STRUGGLING 2 SURVIVE
PREFACE

I've seen Death struggling within Soulz in the Fight for Freedom of Eternal Bliss... Many lost, prematurely devoured by the Streetz of the Ghetto.

Dedicated to “Beloved Forever” My Grandfather, Cleveland Jones (R.I.P.), my Grandmother, Alma Jones (R.I.P.), my cousin, Calvin McCoy (R.I.P.), and everybody fighting in the struggle for freedom.
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INTRODUCTION

Each and every day, when a minority (male or female) awakes and consumes the air necessary for life, and once he or she gains a conscious state of mind, we are instantly submerged in the rawest form of reality. Which most certainly cannot be denied. We have been literally dropped into an ocean of unimaginable depth, with our hands bounds together... In a struggle to survive.

We are constantly being ridiculed by individuals with eminent opportunity; some have endured and endless fight to later defeat the giant “GOLIATH”, struggling from its mighty grip to finally achieve the Amerikan Dream!

A man or a woman has their own destiny in this crazy maze we immediately recognize as life. Our genetic code was a blessing as well as a curse. Meaning, our flesh was decorated with beauty and splendor, i.e., complexions, and hues. This has been considered by many to be the source of the passionate envy, and hatred of the Black family by other nationalities and ethnicities the world over.

Taking away the Afrikan native tongue was like stripping a lion of its ferocity. How can he command his kingdom when it has been ripped from his paws? Instinct is one of the greatest survival elements. An Afrikan’s supreme strength has been in his blood stream, therefore it’s almost impossible to annihilate our race completely. This does not mean that every means available to those who seek such an end has not been exhausted.

The pillars of Islam have taught me to realize that racism is not a color battle, or the hatred of another’s color, rather an inner disease of the mind which is almost impossible to cure.

Adolescents growing up in the inner-city ghettos are being deprived of a proper curriculum. They’re not being nourished with the academic nutrition required in order to survive in a vast and rapidly changing world, which is renewed after each sunset.

When a minority child develops into adulthood, it is irrational and ignorant to think our children highest potential is an automatic qualification for success in the midst of clever business men and, increasingly “corporate” Amerika. We must apply ourselves, daily, in our search for understanding, enlightenment, and knowledge, so we may excel while enjoying the bounties of life.

We must prevail over all the statistical difficulties we face; brighten every dark tunnel so we may better perceive the realities and enable hope, where once was only darkness. One way to assure our children’s success is to be more attentive to the academic needs. Demonstrate strong encouragement. Be unyielding to the negative trends of youth culture, and heighten their hope by encouraging their dreams.
Let the words can't or but be removed from their vocabulary, even their thoughts, for no matter what we achieve in this physical realm, we are still in an ongoing struggle to survive.

**30 Word Description Blurb.doc**

A collection of lyrical poetry captured within a mind of hardship, sacred from the heart mysteriously. Born out of adversity, materialized by powerful words of Inspiration, Truth, Hope, and Reality.

**100 word synopsis of “STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE”**

Extreme passion surging through the veins of a lost and found soul, using the creative artistry of expression and poetry to enrich and empower the spirits of despair. Poetically awe inspiring, compelling, page turner, with traces of romance. Love, pain and raw emotions spewed through the jaws of oppression gripping on the jugular to suppress these words of freedom. Bringing a fresh look into the mind of an unexplored savvy poet. Bestowed with the sword of the pen. Using it to channel the energy of my reader’s minds, body and inner-spirits. Enabling them to feel a deep appreciation in essence of the spoken word
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1000 Word Excerpt of "STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE"

“SALUTE TO A SOLDIER”
Expressing your deepest political thoughts is what made you 2-Pac with relentless tracks non-stop. Family history legendary your face was never on any obituary. Probably fell in Love and got married, tired of this Thug Life, enduring strife with threats of prison life.

“STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE”
So we’re being deprived of healthy cohabitation with our wives, so our blood-linage eventually dies. Never to see the first tears in our child’s eyes, so you ask how we’re struggling to survive. Not enough jobs to support the cost of living, put food in the kitchen struggling barely living.

“INNER MOST THOUGHTS”
The institution of the mind is a strong vessel, we must nourish and cultivate thoroughly in order for us to perform at our highest potential in academic studies rather it be political, economical, philosophy, physics, and we’ll always avail un- daunted.

“CREATION”
What about the marvelous galaxies, yet still under heaven’s great canopy, and the way darkness compliments the stars enormous beauty, or how the rays of the sun illuminates precious azure skies, then the joy once mother nature cries, it revives.

“SECRET LOVE AFFAIRS”
I can imagine slow dancing with you, so romantically on a small island of Sicily. Pulling away from your lips as you try to kiss me, raise your temptation to the point of its climax. Let all your sensual flavors drip from your body like candle wax. As you begin to melt down slowly baby-girl close your eyes and hold me.
Encamped in the trenches of war, a solid year, surviving off rainwater seasoned
with tears in full gear until the shadows of death disappear out of fear
"WHERE DO WE STAND".

We died and fought bloody battles for our Black Queen’s by all means it was a
spiritual connection of honor deeply rooted in our Nubian genes. Kings of command
so tell me (brother’s) where do we stand in this 21st century as a man?

"UNTITLED"

The way you looked up at me was so, so seductively like the ancient symbolic
Queen Nefertiti, complexion of rare mahogany, hair cascades like a black stallion on a
journey to the ends of eternity.

"I APOLOGIZE"

If I ever left you alone to face any hardship, you’ve been a precious gift I yearn
to kiss, the tenderness of your lips, you never left or abandoned me you keep your
faith in me. Honor of Loyalty, when many forsook me.

"ALICIA KEYS"

I studied the whole dictionary exhausted my entire philosophy in search of one
word to express your beauty, but they all seem to evade me. Like a mirage
disappearing slowly you don’t even know me, but you really got a hold on me.
"EVERY CURVE OF YOUR BODY"

Pour crystal down your back as it runs to run down your spine, my tongue
begins to slow grind, fantasizing its blowing your mind. Every pleasure I’ve desired
and dreamed about since puberty, then perfecting it with you and me.

"TOGETHER WE ARE INVINCIBLE"

← African history written in hieroglyphics on ancient scrolls, of pure gold,
powerful like tsunamis crushing devastation if uncontrolled, mystifying like the seven
great wonders of the world, with beautiful perplexity in creation of a boy and girl.
1000 Word Excerpt of "STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE"

"CREAM DE 'LA CREAM"

Cream De 'Le Cream you are the sweet thing I taste I my dreams it's funny. Paradise at the heavens of your soft lips. I wonder has an angel ever kissed, and felt the passion of its bliss then reminisced.

"MS. CUNNINGHAM"

I know that I left your mind spellbound. Your eyes spoke to me in forbidden secrecy, chemistry, enrapturing your soul every time you were next to me, as if my delicate words mesmerized your imagination completely. When I yearn for you I know you crave me. It's funny how destiny played hard to get, I always wondered how I could entice her to submit.

