Epiphany

Sir
Poetry By: Keith Hawkins Jr.
I'm losing my mind—or is this called illumination, 
this life's not right—it's moral disorganization;

(Epiphany: Poetry by Keith Hawkins Jr.)

26 yrs. old  
KEITH HAWKINS, ID: 194740

The government kidnapped me and posted ransom, 
They call it arrest & bond, but these words are handsome,

Keith Hawkins Jr.
"This book I dedicate to my friends and family, even the ones who are more like my enemy, I must turn positive all of my energy, to carpe diem being the true memory."

KEITH HAWKINS, ID: 194740

I was about 17 years old in this picture! Read my book! "The rise & fall of Keith Hawkins Jr." because it's my autobiography.

Keith O. Hawkins Jr.

DOC # 194740
Sorry Mother, Nobody should disrespect their family or betray them ever. No matter what way our beef has gone over the years your still my loving mother. I should not speak bad to you or treat you wrong and I apologize for anything I’ve ever done to hurt you emotionally speaking. I’ve not been the best son, you’ve not been the best mother, but we’re family and problems are what truly define a family.
I love you Gma. Your my last Grandparent and we've been through so much together throughout the years. You're the glue to our family and your part of my inspiration that drives me. You showed me always how family has each others back and what true loyalty is. I thank you for all the things you've done for me & everything you still do for me. Blood is thicker than water. Your Grandson ♥ KJ
I dedicate my poetry book to my family and to my friends. I thank everyone who has demonstrated true loyalty towards me, whose cordial actions have honestly changed my life. All of my family and friends who have passed (R.I.P.) and have set the way for us. I truly thank you all for your personal sacrifices. For family is not about self but in the whole bloodline. To make sacrifices that are for our greater well being and future. We are here to bring each other joy and happiness even when we're on rock bottom. We are to bring each other up and always give a hand to another when someone falls down. Most importantly to remain loyal to those which are your own. I dedicate this book to my brother(s) and my cousin(s), and to my aunts & uncles. I dedicate this book to my Grandparents who made the way for all the next generations. I dedicate this book to every single person in my family who I know care about us all and the bigger picture. I dedicate this book to my mother and step father who have tried their hardest. I can't mention enough of how much ALL of my Grandparents did for me my entire lifetime—so much and I love them for raising me. I can't mention enough of how much my Aunt has done for me either & I want her to know this book is also highly dedicated to her also.

I also dedicate this book to all of my time spent in prison and the ink pen being how I speak to the world. The world may never read my writings but to know I gave it means I may have changed a single person's life into a more productive view. Anybody who reads my writings this book is also dedicated to you.

To locate me go to (IDOC) Indiana Department of Corrections (Google IDOC) or write me by mail or using the JPay.com App.

Keith Hawkins Jr.

(5)
It's what it might be or what it may be, the truth to be known could possibly hurt me, the power of exposure, but the poison of regret, the sugar of my past is now the salt that I get, everybody does not know of the truth that lies, lies amongst us like wine and some fruit flies, may be recent understanding, but it's always been true, the stories that have been secret are long over due, my ambition to reveal the hidden mysteries, now it's for the world to judge all of my miseries, all this I've said because of my new epiphany, a detective would be proud of how I solved this mystery, and to anybody who don't know than flip the page, because you'll discover how I got through this maze, this book is dedicated truly to my friends and enemy, for all the readers this is Keith Hawkins Jr.'s epiphany.
It's true......

"I see more in my sleep than most do all day,
then I awake and I'm on again to my way,
Most people don't have the courage to walk in my shoes,
I had to explain new rules,
I have made a few mistakes and I have learned,
seems most streets have some road block ever corner I've turned."

"I never had alot so success is all I seem to ever chase,
nothing I do have I ever considered being a waste,
I have made a few mistakes and I've learned,"

"Always have had a complex because I have no "home",
so I do what I must to make my self feel "at home,
forget about what my struggles are and focus on my ambition,
it's not about what happened but about my true motivation,"

"It's true......

