

PERCIPIENCE

A collection of poetry from the
Institutional Library Services

2015 & 2016



Original Artwork by Gary C.

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Introduction

When we tell our patrons in the institutional libraries state-wide that we are planning a poetry program the response is always enthusiastic. Using their words, their language, verbal and written, is an opportunity for them to express perceptions of life, memories, hardships, or feelings in a setting where others will really listen.

Poetry events hosted in the institutional libraries have become an excellent way to encourage inmates to develop their talents and dedication to something outside of the walls that confine them. They have enjoyed programs from professionals in the field of poetry including the Washington State Poet Laureate. They sit quietly to listen to others read and recite the understandings and experiences of their worlds; loving homage to family members, regret over lives misspent or hopeful revelations of dreams and resolutions that come from the heart.

This is the second issue of Percipience published by the Institutional Library Services program of the Washington State Library. The title of this series was chosen because it means good understanding of things, perceptiveness. The authors represented in this book presented their work with pride and expectation that their understandings and perception of the world would be read and appreciated by others.

It is a great undertaking to transcribe these poems from the 11 institutional libraries. Thank you to the many staff who dedicated time to Institutional Library Services Poetry Month. Thank you to the Sustainable Practices Lab at the Washington State Penitentiary for donating their time and resources to printing this book. Last but not least, thank you to every poet who contributed to this book. It is with great gratitude we present Percipience 2017.

Jean Baker

I Know From Experience

by Dorian Haddix AKA Choice the Poet

I know from experience,
How It feels to be locked
behind a wall, while others on the street
gossip, and point out my flaws...

I know from experience,
How It feels to wake up
from a dream, crying so much,
that my nose starts to bleed...

I know from experience,
How It feels to be broke
with nowhere to go, house to house,
couch to couch, yea, you know how
the game goes...

I know from experience,
How It feels to lose my freedom
while my so-called "friends" aint there
when I really need em...

I know from experience,
How It feels to be snitched on,
thats why I work on my offense
so they can get their blitz wrong...

I know from experience,
How It feels to be left out
In the cold, so I keep my
heat blasting, so Ill never get cold...

I know from experience,
How It feels to grow up, without
a father figure... So the streets
were, and everything In It I considered...

I know from experience,
thats why every word on this page
I've learned from experience,
I know from experience...

Life is Chess and I'm a Pawn

by Walter "Wizard" Doney

Life is Chess and I'm a Pawn
I Need To Study Each Move Before I Make It
Pain Has Come and Pain Has Gone

All My Life, I Feel Like I've Been Done Wrong
And Sometimes I Just Can't Take It
Life is Chess and I'm a Pawn

I've Been Hurt, But I seem To Go On
People Try To Break Me Down, But I Just Shake It
Pain Has Come and Pain Has Gone

Near-Death Experiences, Bad Relationships, and So On
I Keep Telling Myself To Be Strong and That I'll Make It
Life is Chess and I'm a Pawn

It's True, People Die and Life Just Goes On
I May Walk Around With a Smile, But Don't You Mistake it
Pain Has Come and Pain Has Gone

My Story Will Not Be Over Until I Am Gone; I Sleep On
Few Will Be Grieving; Most Will Take a Look At My Life and Replace It
Life is Chess and I'm a Pawn
Pain Has Come and Pain Has Gone

My Love Letter To The Lord

(spoken word)

by Dennis Derise Corbray

Dear Heavenly Father,
I've known Love since the day you created me,
And I still felt Blessed when the unblest hated me....
They spit on me, and had the nerve to call me a traitor,
Because I chose to put you first and you shown me your favor.
You took my hardened heart of stone and you made it your own,
Washed me with the Blood of your Son,
So I could kneel at your throne, I want to come home!
But you're telling me not yet, so you sent your Holy Spirit to
comfort me, all the nights that I wept....
All my promises that weren't kept, Lord you always forgave them....
You said poor choices and mistakes, I couldn't help but to make them....
Bad habits I couldn't shake them, See I was such a pretender,
Till I heeded your Word, and heard, you say,
"Son Surrender!"
You told me to be still, till you revealed to me your Spirit,
Then you opened the ears to my heart, So I could hear it and Feel it!!!
You taught me to see the world with new eyes,
You said neither judge nor condemn,
Because all those that are lost needs to be found,
Plus, I was just like them....
I cussed like them, was ungrateful like them,
Now I stand in the gap praying for you to have mercy on them....
The haters of you, say that my chances were slim,
But only if they knew, slim was all that it took,
For me to fall in Love with you after just one look....
After just one touch, After just one smile,
I'm as helpless as a newborn child,
That's why I'm reaching out to you now....
Lord, I'm seeking your Mercy,
Father, I'm yearning for your Compassion,
It's been said, that you hate the sin, but Love the sinner, Lord!
So that's why I'm asking....
But I feel like I'm running out of gas, See....
I, I, I, need your roadside assistance, See....
I'm stuck on "E",
When I need to be on "F"
And I remember you walking into my life after everyone else left....
Left,
Left,

Left,
Right,
Left,
I'm your soldier God, reporting for duty
I want to march in your Light and speak your Truth to the deaf...
I want to give spiritual C.P.R. to the dying...
Restore spiritual sight to the blind...
And I want to do it all for your Honor and Glory, Lord!
And not for mine...
For I'm,
Just one soul,
I'm,
Just one man,
I'm just one sinner trying to Love you the best way I can...
Take my hand Lord,
Where ever you lead and guide me, I will follow,
For you are the same God that saves,
Yesterday, Today, Forever, and Tomorrow....

Sincerely All Yours,

A Redeemed Sinner

Sum Thing Called Love

(spoken word)

by Dennis Derise Corbray

If I had a chance to do it all over again,
I would choose to caress your soul
Before I caressed you physically....
I mean seriously!
Then again,
If you allowed for me to caress your mind
It's possible that you just might find,
That there are many avenues that you've yet to pursue;
And all those that came before, and after me,
Failed to recognize and acknowledge the True Value in You!
Yes, The real worth in you....
Crown the real Queen in you....
And as I stand before God, right here and right now
I would like to commend and Thank your mother
and father for giving life to you....
See, I'm deeply indebted with gratitude
Yet, unable to pay with monetary means....
I mean,
Would it simply be enough if I surrendered to you
every fiber of my being?!

I mean,
Every dream I've ever dreamt,
All my fears and all my hopes,
The Darkest corners of my mind as we climb
through all the hidden valleys and crookedest of slopes?
Leading you to my Heart, which has been brutally
bruised and marred....
I've concluded,
much of the agony was self-inflicted
Foolishly, I co-signed for many of the scars....
Now, I know it might not seem like much,
However my Heart is all I have to offer....
And it might sound odd but it's a possibility
that all the pain and suffering made it just a little bit softer....
Allowing for me to witness the true attributes of a Blessing,
YOU!!!
Providing me with the sight to see in you everything in
life that I've truly been missing....
Listen!

It's priceless,
The reflection of me in your eyes....
Lifeless,
I stand before you my soul exposed and naked with
nothing to hide....
I, gently whisper your name
and it sings like a nightingale's melody....
You're the missing piece that completes me,
At least, that's what my conscience is telling me....
But wait, wait, wait,
My conscience is telling me that I'm vulnerable, and
I'm leaving myself completely open,
But I think that you would probably agree with me when
I say,
That some of the best conversations that we've ever had
is when not one single word was spoken....
I'm sincerely hoping,
That one day you'll afford me the benefit of the doubt,
Because your Love is something, I just can't live without....
You're Something, You are something
You are the SUM
Of this THING
Called
Love....
SUM THING CALLED LOVE!!!

MY RIVAL

by John Hovey

MY RIVAL, MY NEMESIS, STANDS THERE WITH A SMIRK
OBLIVIOUS TO THE DOOM AND DESPAIR IN WHICH I LURK

HE IS YOUNG AND HEALTHY, WITH THE PROMISE OF GLORY
FADING AND SUFFERING, THE MOST I CAN DO IS TELL HIS STORY

MY RIVAL GAZES UPON THE FUTURE WITH OPTIMISM AND EXCITEMENT
I GLARE BACK AT THE PAST WITH SORROW AND RESENTMENT

HE IS HAPPY, WITH NARY A WORRY TO FURROW HIS BROW
MY EVERY THOUGHT IS NIGHTMARE, LEAVING ONLY A SCOWL

MY RIVAL IS PRIZED AND ADORED, HIS HEART FULL OF JOY
I AM ABANDONED AND FORGOTTEN, MY SOUL A COLD VOID

HIS TALENTS AND SKILLS CAN MAKE HIM SO GREAT
I HAVE NOTHING, MY JEALOUSY FILLS ME WITH HATE

MY RIVAL IS FLESH AND BLOOD, HE IS ALIVE AND MOCKING
I AM HIS SHADOW, MERELY A GHOST, AND CRUELLY STILL WALKING

HE THRIVES AND HE LOVES, AND SO I DESPISE HIM
AND YET HIS FUTURE IS DIM, THE REALITY EVER SO GRIM

FOR MY RIVAL IS ME, THE REFLECTION I SEE IN A DREAM
I AM LONG SINCE DEAD, MY TRUE SELF LOST IN TIME'S STREAM

Figment of my Imagination

by Francisco Sao

I've had dreams of a silhouetted princess,
Invading my thoughts with interest,
I can only imagine how beautiful she would be,
Only if she can see what I see,
She will even seduce you with her eyes,
Hypnotize you with her thighs,
Just the scent of her perfume can make you quiver,
Her tender touch can make you shiver,
When she's near you can sense her presence,
Just the exotic smell of her herbal essence,
Her body shaped like an hour glass,
She possesses a speech with such class,
She has a smile that you can never forget,
This also feels like we're already met,
I fantasize about this beautiful image day and night,
I do believe in love at first sight,
Her pouting lips and curvaceous hips,
All the way down to her finger tips,
The way she moves is so sensual and smooth,
This beautiful angel sent from up above,
Patiently waiting to shower me with love,
She controls everything that a man desires,
The way she carries herself independently is what I admire,
She can fulfill every man's sexual bliss,
With only a soft passionate kiss,
Causing you deep pleasures of mental manipulation,
Just to only find out she controls your imagination,
She whispers in your ear to penetrate your brain,
Making it very hard for you to maintain,
I remain in my chaotic reality,
To make this lady a fate in my destiny,
Sprinkle her with diamond necklaces and pearls,
To make her the center of attention in my world.

Sometimes?

by Clinton Branch

Sometimes within the depths of my mind I can't cope
It's like my mind is imbedded within the demons in my heroin smoke,
sometimes I ask if I did it for the thrills,
was it for the clouds of methamphetamines or the 30mg oxycodone pills
Sometimes I have to ask myself why?
I don't have too much to hide,
yet when the lights shut off I feel the need to cry or commit suicide
Why would I ever resort to suicide or is that the devil letting me know he's by my side?
I try to sit back and do my best
Yet feel my whole fucking life is a test.
As I sit back and let my demons do the rest
I'm headed back to the state pen. or should I say the devil's den of sin.
Sometimes I ask can I change or is it too late?
Have I already chosen my fate?
This shit is so, so for real,
but I'm playing with my life and wasting away precious years as if it's not a big deal.
But check this out...
I'm looking for some better days.
So I'm going to pray to God to help me change my evil ways.
So on that note...
I'm going to get on my knees and pray!

Dirty

Know Tomorrow

By Robert Anderson

Her a beautiful beast

Him his heart the feast

Imagine her sunlight glorify

Determine him love could horrify

Together stir such legendary curse

Whose spoken terrible guiding

our sense of strength good

Confusion limit struggle whenever guarding

Grab blade and strike enemy he

Trip suddenly threaten journey she

NEW LIFE

by Stephen Franks

I wake up to the sound of birds
Opening my eyes to a bright white blur
I wait a few moments for my eyes to clear
Then I look around to see what's here

Off to my left is my ink and quill
Off to my right is a small blue shot, and pill
Off to the front is a note from the doc
Take your pill or take your shot

Right behind me are stacks of paper
Little things, reminders for later
Up above me is the light of my life
A small little picture of my departed wife

Every day I do the same thing
Wake up, look around, then start my day
I take my pill, do my job
I write a poem, I take a walk

I eat my meals then take a shower
I lay down in bed, sing for an hour
Then I close my eyes and turn off the power

Then I wake in the morning and do it again
But this morning as I look at my wife
I remember something she said time to time
"Don't be a sour, don't give up the light, if you
Fall on down get up and start your new life"

It's Up to You

by Jamie "SJS" Cotton ©2015

If you would rise to the heights you aspire to—

It's up to you.

Or if you choose destructive paths to cruise—

It's up to you.

Undoubtedly the LORD will see you through,

but please believe, it's up to you.

If you stay true to the lessons that you have learned,

you're guaranteed to not get burned.

Success is yours to win or lose.