"UNTITLED"

I visualize a catastrophic war we have never endured before. A large nation left grieving many faces torn to pieces. Bleeding in the midst of a rainy season anguish and screaming eyes of demons feigning to take control over innocent souls.

"PROMISE ME"

Recollect all our memories; it hurts me to see you in pain, let along grieving. I'm trying to express myself verbally, but my temper overcomes me. I remember how I use to caress your thoughts when you laid next to me. No hated sex just connected mentally.

"HOPING TO ACHIEVE"

If I can inspire one man or woman I've planted a strong seed, which has the potential and possibility to touch a nation. I thank everyone male and female equally who supports this book. Rather the book never being open and the front cover of this book is somewhat held in admiration I thank your eyes, because our eyes are the gate keepers to our soul and our souls future is destined for eternity.
Acknowledgements

First and foremost, I would like to thank Allah (God) for blessing me with the creative gift, inspiration and knowledge to articulate myself in a way that all of my readers will be able to understand the message I am attempting to convey. I can't thank my Mother, Latanya Wright, and Father, Aldon Jones, enough for supporting and encouraging me to remain diligent and persistent while faced with the adversities and hardships of life within these trenches. My spirits remain unbroken. It's a long list of loved ones, comrades and associates who I would like to salute; unfortunately, it's far too many to mention. So let me say to everybody who has played a role within my life, I thank you. You all, in some way, have been an instrumental tool to my growth and progress towards fulfilling my aspirations. To all my Brothers from the Nation Of Islam/F.O.I and all Ansar's, I salute you- Seija'la Lahu.

I thank my African Ancestors who sacrificed so much and paid the ultimate price so that I am able to reap the benefits, comforts and liberties we currently enjoy today. For without their struggles, today's world would be a much different place.

I commend all Freedom Fighters and true Revolutionaries who's not afraid to stand up boldly against injustice. I revere every last fortunate man and woman fighting against oppression of any form. Their courageous actions might cost them their lives, however, they remain unwavering and steadfast in their convictions. They sacrifice their livelihood and their lives, your Sacred blood is the righteous deeds that remains here on earth to renew; and replenish the next generation with determination and a fighting spirit.

I'm humbled by the experiences I've endured and overcame throughout the course of my existence. I've come to learn, with age, the more ignorant and naive I am to the vast knowledge that's unattainable in one's lifespan. But I remain committed to the task I was given by our Creator with the limited time I am blessed with. For I believe all life is meaningless if we aren't pursuing some goal and purpose in this life. And striving towards its fulfillment. If there's anything you read in the course of my book that has encouraged, inspired and enlightened you in any way, all praises are due to Allah. And anything you may dislike and/or disagree with, it's from my own human errors. Thank you again.
Apology To Our Women

Most radiant, peaceful comforter, beloved and compassionate woman of many nations; our Creator's co-Creator, and man's worthy attribute from God, with the uncontested beauty of most worlds, allow me to greet you with full honor, dignity, and regal respects. Forgive me if I may have over indulged in flattery, yet it is witness that I'm grateful for your priceless gift. We could never thank Allah, Jehovah, God enough; even if granted with an infinite life's span we'd fall short. I must apologize first for myself and for the rest of mankind for our negligence, self-centeredness, misunderstanding of how a man should cherish and treat our women. Without you we would have became extinct, stories in another creations myth of ancient tales of past greatness. Please forgive us our imperfections. We mean well. We have good intentions. I plea for my African descendants living here in the shadows of North America. My Nubian Sisters, we have suffered many set backs, razor sharp adversities, which have cut away our honor, black pride and dignity. We are embarrassed to come into your presence naked, not physically naked, but mentally naked, and robbed of the knowledge of self. The knowledge of culture, heritage, native language and history. We have barely began to dress ourselves appropriately; with garments fit for a royal king in the presence of his empress. We've been emotionally detached for too long from our women's desires and feelings until its became foreign and unnatural to adapt too this reality of life, love, and happiness. Allow me to speak for my brothers if you will; we vow to uphold our duties by fulfilling our obligation to protect, support, cultivate and bring strength and nourishment to our Nubian women.

We wish not for your abandonment. How could we continue to endure if we are forsaken by you, my sister, my soul mate, my internal consolation? The harmony of my inspiration when we were bound, tied together and brought here on slave ships, pressing our faces together not allowing one tear to fall on our captor's man-made vessels of wicked oppression. Remember me for my greatness, not for my short coming or weakness for I am the essential fabric of righteousness. Our struggle is one. Our bond has been cemented by the determination to push forward as I owe you my sacrifice, and we owe each other, my beloved sisters.
We Must Elevate Our Women

I greet you with strong honor, dignity, and integrity. Dear Beloved Brothers and Sisters, I come to you with humility with words that are vital to the upliftment, empowerment and enrichment of our highly esteemed, beautiful sisters. As Black men we must learn to properly nurture, protect, guard and defend the moral integrity of our women. If we as Black men say we understand the significance of the statement, “A Black woman is a Nation,” yet we allow her to be degraded, disrespected, and trampled upon, we’ve manipulated her in her time of emotional, mental, and spiritual weakness. We, as Black men, have at times exploited her vulnerability; her own indiscretion, to justify our own self-gratification. Instead of protecting her, we watch her parade around half naked, exposing her exquisite physical attributes. A woman was created with modesty, virtue, and pious characteristics to guard her physical nakedness. In the Book of Genesis, chapter 3 verse 9-10, it clearly states: “then the Lord God called to Adam and said to him where are you?” So, he Adam said, “I heard your voice in the Garden, and I was afraid because I was naked; and I hid myself.” So this tells us that Adam and Eve hid themselves from the voice of their Creator. What were they hiding from? They were hiding because they were embarrassed that their nakedness was revealed. Now let us examine this for a minute. This was their Creator who bestowed them with the gift of life. They weren’t comfortable with anyone else looking upon them. So, I ask my Sisters would you display your fine jewelry to a thief? Or to a pirate and expect not to be robbed? Let me tell you my beautiful Nubian Sisters, in a perfect world, you would be safe. However, never has earth been perfect. Therefore, you must be mindful of how you present yourself because man’s physical nature is weak. Here in North America, we are of African descent by blood relation alone, but we must not forget our slave masters raised us under their ethnic standards, culture, and according to their way of life. Apparently, we now understand these ways are wicked, unjust, undignified and not righteous. The Black man would be killed, hanged, tortured, spit upon and burned alive for whistling, touching or even staring at the white woman. So, how could a Black man sit idle while his women is being raped, molested, persecuted by everyone—even ourselves? Our women should be treated and looked upon as Queens. It’s the duty of a righteous man, to protect his women. When are we, as Black men, going to become righteous? By respecting and safeguarding the sacred garden of our paradise, which is our Black women, and the women we claim to love? My Sisters, surely you must realize that, “You are far more enticing than any tree of knowledge which caused Adam to sin against God!” that caused him to be expelled from the utopia of heaven that he was placed in, it takes a strong willed man not to yield to the temptation; a woman is very pleasing to look at, although her physical attributes may be passing in its beauty. What endures and captivates beyond measure: spiritual, and mental beauty. When you’re able to show a man your strong mind, and not your round behind (but). You don’t want to attract a man by your curves, legs, thighs, nor by the way you walk with that seductive and alluring sway. Attract a man with your intellectual stimulation. The greatest form of gratification is the 12 inches from your heart to your brain. Your conversation is a substance more intriguing than any sensuous aphrodisiac. Stop trying to enslave a man with sexual pleasure. Any form of
enslavement is unnatural, so a strong man will rebel against it. While a weak-minded man will fall victim to the silk web you weave. So when you become pregnant, you have to assume the responsibility as the parent. Not only to the child, but to the babies daddy as well. My Brothers, we must help enlighten our women with the understanding that a dignified man is the best man. My Sisters, I leave you as I came, majestically, and with the honor, which your prestige merits; as being the cream of the crop of Mother Earth!!
WHY WE SHOULD CHERISH OUR WOMEN