"One day I'll prove prosperous or I shall surely try my best,
If I fail I'm ok knowing I did my best besides our crest,
honestly I'm probably the only person who can hold me back,
youth is with nothing I've done much and that's a fact."
A lesson I've learned is there's prey and predators,
I don't claim either but it's my victory over theirs,
I'd be a liar to claim that this is not the truth,
I plant good seeds and I disown any bad fruits,
you're loyal to somebody who doesn't even like you,
you're so blind you don't even see two plus two,
be careful in these streets not to become an act of valor,
because in the end it's my honor over the enemies honor,
I never start trouble but I'll clean up a mess,
and if I didn't win I acted far from my best,
please never take my meekness for weakness,
zero tolerance for bullies and disrespectful guys,
I tell you again but I'll only warn you once,
don't be scared after you've invoked this one-two punch,
I don't claim to be tough but I am a man of honor,
don't question these paws because they're not no wonder,
be careful not to become an act of personal valor,
your retribution could become someone's medal of honor,
the life we live is known as death over dishonor,
like I said before don't become no act of valor.
Heavenly Angel

To My Closest ???
(You know who you are, ok?)

The beauty of the glow that I see in your eyes,
gets me past the questions and all of those evils,
I understand trueness so it's who I am,
You made me the wholeness I have as a man,

Without you by my side I know I would hurt,
the love you show me helps me wash away the dirt,
I appreciate you in every single way,
and I think about "You" every hour of the day,

Your passion and your heart are what I know,
Your with me in spirit every place that I so go,
Thank you for your loyalty and the life you bring me,
without you only the devil knows where I'd be,

There's absolutely zero words that explain our bond,
It's kind of like the relationship of a child & a mom,
no words could describe our ultimate friendship,
but us together is above the Greatest Relationship

I can only hope that you appreciate me the same,
all the years of love, loyalty, and true pains.

Keith Hawkins Jr.

#4
Life's so short but it goes by so fast,
what shall come of my future and my past,
My life within a prison cell,
Only I can be the one who is to reveal,
like Niccolo Machiavelli this is where I write,
I use my pen to speak of wrongs and right,
they control my toilet and they control my food,
What they can't control is my pen and my mood,
My love for ALL my grandparents and my loyal family,
I hope that every person I don't write of is not mad at me,
there's alot of names of people that I do love,
I cherish our memories and miss each and every hug,
Only we can reveal the times of this cell,
prison hurts you and I and this we truly can tell,
None of my poetry is about making a book sale,
they're about truth and inspiration from my prison cell.

Keith Hawkins Jr.
"Reality"

Ecclesiastes 3:7

"A time to be silent, and a time to speak."

Proverbs 13:3

"Whoever guards his mouth preserves his life, and he who opens wide his lips comes to ruin."

I've seen more dirty pigs than dishonorable gangsters, saw my share rackets, hustles, and voluntary problems, put in more work in streets than average person believes I know loan sharks, bookies, hitmen, prostitutes & thieves, done time in prison for robbery and battery convictions, witnessed every honorable crime - understand my situation, product of my environment - I swear I've seen it all, also I take the 5th so another or my self doesn't fall, they claim blood-ins & blood-outs but they must not know, mobs protect where authorities fail and these streets show, I've seen more corruption in politics by the way of bribery, am I to now respect authority who claim they do help me,

What do you need to survive is simply supply & demand, who paid to an enforcer on allegedly who's command?

I shall not confirm or deny - I do truly understand, if one doesn't know than one does truly misunderstand.

The police believe I do alot but fail to show any proof, what do they think they want - taxes on a top ramen soup, I earned my respect and built my families honor up, my name gets love & tribute, and my sacrifice shows enough.

These trenches brought pain while I gained loyalty, my gloves seen blood from commandeeing the enemy, my circle of friends are legit & raise their chins up high, we've got one anothers backs until the day we die.

What I'm doing for my family and friends is forever, the work I've put in and will shall benefit us where ever.

Keith Hawkins Jr.

K. J.
"Wine Connoisseur"

I'm a city boy but I'm also a wine connoisseur, this is a life I've understood so long I'm like a dinosaur, fermentation by enzymatic action I comprehend, less oxygen and to more of that starchy gaseous blend,

These posers claim to comprehend but they're lacking the science, whether it's saki or vodka I'm standing in compliance, almost failed science while I mastered economics, I do a lot of business so I multiply using mathematics,

Forget about your dignity because your 'no greens' like a carnivore, I'm fly as a falcon and I'm a pundit wine connoisseur, I could teach you the ropes but you'd probably be confused, don't need no apprentice and no need to be amused,

Master of bacteriology so surely I understand the germ, you claim your a cook but don't know about bacterium, you say you've cooked batches but your like germicide, you say you will not snitch and I swear you'll testify,

I can go on all day about this life I live, how my wine volcanos or how it's spreading like a SIV, I could tell you many stories I do doubt you'd believe, How I always have an alibi and I didn't even leave!
“To all of my homies who have fallen by the gun, 
To all those long hours on the lam with some run
To the long hours felt uncared about smoking bud, 
To all the long hustle hours waiting for the end to come,
To all the homies who seen cops & had the heart to run, 
To all my homies who felt fear & had the courage to buck.”