Of course, we all must pay our dues.

Choices mark thy every move.

Now's the time to show and prove.

And JAH (GOD) don't bless no mess, so yes—

you must prepare and bring your best.

Undoubtedly the LORD will see through,

but please believe... it's up to you.

Carved Cross Electric Chair

by Stephan Garland

Do you have the time, my friend?
Or does the time have you?
Are you here to stay awhile?
Or simply passing though?

Are you part of the mystery?
A puzzle piece? A clue?
Or just another liar Preaching
that you know what's true?

Tell me please, I cannot see,
Is God The one you slew?
With carved cross electric chair
Disguised as Wood church pew?

I used to know The way to hell
You told me that you knew
But now I've learned your one way there
Was really hiding two.

Chrystal Christ Cooked

Stephan Garland

Nailed my soul
 Straight to the wall
But still it looks
 So crooked.

No Matter How
 I set it Right
It looks like
 Someone shook it.

Gave my bone
 To The Garbage man
But he shouldn't
 Have took it.

And Sold it
 On the Corner
Without an
 Instruction booklet.

Seems like maybe
 I'm the shoal
And they're the worms
 That hooked it.

Seems like maybe
 I'm the crystal
meth and Jesus
 Cooked it.

Why is it
 when we need room
That's when
 They double-book it?

Around the Bend

by Timothy John Reifschneider

Through the thick and thin
Of life's little trials
I will pass through the fires
I will stand through the miles

When the storms of life
Come beating down
My love for you
Will still be found

There's no need to wonder
How deep it goes
My love for you
Like a river flows

Pure and fresh
Like peaches and cream
You are the answer
To my every dream

When I lay awake
In the dead of night
I'm still loving you honey
With all my might

My love for you
Will never die
It will only spread it's wings
And continue to fly

It will fry to the tops
Of mountains and trees
It will blow down before you
On bended knees

It will never grow tired
Or being to unfold
It will only grow stronger
As we grow old

On down the road
Twenty years or so
I still see a river
That continues to flow

With the very same message
Up around each bend
I'm more than just your lover
I'm you very best friend

Mr. King's Dream

by Timothy John Reifschneider

If Martin Luther King were alive today, he couldn't help but wonder why we act this way. Yes, "I Have A Dream," I'm sure he'd say, but you've taken the dream and blown it away.

Kill'n our brothers at the drop of a dime, while our other young brothers are doin' time. Sister today got no peace of mind, look'n for a brother who ain't miss'n in crime.

Thunder cracks at the pull of a trigger, while some people laugh, "just another dead nigger." The way some think, I really can't figure. But it's time we think a little bit bigger.

Yes, "I have a dream," now can't you tell? But with every drop of blood it's sent to hell. If anyone can I can surely tell, that you can't see your dream where your blood has fell.

This is what some really love to see: a brother doin' time without possibility. Lock the sucker up, throw away the key. They don't give a damn if you're not guilty.

See the tears fall from Mr. King's face, cause Mr. King's dream is tossed like waste. I'm not a man of color t I love each race. Let's put the dream back in it's rightful place... Help my wipe the tears from Mr.King's face.

Letting Go

by Timothy John Reifschneider

Letting you go is so hard to do: Because deep in my heart I truly love you. But if letting you go means watching you soar, then I'd be a fool to stand in your door. So please spread your wings and rise up above. And know in my prayers I lift you with love...

So it is said, "when you set something free, if it comes back it was meant to be." Sometime in the future should we try again, I'll know how to treat you by being your friend. I'll get it together and show you a man, once again worthy of holding your hand...

Knowing for now I must leave it like this, I lay down and blow you a soft gentle kiss.

Ya'll Lisiu

This poem is about my mother's words of hope

by Nathan Bradford

Say ya'll my name is Marie. I am no longer in your world of dreams and illusions.

I came here for my son Nathan. Yea I know he's fine, just like me, his Mama!

N-E-ways, he hasn't told me but I know he loves all of you, so I'm going to tell every one of you what I came to tell him.

Please pay attention to what I'm saying, and not my hips or this full figure. Thank you.

I have been on this side for 12 years. I was so scared to come here, but now I know those religious folk that taught me to be afraid were just scared too!

Look, everything will be just fine. No one loses in the end. In fact there is no such thing as lose, fail, hell or lonely!

I taught my son Nathan to be kind and respectful. It's something all parents should do.

I believed it was because of my upbringing, but once I got to this side I found the source of that was of thinking. It's all love!

Look baby, don't be afraid to let go and love your neighbor, or let go of your ego.

I'm telling you honey. Don't you sweat nothing also. And stop lying, being shameful, and trying to be slick. Just take Mama's word for it.

Please don't be hard-headed like my son. You see were his butt is.

Now I know you've heard of the bright lights people say they saw when they same close to this side. There is some truth to that because there is no such thing as darkness on this side. I want ya'll to pay close attention to these everlasting thoughts, no money, cars, homes, stuff or fame or the lack of them will keep you away from the spiritual divine love that every one that ever lived will have and keep once you come to this side...

My Broken Heart

by Jason Brickman

In life I've loved.

In love I've lost.

Thought free the price,

My heart it cost.

Grace For Me

by David E Cochran

I look upon The Savior I see
The one who would die for me
I see His hands his feet and side
His back torn because of me
As blood poured from his side
It fell to the earth because He died
The sky grew dark, the earth sighed
The earth shook the people cried
I think of all that I have lost
His friendship, love at such a cost

From Him who knew no sin
From God He would live again
To pay the price I could not pay
He rose again, "Oh happy day."
He comes again for all to see
In clouds of Glory for you and me
To receive His Bride, "Oh Glory Be!"
To look upon the one who died for me.

From God to Us

By William Carlson

The sun is he is happy

For all of us to be happy

When it is raining out

God is crying for our sins

To come to Him

When we hear thunder

And see lightning

God is making more room

For all of us to come to home.

When it is hailing

God wants us to wake up

To see how we are living our lives

The clouds is when

God is thankful and

Praying for us all

The snow is the angels from heaven

Come to see all of us.

That is what God wants

When it is windy out

You must stop and hear God

He is talking to you all the time

We do not know

How God is going to be

Day by day

That is why

We need to be with Him

All the time of our lives.

FATE

by Reynaldo Guzzman

Tick, tick, tick,

The clock keeps moving, on my wrist,

I'm waiting for that, special time,

That I once had, when it was mine,

But is it lost, I do not know,

I cannot tell, if it was mine,

If it was mine, one day I'll see, one day I'll see, fates proper time.

CAPTIVITY

by Reynaldo Guzman

Things that are forbidden, are
Forbidden for a reason,
Yet the eye twinkles, as though it never was
A moment here, a moment there,
A moment here, a moment there,
The eye delights, in all its splendor,
In all its splendor, the eye delights,
Being held captive, by force? No,
But willingly,
A moment here, a moment there.

THE MASK OF WAR

by Reynaldo Guzman

Many masks, does a man wear,
Every season, everywhere,
The one I cannot bear,
Is the one I love to share,
But the one I love to share,
Is the one that gets me scared,
Now what to do, I do not find,
Because the moment, makes me blind,
I feel I'm driven, and enticed,
Cause to be me I cannot find.

Ripples on a Pond

by Jared Hargrave

Upon a thorny patch I stand,
 all around me life's sorrows found.
The sullen rocks strewn around the land,
 o'r here and there a lifeless mound.

On gusts of wind a seed is borne,
 for where it lands a place to own.
To lie along a bramble thorn,
 the inner beauty futures loan.

Within a rocky crag alight,
 like glist'ning hope fresh mornings dew.
Warm spring showers mend natures might,
 the days till summer growing few.

As tiny leaves begin to grow,
 the soft pearl petals to unfurl.
Life's future it prepares to sow,
 as gusting winds in tangles whirl.

Upon the air the seeds to drift,
 to find sweet rest till fully grown.
From rocky crags somehow to lift,
 far brighter futures now is known.

What once stood here,
 a garden sown
Once chose to share,
 A garden grown.

Beauty

by Jared Harrave

When life's dreary clouds
block the morning light,
And the burn
of the rain
pierces my soul.

When hope feels like
a distant mystical dream,
And upon waking
it has grown wings
and flown.

When others shrink away
in a friendless stupor,
And loneliness
opens up like
a deepening chasm.

When I stop and wonder
where happiness is hidden,
And the answer
runs and hides
in the darkening mist.

One person reaches out and touches
the hand of another,
And the sun shines
into the corners
of a forgotten heart.

In bright reflection of a moment's act
true beauty is found,
And in the warmth
of its bold embrace
my life begins again.

CREATION

by Terry B. Herbert

The Lord never created a beautiful sunrise,
To be seen by only one.
And, if I share it not with your eyes,
Then it is only the morning sun.

He created beautiful, majestic, mountain lines,
Their peaks cloaked in dazzling snow.
He gave whispering music to lofty pines,
That sing their songs to lonely souls.

He gave to us soft green valleys,
Complete with sparkling, bubbling streams.
He gave us eyes with which to see,
And a soul...with which to dream.

And yes...He created love,
For you see, He was lonely too.
And setting on His throne above,
He saw...and sent me you.

TIME

by Terry B. Herbert

What worlds and lives
Shall live and die
Between each tic and toc
Of second hand on clock
When time cannot be measured.
All of dreams and hopes
Before my consciousness floats
To have come and gone
To this time not long
Where nothing is left to be treasured.

A second may be just a space
Upon your wall clocks simple face
Yet a lifetime in another world
A suspension of a timeless whorl
Where an eternity has played upon its stage.
Is the Watch that you wear
Upon your wrist without care
In reality some time machine
A judgment passing through your dreams
Leaves behind a blank and empty page.

So – This I ask – What is time
A statement that cannot define
The measure of a jail's confine
I ask again – Do you know time?

IT'S MORE THAN JUST A FLAG

by Terry B. Herbert

When our flag was first sewn by Betsy Ross,
Little could she have known how long it would fly.
Could she have envisioned the pain and loss,
Suffered under these Stars and Stripes?

That old flag has seen many a battlefield,
And traveled the world a time or two.
It's flown over troops who refused to yield,
And died under her colors of red, white and blue.

But, it's more than just a flag, you see,
And it's hard to find words to describe.
How the Spirit of an entire nation could be,
Wrapped up into those stars and stripes.

From the American Revolution to Iwo Jima as well,
and the middle east and on to Germany.
Oh, the stories that old flag could tell,
If she could only talk to you and me.

It's more than just a flag upon a pole,
To be displayed on the historic Fourth of July.
It's the embodiment of a collective nation's soul,
The sum of who we are...and that's the reason why!

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Walking Alone

by F. Hicks

Walking Alone

Down a city street

On a rainy night

People, they just ignore me

To be acknowledged as a person

Just a glance now and then

A smile would make my day

A simple hello from a friend

I see daylight turning to twilight

Twilight surrendering to night

From my inky well of loneliness

I'm running out of fight

My darkness is complete

Not even a mote of light

No place to call home

Walking alone on this cold wet night

And I wonder

Is there God at all

And who am I

Walking Alone

LESSONS LEARNED

by Garold T. Jacobsen III

I've given so many promises through the years
Most of them ended up broken and in tears
I've lied to the ones I love as well as hate
Perpetrating a front that's tempting fate
Taking everything for granted like it was all a game
Now here I am bearing my soul to ease this shame
But of all the things I've ever done wrong, here's the worst
I've broken the promise to the one person I should have put first

I've done too many things wrong to count truth be told
When you need me I left you alone in a world that's so cold
I see now you had no choice but to push me away
And with the things that I've done how could I ask you to stay?
Now I spend my days along trapped in a box
Surrounded by razor wire, bullet proof glass, and locks
The only emotion the world sees now is aversion at best
Wearing it so clearly on my flesh you would think it's a crest

But now it's time to put the past where it belongs
And stop letting the definition of me be my past wrongs
I promise I'll play my position and stay in my lane
And do my best to prepare for this thing they call rain
Because I know it's darkest just before the light
And now my salvation is within my sight
So as I walk this yard for the very last time
I hope you can gain some knowledge from a simple man's rhyme

Stranger

by Garold Jacobsen

You've been here with me for longer than I know
And still I have no idea who you truly are
I've watched the choices that you've made
How you put yourself above it all
Like everything and everyone didn't matter in the least
How quickly I came to hate you
For the things you've said and done

I've seen you stand for things you don't believe in
And crumble on the things you do
So many times I would stop your actions
And you were silent for a day or two
But then you were back to your same old ways
Like being trifling was the thing to do
Sometimes it seems as if I'm watching from afar
Screaming for you to stop, begging for you to think
Think of all the things you have to lose I would say
But you never listened

I guess deep down I've always known
That there was something broken in your soul
I've done all I could to try and mend these broken pieces
Hoping it's not too late, but knowing that it probably was

Now as I take a breath and slowly open up my eyes
I see a stranger standing there
Looking back at me
As I stand before the mirror
The man that I despise
Is no longer there to see

Lord Please Save Me

by Ralph Lewis

At night I cant sleep
Im tossin & turnin
The devil's attackin me, it feels like my soul
Is burin...I'm cryin in my sleep
Waking up in cold sweats! Damn
I'm scared 2 death
It's dark as hell
Im wondering if Im the only on left?
So I fall 2 my knees & repent
Dear Lord, Im really tryn 2 change my ways
And I really do believe that we're living
In the last days...maroon skys, and
roseberry rays...change in the earth's
tone...life's a trip, so don't fall!
So Im traveling life at a rate playin 2 win
So Im shaking the dice 4 high stakes
They got me ready 4 the pen...
They tried 2 give your boy 3 to 10
But I stayed in my word, prayed and
Read my bible...I go 2 juma, but
I don't worship no false idols!
You see we're fighting a spiritual war
You see when it rains it pours
I begging Jesus 2 open up heaven's
Doors!
Before death grabs me?! Lord please
Hold me Im tired of talking about it
My soul's getting lonely
They say the same thing that will make
you laugh will make you cry...
I never knew what that meant
Until a tear dropped down
My eye

Tampoco a quedarme fui/I Wish I Would Have Stayed

by Jose Cendejas

Atravez de esta ventana
Mis recuerdos veo venir
Se escucho un sonido intenso
Se atrapo dentro de mi
Una voz sali6 decirme
Esta vez no se alejo
No pude hacer m6s que 6idle
Esto es lo que me conto:

"mira, el es me padre
I ojala venga a quedarse!
Prometo ayudarle a madre
Ser valiente, bien portarme."