It's so much repulsion in committed relationships behind not knowing or understanding each other's specific needs; being aware and attentive to our woman's desires, emotionally and mentally, two of the driven forces to help strengthen the structure, which are vital. A woman has so many elements of impulsive sentiments, rapidly flowing through the cores of their existence, it'll be like walking in a maze larger than the heavens and the earth to even begin to understand her many attributes ordained by our beloved Creator. A Nation, Dynasty and Community of any sort could never be established without a woman's presence on earth. Many times we neglect her essential conception? Without the vessel of the womb, how would we have been conceived? We must also remember how the original womb-man was created in the biblical account of Adam and Eve. So, we owe a great debt to our creator first, then to each other second. Respect for a woman of any nationality shouldn't be denied to her. Why has so many men lost, abandoned and forgotten our moral mannerism, politeness of respect to our women? Especially our wives, grandmothers and mothers who've endured so, so much pain, stress, grief and unyielding heartache.

We should ask ourselves and ponder deeply, if God ever allowed us to see the eyes of the females we claim to love most, when we meet our demise, could we bear to see the enormous agony of such a tragedy? We certainly could not. But everyday we abuse her mentally, emotionally as well as physically, we hurt our soul mates; put burdens on our mothers, devastate our grandmothers, then we look towards our progeny to love, cherish and respect us, when we don't even know how to respect ourselves. As human beings, we've paid the ultimate price, which has been the cause of the high divorce-rate, adultery, and illegitimate pregnancies by committing infidelity.

In our marriages, only a mature adult can bear responsibility of his or her household. Just because we gratify in many sexual pleasures then have many children, doesn't make us mature adults. The definition of adult, in the “New World Webster's Dictionary states: Adult, grown-up; mature-n. A mature person, animal, or plant-Adulthood.” Imagine for a minute, the family unit as being a plant, what happens if it's not being nurtured and cultivated properly? It dies, never to culminate to the fullest of its beauty. We have been so accustomed to this animalistic belligerent behavior we have adopted it as a natural way of life. Beating, manipulating, disrespecting and lying to our women every day, so how can we demand trust, loyalty or true honesty when we're being deceptive to ourselves. We have lived in a state of dysfunction for so long, we've suffered dyslexia. Some “English Westernized” Scholars may say you're trying to insult our intelligence. I say, if you truly knew how to read, you would be able to read your woman, having a better understanding on “how to better” fulfill her emotional needs. Being that statistics deem the United States of having the highest ever divorce rate in history, we must learn how to compromise not dictating orders, which at times may burden our women; giving her the impression that we're self centered or irrational. We all make mistakes, human error is part of our daily lives, that's why it's and obligation for Muslims and Christians alike, to ask for forgiveness from our Creator.
Nubian Queen, Black Ebony Queen...
Foreign Princess of Mother Afrika

I greet you with humble regard and deep-rooted respect. Never would I allow a beautiful and magnificent moment or opportunity pass. How could I allow a woman of true, regal virtue to go along without being majestically complimented? Were I to fail in this I would not only be failing you, I would be failing all of humanity for not speaking the truth. I believe it is the responsibility of any dignified, Honorable Black man to uplift the Spirits, and help to resurrect the woman, the Black woman, to her original state of existence. Commemorating her by her true name: which was, and still is, the Cream of Mother Earth. The quintessence of this vast and beautiful planet. Today I’ve found courage, stripping myself naked of the slave master’s clothes, and horrible stench, so I may be worthy enough to look into your eyes and greet A Gracious Woman...

"A Gracious Woman"

No matter what ethnicity, nationality, creed, or background, a Gracious Woman is held in high esteem. She is pious, yet noble, emotionally and spiritually chaste, confident, determined, dignified, and capable of breaking down stone barriers and carving a superb course in our international society. She is committed to various humane endeavors, philanthropically. She helps to maintain and/or restore our economy... Loving Grandmothers, Mothers, Wives, Sisters, and Aunts, should always be honored and respected for who they are, in today’s society.

"A Gracious Woman"

Standing by her partner’s side, hands entwined. Great felicity glamorizing her enchanting eyes, she is safe-guarded by her fidelity, and her virtuous character overshadows the grandeur of her external beauty, yet each compliment the other harmoniously. Her tender words are spoken intelligently, yet modestly.

"A Gracious Woman"

She doesn’t allow anything to bring her down. Her platinum crown of Triumph is earned by defeating adversity; fighting long, hard, and ambitiously. So do
you have what it takes to uphold these sacred qualities? No matter what? Will you always be...A Gracious Woman.
My Queen of Queens

How do you define something as lovely and delicate as she is to her King? She's my Queen of Queens, my everything, my soul-mate in this galaxy.

A Star in its re-birth,
The cream of Mother Earth.
Up-holding a nation's loyalty in her grip...
With her tantalizing mystique,
A gem so precious we yearn to seek,
In every dream before we close our eyes to sleep...
She's amongst the Righteous,
Humble-hearted and meek,
Relaxing the tension of our Soul's when she opens her mouth to speak...
The first human being our Creator allows us to greet while we are yet innocent and weak...
Before we became Black sheep,
Outlawed
--Not by choice but by society—
That's why I love You!
You will always be my everything...
MY QUEEN OF QUEENS...

"MY QUEEN OF QUEENS"
Every element of perfection is defined by a Black Queen's beauty!
Her loyalty
Dignity
And feminine sensitivity,
Captures a man's total mental capacity!
The way she promenades so elegantly
Makes a Great King humble honorably
To her treasured beauty.
For decades and centuries,
Galaxies of precious stars, sapphires, emeralds, and ancient mysteries could never over-shadow her beauty!
Smiles sparkle like rare pearls,
Tender features erect monuments around the world.
Glamorized for her well-endowed hips and thighs,
And her curvaceous back-side...
One of G-d's most magnificent creatures with naturally seductive almond eyes.