LS  T.A.B.  

Remember those who are in prison, as though in prison with them, and those who are mistreated, since you are also in the body. Hebrews 13:3

Keith Hawkins Jr.  ’68
They sent me to prison for punishment so there's no rehabilitation.
Prison officials say they rehabilitate but they took my visitation.
Correctional authority put me in "the hole" and gave me no medication.
How can they change me for medical in my current situation.
How am I to behave with a bully I get "beat him up" temptation.
Next thing I know Internal Affairs has me on investigation.
I'm a member of a violent organization.
Prison will put you in a cell with a political opposition.
They get angry when I arrange my own proposition.
Is every problem mine or is some problems fault of incarceration.
I'm kind of feeling guilty and surely feeling aggravation.
You do the math and you discover the equation.
You gain the understanding and inform me of your speculation.
I turned adversity into my own kind of innovation.
How far can I succeed when they always give me separation?
I just try my best regardless the prison's penetration.
I don't mean literally, I mean by torture and starvation.
This pen and paper is how I get personal vacation.
Keeps the blood moving through my body so I call it circulation.
To everyone who's part my problem your my motivation.
To all my family who love me your my true inspiration.

"DON."
"The streets showed me the struggle,
the prison system showed me "true morals",
My circle of friends showed me "true honor",
and my "ambition" is why I'll NEVER quit trying.

"The streets showed me how my family is broken,
my family showed me how my families rolling,
the prison system showed me right from wrong,
When I was young I'd of said this in a song,
my friends showed me what righteousness and honor are about,
I believe that I learned the hard way because "NO parents around,
and my deepest ambition is why I keep on going,
sometimes I truly don't know where my going is going,"

"My life is full of pain, but I think everyone has this,
how we get past our troubles is how we get happiness,
My life story is how I "NEVER" gave up,
sometimes it may not be "YOUR" cup of tea, but you drink that tea cup,
you work with what you have and appreciate everything,
take nothing for Free and always give a little something.

Keith Hawkins Jr. #10
"You are truly my enemy, this is my honest epiphany."
You come from within and you're even some of my friends,
some of you are not cool with me while others are the trends.
Sadly, I know people more loyal than some of my family,
some of my family hate me so much reading this they wouldn't be mad at me.

"You are truly my enemy, this is my honest epiphany."
Sometimes I keep silent while other times about realism,
somedays you need to feel pain because it's the life of an organism,
other days you're empty and you need a heart to share,
somedays you need somebody else who honestly wants to care.

"You are truly my enemy, this is my honest epiphany."
it sounds crazy but on somedays I go to my enemy,
somedays I don't know what to do and that's part of me,
if you're my enemy we probably both know who you are,
and to be honest your all not honestly even really far.

"You are truly my enemy, this is my honest epiphany."
Sadly some of you are next to me and can't wait for me to fail,
you always shoot your shots and never want to pass the ball,
I can run deep into the end zone and you don't even care,
together we could score a touchdown, but you don't want to share,

"You are truly my enemy, this is my honest epiphany."
You say we're cool and even sometimes me too,
but where were you when I was split, eyes black and blue,
I say all this to say hello and thanks to my enemy,
you motivate me psychologically so you're more than a memory.

Keith Hawkins Jr.
"STRIPPERS & PROSTITUTES"

"To all the strippers & prostitutes who believe in their future,
To know that there's always spring after a cold-cold winter,
To the females addicted to drugs & don't know what to do,
To stay productive & positive and see the day through,
To the hope provided by me from the small pits of prison,
You must stay strong and bring forth the power from within."

"If all else fails, chip and dikes, L.O.L."

Keith Hawkins
"Dear Journal, the life of a hustler"

Today was like every other day of this struggle,
I want to get away but I can't shake the hustle,
I feel like a molecule in a science laboratory,
that's a rhetorical statement for your memory,
my revenues are high but my profits are low,
my whip games proper, and you can ask the store,
sold shine like capone in prohibition days,
life's like pandora's box while I follow my cultural ways,
firewall my business like an ordnance team,
similar to a vixen I enterprise really mean,
gangsters move in silence and your really loud,
I'm silent as a church mouse but really proud,
you don't know until it's truly your time,
because I can't afford for you to drop a dime,
more business does mean more problems,
I'm seeking the top because I'm sick of the bottoms,
I might not be a quick come up for a lady but I'm truth,
If you didn't get four you don't know two plus two,
place me in the jungle and I'm with the lion's club,
sharp as a dolphin and on you like a light bulb,
made more knives than a scowlsman from the 11th century,
still walking the ranges with the wastes in the penitentary,
only the strong survive and keep their business alive,
I'm chasing lucrative business until the day that I die.