Dolor saliese del peco
Son recuerdos, pienso yo
Ojala hubiera pasado
Su padre no se quedo
Esa voz quizo entender
Que fue lo que hizo mal
Dolor emiti6 su tono
Yo le escuche aclamar

"aqu6 estoy en esta tarde
Mis hijas lejos de mi
Yo fui tal como mi padre
Tampoco a quedarme fui."

Standing by this window
My thoughts begin to flow
I felt a sound inside of me
A voice behind a wall
That voice came out to hunt me
I heard it loud today
I couldn't help but listen
And this is what it said:

"Look there comes my father
I hope he's here to stay
I promise to help mother
I promise to behave."

It sounded mostly painful
A memory I would say
I wish it would of happened
His father didn't say
That voice began to wonder
What was it it did wrong
His tone portrayed rejection
That's what I heard it said

"Now I'm standing here this evening
My daughters far away
I did just like my father
I wish I would have stayed."

Where Are All The Radios? Today.

by Joe Martinez

Today a radio was given to me,
In which I turned into a tattoo gun.
There for, I got 4 months to think about what I have done...
I wish today that I had a radio to play,
So that I could get away...
Oh, where have all the radios gone?? Today??

Life, A Winner's Game

by Jacob B. Mattila

Life is a game, I play it to win
I've always heard, some call it a sin
I was once told, by a bishop's wife
To never wish, I had a different life
Sometimes the bad, helps you appreciate the good
It makes you see things, that you never would
Like the love of a mother, when you know you've brought shame
Knowing she doesn't care, about the family's good name
All she wants, is for you to go far
Even if you did, use a stolen car
My life has been short, that I do know
I continue to watch, study and grow
I want to be great, for my family and friends
To show a better way, to a happier end
I want to show joy, of that I am sure
To take away sadness, joy is the cure
Happiness is, the bestest of drugs
It makes you smile, laugh and give hugs
I am where I am right now
So that God can show me how
To be a kinder, and gentle man
So I can lead my family, with a gentle hand
To make me wise, patient and strong
To teach me to teach, right from wrong
The land is something, that I really love
I believe it's a gift, we have from above
When I go home, it will be to the farm
To teach what I know, and to lend an arm
One thing I'd really, like to do in my life
Is to turn my girl, from my friend to my wife
Remember to laugh, and smile my friends
That's the beautiful means, to a joyous end
It's a wonderful thing, this life that we're in
Life is a game, I play it to win.

Why Is There Air?

By D. E. Maughan

For my grandchildren, with a nod to Dr. Seuss

A great man once asked,
"Why is there air?"
"Why should I bother?"
"Why should I care?"

I'll tell you why!
Why you should care,
And why you should know
All about air!

We use it for breathing
In and out!
And the fact is true;
There is no doubt.

Without any air,
I would turn blue!
Not only me,
But you'd be blue too!

And what of the birds?
Why they'd just cry.
They'd have to walk,
With no air to fly!

Or bees in the hive,
On a day, warm and sunny;
Without air to fly,
There'd be no more honey.

And no beautiful butterflies,
On silken wing,
Fluttering and giving
Each flower a fling!

Or what of your games
Like volleyball?
There'd be no bounce,
No bounce at all!

And think of the beach,
With your kite in hand;
You'd let it go,
And it would fall to the
sand.

Because without air
To carry it high,
It would just lay there.
(Or is it a lie?)

And what of this,
It's such a weird thought!
Without any air
We could not talk!

So air is important,
I think there's no doubt,
It's air that allows us
To whisper and SHOUT.

And without any air
For you and for me,
It would be no fun
Along the sea.

No butterflies to flit;
The flowers would cry.
No nests in the trees
'Cause birds could not fly.

No butterflies! No bees!
No kites on the beach!
No ball to bounce
Too high out of reach!

And we'd all look funny,
With big puffy cheeks

From holding our breath for
weeks and weeks!

And who would want
To turn all blue
From holding their breath?
Not me! Not you!

There'd be no wind
To rustle the leaves.
No wind to sway
The big, tall trees.

No wind to carry
The clouds 'cross the sky!
No wind to make
The Flying Fish fly!

There'd be no fun.
There'd be no play.
There'd be no work
Throughout the day.

So air is important
As you can see.
Air is important
For you and for me!

So take a deep breath,
Now, hold it there.
And that, my dears,
Is why there is air!

(Okay, you can let it out
now.)

Prisons

by Naji Moore-Taylor

Similar those of the needle I've been a slave to my sin

Indulging in infidelity surrounding myself with weak, misguided & broken men

Meanwhile deaths frigid sickle was silently snatching sorry souls saturated in hate & drowning in guilt

Here I sit the infamous running rebel shackled in desperation, confirmed to a cell of lies which I stubbornly built

Yet I'm one of many crazy crusaders...

Waiting for our chance to dance with lady redemption

Our skin tones, lifestyles & choices may be different but we've all sold our freedom once hoping to profit from monetary premonitions

Now we're stuck... stagnant as time continues on at the pace of an experienced runner

From behind bars we count how many times fall turns to winter, winter to spring, & spring into summer

Subconsciously am I following in my fallen father's footsteps?

Am I to be betrayed, sent to an early grave

Pity a good man couldn't receive a good death

What does that say about the world we fight to live in?

Add technology subtract the bars multiply the population as a man divides himself from another for his 'hood', flag, race, or block

Isn't that its own form of prison?

Thinking Our Time Away

by John Renfro

The waiting isn't too long, but the concrete cells are cold,
Feeling like this is a love song, or a story I've been told.
My thoughts are always on you, they'll never stray,
Like the strongest ropes do, our love won't fray.
I'll think all day on ways to please,
I'll work all day like worker bees,
Smile on your lips, and love in your eyes,
Using no script, and telling no lies,
I've got your heart forever it's mine,
The game I have is over that's fine.
Everything I was looking for, I've found,
You're the queen in store, for the kings crown'd
We now have our history to make, destiny to take,
Some things are mystery, a lot at stake, it's not fake,
Whenever I count the expected time,
It can't amount when you are mine.
You're my only dream, my whole life all day
Together we are a forever stream, Thinking our time away

Are Moths Crazy?

by Robert Sanders

"Are Moths Crazy, or are we blind?"
To teach what light can help us find
They become One & are set free
We live in dark & can not see
Are they **Brave** or just in **Rapture**
Melt into the light they capture
Kamikaze into pure white
You've lost your eyes,
Yet gained true sight!

Wild Strawberries

by Robert Sanders

Today
Crouched in a field
Of once wide open prairie grass
Now caged by Razor Wire
I, like a bear
Frantically plucked wild strawberries
From betwixt
Sun baked moss and flowering clover
As if winter was looming
Crows cawed from the tops of light poles
Knowing that food must motivate this
Khaki Critters haste in combing the ground
Tiny red buttons
No bigger than a pinky nail
Hide like ladybugs in the low-level bramble
I groom the ground
Like a primate would its partners pelt
A palm full of glistening rubies
For the walk back to my bird cage
Wearing a smile only a free man
Would Dare to Don

Treasure in the Storm

by Terrence Wade

Far out on the water sits a sail boat, motionless waiting for a much needed push by a strong wind. The type of winds usually provided by storms.

In the same way a life lived without storms can quite possibly leave us stranded, stuck in a lifeless routine and stagnate. For some that's the way life has always been. When all is well in family relationships and money. Many have been born in this sunny summer good time, problem free life and have never had to worry. Consequently their life may have never exposed them to much of a challenge. Or life changing circumstances and heart breaking decision had to be made.

Then there are the truly lucky ones like me. You see I was born into the storm of a drug addicted father. I lived in Inglewood, California on 4th & Dickson. My bedroom window overlooking Crenshaw and Century. Through years of the separation of parents then divorce, all forms of abuse I was raised in a time of race riots in a city pledged with anger violence and murder.

I was taught in the LA county school district that ignored the academic obstacles. A system that focused more on preparing me for prison rather than college. I was repeatedly passed on to the next grade until I became of age to enter a work force that was very apathetic to my lack of understanding, antisocial upbringing, poor grammar and hot temper. At this point of my life many times I chose anger, hate and revenge over any form of compassion. A decision that would eventually land me in prison and change my life forever.

On the contrary these storms of my life moved me the most. You see as a boy it was the loss and pain I felt in the absence of my father that taught me the value of my productive presence at home with my children. During my adolescence it was those riots, neighborhood shoot-outs and bodies left on the streets of Los Angeles; that make me cherish every moment I have in the land of the living. It was in the fertile soil of failed classes and forfeited opportunities for education where unparalleled hunger for wisdom and knowledge grew. Then flourished during my incarceration.

If not for the discrimination and degrading insults at the work places of my youth and young adulthood; How would I have become the competent, compassionate leader, writer, speaker or hard-worker that I am today.

Just as those stormy wind pushed that sail boat to its destination. It is the storms of life that move us and shift us. Even in the most turbulent times of my life a good push like my own failed marriage revealed my true character. Over the years every breaking point uncovered had to be repaired and over come. This process is certainly not automatic. It requires courage, tenacity, endurance, perseverance, and faith. If not for the storms of my life I would not have the pleasure of sharing my story with you.

A friend of mine Mr. Cotton used to say "I'm going through it to get to it" the late Maya Angelou says "I won't take nothing for my journey". Society says that life after prison is limited or over. Not for me, I've decided my time in prison will serve as a launch pad to shoot me in the direction of my destiny.

Do I desire to live the good life, have peace and experience those unforgettable sunny summer time moments in my life? Sure I do. But never at the cost of the treasure I found in my storm.

Innergy

by Jon Thompson

I spoke to a being who'd never heard a word and held no frustrations, the ones that don't use pupils have the best vision and concentration

seeing a peace keeper with a weapon the size of a small human is condemnation

With fears trilogy you'll lose love's ability, illusions of defeating me is far from reality

I am light, bring it all to me, my call to you is a call to me, only as one do we rise flawlessly

Let go of forms you praise, dismiss the trinkets you crave, they make you the willing slave, which I can't allow you to do because our souls are [BRAZED]

You are one with the universe, uni means one of course, [REMAIN] joyful on your course and above what distorts

Your innergy is within me, unplug your senses and its easy to see, energy is innergy, so tap into your inner Ji.

Untitled

by Jon Thompson

I arrived into your realm at summers tail end
From far beyond, in the middle of spring I was sprung in

In flesh, blessing's disguised as lessons
Overstand its in his hands so no need for stressins

I'm glad my delivery came like this specifically
So that you recognize me spiritually thru my brother metaphysically

Willing that you tire an notice that it is dire you see the truth an feel the proof that you finish off
this bid with me

An now you know that we are one, you have never held the gun, but you feel the guilt that it
spilt when you did what you did wit me

Hold no fear in your presence, it stunts your loves progression, I need no protection but thru
slight detection my spark in the dark makes them bid to get rid of me

Use your vision wit prestige & knowledge is received, it simply comes in threes, so you have to
beg to be deceived, please don't make your road harder than it needs to be

Look in the mirror to see the son, I say it again we are one, without a move I move tons, fears,
enemies, conflicts, I have none.

So let your light shine without, an watch how your life moves about, when love's your
motivation and done without hesitation your power is unlimited!