A Black Queen's
Splendorous Beauty
Could
Never Be Compromised

A BLACK QUEEN
A Letter to
Ms. Oprah Winfrey

Respectful Greeting, Ms. Oprah:

Today has been a very sad day, and this tragedy absolutely humbles us as human beings. Our heartfelt pain, empathy, and compassion, goes out to all the Brothers and Sisters who have been affected by Hurricane Katrina. We earnestly attempt to, somehow, someway, embrace those who are dealing with this hardship.

Rhetoric speeches, no matter how eloquently delivered, hold no merit. We believe sympathy alone will not alleviate the pain, devastation, and displacement caused by nature’s catastrophe.

We are Black men, human beings incarcerated and paying our debt to society. We have no hidden incentives, motives, or personal objectives. However, we desire to help lend a hand to those in dire need of food, money, clothes, water, etc. Whatever may be efficient to contribute, through the grace of our benevolent Creator.

It’s from the deepest elements of our hearts. We have had extensive dialogue with our African-American Brothers and Sisters (with no disrespect or disregard to any other ethnic group or nationality), however, we (African-Americans) have been profoundly impacted by the Federal government’s response to this enormous tragedy. Nevertheless, right now, at this present moment, it’s no time to point fingers. We understand anger, contention, and pessimistic views will not help uplift, inspire, or console anyone affected by Hurricane Katrina.

Ms. Oprah Winfrey, you’re beloved, held with admiration. Ms. Lisa Ling has done an interview last year at CSP-SAC, New Folsom Prison (B-Facility), and, For the most part, it held some accuracy dealing with circumstances concerning our environment. We thank Ms. Ling. She is a warrior and a fighter to give humanity a voice, where many individuals may fear traveling to and from. Ms. Oprah Winfrey, it struck with anguish pain, to the core arteries of our hearts, seeing so much emotional despair, overwhelming grief, and chaos caused by dehydration, starvation, struggling with the determination to survive/exist. Your camera crew showed a once wonderful city, with a splendidous cultural history completely ruined.

Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama were shown in the rawest form of reality, from the impact of nature’s wrath. The human psyche and intellect are incapable of
conceiving and comprehending why. Why did this disaster take place? Today we hold our heads down with humility......
A Woman’s Worth

Listen, please, my beloved Sisters. We are embedded in a made-up, materialistic world, where appearances, and enhancements predominate! Currency is stripping many of our women of their integrity, and their moral roots. Why? Have our Queens fallen into the ‘gumbo-pot’ by the seduction of other nationalities and cultural identities?

Our Hatshepsuts, Neferitus, Nzingas... All of our Kentakes (Candaces) are forsaking their royal afro-centric beauty. Sister! There is nothing on this earth, which possesses such natural beauty as you do! Sapphires, emeralds, and even the precious diamond, must be cut and polished in order for them to gleam magnificently, and to glow with the radiance you possess.

A Black woman glistens as a bright star on a clear night. Every feature of her body is envied, yet revered. And sought after like the ancient and mythical golden city of El Dorado... Imaginable for some only in a dream, though pure reality for others. Look through the lens of history and behold, YOUR SELF!

Witness the elegance and enchantment of our Nubian Queens. Examine how the trends of fashion are but reformations of what she created originally. Surgeons owe their wealth to the desire of other women to have the characteristic curves and fullness, which are natural to the Original woman!

Allow me to express the significance and import of a Nubian woman’s understanding of her own worth. In the Songs of Solomon, chapter 1, verse 5, we see dazzling complexions “darker than the tents of Kedar” being glamorized. Although other qualities surpass external beauty, we see here that a “connoisseur” of beauty and fine art has been captivated and hypnotized – totally mesmerized – by the cream of the crop. Sister’s, this is YOU! Without compromise or degradation of your moral fiber.

The Webster’s dictionary defines integrity as; 1) completeness, wholeness, 2) unimpaired condition, 3) honesty, sincerity, etc. If a woman has a dream of achieving great things, she must not exploit herself. She must work hard first, then strive even harder.

Sister’s, you must act in a manner worthy of the respect you desire as a woman. A man can never cherish someone who doesn’t honor and respect herself! Just like hustling, or grinding, on the streets, the hustler doesn’t appreciate his earnings so he spends the money carelessly. None is put away, or invested. So, how can a righteous Brother invest his future in a woman who is unworthy of herself, without proven value? How can a man invest his future in a depraved, immoral, and promiscuous woman, even though she may be beautiful beyond measure?

A true King could never sacrifice his reputation by being in the company of a Jezebel! A woman’s attire, mode of dress, shows a man – as well as all of society – her strengths and her weaknesses. Because revealing clothes reveals a woman’s desire for attention, no matter the brand. Also, her level of esteem in herself. These women are almost always easily manipulated sexually for failure to understand her precious grace.

A ‘genie in a bottle’ is a myth, so, Sisters; let’s turn this sexual exploitation of your woman-noon into a greater myth. Prove it false. If money were the root of all evil, then selling birthright (for any fee) means that evil has already encompassed your existence. Making a whole nation corrupt and filthy, because, my Nubian Sisters, YOU are a powerful nation, whether you understand its depth or not. You are a nation! Whose sovereignty is dependent upon...

A WOMAN’S WORTH
Dedication: to the
ex-Princess of Bahrain

Did you follow your destiny, or a vulnerable heart’s curiosity? Allah heard, and answered all your Salat, under your magical tree, recited beautifully.

Was it a stolen princess, or a historic tragedy? Blood-line of royalty shattered instantly? Once you fled your native country your bond split from family...

Your unchallenged beauty... Exquisite beyond measure. A rare gem-stone sunk in a hidden treasure. Never to be found... Lost in the great city of Atlantis, forever!

It’s as if the rhythm of your heartbeat expresses its emotional pains, and joys to me as I sit and compose lyrical poetry.

Your disloyalty towards family broke hearts unconditionally, at the time your forbidden love proved strongly... Baby girl, stay forever strong-minded, never lonely...
WHEN THE EARTH'S GIVEN INSPIRATION TO SPEAK

You don't care about me. You take and steal, rob and kill over the natural resources my Creator placed inside of me. You never give back; you just constantly take. Every day I am being raped.

You devour selfishly without a care in the world about the children who go to sleep with their stomachs empty. Not a penny comes from the earth unless it's mined beneath me. Always the same hands, same companies while so many still live in poverty.

You build palaces and mansions on top of me, not concerned about where the next man will sleep. One day when I'm given inspiration to speak, I'll testify of the hoarders of wealth, the hypocrite and thief, war mongers and human beast.

Billionaires that create misery and hide their political identity, built on a racist secret society with a goal to dominate humanity, the world is filled with suffering and horrors untold with displaced refugees covering the globe.