Keith Hawkins Jr.
"There's someone out there for me!"
(this in faith of my future love)

There's somebody out there for me,
Someone who is fun and who appreciates me,
There's somebody out there for me,
Someone who likes adventure and wants to see,

Somebody who's about joy and also life,
Someone who's likely to encourage the right,
who shall promote me and all of my dreams
who shall keep me calm and full of peace,
She will be loyal as I am and trustworthy,
She will be reliable regardless the mystery,
who's my best friend and loves me for me,
who will not give up on me & wants to better freely,

There's somebody out there for me,
Someone who loves to laugh until they take a knee,
There's somebody out there for me,
One of heaven's angels I'm waiting to see.

Keith Hawkins Jr. 94
"My Personal Truth"

I leave these clowns and jesters alone,
chivalrous towards women, chivalry at home,
cordial towards family, respectful to others;
I left the streets but I still work wonders,
streets teach rackets, I preach mathematics;
streets are treacherous while I'm diplomatic;
pundit and ambitious because this struggle,
to survive and thrive in the concrete jungle;
I comprehend law and the power of authority,
they claim democracy and it's more of a oligarchy,
acknowledgement I give to reality my situation,
understanding is key to my personal education;
life's all about truth, wisdom, and accomplishment,
to rise above at any present discouragement.

"Amongst Life's Game" (of chess)

My lifestyle is immaculate as it is imperialistic,
life's like chess, not checkers, so play as systematic,
never get your pawns into trouble unless necessary,
don't seize physically if you can psychologically,
every team player is not a knight or a Rock,
you must honor your pawns and each bishop,
play the game smart and always think ahead,
mastery is key as is minimal blood shed.
"The Struggle"

I thank my Judge for making me endure this struggle, because without the struggle I wouldn't know the hustle.

If I didn't know the hustle I probably wouldn't accomplish nothing, now I know the bottom I'm sure I'll accomplish something.

My poems to the world's hands let me know I gave it, knowing I possibly changed someone's life creating this.

Accomplishment is truly a beautiful thing, the more you help create is the more you're accomplishing.

I thank everyone who has helped make me who I am, my appreciation to those who helped me with a bigger plan.

"To My Dad"

I shouldn't have robbed you but you shouldn't have robbed me, call us even dad and we'll let all our problems be, you took my childhood and I took a tank of gas, pizza & pop, you figure out who won at math.

I stole a couple dollars & you stole my whole life, you should've bought me my first shoes & taught me to fight, how can you hate my past morals that I got from you, I wrote a little poem for the world and us too.

(Only a coward creates a child and refuses to be a father figure to it).

Keith Hawkins Jr. #17
Epiphany: Poetry by Keith Hawkins Jr.

Elysium's A

The pathway to accomplishment means a lot of agony,
All that life and I've been through is similar to discovering alchemy,

The pain & the struggle to provide my mind elysium,
the zero tolerance to keep the detrimental contributions to a minimum,

My mind experiences freedom even though I'm locked up,
the time, the tribulations, and from the outside of prison love,

The system can kidnap my body but I possess my brain,
to tell the truth I miss the sunshine but don't miss the rain,

This elysium that I know is my true and only escape,
to get through these obstacles takes more than blind faith,

My minds freedom is from past memories and future dreams,
I'm strong standing because it used to crumble me to my knees,

I fly away into a paradise known to many us convicts today,
it's how I get away so I can live to fight another day,

This elysium I know has stairs that get better as you climb,
as a soldier we can not hide, we must with pride stride,

I do this for my family and also for my self,
I do this to change some lives and also for good health,

Elysium is something that I hope everyone can find,
it may take a while but know it all starts in your mind.