Take a moment for contemplation.

Thinking of You

by Seth K. Teig

Of wisdom that comes from the
Hare & the tortoise
Consequences of actions taken
During our courses
Rabbit fast as a flash while
Tortoise slow & so steady
Rabbit represents us, tortoise life
So be ready
Always runnin & gunnin lookin for
That fast buck
The tortoise keeps comin he'll
Never be stuck
While we stop in our tracks
Shackled up so relax
Tortoise passes us by time we'll
Never get back
The story to me's more than persistence
And losing
It's all of us see & our insistence
On choosing
Whatever we've chosen on this
Road that we're walking
For time isn't frozen while we're
Sitting here talking

My Road

by Seth K. Teig

I've come a long way on this Road

That I've traveled

Been Dumb but can say that I'm

All but unraveled

For staying together is a skill

All its own

I'm praying the weather not to

Kill like the stone

That slayed the Goliath David

Hurled with his sling

But that's life at it's finest battle,

That this world brings,

Can be easily conquered for with

Knowledge is power

Not just learned at a college

But with every hour

Spent asking Who is it, When, Why

Where, maybe How

It's a task so go get it and

The time it starts now

For life is a journey filled with

Toils and snares

And the Clock keeps on turning

So please be aware

While My Eyes Close

by Seth K. Teig

As darkness surrounds me compounding intact
I feel my heart pounding & sounding a crack
Are they getting nearer these demons I've harbored?
Or is it the fear as my angels grow farther
Away from me now & they'll never look at me
I've strayed from the crowd feeling crooked so sadly
It wasn't all pain joy like nothing before
Just I couldn't have it I've got problems galore
See I really love her true love is astounding
But these are my thoughts as the darkness surrounds me...

My Hell

by Buffy Henson

3am and all is well
In the car to go through your mail
Late at night we creep around
Through the house, across the town
Bills, notices, and statements galore
All we need and even some more
Back at the pad to get on the top
Hoping not to be busted by a cop
Money's the motive believe it, it's true
Never forget those boys in blue
Not eating, never sleeping enough
A life of a tweaker is awful rough
We steal from the rich and give to the poor
it's never enough we always want more
Then one day your luck runs out
With time in jail to sit and pout
Friends all leave you high and dry
All I can say is oh me oh my
I beg and beg for a DOSA plea
The prosecutor wants to lock me up and throw away the key
Here I sit in Prison once more
When will I ever walk out that door
84 months no bond no bail
That's my life inside my Hell

"Status"

by! Samara "Sam" Spann

How do you figure
Putting me below
The one with
The new pair of
Sneakers.

What my attire
Is not good enough
For you?

Oh! Hell no you seem
To be the one confused!

Wow! I guess in today's
World you have to come
From pure unadulterated
Money

Too bad all the dollar
Signs is what you'll ever
See because guess what
You'll never get a chance
To know the real me.

Your loss if you chose
To deprive yourself of
My beauty.

You good old American derby
On your high horse waiting
On your order for your custom
Made Bentley.

Oh! They call the
Neighborhood I come
From almost close to
Poverty

Well explain to me
Why every other woman
In my community gave
Birth to a monarchy.

So you're blinded by
The bling-bling.

Without those jewels
Who are you suppose
To be

While you're caught up
In a materialistic mentality

Selling your soul to keep
Up with Jones's of
The Rich and Famous
Secret Societies

Pulling all kinds of
Shenanigans to stay
On top.

Till death due you
Part is when you'll stop!

Now what would you do for a Klondike bar?

The World As We Know It

by Tonya Wilson

They say the world is smaller than
It takes for thoughts to cross the span
Of fiber optic cable link
Yet though we know we fail to think
We gather in classrooms and speak
Of what TMZ said this week
The State of the Union bores us to follow
But not so the plotlines of Sleepy Hollow
Revenge and oh the joy of Scandal
Though questions of grammar we cannot handle
Not I! Say you, I'm for a book
At your stacks then, let's have a look
Romance, urban, and fantasy
Genres of violence and misogyny
Oh no, you don't do novels at all
But instead Cosmo to see what they'll wear come fall
And have the latest Kavali boot
Hope it don't leave you destitute
Cause at a grand to shod one foot
Making ends meet might leave you hard put
Say you don't go for all that fuss
Just like seeing the latest doing in People or Us
The wives and lives of those who shine
And sparkle in the lights of lime
Both those without a dime, and those who ball and rap
Spare half a thought for the achievement gap
Or why the hardworking stay so poor
And why the rich must, need have more
Maybe the place you get your rocks
Off is Playstation, Wii, or in an Xbox
Where auto theft is grand, and the world of warfare, a craft
And dropping loads from an angry bird is how you last laughed
But what wasn't so funny is what you had to drop when
Your five-year old son slapped his teacher and then
Questioned why his actions caused such a fooferaw
Last night, to that hoe, dad did it, he saw
And doubled his points without such a stir
Plus, he didn't cuss his teacher when he did it to her
Can't fault him there, still you find yourself mad
Unable to find words to explain what's so bad

About slapping women and calling them names
When that's what happens in music as well as in games
Women degraded, berated and hated
Still let on the video shoot, as long as those hips gyrated
Never considering a look past the aim
Of cashing a check and achieving quick fame
Never wondering why with each generation's succession
There's less to pass on, be it wisdom, possession
Old folk say, 'the young worse than ever before'
Neglecting to lay equal blame at everyone's door
Including their own, cause one and all share the guilt
Of integrity's death and the structure now built
In its place, superego, our hero of note
With such as our guide and upon which we dote
If upon hearing these words some dismay
Blooms in the heart at the truth, it's okay
The ray of reality has broken through
The duty of the next step is up to you
To get out of bed and every morning see
What the world is and then what it could be.

STUCK BUT FREE

by Eric Ventress

I'm stuck but free

I'm stuck but amazingly I feel free. I'm stuck but free.

I feel stuck but free – I awake and fall to my knees I pray for God to take notice of my concerns I pray for guidance and for a clear vision to stay focused on the many lessons wanted and unwanted for me to learn.

I feel stuck but free. I am stuck but free... hoping to stay sucker free. My ambition to not be a victim of the blind leading the blind... destination Hell! 'Cause that atmosphere seems to put my anxiety on steroids... leaving me feeling super stuck far from free.

I don't welcome this feeling stuck and what I mean by feel stuck is a feeling of despair and a feeling of stressed that my position will never change. I have to remind myself that I'm not stuck but actually I'm free. Free of mind free of fear free of the feeling of hopelessness. See... I choose to feel this way, free! And where the mind's thoughts flow... the heart and body will follow.

I'm actually not stuck but free... free when I'm left alone to stew in my own thought. Free of the confinements of locks and cuffs. When I left to know I can unlock the confinements with my own ambitions.

I'm actually not stuck but free when my vision is not clouded by the negativity of other blind hopelessness, it's not my fault that there stuck with hope of ever being free... mentally or otherwise... so if I may diagnose there mental handicaps... I would say insanity, I'll only hope that the day comes that my associates may feel like me

Stuck! Stuck on being a man stuck on making my own choices, stuck on being me, stuck but at the same time free!

Real Friends Ride Forever

by Shadeed Beaver

In this life we live you will encounter many friends, but real friends will always ride forever, never will I leave in my heart you will always be, so indeed we will always be together, if ever you may need me don't hesitate to call, I'll be right there for anything at all, if you slip don't trip take my hand with a tight grip, and I promise I will never let you fall, stand tall and keep your head up, don't let up when you get fed up, keep pushing and you'll see a brighter day, in the midst of darkness so many people are heartless, but you'll always find some love around my way, cause there's nothing you can say or anything you could do, that would ever bring me to leave you alone, forgiveness is a given cause everyone makes mistakes, plus my love for you is unconditional, see the bond we've created is tougher than leather, and guaranteed to make it through the worst weather, whether rain, sleet, or snow, and the powerful winds blow, all I know is, real friends ride forever.

Wasted Time

by Brandon Pries aka Y.C.

The time that I wasted is my biggest regret,
Spent in these places I would never forget.
Just sitting and thinking about the things I've done,
The crying, the laughing, the hurt and the fun.
Now it's just me and my hard driven guilt,
Behind a wall of emptiness I allowed to be built.
I'm trapped in my body just wanting to run,
Back to my youth with its laughter and fun.
But the chase is over and there's no place to hide,
Everything is gone, including my pride.
With reality suddenly right in my face,
I'm scared, alone, and stuck in this place.
Now memories of the past flash through my head,
And the pain is obvious by the tears that I've shed.
I asked myself why and where I went wrong,
I guess I was weak when I should have been strong.
Living for the drugs and the wings I have grown,
My feelings were lost, afraid to be shown.
As I look at my past it's so easy to see,
The fear I had, afraid to be me.
I pretend to be rugged, so fast and so cool,
When actually lost like a blinded old fool.
I'm getting too old for this tiresome game,
Of acting real hard, with no sense of shame.
It's time that I change and get on with my life,
Fulfilling my dreams for my family and wife.
What my future will hold, I really don't know,
But the years that I wasted are starting to show.
I just pray for the day when I'll get a new start,
And the dreams I still hold deep in my heart.
I hope I can make it, at least I have to try,
Cause I'm headed towards death and I don't want to die...

Child of God

by Thomas Garza

I'm a child of God, But a kid from the streets.
A gangster in the hood, yet scriptures I read.
Stuck in a life I feel I cant change,
With a hustlers mind such childish ways.

Dream of tomorrow, while living in the past.
I sit here and wonder; "How long will this last?"
These cuts run deep, surprised they don't bleed.
You see a lost cause, nobody understands me.

Poised in a battle, struggling with my heart.
As I choose sincerity, im being torn apart.
At the gates of heaven will I be let in?
Or forever to wonder this life led by sin?

With a calloused heart, im stoic in ways,
Adamant about life in these tumultuous days.
So I give a last shout out to my father above,
Watch over your child cause hes considered a thug.

Thoughts Of Her

by Thomas Garza

Touching something in me that I didn't want touched.
Love is not an easy thing, especially for a thug.
Mind was growing numb, but you taught me how to feel.
Angel de mi vida, through you I know love is real.

So put your hands in mine and look in to my eyes,
And I'll take you on a magic carpet ride.
We'll soar above the clouds and beneath the stars,
Our love for each other is the finest work of art.

And while I think about you I get weak in my knees,
Baby it seems you've got a spell casted over me.
Cause when Im with you, you slow the hands of time.
And I knew there was magic in them glittering eyes.

Cinderella-ella can I be your prince?
Im tatted down is the only difference.
You can be my beauty and I'll be your beast.
People think Im wrong cause I come from the streets.

I fantasize about you all through the night.
Hermosa, I know, you are Ms. Right.
Because when I go to sleep youre all that I see.
Please sandman take me back to my dreams.

The Wrong Lullaby

by Armondo Patlan

I guess I'm wrong.
That's what my teachers always told me,
As well as my "friends" and family.
But if loving someone is wrong,
Then I don't wanna be right.
Yet I stay being put down no matter how hard I fight.
There must be something wrong with me.
Why would so many people hate somebody they don't even know?
So I check my reflection each day,
To see if I can observe the flaws that everyone else sees in me.
But the only thing in my view,
Is me...
As the days and years go by I've obtained more scars
And more pain and anger in the depths of my eyes.
If I could change who I am to make people happy,
I would.
Why would anyone enjoy being a person like me?
I even hate me.
There must be something wrong with me,
Because I can't change the way I was raised or the way I was born.
I've told this to myself growing up as a kid,
I would have stopped it altogether if it were my choice.
And with that lullaby I go to sleep at night.
To close my eyes and search my mind
Endlessly looking for the wrong everyone but me can find.

Undaunted

by Ivan Abramtchouk

Disparaged and humbled, I'm thrown in this hell;
Though perils may come, I'll surmount and prevail.
Surrounded by hatred, devoid of my rights,
I will not be broken; I strive with my pride.
I am determined, my chin held up high,
My sight set on goals, and I know I will thrive.
Volatile life here, encumbrance my come;
I cannot control those around me, who's dumb.
My virtues and honor won't be compromised;
I'll handle my business if need will arise.
Undaunted in spirit what lays up ahead,
I know what I want, and that, I shall get.
My destiny's outcome: no matter of chance;
It's what I will make it, it's all providence.
Though now I'm in prison, surrounded by fence,
I'll reach my prosperity, exuberance.