I cry out to my Creator, and only He can hear me grieve.

When I'm given inspiration to speak

Written by Kamau

THE POVERTY OF OUR CENTURY IS UNLIKE THAT OF ANY OTHER. IT IS NOT AS POVERTY HAS BECOME THE RESULT OF NATURAL OCCURRENCES BUT OF A SET OF PRIORITIES IMPOSED UPON THE REST OF THE WORLD BY THE RICH. CONSEQUENTLY, THE MODERN POOR ARE NOT PITIED, BUT WRITTEN OFF AS TRASH.

JOHN BERGER
LISTEN TO THE WORLD AND YOU'LL HEAR HER SCREAM

Everyday, we’re living in a day of uncertainty, afraid to face reality that the only reason mankind is not extinct is due to our Creator’s mercy. It’s foolish and irrational for us to think we are in total control of the course of our destiny.

I’m not asking you to agree or believe in these truths I speak vividly. I will read the palms of the earth and allow its very nature to express her pain to humanity. I am only a vessel; profound wisdom can flow through me. My soul is obedient, so my Creator was merciful and bestowed knowledge upon me.

Do we not recognize the beautiful, extravagant luxury of just being able to breathe; our heart could stop by just one sneeze. Who am I not to believe? We are existing in a world of chaos, material wealth and mental poverty, unable to understand or comprehend we’re already wealthy.

Some of our eyes are veiled and we haven’t gained the ability to see or came into our own mastery. We are all spiritual beings — all related. How?
Because we are sustained by one benevolent source with creative force, humans stand before the earth and our Creator so damn arrogantly when He as the one who breathed some form of His spirit into us.

LISTEN TO THE WORLD AND YOU’LL HEAR HER SCREAM

And here’s how I repay my gratitude: always with something to prove!

We step over a man in poverty, we forget an incarcerated man’s heart still beats, and his soul still speaks. We’ll place claim on a rock, a share or a stock and when the equity drops, we’re in shock.

Man ravages pristine oceans to uncover her luxury and never give back, only steal her beauty, and if you listen with a quiet voice, you’ll be left without a choice.

LISTEN TO THE WORLD AND YOU’LL HEAR HER SCREAM

Hurricanes, avalanches, tornadoes, ice caps melting away rapidly, we’ve used our own hands to rob future generations to see the majestic beauty of a heavenly star glowing at midnight.

If we continue to be arrogant and live our lives in greed, and when we plant a seed into the womb or in the earth, and it doesn’t conceive, will we start to believe or be faced with imminent danger before we take heed?

LISTEN TO THE WORLD AND YOU’LL HEAR HER SCREAM

By: Kamau
DID MY ANCESTORS SCREAM?

When they dove for freedom in the icy cold Atlantic Sea, in full shackles from neck to feet, covered in human feces, eaten by sharks instantly. Before submitting to slavery — they saw it as bravery. Dying courageously, escaping the hands of their enemies.

You left oceans and human slave ships bloody because of your inordinate love for wealth and money. You built empires and established monarchies and stripped us of our dynasties.

And you want me to honor your royalty when it is earned illegitimately. Did my ancestors scream?

Who can truly say they could feel their pain unless it is generated through their veins and spoken into reality where the world’s eyes could see the United Nations is a mockery? How did such a tragedy occur and there were no cries for me for the crimes against my ancestor’s humanity?

The wicked man is waiting to see who’s gonna shoot first and destroy the earth. Your will to lead is unjust. You’re a man we cannot trust. Your tongue can’t be tamed. What a shame. We have America’s democratic system to blame and old men chasing wealth and fame giving morality a bad name.

We all heard about Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.’s. Dream! But what I would really like to know was, DID MY ANCESTORS SCREAM?

Written by Kamau
-SENTENCE ME 2 DEATH-

I dream with my eyes closed, constantly seeing flamin' desert eagles. In a land of arrogant people, if your ammunition isn't equal, it won't be another sequel. A low pay rate, increase the crime rate, while cemeteries escalate. I'm trying to have faith, with nowhere -2- turn when Kevlar vest are only used, as extra weight. Once Teflon's ricochet against your spine, it's just considered another young brother dead before his time. I see with my own eyes, Lord sentences me -2- death if I'm blind.

-SENTENCE ME -2- DEATH-

04/04: Kamu

-TRAPPED INSIDE THE ENEMY-

Death, Murder, Misery, Suffering chaotic tragedy, left bleeding to face iniquity. Respected retaliation came with a fury, hell struck Satans rivalries, coming executioners style 2 take back a merciless victory. Making adversaries tremble at the knees, once that deadly dose of anthrax hit your body it instantly freeze. Animosity built on an empire of anger, to a money hungry stranger. Can't blame you, currency was your strategy; Sun-Tzu tactics threw off the enemy. Political figures don't apologize, just stare death right back in the eye's. When U hear about destruction, mass corruption, children lustin', roars of artillery bustin' in, beg 2 God he hears your plea, remember, I told you, we're...

-TRAPPED INSIDE THE ENEMY-

04/04: Kamu
STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE

Misguided, Lied to, Never knew the reality of becoming a man, how to set goals, strategize, in order to execute a master plan, and stand firm with ambition. Determination brings liberation, but the sole key to a fulfilled life is education, knowledge, which brings opportunity, bridges foundations for unity. In our Afrikan communities, lord knows we’re endlessly....

Struggling To Survive

Being deprived of healthy cohabitations with our wives, so our blood lineage eventually dies. Never to see the first tears in your child’s eyes, so you ask how we’re struggling to survive? Not enough jobs to support the cost of livin’ put food in the kitchen struggling, barely livin’. Then authorities send our kid’s off to prison, a juvenile delinquents not forgiven, it’s the statistical mission, more taxes, bigger prisons. So what’s an Afrikan Amerikan male’s life expectancy? 25 years to Life in the penitentiary! So don’t ask me why I’m.... Struggling To Survive.

Struggling To Survive

04/by: Kamu
"AMERIKA"
"YOU DID THIS TO ME"

My ancestors were treated inhumane the same way you treated your oppositions with brutality, it wasn’t North Korea, Amerika you did this to me. Bitten by K-9 (Police) dogs in the middle of the streets, pushed down the block with powerful water' hoses. It left me furious, no time to grieve when I wiped my eye’s I swears by God I could see. It wasn’t the Vietnamese. Amerika you did this to me. When Nat Turner broke his silence and massacred plantation slave owners in the streets, He was hunted down like an animal lynched from a tree. It wasn’t Native Americans, Amerika you did this to me. When the Nation of Islam and Black Panther Party began to up-lift the spirits by organizing their communities, Feed and clothe the downtrodden Black Folks consumed by poverty. Al Qaeda or Saddam Hussein Baath Party didn’t come to destroy our Black pride and unity. Amerika you did this to me. Forced us to pick cotton to build your economy. Che Guevara and Fidel Castro’s’ Communist Revolution didn’t create this misery. Amerika you did this to me. Slashed my back until my skin entangled your whip, and my blood would no longer drip. Made us watch our beloved father’s tied to a horse, pulled in half, while you laughed then burned them on the stake. Poured stinking slop on my plate. Nubian Sisters were brutally raped, suffered the death of their children if caught trying to escape. Islam didn’t wage this Jihad (war), which caused such atrocities No Amerika you did this to me. Tell me why Black Folks should fight and die, trying to kill your so-called enemy? When everything I’ve already endured, stripped of human dignity O’sweet land of Liberty, Amerika you did this to me. Without any sincere apology.