Keith Hawkins Jr. (18)
They said play crazy so I studied abnormal psychology,
They say I'll never go no where so I studied geography.
People speak about convicts so I studied criminology,
They say I can't figure it out while I passed algebra & geometry,
I'd speak more on life but I barely passed biology,
This counts for extra credit because I took sociology,
I passed economics so I can speak economically,
It's crazy most my readings from the penitentary,
Passed political science and I'm ordained with the ministry,
the people who rule the world are Jewish, Christian, and a freemasonry,
I'm a skilled cook while this chap hated chemistry,
I'm a book author so I thank my English teachers literally,
What I'll do in my future is certainly a mystery,
Been an entrepreneur so that makes me business savvy,
Understanding Business yes I passed that class too easily,
"I passed" P.E. and every class but some say I'm gone mentally,
When I prove one day the genius you'll be a memory,
and this above is not my resume because it's my epiphany.
Epiphany: Poetry by Keith Hawkins Jr.

"Psychological"

(I see the true You!)

As I look into your eyes I can see everything about you,
your body language says different what you say is true,
(what you speak isn't true)

I through your eyes can look deep inside,
Is this killing you eternally than call this homicide,
(that bullet went through)

It's psychological but truly it's logical,
your not right inside & can't cure it at the hospital,
(dark behind a white shoe)

I saw your true colors in the first ten minutes,
you're lucky I'm no snitch because that's serious business,
(I see what you do)

It's like I have this ability to see what others don't see,
You said it was and I know it's not your cup of tea,
(I see through you)

I will not tell nobody your like a plastic rose,
you smile in my face and go and facebook my toes,
(You think I'm lying too)

I know your true self is far from being called honorable,
do this poem make you mad me being psychological,
(I know about "You")

Keith Hawkins Jr. #20
Epiphany: Poetry by Keith Hawkins Jr.

"where authority fails we do prevail."

The question doesn't remain who organized this vigilante system a vigilante opportunist who embraces organized vigilanteism a true syndicate that can be similar to what's called Pandora's box make sure to play your cards like a lion and a fox

Sadly you can't give hope to this American democracy all it truly is - is a organized and secret oligarchy you gain any kind of power they'll claim you racketeer plenty are corrupt as Nixon & you'll never know they're here not about what people speak, worry about what's not said your car goes boom or a suppressor releases a bullet to your head keep secret from your left hand what your rights doing

when your nervous, poker-face and keep moving real killers don't leave voice mails to say they're showing up never a print or witness and they always use a glove never sale true game and always keep to your self the more jesters who comprehend it's bad for a professionals health everything above is only simply speaking hypothetically

for the record we'll say I'm crazy & I'm gone mentally all I speak are poems so it doesn't mean it's true or may be it's no conspiracy theory and only for a chosen few.

Keith Hawkins Jr. [signature]
"Prisons like a bucket of crabs"
(because soon as you think your almost out they pull you back down)

"This bucket of crabs"

This is the best way for a non-prisoner to understand, that because some my actions appear wrong I'm not a bad man, am I a product of my environment or doing what must be done, to co-exist amongst wolves you must temporarily become one, This mask I wear is not truly who I am, It's who I must be to succeed as a convict man, I only harm people who leave me only violence as a choice, there's no where for me to walk away to so I speak my voice, I can only hope it helps the world to understand, by my illumination the regular civilian surely and truly can, "Like a bucket of crabs"

I put my wisdom to the public because it's relevant, I'm speaking stranded on an island like skipper or gilligan, Only hoping my viewers learn something from reading this, there's a true message in every person I hope you don't miss, I speak from my heart while my mind communicates it, The messages that I preach are from a changed bandit, My decision is to change because it's my human responsibility, I had to change mentally before I could change civility, Our changes must come from within each of us, it's about now and not about what the past was, "No matter what you do I'm still in a bucket of crabs."

Keith Hawkins Jr.
Thank you for everything and being so understanding, you've been a parent to me since I had no parenting, you taught me how to drive at seven years old, in that parking lot I knew you were cooler than gold, you did your best for all three of us children, I want you to know when you taught I was learning, you and Granny are closest I had to a mother, thank God your way cooler because your my Grandmother, I can't wait for you to read this because it's from my heart, with mind, heart & souls will never be far apart,
(I love you so much)

- "Granny & Gramps" -

I appreciate you & my other Grandparents giving me a home, you guys all made it so I was never to become alone, growing up with Jen, my cousin Tim, and my Aunt Deb, I appreciate all of you'll and Stephen & Uncle Kev, it was sad to watch my Granny pass at ten years old, I thought my life was over & that winter was so cold, ten years later Gramps passed & I didn't know what to do, I just lost Grandpa Jim & now Grandpa Charles too, at twenty years old all that's left is my Grandma Susie, We've been through so much Grams is my diamond & Ruby, my aunt Deb and cousin Tim's always been around too, I thank God I still have family I can still talk to.