Sinking of the U.S.S. Douglas

by Douglas Gohl

The battleship was docked at harbor quay
Filling its holds with munitions and supply
Champagne striking bow, U.S.S. Douglas, we dub thee
Pull line, weigh anchor, and let us take to the sea
This fine ship was built sturdy and stout
Ready for battle there is no doubt
With the enemy lurking so near
To avoid detection, row we dear
But just before it could leave they bay
Sunk from below by the sub *Gabé*

Spilled Guts, No Glory

by Douglas Gohl

The Army Reserves had a fierce battle plan
Led by General Duggie Cook, spoon in hand
Preparations were made, across enemy lines they'd go
When from behind, shots of friendly fire, whistles did blow
It was the Admiral it was the Admiral, witnesses did say
The General felled by his bunkmate, to his dismay
When the dust settled, empty of glory
Balance broke under a fabled story
The war was over before it began
As dreams of victory flew through the fan

Sebastian Iyer

by Douglas Gohl

Sebastian Iyer
Was a man on fire
And a devious plan
To execute

Knife in the back
To halt the act
Pious Jackson
Didn't stay mute

Betrayal was fast
But pain didn't last
Sebastian lived
Hidden away

With new schemes
Resurrect old dreams
Fulfilling desire
One lucky day.

FRIENDSHIP

by Mark N. Kelley AKA Problem

FRIENDSHIP IS A FRAGILE THING,
A SMALL AND FEEBLE ROSE.
YOU TAKE SPECIAL CARE OF IT,
AND IT STRETCHES UP AND GROWS.
IT STRENGTHENS AND GROWS STRONGER,
WITH EACH AND EVERY DAY.
AND WHEN IT BUDS TO BLOOM IN SPRING,
YOUR EFFORTS START TO PAY.
PETALS ARE FORMED BY LITTLE WORDS,
THAT SAY HOW MUCH YOU CARE.
THE LEAVES ARE TINY MOMENTS,
AND EXPERIENCES YOU SHARE.
THEN AS THE SUN AND RAIN OF TIME,
FALL DOWN UPON THIS BOND.
OUR FRIENDSHIP WILL KEEP GROWING,
TO LAST FOREVER AND BEYOND.

The Wheel

by Paul Jones

The old rusty wheel
Felt strong to the feel
Cold and damp to the hand but stronger than man
She spun with a squeak and a squawk.
Then all of a sudden we felt a shock,
it came up through our socks.
We hit a rock shouted the old man.
The engine howled and stopped.
We began to heel.
They'll be no supper tonight sang the old geezer.
Then over the side we all did slide,
to push and shove with all of our might.
Off the rock we slide with no leaks to contend
We start the engine and to our chagrin we now
had a wobble with which to contend.
We made it in and did not sail again
Until we fixed the wiggle, wobble and squeak.

Once Upon a Time

by Nolan Zahajko

Once upon a time a kid with a strong mind
let it go to waste cause he chose to get high.
thought he'd make it out and he would be just fine
but he found himself surrounded by drugs violence and crime.
Then that same person started to silence that mind
thinking that the guilt would go away in time.
Just to find he was playing with a fully loaded 9
soon enough he would die and leave nothing behind.
And time just went on, slower and slower
and the woods he was in just got colder and colder.
Body aches because of all the weight on his shoulder
wanted to be a kid again but he just got older.
The streets made him strong but he longed for home
surrounded by other addicts but felt wrong and alone
and he saw that he'd grown into something he couldn't own
a fiend for all these things all priorities blown.

\$19 Trillion/Recipe For Trouble

by Taylor R. Landrum

\$19 Trillion dollars of debt. Stagnant Economy.

A moral fabric which has deteriorated to next to nothing. Moral Decay. Where acts which once were considered an abomination are woven in place.

Acceptance of ideals of what is normal which are not ones own.

Forced upon you by a majority or by those in authority.

Brain Washing. A mockery of Justice, Liberty, Freedom, Free Thinkers and Free Spirits. Tyranny.

Intimidating by and through violence quintessence against those who enjoy their lives differently.

Culture Wars. A capitalist monster devouring sympathy, empathy and humanitarianism for the proletariat.

Class Warfare. Wage Slave Labor. Joblessness. As corporate executives greedily take more than their share, companies seek everlasting growth. Unsustainable.

Tax breaks for the rich as they jump through tax loopholes.

Tax increases to the extent that taxes for the middle and lower classes continue to rise proportionally higher than the other tax brackets. Campaign donations.

Soldiers who have fought valiantly for their county shedding blood, sweat and tears living with the scars and injuries denied medical care. VA Hospital, Colleges and Bans exploiting this nation's children with ever Interest increasing loans and debt. Regressive Oppression.

A criminal justice system where bribes, excessive sentences and political favors are common place, Justice non-existent.

Necessary insurance you might not need or pay the penalty.

Affordable Care Act. Killings ordered by remote control, innocent civilians; the supposed terrorist.

Drones/Murder. Violations of the privacy of its citizens, prism. Deals cut behind closed doors which negatively impact millions.

Government Secrecy.

The ingredients are ripe, the heat is on, timing the cooking.

Times Up.

R--E--V--O--L--U--T--I--O--N.

Admans Psalms 23rd

by Taylor R. Landrum

The Adman is my Shepard;
I shall ever want
He maketh me to walk a mile for a Camel;
He leadeth me beside Crystal Waters
In the High Country of Coors Light
He restoreth my soul with a glass of Perrier.
He guideth me in Marlboro Country
For Mammons Sake.
Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the
 Jolly Green Giant,
In the shadow of B. O., Halitosis, Indigestion,
Headache Pain, and Hemorrhoidal Tissue
 I Will Fear No Evil,
For I am in Good Hands with All State;
Thy Arid, Scope, Tums, Tylenol and Preparation H-
 They Comfort Me.
Stauffer's prepares a table before the T. V.
In the presence of all my appetites;
Thou anointest my head with Brylcream;
My Decaffeinated Cup runneth over, good till the very last drop
Surely surfeit and security shall follow me
All the days of Metropolian Life
And I shall dwell in Continental Home
With a mortgage forever and ever
 Amen.

A Misty Lake

by Duane Starkenburg

A crisp spring morning
Fragrant tastes of pine and damp forest earth
Exhilarate a friend and I as we descend cabin steps
Walking toward the hazy red glow of a rentals sign

Shouldering a rented canoe
Over the Resort's frozen grounds
Each step crackles and crushes
Across frosty twinkling lawns

Under a veil of mist
The lake pats the shore with whispers
Ankle deep in ice cold
The canoe slices a wake from the waters edge

Paddles at rest
Drip fresh mountain spring
Adrift in the mizzle
We sit speechless separated within the fog

And I imagine this may be similar to the final journey home
The soul
Floating in a silence of whiteness
With an invisible friend

Country Morning

by Duane Starkenburg

Predawn in November
Outside for a cigarette
Fog settles like fresh fallen rain
Air pungent with earthy garden pasture and hay

In the field the barn and dusky silhouette
The dull silver roof slants to dark eaves
Blending into amber walls
A black square frames a window shade of light grey mist

Movement through the misty feeding pen door
Grazing shadows roam the pasture
Drink from the stream
As the pond's over flow splashes into currents

An ochreous orb hazily floats
Burning concentric circles
Orange magenta blue glisten
Steak glimmering in the circumference of vapor
The light pole rises from a vague outline of fence

Sitting on the balcony
In a blue plastic chair
Savoring a cup of bitter percolated and a hand rolled
Lungfulls blaze an ember between my fingertips
Tapped ashes sizzle in the damp tray

Enthralled
By the solitude and beauty
Impresses
How warm the country is on a cold November morning
And how cold the city is on a hot July afternoon

My Angels

by Alan Barrett

I was in prison and you visited me
I felt alone and you cared
I had no one to comfort me
You came and your love you shared
I could not see an angel's face
Though I longed to have one near
So God sent you with your heavenly smile
And in you his voice I hear
The only thing I ask of Him
Who you serve with such great zeal
Is that He will send you back again
And that your love will help me heal
I know that God has heard your prayers
That you so often plead
For He has filled my heart with peace
And He has sent the help I need
There is a place in God's own home
Where all his angels sing
And where his angels in disguise
His gentle Son will bring

The Tombs

by Paul Thorsteinson

Entombed in
mildew and stones
my cage was like
most friends
and my silence would be
like most betrayals

The hate of men
would bring me out
to beat me
fracturing my skull
with bamboo rods
and cold stones

Blood would stream
from yesterday's bruises and
dust would fill my cuts
as my face married the ground

At times, I would glimpse
my capture's weathered feet
thick scars and faded tattoos
traveled under their
sackcloth facades
ancient maps of pain
hiding under
their thin robes

They were really only
weather beaten convicts
that had escaped
to the mountains
to give what seemed
to be taken

Like them,
I will beat you too
However,
it is up to you
to be free

Nathan

by Paul Thorsteinson

Nathan was weak,
Nathan was small,
Nathan was different,
Nathan was lost

Nathan always sat at the same table
far end of the room, corner spot
The way he sat
you would have thought
he was always cold
He had small glasses
and tiny wrists
and always walked with
his shoulders slumped
like a pale bird
He was always pushing
his tiny glasses back up
and clearing his throat
like he was getting ready
to say something really important
and then changing his mind
When Nathan cut his wrists
the other killers laughed at him
forgetting blood all over his room
pictures of people who cared
stuck to the ground with
Nathan's blood

Nathan was weak,
Nathan was small,
Nathan was different,
Nathan was lost
and when Nathan cut his wrists
he couldn't even do that right
When they asked him
why he did it
he pushed his glasses up
cleared his throat
and got ready to say
something really important
and then changed his mind
Days passed,
and soon everybody forgot
what Nathan had done
but Nathan hadn't forgot

Nathan was weak, Nathan was small
Nathan was different, Nathan was lost
and when they found
Nathan swinging
from an extension cord
Nobody laughed,
because Nathan was gone

Waiting

by Cecilio Ancheta

I lay here on my bunk
Lookin' at the blank space on the ceiling,
old memories and forgotten faces
swarm me with lost feelings,
wondering what happened
to those who said they had love for me,
locked down caged in a box
Just wishin' to be free,
The past seems so close
but yet my future is so near,
day by day, week by week
Slowly it turned to year by year,
A lot was dedicated to this life
now I stand on all ten,
by myself and with no help
now who's my real friends,
It will never be the same
My personality has forever changed,
You are my past not my present
So I'm on a whole different plane,
No longer can I be selfish
the love for my family must come first,
All the pain and anguish they suffered
I'll never understand their hurt,
movin' to fast to slow down
or out of sight and out of mind,
18 to 18 just waitin' patiently
Soon it'll be my time,
Never to look back
freedom is my second chance,
one foot in front of the other
this path I walk is my sundance.

truth warms the skin
can we, can I, vaccinate myself from the
intangible monster within.

Precious Moments With You

by Ivan Lawrence Gelseth

Have I ever told you how much I love you, my dear children.
Have I made it known to you, what's in my heart.
Have I told you of the joy I have felt, my dear children.
To hear you laugh, play, and sing. To hear you sing.

The most precious things I hold, are from the days of old.
As I share these precious moments with you.
The most precious things I hold, are from the days of old.
As I share these precious moments with you.

Have I ever told you my dear children, I've watched you learn and grow.
You're in my thoughts and all my prayers, with love to you.
Someday soon we will meet again, my dear children.
Till then I'll dream of a time when, of a time when.

The most precious things I hold, are from the days of old.
As I share these precious moments with you.
The most precious things I hold, are from the days of old.
As I share these precious moment with you.

A Moment in Time

by Lenore Smith

There I was stuck somewhere in time. I think it was my room. It's kinda crazy my room was dark with gloom. I'm sure it was a full moon.

Time was in slow motion. I saw myself moving slowly, precisely, decidedly. It seemed so real, someone is guiding me.

I lived my life on the streets, living, no existing. The life being sucked out of me it would seem. But right then time was so slow I felt like I was in a dream.

I saw myself kneeled on the floor by my bedside. I was so miserable I wanted to die. But instead I prayed and I cried.

As I was submitting myself to God I asked him to take me out of the mess I was in "pick me up lord," I said, like you've done again and again.

After I made my plea to God I knew it wouldn't be long before He came to rescue me. He's always faithful and comes to my aid very quickly to set me free.

That night I was led by my hand. I couldn't think very clearly. I laid my head on my pillow wearily. Time still lapsed in reality and surrealistically.

I usually stayed awake for most of the night, but that night was different from others. I actually pulled down my blanket and slept under the covers.

As I slept, I dreamt. I saw angels guided up with armor and swords surrounding me in a defensive stance time stood still. I was in a trance.

I knew I was being attacked by negative dark forces. There God stood with his angelic resources, the arrows and sword symbolic of protection that was God showing His almighty affection.

The morn creep up, Outside I faintly hear squeaky breaks and footsteps outside my home. Before I awoke God say's to "lean on me, you are not alone."

I heard my kids stirring, startled by the sounds they came running toward me. Time was still in slow motion and I could not see.

"What's happening mom? The cops are outside, what do we do?" I say, "We open the door and not be a fool."

I was in jail for eight days before I came out of the trance I was in. God saved my life like He always did.