-YOU DID THIS TO ME-

07/by: Kamu
-MR. WHITEY-

Mr. Whitey, my knowledge spills the way your mercenaries are paid to kill for a thrill. Ink is used to tell a hidden story, so let me twist it, viciously, through poetry.

How many kings and prominent soldiers has became victimized casualties behind man's jealousy, to many? How do you take darkness and illuminate light? You expose insight.

Is it truly freedom of speech, for me to practice and teach, Individuals out of my reach? Or is it considered treason? Wasn't my ancestors enslaved, and shackled for no reason, gruesomely beat and left bleeding, with the stench of a heathen? Then dumbfoundedly mis-educated about the Amerikan dream. How the British Queen conquered her every dream, like a luxurious fiend, destroying everything in the path of her soldiers.

Stripping away Afrika's historical culture like mighty vultures, do I have a right to have animosity in a society who was once bonded by a pledge of unity, against me, and still committing murderous atrocity on humanity, who stole diamonds, emeralds, every glamorous artifact, lost in foreign museums?

My blood-lineage was rich, great Kings walked on elegant marble floors, unrivaled in its beauty! Now you tell me, am I a true menace of society, and don't you lie to me?

-Mr. Whitey-

04/by: Kamu
The Strength Behind Solidarity

My Father, Big Alдон, initially didn't have any interest to divulge his involvement in the co-foundings of the street gang known as the Crips. He felt inclined to do so after extensive dialogue about the need to communicate his version of the original establishment of the Crips.

I felt an obligational need to attempt to convey to him the many reasons I considered it necessary in order to give a clear and accurate account of why this group actually started. With an objective to get all Crips, Bloods, Kumi's and B.G.F's and other street and prison organizations to see that we all share a common interest as Black men against all odds.

I believe this is a struggle, challenge and opportunity to expose the truth of how the government through their implementation of laws, amendments and death camp institutions, has been engineered to control, eliminate and capitalize from our lack of knowledge. The so-called justice system is a silk web designed to entrap the underprivileged people Blacks, Hispanics and poor Whites here in North America.

If we aren't careful to analyze our current condition, we will become its next casualty to crumble under the immense power of such a system that was born out of the belly of diabolical cruelty and oppression. I live everyday amongst others who currently share my fate. We are fully conscious and aware that we are the victims. The victims of bourgeois men of power and laws governed against our survival. The victims of concrete, steel, ill health, discomfort, lornliness and family abandonment. The most powerful tool man was ever to successfully create was the pen and the wet ink as its ammunition. The English language was the linguistics of their massacre. The English vocabulary has always been used as a weapon. A weapon in the sense for its naive victims foreign to its understanding and interpretation under the rules of laws. As a victim, I realize if Blacks and Hispanic men aren't able to discover some way out of this labyrinth, we will soon eliminate any chances for our future survival. We must ask ourselves, how long can we
The Strength Behind Solidarity

continue to be incarcerated at such an enormous rate? The only way that mankind has ever been able to protect, defend and preserve one's existence is to understand the nature of his opponent. Then create and/or devise some form of plan or weapon to combat such an assault.

Whether or not we are willing to face this harsh reality is solely dependent upon us. We must not act as if this problem doesn't exist nor act upon it once it's become too late. What I propose we do in order to combat against our current situation is to first recognize we all need each other as convicts; as we are all in some way being attacked. We must learn to utilize all resources at our disposal and begin to unify our family, comrades, associates and any community organizations, political activist, lawyers and radio stations etc...around our struggle. Before we'll be able to proceed with our plans, we must be able to clearly articulate our plight and desire to amend the justice system and Draconial laws which are destroying our neighborhood and inner-communities. Black men and our youth are being plucked from the roots of their communities, eliminating our chances of reproduction with our women.

If we are to succeed, we must be diligent and fully aware of how laws, procedures and regulations are being enacted daily. Moreover, oftentimes we only become apprised of these laws once our loved ones has stepped on the landmine and one's well-being is at stake. Under crucial possibilities, we search for fair justice in an unjust world. And in the matter of speaking an unjust society. Why shouldn't any country not hold its citizens responsible when its citizens are thriving from the inhumane and sadistic system it vigorously supports. Because it helps to sustain its employees insatiable appetite for wealth and power.

If mankind admitted they believed slavery was cruel and inhumane, it's impossible to blame the plantation owners without placing equal blame on the government, courts, corporate business profiteers and anyone benifitting from
The Strength Behind Solidarity

slave labour. Prisons has established itself in our society as the new form of modern slavery. California has become the insignia of an institutional state, capitalizing off of the mass-incarceration of its African-American, Hispanic, Asian and unfortunate White citizens. We must choose our own weapon of choice and join in the fight to maintain our existence. Behind these desolate concrete walls, gun towers, steel and barbed-wire fences. I call for all men and women of every ethnic group and nationality to awaken and fight together. Thus, breaking the stronghold of power the Department of Corrections and their union currently possess. Our lives are dependent upon it.
I thought justice was one of Amerika's strongest philosophies, not barbarism, tortuous mentalities.

I guess lady liberty over looks our honorable military? It's kind of scary, a society who preaches equality for humanity, but allowed to slaughter thousands of Iraqi's, desecrate temples so tell me, What's going on!

Whose truly held to face accountability for this tremendous savagery? George Bush, don't be mad at me (LOL) laugh out loud my freedom of speech gives me this authority. Answer this question sincerely, Who's war was this really? It wasn't about Saddam Hussein, it was your father's inner anger and pains, He couldn't restrain. Causing a pre-emptive strike of war.

Now the C.I.A.'s/ and F.B.I.'s are completely torn, thanks to democracy, I hope one day you read my poetry, SO you can let the world know....

-What's Going On-

04/by: Kamu

Nations
Either
Perish
Together
United
Nations
Erased
-BLAZIN’ BULLET-

I wanna be like a heated instrument penetrating your brain, hold you captive like a ball and chain. A hernia in your gut when you strain, always on top of my game. When I explain my inner pains, listen to this story about this “Blazin’ Bullet” man.

A child suffering a thousand years of grief, a hundred years with no sleep, stomach empty, ready to tear apart his enemies, viciously, bones to the remnants of their feet, slice their tongue, stop their speech. If that’s what it takes to make you listen to me, willing to be camouflaged bloody.

