards and in chains
We practice until almost no time remains
I look at the clock, it's almost time
You can feel the tension in the air
Some of the guards actually care
I can see tears in their eyes
As my impending death they realize
Will be at their hands
One of them asks me to understand
"I've got kids to feed!" he sobs
"Nothing personal, it's my job."

But some of the guards see this as thrilling
Participating in a sociopathic serial killing
Anywhere else their sadistic nature is a crime
Where they would end up doing time
"Five minutes to nine!" the Chaplain gleefully shouted
"Burning hell for sinners I've never doubted"
"Just confess your guilt to me"
"My connection to God will set you free"
I want to slap the Chaplain but I am restrained
His driveling voice is driving me insane
Is the phone ever going to ring?
This cold needle in my arm is starting to sting!
After the Chaplain's last rites are said
Doc is the fellow who'll pronounce me dead
I look over at the man we call Doc
Who squeezes my shoulder while looking at the clock
Tic Toc Tic Toc
Life is lived by the clock

From the Inside of Prison Looking Out
Written by Willie Clay Smith

From
the inside of prison - looking out
I saw - for the very first time
what form of mentality that was governing me
was that of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.
From
the inside of prison - looking out
I sadly discover this truth
From the birth of the United States' constitution
I learn -- how this Christian nation
viewed me and my people
as only niggers, ⅗ human, creature, property to own
approved by their god - that I cannot worship as my god.
For
a god who is not equal and fair to all its creation
Cannot be a god of mine.
From
the inside of prison - looking out
I discover -- how a government forms a system
of racist policies designed to keep me living below
the poverty line.
From
the inside of prison - looking out
I learn the importance to re-examine
what I was programmed to believe in
and, what I discover
is, what we the people are discovering about our government
today
a government whose actions stand more against
we the people
than more for we the people.
From
the inside of prison - looking out
I also discover
how knowledge itself will imprison one mind
far worse than what
this cold conscious concrete prison made of
steel, hate and iron
will do unto the human, already damaged mind.
From
the inside of prison - looking out
I see

how the human beings have created the very unholy reasons
that have formed what racism has created
among the human societies today,
a mental inner war
that is attacking the very essence of realizing
that we
are all brothers and sisters and family
designed - from the cultures that the gods created
us to be to them inside their worlds
a variety of human beings
governed by dreams, ruled by theories - from their conceptions
from the wildest of their imaginations
designing their beliefs to be
so unique
and
so mystic
and
so strange
so human
so not just black and white
but
all colors and the questions ask
what have you learned from looking from the window
from the prison of your own troubled mind.
Care to share for I care to hear.

Count Time!
Written by Undrea Jones

Headed up,
Chow time,
Fed!
Lights out,
Put to bed...
Is the chorus of the song that is being played
consistent as my many imprisoned days!
Wake up call...
Make your bed
Pill call...
Get your meds.
Work call...
Some jobs will make you wish you were dead!
The song continues on, the dead are buried, the fatigued and weary are
hurried...
Duce up
Line up side by side
Shut up
Be quiet
Cuff up...
The first two are the demands that stand
To refuse either, the third will definitely be around your hands.
Shake down,
Strip search,
Wrote up...
The climax and conclusion of this song is guaranteed to leave you disrobed
thoroughly exposed and denied liberty...
Count Time!

A Proverb
Written by Eric L Hopkins

All I've got is a dream and the thoughts to build it with.
My situation is against me and my confidence has split.
I'm dazzled by integrity, who seems to fit me so well,
I've met face at a turning point, on my knees in a cell.
And circumstance has been an enemy since I could remember,
Which led me to pride, who used me and left me to rot last November.
Envy has always been close, but it's a bit of a snare;
Because deception is its cousin and my heart is not there.
As for wisdom I seek her, I hear she lives with understanding.
Intelligence is so rude and respect is too demanding.
I find that foolishness and ignorance are born of the same mother,
And folly of all his boasting is only their useless baby brother.
Knowledge became an ally after I became acquainted with discretion;
Belief gave me strength and repentance but me protection.
Hope is still alive in fear is dying fast,
Growth is on the rise because the sun is of the past.
And difference is good if realization would visit,
Compassion is a friend who brings loyalty and love with it .
Death is not the enemy, because life is its creator ,
But Karma has the bite of a snake and the jaws of an alligator.
So remember righteousness and be diligent and good works,
Because healing is on her way, we just had to meet pain first.