Now, I'm in prison. Time goes by and sometimes escapes me. No longer bothered by struggles, I'm set free.

I no longer desire the street life, and if I were to fall I'll fall to my knees and call on Jesus that's all...

I Cry Silent Tears

by Lenore Smith

As I sit here in this cold cell detached from the dramatics of this prison. I cry in solitude, silent tears. As I cry a rush of tears roll down my face drenching not just my shirt, but my heart.

I look out the narrow window into the darkness of the night looking for a way to escape the emotions that suffocate me because I can't find you.

Tears fall in abundance and are like a dam ready to burst. I cannot stop and quietly wish I could turn myself into an unfeeling rock as it tumbles down the side of a cliff without the ardor of emotions.

I trudge through the days in the murky despondency of missing you. Thoughts spinning in my head like a tornado that intrudes my mind. A day does not pass without a thought or a tear for you.

And when I begin to fall asleep I cry silent tears. I wrestle with my dreams at night seeking your face knowing when I find you this nightmare will end. But then I wake and find myself still in the cold cement cell. The tears begin to fall again.

I search for you and pray that the new day will end this gut wrenching sadness that overwhelms me like a thick fog rolling in through the night. But when the day is done there is no you.

I have cried out begging for a direction to find you, I have relentlessly and skillfully woven threads of peace in the turbulence of emotions. I wait patiently at my window for an answer and I silently cry.

Emotions

by Bonnie Teafatiller

Emotions sow the seed of happiness, generate success, kindle life, and can provoke death.

Emotions are fulfilling and can be swindled until there's nothing left.

Emotions have led to pain and neglect, or love at its best, but are hard to keep in check.

Emotions press some to become obsessed and suppress stress.

Emotions more or less.

Emotions defeat and deceive making it hard to leave.

Emotions make one feel like they can't breath.

Emotions can blind and endorse others to see.

Emotions don't want, but need.

Emotions bring out the truth and can't see the lies.

Emotions control logic thinking in the mind, good or bad can put one in a bind.

Emotions so hard to find.

If...

by Bonnie Teafatiller

If I could make plain how much pain is ingrained in my veins or how hard it is to maintain a sane mindframe and why I have to always restrain from going insane.

If I didn't have to supplicate to refrain from recollection of the warfare I contain in my brain.

If I could explain how in one place 2faces have the same name and why there's so many pictures with no frames.

If I was 2steps ahead of the game with an unchanging lane or If I wasn't trying to hit a target with no aim.

If it was easy to penetrate why it's so hard to change but can leisurely do the same.

If I knew why people react to entertain and why they push the blame.

If there was no struggle or pain...

If I didn't have a name....

If...I knew what to say...in so many ways.

RIP Corey

by Amanda Paredes

I wish I could hear your voice
Your ever so confident choice
To help me lyricize the World
breakdown Each pessimist, I'd do whatever you'd insist
Your soul still lives inside of me
Your voice I hear among the trees
And every gleaming star I see
reminds me that you're watching over me.
It's become so hard to grasp
but I finally understand my task
The moon reflects above the sea
the angel smiling next to me.
The song and heart you once possessed
goes on within this troubled mess.
I will not let life get me down
No way I'll ever have any doubt
That there Is more for me, I thought it died with you
My ever-changing destiny, could it be you're my biggest muse
The image of you I'll never loose.

Scenery Change

by Amanda Paredes

Walls became my unintentional scenery
Satan's grabbed ahold of my fate deceptively
Took the purest of all hearts
and stripped this woman straight apart
Dug underneath her skin
with a rage of hate filled with Lust and Sin
WAM-BAM-THANK-YOU-MA'AM
Straight past the moon to Jupiter
I look back now I couldn't have been stupider.
I sit in this box all day
hoping the lord will show me the way
I know I struggle, but this is the easy part
Hitting the door to the world is where it will start
Cravings, misbehaviors, it will all be too familiar
Trust, security, success it will all seem too peculiar
Spin my world around tilt-a-whirl I'm ready
I'm tired of living in a mind state so heavy
Trust and believe the game's a disease
Game over check mate, I'll surrender to the state
I'll be a student, get a Job, say goodbye to the sleaze
Then maybe instead of being surrounded by walls
I can be surrounded by trees

Ambassador

by Shanteek Pruitt

WHEN I SEE RAIN I FEEL PAIN IT
DRIVES ME INSANDE I WAS TOLD
DON'T COMPLAIN FIGURE OUT THE
MAIN REASON FOR TIME UNLEASH
YOUR FEELINGS AND UNWIND. DO
NOT FRET FOR YOU WILL FIND JOY
AT THE END OF THE YELLOW BRICK
ROAD I'VE ALWAYS CARRIED A
HEAVY LOAD THE ESSENCE OF
EXPLODING WHILE YOU FEEL LIKE
HOLDING EVERY THING IN WITH A
LIFE FILLED OF SIN

START END WHERE DO I BEGIN LEND
ME A HAND AND WATCH WHILE I
STAND NO COMMANDS NOR
INSTRUCTION LISTEN TO MY
INTRODUCTION I HAVE BUILT A
DYNASTY FULL OF SHINE YOU SEE I
WILL DINE IN PEACE AND SAVOR
THE SWEET FLAVOR OF WINE AND
CLAIN ALL THE VICTORIES OF LIFE
AS MINE WITH A TRUTH SO FINE I
WILL FOREVER STAY ON THE GRIND
WITH MY MIND IN GRAND HUSSLE
MODE NO MUSCLE IT'LL BECOME A
TASK WIHTOUT A MASK AND I'LL DO
IT FAST FOREVER WILL IT LAST I AM
A BLAS OF AN OUTCAST PAST
VIRTUE..

Good Guys

by Karen Latham

Good guys, bad guys...
Can be one in the same
Good guys stay in church
Bad guys role the game

Good guys make you smile
Bad guys make you blush
Good guys make love
Bad guys use lust

Sometimes bad outweighs the good
And the good guy you see
Run ramped in the hood

That bad guy you see
May have on a mask
But takes it off
To make love last

Good guys, bad guys
All have fun
Good & bad has just begun

Epiphany

by Karen Latham

A moment of epiphany
is when you see
that yes can be no
or you can be me

A moment of epiphany
Is when your brain wakes up

It gets rid of all the lies
And sort thru the muck

A moment of epiphany
Is to mentally say ah ha
When your heart is still saying
Are we all in or naw

So wake your brain
Restart your heart
Your thoughts are the beginning
Of making you smart

Epiphany
Do you get it
Epiphany
Don't forget it

My Life Not Me

by Patricia Crowl

When I grew up life was a constant darkness ever so shallow,
Love that was supposed to be there was lacking and hollow.
For me, I thought that's how all families were & that it was "normal"
that lives could be shattered and hearts were left broken and torn.
All my relatives were drinkers, picking fights & causing such a fuss,
My grandfather & stepfather always looking at me with eyes full of lust.
A mother who loved to party, always flirting, who almost lived in the bar
Would someday produce me, "the apple," that didn't fall far.
Depression became prominent in my life and drinking was my cure,
All that did was increase my hopelessness, my anger & regrets – which
left my mind in a blur.

I went through husbands and boyfriends, beatings & grief in my
loveless life.

It caused me to commit a murder, much mayhem & to all I knew or loved
too much strife.

If only I could have known my life would have turned out so wrong,
then I could have sought help sooner to avoid my kid's going through a cold and distressful life
where they shouldn't have belonged.

Me not knowing the difference between love and domestic violence,
has been my lifelong nightmare that had never been silenced.
But today, that cycle of violence is now coming to an end,
I can see where I'm heading instead of just where I've been.
Even through it's taken this time in prison to bring me around
I know God has a plan for my life and it's going to be profound.
Because He's given me the knowledge & the will to change my future – at last!

And with that power it's allowed me the strength to leave domestic violence in the past!

Today I'm not the same battered and broken person I used to be,
I'm stronger, much wiser, because I let God lead my life – not me.

Prison

by Huwa D

Say hello to prison, been here all season, for no real good reason. Look @ me now, trying to turn my frown upside down. Hiding behind the mask of a clown, trying to make a name in this lonely "Town." Please don't hate just Appreciate. Now really looking clueless, because I think I'm the coolest for this preschooler. Always breaking the rules, looking like all these fools, wow what a bunch of tools, Just smile tell them your living the Dream. But ask yourself this, isn't this were you wanted to be, on the winning team. Here I come again, can't stop won't stop. Tell I hit some spot, At the end of the day still ain't got squat. Always feeling like a punk. No it's more like a chump. Don't really want to be here, that's clear. In here I feel my fears, through my tears, in these gettoass almost mirrors. Been only three years, still got four to go. In here I've been shown, how it really feels to be alone. Now it's time to do my best, please god put me through the test. Thank you God Because you know the rest. This way just ain't working no more, Yep I'm finally ready to be a bore, shhhh don't snore just listen Just a little more. I feel this passion in my core, now you'll hear my heart score and my soul will finally soar. Listen Note to self: Just stop this fight, Just Pray to your Lord that he'll make everything all right. Always thank him for shinning his love so bright. Right here and now no more running from my past. Learn to be never last, move to the head of the class. With you my feelings and pain I share because you won't make me bare you always care. I ask myself "Do you care?" Remember to be fare. And don't be scared. My lord will always lay my weary head to rest. I pray to god my soul to take. If I die before I wake. I trust.

To Be, Not To Be

by Monique Gilbert

When life begins to fray
When things tend to not go our way
When there are things you need to say
Kneel down to God & pray
Or you will cease to stray from the most ridiculous way.

I dream to be dreamt of... I share to be shared with...
I listen to be listened to... I speak to be heard...
I need to be needed... I want to be wanted...
I love to be loved... I hug to be hugged...
I feel to be felt... I fear to be feared
But I pray not to be preyed upon.

I was dealt a bad hand, but...
I still stand on my own two feet...
Listen to me speak...
For your ears need to hear...
Watch with your eyes...
Because me true actions don't lie
For you are you, and me am I.

Flashbacks

by Monique Gilbert

When all the evil grasps me by my chiny, chin, chin...
My reality on life tends to thiny, thin, thin;
When all the evil grasps me by my balls...
I tend to forget, I'm here within these walls;
When all the evil grasps me by my throat...
People tend to take note;
That's when I shout "what's this truly about!"

When all the evil sinks its fangs deep with in...
I can't recall what I'm doin';
When all the evil whispers in my ear...
That's what I truly fear;
When all the evil trys to win...
I pray to God I didn't sin.

Wondering

by Melinda Barrera

Ghosts, demons and spirits

Wondering

Can anyone else hear it?

Still, dark and deep

Wondering

What's out there that I've yet to meet?

Anger, fright and sadness

Wondering

Is my emotional bankruptcy a gift

Lost, alone and afraid

Wondering

How many mistakes have I made?

Confused, insane and gone

Wondering

How many missed opportunities have I had?

Stuck, waiting and wishing

Wondering

What piece am I missing?

Patient, stoic and silent

Wondering

When these qualities will present?

Life, happiness and open doors

Wondering

Is this what everyone else longs for?

Panicked, relaxed and torn apart

Wondering

Dear God, where do I start?

My Amends Kid

by Casey Richards Quinn

To My Kid

From the beginning, lost and confused I wanted to be rid

A few years I got to know you, I never wanted to lose you but one day I did.

I thought of you, always, the pain of the loss, I well hid.

Now years later we meet again.

Now years later it's me you seem to be rid.

I love you and miss you kid.

Please forgive me for whatever I did.

Time and time again, I've come to you, I've tried to make amends.

Time and time again, you've left me feeling hopeless

Trying to gain a friendship, has come to an end.

The End

by Casey Richards Quinn

Mother

I love you

I miss you

My Friend

Mother

I love you

I miss you

I'll always remember you when

Mother

I love you

Mother

I miss you

I've learned love never ends, Amen.

Procrastination

by Douglas Allen Gohl

I'd be lost if it weren't for no direction at all.
Walking slow won't get me far,
And moving fast will only lead me astray.
So I'll just stand still and gather my motivation,
Putting off until tomorrow,
Everything that can be accomplished today.

Repentance

by Douglas Allen Gohl

Gone is forever,
And I won't live to see never,
But I hope there will be a tomorrow.
Of course you were right,
I don't know why I tried to fight,
Risking our love to live in sorrow.

I am all to blame,
Accepting punishment and shame,
But give me one chance and I'll do better.
As bad as it seems,
We can recapture our dreams,
Reuniting our lives together.

Let's hold on to hope,
We'll strive to do more than just cope,
Because there's nothing we can't come back from.
See the good in me,
Bare and exposed for all to see,
Standing, waiting for you 'til I grow numb.

The Best Poem You Will Ever Read

by Malcolm Fraser

Now pay close and full attention,
This is something you need to see.
The subject of this poem is,
The one and only ,ME.