As I dissect and study my history, you wicked men told me, in order to manipulate and control me, keep me in a “yes massah state”, forced your religious faith on my plate, claiming it to be soul food, like I’m a damn fool. As my mouth drool, I consume knowledge, devouring every scholar you’ve ever sent to college.

A product of legacy, infallibility, the one bringing redemption back to our communities. Cock the trigger, watch me shine, leaving a strong impact on society every time. Step back while I pull it, so you can see the manifestation of this “Blazin’ Bullet”.

-Blazin’ Bullet-

04/by: Kamu
"A Diamond in The Rough"

Finally unearthed in the mahogany sands of Africa lost, and untouched. A uncut diamond in the rough, hidden for many centuries, endured many different life tragedies fighting through adversity, determined to find my destiny refusing to allow anything to break me. Glowing from the first time our majestic creator picked me up. He saw that I was a magnificent diamond in the rough. Over excited just imagining the sensuous pleasures of your womanly touch. Tell me what I have done in order to deserve so much? I want to have something genuine built on a lovely commitment of trust. They say that rare diamonds can make a woman blush. If that holds true, I promise to keep it up. Bring radiance to everything your soft hands touch. Console your heart when the world seem to be too much. Anticipate your passion whenever your body is burning up, make you close your eyes, and contemplate was this your fate or did you sleep walk into the beautiful pearly gates of heaven, kneeling down to pick me up later, becoming aware I'm a diamond in the rough.

"A Diamond in The Rough"
By Kamau
"Secret Love Affairs"

Secret love affair

blowing in the misty air with sweet melodies of intrigue. It's things done in secrecy that makes it so sexy. The way you walk is done so seductively. While your eyes tell all your hidden fantasies. I can imagine slow dancing with you, so romantically on a small island in Sicily. Pull away from you as you try to kiss me. Raise your temptation to the point of it's climax. Let all your sensual flavors drip from your body like candle wax. As you begin to melt down slowly baby girl close your eyes, and just hold me. Let me grip the silk elements of your soft thighs. Our body must compromise never to neglect the pleasure we both feel inside. This secret love affair is something we can't hide.

-Secret Love Affairs-04/By Kamau

#21
"Mental Stimulus"

I'll make you a bet I'll make your body sweat, take away all your fears, and regrets minor stress. I want to stimulate your intellect. Make our chemistry more intimately captivating than erotic sex. Bring your mind to a emotional climax, repeat this pleasure so you can enjoy this lovely experience again. Magnified times ten—I'll promise to be a true gentlemen. Gorgeous lady your very tempting like a slice of forbidden fruit, the sweetest nectar our creator has ever produced.

Reason: This particular poem was inspired by the look trapped inside of one woman's eyes that I couldn't erase from my mind. The more I tried the more I felt enslaved by the ravishing look she possessed.
"A Stolen Kiss"

You didn't notice it, it was very passionate, you felt it and never even remembered it. Moreover your heart skipped, your lips tried to resist—they were overwhelmed by a stolen kiss. In life memories allow us to reminisce, ecstasy was so explosive, when I touched your delicate lips I escaped from the gates of heaven when I became love sick all behind one stolen kiss. Dear God forgive me for this its something my flesh was to weak to resist all behind one stolen kiss...

Reason: I once thought I could seduce a woman by kissing her sensually; however, some way I became captivated by the tenderness of her hypnotic charm, spun in her silk web slowly enraptured by her kiss.
Short Poems

When you flirt with someone, when you're aware it's forbidden it makes it so much more tempting you want to chase it with ambition. Close your eyes late at night and imagine what you're missing. While stars are glistening your dreams are filled with thoughts of French kissing. Holding inside secret rendezvous so when you're in each other's presence a flame ignites inside of you. Leaving you contemplating how did you fall captive to one of life's sweetest taboos.

Reason: I'm unsure if these thoughts are driven by lust, nor pure fantasy, but I'm glad I am bequeathed with a vivid imagination prompting me to transcend these prison walls.
I believe when a man fails to desire a sensual woman, or become willing to conform with any policy forbids him to express his desires for the spiritual, emotional, and mental consolation only a woman can give. These people who make such rules are crazy. They've lost touch with reality, and human nature. I'll forever be a breaker of all such rules. I'm a man part of some creation; created by a creator. Blessing a man with sound intellect and desires. Am I wrong to feel this way?

Reason: These thoughts were derived from the confines of prison while conversing with one of my comrades, who possess respectful characteristics toward women. Not to cruel nor manipulating yet by being incarcerated we all suffer, hindered by bias ideologies and confinements society places on women, who may fall in love with a man in prison.
-AMERIKA WHAT IF-

I stand on a battlefield where souls are killed, warm blood spills from the cold corpse. Suffering wounds of many sorts.

Desolate homes evaded by U.S. mercenaries, sacred Masjids buried underneath bodies scattered rubble. Hearts deeply troubled. Prophecies clear to see, these wicked chaotic beast trying to devour. The Persian Gulf’s, treasured commodities. Ancient relics, being smuggled through body bags. Attached with Amerikan flags, where is the solid-gold artillery Saddams son, Uday had?

Our doom came from Florida’s hanging chads. Did you see the 9/11 Aftermath? Plane crashed, clouds hovering with smells of death, it’s theory. But what if the illuminati was, the key suspects? Playing Russian roulette, in order to undermine the economy, a capitalistic robbery is it coincidence once the twenty-dollar bill is folded up, and then twisted. It’s a vivid picture of the World Trade Center/Pentagon, suddenly exploding in a deadly blitz.

Amerika What If?

04/ by: Kamu

-POWER-

What is power? Power is to learn how to influence and manipulate, dominance, in the eyes of your opposition. By controlling every aspect of power, with a relentless grip.

Understanding also the fundamental, psychological brake downs of the human functions. To know at all times your enemies are pillars of weakness, so you must step over, or on them, in order to stay on the path of strength, any form of deviation, your rank can be evaporated.

Many yearn for power, although weakness vanquishes their struggle, so once again power overcomes them.

-POWER-

04/ by: Kamu
MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND ME

Has a man ever endured complications of pregnancy? Hell naw! And has a woman ever been a statistical experiment, captured, confined, in a trench, left hallucinating, tryin' to discern insanity from sense? Late at night I close my eyes, humbling myself, and bowing down to repent. I swear it's a story longer then the chapters in the books of Genesis. From sins, my own hands has committed mainly survival instincts, detect fear if your enemy thinks or blinks, his body leaks. Pride of a Zulu Warrior engulfs my mind state, only to stop my fate. If a soldier more fierce breaks my spine, I'll never again shine, it'll shatter the spirits of the mind.

So how can I make you-Understand me?

My reputation, honor, integrity...vs....your virtuous, modest, sensitivity.

Together we possess six qualities plus our connection spiritually. A woman is more emotionally driven while a man's desires are hidden underneath masculinity! You'll probably never understand me...It's a complicated mystery...a man/woman will forever have chemistry, that's the way it was meant to be...