Keith Hawkins Jr. #23
"Unconstitutional"

(The constitution is a rule book that basically applies to the lower classes)

The state violates my 8th Amendment by cruel and unusual punishment, placing me into solitary confinement under a 24 hour lockdown establishment, they underfeed me and will not provide me any my legal documents, that's violation of due process and that's part of my arguments.

(President Nixon broke the law and faced no charges)

Ineffective assistance of counsel is also a violation of American law, you can't arrest me on "hearsay" and that's whoever called the cop, prosecutorial misconduct also and the court claims I'm the criminal, you say I broke the law while it's illegal to treat me as an animal.

(Hillary Clinton committed treason & I'm the criminal)

It's in the first amendment that I can speak my mind, I figured out who's the REAL criminal from doing prison time, they have not yet let me out early - so it's written in this game, wait until these books surface & put the judicial system to blame,

(My Judge got impeached and he said "I'm the Criminal")

Justice is a word to make one person feel one is right,

When the police beat me up at sixteen it was Justice by night, you can't convince me that the law is not the biggest gangster,

and a Jew's about his money, you can ask your banker,

(Constitutional or unconstitutional can still be criminal)
"ABC's" (my alaphabetic poem)

Ambition is key to who I've become,
Betterness through actions brought my sum,
Calmness in troubles until I've overcome,
Discipline was lost everytime on the run,
Everyone should learn from my mistakes,
Forgiveness for all but don't forget the fakes,
Gallant in appearance, gentleman at large,
Honors not amongst thieves, ask a prison serg,
Integrity and morals makes a man,
Justice shall arrive even if by the hand,
Kindness is never always weakness,
Loyalty is honor and is far from sickness,
Motivated by each and every enemy,
Nobility in my heart to better the economy,
Opposition shall only make you strong,
Prisoners can change even if they did wrong,
Quietness is when you truly learn skills,
Righteousness is only when necessary use pills,
Sacrifice to become who you want to be,
Truth is realness that will make you free,
Unity with family is best way to put this,
Victory in battle only when you have to do it,
Wisdom comes year's after knowledge,
X-ray vision on how I didn't go to college,
Yegg is what I used to be, now not no bandit,
Zenith is where you'll be if you ever find it.

Keith Hawkins Jr.
"Top 3"

This cop one day told me that I was in their top three, they say I'm organizing and collecting but they can't catch me, not saying it's true but I'm the kind of guy you hear about, because there's a few my business associates moving around, I keep my eyes on streets but my mind's my playground, your challenge is my monkey bars in this current town, I'll chill your emotions like snow and cool them like a fan, I'm so cool to be around because I'm a Cordial man, the ladies appreciate me and some guys admire me, like time on the clock I know where my hands got to be, I run with lion's and I sleep with a lioness, only thing I misunderstand is why you aren't apart of this.

Keith Hawkins Jr. #26

"Honor is what I know, Loyalty is what I show."
Epiphany, Poetry by Keith Hawkins Jr.

Free K.J. will eventually come to a home near you.

I ran posters over the whole state of Indiana and I got so few responses to the cares of my legal needs. Know that when I prove great, that none of you who witnessed my posters cared. I spoke these truths from my prison cell. TRUTHS!!!

Free K.J.

Every book I write will say something about my efforts to gain my freedom back. Every single book is my truth. I want out of the prison chain game so bad that I'm willing to put my time into writing all of my pain and secret cries. Men are taught not to cry but what about when your pain cuts so deep it's uncontrollable.

Free K.J.

It's never so late that I can't be set free. I write these lines so one day I can say, "Where were you"? I know you read my books because they're world wide for free. All I ever asked was for your best to try and set me free. There are many ways to set me free. Even phone conversations set me free for the minute (including visitations).

(From K.J., poem below)

Every clown who claimed to be my friend,
When it hit the fan you weren't with me in the end,
When you see my face "embrace disgrace", look another way.
Sure I will be out of the prison system one day.

If I never got out I'd see you in the after life
Never tell me about the right and you couldn't even write

We went to school together so I know that you can spell,
you'll never live down how you never sent me no mail,

I was in the newspapers and even on the news,
you know where I'm at and how I paid my dues.

Forget about the clowns, I know I've got some true family,
I can count on my fingers the ones that will not betray me.

(Free K.J., no, you'd rather me be locked up)

Write to me on JPay.com by e-mail

Keith Hawkins Jr.