I'm the greatest poet who ever lived,
A one man extravaganza.
Stand back and watch me prove it,
With the next extraordinary stanza.

The longest word in the dictionary,
Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcaniciniosis
The rhythm doesn't really fit,
But the rhyme is quite precocious.

My poems are all delicious,
Like literary s'mores.
With words so huge you won't believe,
The size of my metaphors.

I'm so completely marvelous,
My head can't get much bigger.
I'm a poem-writing powerhouse,
The poet Schwarzenegger.

So don't tell me how to do my job,
You can't tell me what to do.
Because I'm a pretentious poet,
And I know better than you.

I'm the master of every method,
And every technique, the same.
I'm a perfect poetic production plant,
Alliteration's my middle name.

I'm an expert at expression,
In song or sonnet or ode.
My vocabulary is so vast,
My brain might just explode.

I always use the ideal word,
No need for a thesaurus.
Poems are my Jurassic Park,
And I'm the tyrannosaurus.

Expect it you won't when grammar I change,
Disconcerting find it you might,
But my talent so prodigious is,
Like Yoda, I can write.

The only flaw my poems have?
They're never long enough,
To show the full range of my genius,
The greatness of my stuff.

So, go ahead, feel free to share,
Your critique of what I do.
Because I'm a pretentious poet,
And I'll just ignore you, too.

I'm naturally postmodern,
Never have been instructed.
But my poems are all so meaningless,
They're easily deconstructed.

My poems don't need a reason,
They don't require a theme.
If you think you understand them,
Then you're dumber than you seem.

Form and structure? Who needs them?
They're nothing but a farce.
And if you try to disagree,

I'll come and kick your shin.

I don't conform to any rules,
Or definite descriptions.
I'm an anarchist of authorship,
Defying all predictions.

My knowledge is transcendental,
Beyond your verification.
And I triumph in every argument,
By intellectual intimidation.

So don't tell me about your absolutes
Or your moralistic view.
Because I'm a pretentious poet,
And I'll decide what's true.

The only word to ever escape,
My considerable comprehension,
Is something called "humility,"
That's just too weird to mention.

Test the Ice

by Jacob Holmgren

The mountains grow high, and valleys run low
Without values my blood won't flow
While living in this modern age...
Death for virtue is the wage.
So it seems in Darker hours
evil wins and kindness cowers
We all stand upon thin ice
are we brave or are we mice
here upon such thin thin ice
Dare we linger, Dare we skate
Dare we laugh or celebrate knowing
we may strain the ice. Live
your life protect your kids
and wife but above ALL
 preserve the ice
 at any price.

The Billiards "Pooling"

by Kenny Tate aka Justus Wallace*

How so unjust or maybe just rare/that I can't even shoot a simple game of pool without the thought to compare...our way of living against this game. And the many characteristics of its setup/that we claim...

To be so close/to the many different ways/that somehow all around you...call out a name/Especially when no one is willing to blame anyone for not remaining the SAME/when we know that even turn is guaranteed to come with change...

And unlike SEASONS/there are NO REASONS to ever expect anything to be familiar to lessons of treason.

OR a missed out opportunity to guide yourself in safely/before you Lose out/on being locked out/of A game that you would try to make play nicely? but forgot how to remember/how each CUE must be precisely/placed in-line with the purpose of a direction/Because the surface space is still ICY

Meaning/less of a change for you to alter its path. So once you've made a strike/its one of two outcomes: completed/or never even HAD.

In which you knew of before you even took this turn/to just decide on dumb-luck and living suicide BURNS.

So don't BE MAD and upset 'cause you placed a blind bet. Re-adjust that poor AIM/stop remaining in the same LAME/How?

NOW/DO be the first of all to break whatever Rules necessary..we only ask that you stay within the four green WALLS.

NO longer does it matter 'bout which color schemes we take...

Simple ODD & even numbers/pushed to blindness of our make.

Six pockets DEEP/or six feet UNDER.

A COLD DARK place to REST/where they ISSUE lasting slumber.

Still I'll wonder/what was my purpose to life/

after EVERY BALL is gone and the Billiards BREAK the DAYS of those hard/PLAYED/KNIGHTS?

I WIN! YOU LOSE! RACK 'EM!

Urban Youth

by Isaiah Summers

My chains create fears
So in this concrete jungle I was raised by the lions, and tiger and bears
Ready for the clanger
Now my liberation was taken for a couple of years.
Time to get focus and go away with my tears I'm empty inside there is not time to cry
Always on my biggie tip and Seahie was my beststy.
Whatever I did in the streets I never brought it to my bedside
Crack pipes and homicides the life of the Westside.
Fount out my homie wasn't the best guy
So I cut him off and watched the rest die.
So close to the edge not afraid to fly
No time for set backs I have to get right
Been moving so fast Now I'm behind bards doing snail time. My heart so old no room 4 friends.
If I continue like this the grave is how this will end. Momma told me about this, here. Loyalty is
rare around here. Money on mind I need to score tough down no square in my circle here. Grew
up daddy gone so I am hard to please
When it got rough in the hood who called me to pick up the A. K. aim and squeeze not looking
at my future now doing 10-23 years for my peers with no tears mouth close keeping my head
up and feet down one day I'll be home and fortune we will share.
The life of My urban youth.
Graveyard or Penitentiary. What about you??

Dedicated to Luni G.

May you rest in Paradise

See you at the cross roads

Do you walk down streets afraid of death do you pray before you leave that you make it home.
Do you want more than you have a better life for you and your children.
Where you will do anything for them.
We feel trapped. No schools to teach
No leader to lead.
Just pain and a sad song that play the same song of poverty and destruction
Where are the fathers where are the mothers
Sisters turnt into dangerous women
Brothers turnt into men of profits and violence we want more we need more

I want to a productive positive person by we are trapped in the devil's hell fire.
Is this my second chance. Is this my way out
Did I had to come to prison to become something new
Lord lend out your hand and hear my heart
Change me from inside out so I may break my chains
chains chains amen.

This life is so hard

by Aaron Dukes

My heart punctured and scarred
It's as if my dreams have been robbed
Like my mind had been mobbed
It's like my blood flow has been stopped
I've been captured and stocked
There is no key to this lock
My blood caught in a clot
I've been left here to rot
w/no relief to be brought
I can only reach out to God
So my soul can't be bought
These walls lie from the start
there what keeps us apart
there is no light to this dark
so we wait and stay smart
Take heed to these words
it might be best to be nerds
Or to school to be cool
We all yearn for freedom to
though life will go on
it won't hurt to stay strong
It all starts from the gong
Don't be scared or alarmed
Under the sun, we can do no more wrong
We'll be free again
to start the healing.

Untitled

by Aaron Dukes

Feelings of being dirty are accompanied with being unreasoned
This could be a life surrounded by hate where a smile is a grimace, the green grass is all weeds
You become detached from reality and live with anxieties add
From start to finish, going thru life making wish lists bearing trials and tragedy, after all the
waiting, success is what you acquire, add
"As long as I have myself, I will never be lonely," add
I can see thru nothing! Nothing is where something lays dormant. add
A story with no name, derived from guilt and pain
There we can feel tranquility and begin to know life is accomplished add
"Humans are humans no one is above being that." add
It's not until things get it's darkest that one begins to see."
Some could say that I'm really stupid, On the contrary I'm very smart and if you concern yourself
with the know, it's because I had a drink, not all @ once for it was too cold.
You learn to avoid a brain freeze. add
The epitome of being sexy, the propensity of romance, is a life enveloped in love, where a
breeze is a kiss, the ground heated by the sun gives us hugs, atoms embrace you @ that
moment you are @ one with creation. add
The circumference of continuity keeps me sane ———
and insane. add
Behold I have been swallowed up! Yet I'm still breathing.
Better yet I'm still believing! Is this punishment I'm receiving? Will there be relief from any
grieving? All the answers to our questions reside in the beginning. add

My Lord

by Floyd L. Williams

You've deeply touched this heart of mine. You've taken away desires for things that glitter and shine. You've shown me Your love and glory that give hope and life to my wretched story. On the Cross your life given to pardon and set free. Opening my blind eyes to truly see. The weight of the world now is just as bearable crush. You've changed my filthy rags to clothes of Your desires and riches. Delivering me from Satan's miseries and wishes. The quilt and shame that stained my heart You replaced with mercy and grace. I stand firmly upon You the author of my faith and trust. Anything else is a pitiful trust.

Without God

by Floyd L. Williams

I have forsaken God. What once was purpose in my life is now a deep void and bitter loss. Even the voice of God's Spirit within me has grown quiet. My heart cries out, but there is nothing but the echoes of silence. Dark thoughts fear and terror fill my heart and mind weighing me with a heaviness of dread. I'm torn between rage and emptiness trapped in the depths of mine own self-pity. Shadows of my life pass before me weathered as bleached bones. Vague hints of doubts lingers on the fringes of my mind that tomorrow hold no new hope. Woe overwhelms me as I hang by threads and remnants of my sanity. I ask myself if I can face yet another day being separated from God's love in ignorance and haste I've foolishly spurned.

My Cage

by Angel Venegas

I sit back in my cage, like an animal and wait.
For feeding time, play time, and the day I leave this place.
In this cage I live, there's many alphas with-in.
And there's a few who try to be, but it's obvious they only pretend.
My cage is full of People, but yet I'm so lonely inside.
In my cage there's no happiness, only strength and pride.
When I'm here I have time to reminisce, think and plan.
But then I remember I'll either die here or leave a very old man.
There are others here with me, in this cage that I live.
Who will be trapped like me, or like I with them.
This cage that I live, builds character, but breaks hearts.
Turns boys to men and these men to thoughts.
In this cage I'm just a number, house, and tag.
On the streets I was a son, a husband, and a Dad.
I try to hold onto the little bit of Identity and family that remain,
But in time it will be taken like my sanity by my cage.

Kindred

by J. E. Lane

An oak I am
hard, solid,
yet stranded
when I stand alone.

A forest are we
when we stand together,
strong, dense,
impenetrable.

Our shadows guard
the weaker ones
giving them time
to grow and become stronger
or fail, die,
and wither away.

Kindred is a fortress
that we man and defend,
no hide behind.

It is built with
pride, courage, and strength-
A Brotherhood of Steel,
and the blood and wisdom
of our forefathers
being the solid ground;
our foundation,
with honor and sacrifice
as our cornerstone.

So let not evil
come between us,
no arrogance show the way,
for a Kindred are we
in a world of obstacles
we must hurdle and overcome
while standing tall,
together
in harmony

A Gray Metal Day

by j. e. lane

Under the sapphire sun
i sift through time
enclosed by links with razor wire
and sharp eyed heights.

i walk alone –in step-
to the gunmetal tune
'they vainly threat
behind long toothed grins,
but i don't fear...jus'
disappear.

i reach up to the
marshmallow clouds
to forget
and fly with the sparrows
who call me their brother,

but a thousand eyes
weigh upon me;
beleaguering stones
tied to their beliefs.

So here i sit, an alloy of rage
engulfed by clamping scores
of metal doors
cursing the night
that personifies
the dark within-

and 'they' win.

Cup of Rage

by Thomas N. Fuston

As I close my eyes and clear my mind in search of my story untold.
I reach into the depth of my being and grasp the key to my soul.
Now within my nightmare begins and I drink from my Cup of Rage.
I see the reflections of myself and realize I'm in a cage.
Surrounded by bricks, steel doors and a fence I run, but can't break free.
Still I maintain and try to get away, but damn I just can't see.
So I open my eyes and come to realize this was not just a dream.
My tears of rage I wipe from my face because I am still not free.
But even though I'm still in this cage cuffed and shackled filled with rage.
Six down ten to go, this time will not stop nor will it slow.
Now, here I sit in this hell on earth, and come to reflect on my rage felt curse.
Knowing one day I will be free, so I relax my mind, close my eyes, and drift off to sleep.

If We Were to Meet

by Arturo Ramirez

Have you thought of what would happen if we were to hangout?
Would you recognize the man you wrote to while prison bound?
Would you call it a date?
And what happens at night when we have to part ways?
Would you meet me half-ways on this kiss I crave?
Or hold me tight in an embrace?
Or give me a firm Handshake?
Would you accept a second date?
These questions run through my mind, when I try to figure out how you feel inside,
You fill my void without a doubt, never has a lie come from my mouth,
I hope we're on the same page, so our first date won't be so strange,
You ignite feelings in me I thought were obsolete, needless to say you make me complete,
the closest I had you was in a dream, were I explored your body intimately,
You were guiding me but guidance I didn't need,
I kissed on your chest and all in between, your climax I helped reach,
What does this mean?
The answer we'll get when we finally meet.

Thinking and Dreaming of You

by Arturo Ramirez

Thinking of you, it aint nothing new,
Dreaming of me I hope you do too,
Feelings and emotions getting mixed up,
Through thick and thin, from push to shove,
That's what creates this thing we call love,
Through pen and paper, phone calls and visits,
I'm all ears, in other words I listen,
My undivided attention is what I provide,
I hope you reply, when one of my letters you come by,
Sitting here looking at the sky,
Wondering what I'd be doing if I wasn't doing time,
Missing my grandma, the family, and some homies,
I'm not going to lie, at times I feel lonely,
But the crime I did commit,
So for the cause my word I give.

I've been Giving a Gift

by Tariffian El Bey, a.k.a Tyre Wortham

I've been giving a Gift

What is it you say?

I can see through all that bull that you display. Corrupting all of our youth for a measly gain.

I've been giving a Gift

What is it you say?

A Gift to let Freedom ring

A Gift to break from these chains

A Gift, I've been giving a Gift!

Coded

by Tariffian El Bey, a.k.a Tyre Wortham

This system is coded only to be decoded.

Only a selective few will be chose just to do the exposing,

So, don't be upset if you're not chosen you will still reap the benefits from the fruit of the dirt that it was grown in.

Follow the Leader

by Robert Scott McMurdie

Lying in bed at night
Reading and writing by suicide light
Thinking to Myself what am I going to do in My life
Selling drugs and going on felonious capers
Certainly not the reason why The Man Upstairs made Us
We are brought up by lawyers and convicted by judges
Guilty and sentenced the law stands above Us
Damn what am I going to do in My life
Messed up real good banging these chains earning stripes
Given this time I'm seeing some light
Still decisions I've made make it hard to sleep at night
When it's wrong or right when it's good or evil
When it's time to walk away
What do I say to My people
Somebody hand The Boy a Bible
Before somebody hands Him a needle
He's got no chances in surviving unless He plays follow the leader

My Pen

by Robert Scott McMurdie

Somedays My mind is to fast to catch the words meant for these papers
So many things and themes passed up like left out drafts of unwritten
dreams
If My pen is not in motion then I've wasted energy
Every word eating at the very center of Me
the pen is My weapon
The key to My destiny
This is My passion
The most beautiful pieces You could even imagine
Life begins to unveil itself when My pen is in action
My words My pen My paper
My mind My energy My future

The Forgot Republic

by Melvin Johnson a.k.a. King Marvellons Melle-Mel

I pledge allegiance
to the real deal...
This Corporate Corruption,
 I can't feel...
You're Identity was Transformed
 to the Strawman...
They Call me Melle-Matrix
from DW, I came to free the
 Real Man...
If you got your ear to Street
 You Know What time it Is.....

The Republic is alive & Well,
 Waiting on the Real. Come back...
The Writ of habeus corpus you
 really need to investigate that...
 the gateway to freedom,
 to life thru the Courts....

Foreign Sovereign Immunities Act
bring the real Republic Back
I'm Out

Appearing at A Black
Near You 2017

Next Stop San Juan Puerto Rico
International Monetray Fund

\$100 Million on tha Black
I want in DW

By Nature

by Eric Lehtinen

Human Being, we are •by nature• Empty – Śūnyatā
A canvas ready to be painted
Discover • that we can be anything
Adoring costumes • playing roles
Now we know Bhava – Becoming
Empires form • vast as the seas
Something ominous on the horizon • Leviathan
Deception • Spells of glamour
We eat it up • chasing the mirage
Now we know Mahāmāyā
“Where is the shore?” we say • Endless Ocean
We’ve lost sight of our original True Nature
We identify with the costume absolutely
Torrid wandering from costume to costume
Hiding behind the mask
Spiraling without end
descending into a play of discard and distortion
Now we know Saṃsāra – flailing in neurotic circles
Forgotten: Original Nature • Forgotten: True Home
Covered Over: Ignorance
This is Avidyā – But it cannot be known
Just darkness • the seed-root of suffering
Us and Them • Me against the World
Seasons in the abyss • pass infinitely
What is infinite? Me? Or what’s happening to me?
Who knows a word or two • to cool this life of conflict?
Pain • Immeasurable Time
And then • Something rare
A bird of paradise • A wild orchid
Astonishing – Chamatkar they call it, a miracle
A great teacher arises in the world, the supreme physician
Who Knows and sees – Instructs and Demonstrates
The Way Home • For those who would follow • The Path
Now we know Release • Freedom practiced skillfully
Our Home within sight

Happiness – Beyond “Pleasure & Pain”
Work & Play – Beyond “I am the Doer”
Groves of wish fulfilling Trees – Beyond “Mine”
Relationships in Diversity – Beyond “Other”

Grapes Turn Into Wine

by Eric Lehtinen

Most of what has been written by me is useless
Knowledge is not a fixed thing
Reality is in the moment of Revelation
moment after moments present moment
This we know as the "Living" God
The human mind tends to reify fixed things
Idol worship, is in, what the mind is doing
when we worship the reification of fixed things : objects & ideas
objectification : proliferation : papancha : madhupindika sutta
we become a slave, to the senses, our ideas, and their objects

The Blood of Christ is the wine
that Life's Blood that keeps us alive in the Living God
is ceaseless alchemy of the Heart Mind
Vine after vine of grapes to wine
Peak after peak of iron to gold
Infinite living beings are not outside of my self

The Flesh of Christ the Bread of Grace
Spontaneous intuitive Wisdom the Living God my very self
No place to lay my head
in occupation with conceptual affirmations discursive thinking

The Last Supper
continues endlessly
The union of wisdom & skillful Means
Illuminating Śūnyatā

notes – Śūnyatā : the interconnected interdependence of everything without a fixed separate self.

Prelude

by Bryan Kim

To They I am forever losing:

It has been many long eons since I last held
your hand. This missive will, no doubt, sound of
depression & overly grand oration. As you read on I am
certain you will ascertain the why of this.

It was a dreary, tiresome day I succeeded in
unlocking that which ought not be unlocked.

Memory,

Memory of an ill-fated Autumn night nigh on a decade
past. And I, I am haunted.

Memory,

Already I have passed through the gates of
suicide & ennui, & even now I pass through the valley of
the shadow of madness. Worry not, I fear no Evil.

I fear the Righteous.

It is a terrible thing....Memory,

It is the judgement of my own heart.

The failure of my own will.

Hope is not dying. Hope is dead.

The way a mind will repeatedly turn to a moment,

I fear it was dead at the moment of my birth.

The coldness of my flesh a dark prophecy for the coldness
of my future. I know not if all was foretold at my
becoming. I am, however, certain that the words

"To lose & be lost,

To be falsely trusted & truly betrayed,

To know darkness

Mistake shadow for light & a lie for salvation,

To know only that it must be so,

Never the why there of."

Are the stanza's that have, thus far, come to pass.

And while remembering seek reason within the chaos?

"What line in this tell foretelling am I?"

The question or it's ilk, must have occurred by now.

"To know there is such a thing as hope,

And Know, it is not to be had."

There m'Lady sits, on a throne shared with what
few candles have lit the cavern that is my

Memory,

Are you still there? Or, like so many before,
has your flame burnt low, gutted by wax melted
from the very warmth you gave? Or am I alone for true?
Speaking to the echo of empty voices,
And basking in fey illusionary light.

It teases with a golden half-forgotten past,

Do you play the Beatrix to my accursed Dante?
Then where is my Virgil? My guide to heaven's gate?
A voice that sounds not rough air, a body not truly there.
Yes, these words describe that infernal guide,
Whom within the first circle resides.
So too, they fit another of ghostly mein,
Who speaks without being heard or seen.

Then punishes with the hellish forgotten half.

What all from madness did religion take?
Did demons & angels a schizophrenic make?
And in six days sanity recreate?
How deeply did mystery drink from that Orpheian well?
I ask my imaginary conscience, but she refused to tell.

I remember,

As Chronos patiently waits,
Thatanos wants what is his to take,
And Dis hold open his gate,

I remember,

As Gaia offers her last embrace,
The Wyrd judge the strings length,
And Kybele debates showing me her face,

I remember & am lessoned for the knowing.

I ask, when is it too late to change one's ill-considered fate?

- Excerpt from the diary of subject 21733B, age 6. Written on December 21st 2004. Dated February 1st 2033.
- Psychiatrist's note: Through the writing is that of an adult in both convention & penmanship, there is no evidence of anyone other than subject 21733B having written it. I am ordering the entry be removed & placed in subject's file.

Her

by Christian Bethancourt

She says she's Stage One.
What do I say?

Don't worry my son,
I'll be OK.

How do I cope with this
extremely painful news.

Questions of life and
other decisions

Now I'm vastly
Confused.

Do I do the norm...
Yell, snap, and scream.

Or pray to my God
that this is all a dream

This is my fault that
I'm not there.

It gets worse with
time I could possibly
lose her.

I should be home as
support, to the trials.

But I live my days
here in Extreme denial.

She was my strength
as a kid.

Forgiving me for everything
no matter what I did.

Mother your stronger
than anyone I know.

Fight with all your might
and tell Cancer you're
not ready to go.

Silence

by Joshua Kelley

You say you want to feel it,
the fire scorching through my heart.
To know the love will be there,
even though we're forced apart.

My soul is where the message,
the proof you demand would come.
All of your silence after,
causing my heart to go numb.

I lay here dying each night,
drunk on my sorrows and tears.
Looking for our special star,
pleading for it to appear.

A few simple words from you,
is all my soul needs to hear.
Your silence screaming so loud,
that my heart is breeding fear.

You are the Angel I see,
each night in my lonely dream.
Even in these dark, cold times,
when all I have is the silent scream.

Mother's Day

by Garold Jacobsen

Mother's Day

It's a day that a woman such as yourself
Should be put on a pedestal and held up high.
It's a day when we as men get to honor the fact
That a Goddess stands before us
A tangible thing we can see and feel.
I mean, what is the definition of God?
Is God just a being that can create another?
If so, then there is no question to your divinity.
Or maybe it's "something worshiped or idealized"
Like the dictionary clearly states.
If that's the case
Then you can smile and be at ease
Because even we as men can see
That mother is the name for God on the lips of children.
So please let me be the first to say
On behalf of all men
Thank you.
For letting us be a part of this miracle
We call life
Because we know that without woman
There would be no man
That without you
This thing we call life
Would never have begun

To My Mother

by Sean Stoll

To my mother,

The one who gave life to me,
the one who's always there, the one
whom I love more than the air.

To her I honor because she's
more than my mother, she's my best
friend unlike no other.

Thick and thin we've been through
more than most; sometimes we have to
play the cards we're given, she makes
my life worth living.

Without my mother I would be
nothing, even while Prison bars separate,
she makes me something.

To her, words will never be
enough today, so I wish you A very
happy Mother's day!

...Dreams...

by William Minish

I dreamt of walking
 through a forest
beneath a starry sky
 and saw the moon
for the first time
 in many years.

I dreamt of eating
 in a quiet place
and then I slept
 in a dark room
on a soft bed
 with no walls
on either side,
 a bed
bigger than
 my body.

...Scene from a Barred Room...

by William Minish

An hundred geese
Big as sheep
Eating, eating
Turning grass to meat
All faced South
 -Autumn-

Peyote Visions at Mesa Verde

by William Minish

In the canyon, in a kiva,
Ruins...eight hundred years.

I hear the laughter of children,
Dead...eight hundred years.

I see the prints of moccasins,
Dust...eight hundred years.

I feel the presence of maize gods,
Gone...eight hundred years.

I taste the cool, clear water,
Dry...eight hundred years.

I smell the smoke of campfires,
Cold...eight hundred years.

In the canyon, in a kiva,
Ruins...eight hundred years.

Wolf Pup

by Joshua Boykin

When I think of you I don't feel so alone,
My heart leaps when I think of your love.

I love your puppy poses,
The way you make me feel.

Oh, Wolf Pup,
My Love is unconditional.

When I hear Meteor Showers,
I cry for my loss, You.

I will never forget,
Never let go, Mine.

Oh, my little wolf pup,
I'll be true to you.

You are my first true love,
You are my last true love.

I cry knowing you miss me,
I hurt knowing I can't hold you.

Oh, Wolf Pup,
I won't let you go, I desperately need YOU.

I am yours, you are mine,
I, White Fang, Am your soul mate,
Wolf Mate, Handfasted Husband.

Oh, Wolf Pup,
I LOVE YOU!

I Only Dream of Satisfying My Queen

by Glen Feinman

I am so keen on satisfying my queen, Even in your dream I hope to reign supreme as your King. I give you a diamond ring and other gifts, a shawl, purple royalty as I take your hand and loyalty. Hopefully you'll spend the rest of your life with me...

Now we're engaged and your my wife to be. As we spoon until noon enjoying a long and lovely honeymoon. You lean in close to whisper in my hear and make it quite clear that you are mine; as a tear glistens in your eye. And I whisper in your ear and make it quite clear, "I am yours" as the stars glisten in the night sky.