-Uunderstand Me-

04/By: Kamu
-HONOR RESPECT AND REDEMPTION-

This morning our captor’s executed one of our committed leader's a warrior in the struggle for righteousness. In order to reverse this genocide, which hinders our future generation in today’s society. It’s puzzling how submissive we’ve become to authorities; tyrants who profess to have power I believe power is in the people, the masses black, brown, yellow, red and disfranchised whites. Facing the same abject conditions we face, inside the wretched Jaws of poverty.

Tookie faced with enormous odds, found redemption. He didn’t wait for his oppressors to rehabilitate him. Brother Malcolm X didn’t wait for the white man to educate him and teach him to read. This western hemisphere was built on violence, barbarism, lynching and destroying black leadership. Self-empowerment and strength in the eyes of our enemies meant certain death. We must learn to unite for the greater good. If not no matter how much power, strength, integrity and self proclaimed dignity we have as individuals, we’ll remain weak, bowing to injustice, hypocrisy and ultimately annihilation. Minister Louis Farrakhan, Rev. Jessie Jackson, Former Crip Snoop Dogg and Actor Jamie Foxx, all of which I know are devastated. They all pleaded for Mr. Tookie life, without success. This modern day lynching took place on Actor Jamie Foxx’s birthday. Let me remind the reader’s Jamie Foxx was the actor who played the character of Stanley “Tookie” Williams, in the movie Redemption. He portrayed Tookie’s life and journey in which, he, Tookie found redemption, renouncing his past history, reckless lifestyle, and gang activity. Today we witnessed another atrocity of Amerika; her hands are soaked, dripping with blood. Domestic and abroad, we must stop living on our knees being afraid to sacrifice. The Holy Qu’ran states in Surah 2 Ayat 216:“Fighting is prescribed for you and ye dislike it. But it is possible that ye dislike a thing, which is good for you. And that ye Love a thing, which is bad for you. But God knoweth, and ye know not.” Why do we continue to suffer? Because we stand divided. We haven’t been acquainted with our own strength. We are more afraid to unite, and then the white oppressor wants to see us united. We’re sleeping giants sleeping on the doorstep of our avowed enemies. Begging him for mercy, how can we ask a beast, who made it recreation to tie our ancestors to horse’s and pull them completely apart. Right in front of our sacred Black Queen’s eye’s. Psychologically destroying her spirit. In the most inhumane way possible we’ve promenaded peacefully far to long. I sit in a concrete prison cell, at Folsom Level IV State Prison. Facing a life sentence, determined to die whenever that maybe on my feet, Black-fist aimed to the
sky two or three oppressors severely suffering their demise. Right next to me, "Tookie" Rest in Paradise. We Thank You for your contributions to society.

Power to The People

This article appeared in a S.F. Bay View publication Jan 4 2006 the very next day we're placed on lockdown status.
MEMORANDUM

Date: January 05, 2006
To: ALL B FACILITY STAFF AND INMATES
From: California State Prison-Sacramento - Represa, Ca. 95671
Subject: B FACILITY PROGRAM STATUS

On January 05, 2006, all B Facility Level IV Black Crips/ Suspected Crip Associate inmates, and those celled with them, were placed on Lock-Down. The Lock-Down is due to information received that indicated Black Crip inmates were planning an assault on B Facility Staff. See attached list of identified / suspected Crips.

On April 8, 2005, credible information was received that indicated White inmates were planning a stabbing assault on B Facility Staff. Subsequent intelligence has been received recently, corroborating the threat towards B Facility Staff. Based on this information all Level IV White Inmates and all Black Crips / Suspected Crip Associates and those celled with them are on Lock-Down pending an assessment of the threat.

Feeding: Normal cell feeding procedures for all inmates.

Escorts: Restrained escort for all Level IV White Inmates and Black Crips and suspected Crip Associates and those housed with them. Normal for all other inmates.

Work/Education: No out of cell work/education for all Level IV White Inmates and Black Crips and suspected Crip Associates and those housed with them. Education for these inmates on modified program will be in-cell studies only. Normal for all other inmates.

Yard: No yard program for all Black Crips and suspected Crip Associates and those housed with them. Concrete yard program for all Level IV White inmates. The White inmates will have yard on the same day as their assigned block is scheduled for yard. Normal for all other inmates.

V Showers: Controlled Showers (Unrestrained) for inmates on Modified Program. Prior to showers commencing Controlled Showers, staff will insure all pass through and section doors are closed and secured. No staff members are to be in the Sections during Controlled Shower Program. Normal for all other inmates.

Visiting: No visiting for Inmates on Modified Program. Normal for all other inmates.

Family Visits: No family visiting for inmates on Modified Program. Normal for all other inmates.

Canteen: No canteen for inmates on Modified Program. Normal for all other inmates.
Quarterly Pkgs:  No quarterly packages for inmates on Modified Program.  
Normal for all other inmates.

Law Library:  No physical Library access for Level IV inmates on Modified 
Program. The paging system will be utilized.  Normal for all 
other inmates.

Telephone:  No telephone access for inmates on Modified Program.  
Normal for all other inmates.

Religious Svcs:  Chaplains on request on the tier for inmates on Modified  
Program.  Normal for all other inmates.

Medical Svcs:  All inmates on Modified Program will be on Restrained Escort.  
Normal for all other inmates.

Mental Health:  All inmates on Modified Program will be on Restrained Escort.  
Normal for all other inmates.

Clothing Exch:  Normal for all inmates.

Linen Exch:  Normal for all inmates.

AA/NA Men's &  Available to any inmate not on Modified Program.
Support Groups: 

MAC:  No MAC activities for inmates on Modified Program.

D. Baughman  B Facility Captain

cc:  M. Reyes, AW-B, Watch Commander, Visitor Processing, B Facility Clinic,  
and Use of Force Coordinator, Appeals Office
In The Name of Allah, The Beneficent, The Most Compassionate Redeemer

By Mr. Kamu/Watts Native/Helper of Muhammad

As-Salaam Alaikum

Peace be unto you Brothers and Sisters

Even behind these decrepit walls of oppression, my peaceful spirit remains unmoved and unbroken, by the Grace of our Benevolent Creator. As I compose these words of encouragement, enlightenment and inspiration, I surely hope God, Allah, Jehovah moves through me, in order that my lips may be able to convey such a message of hope, consolation and the warm embrace of felicity. My Brothers and Sisters, as I write, I'm looking into your spirits and I'm moved by joy. You're beautiful my Brothers and Sisters, looking strong, determined and filled with optimism, that one's love, Brotherhood and atonement will be won. Moreover, the pillars of unity and righteousness will continue to blossom. Manifesting a people being worthy of others to want to aspire to, in this H.E.L.P.E.R. Ceases Fire Alliance-----Awakening people on a global scale on our endless plight for change, reconciliation and mending the broken hearts, wiping the tears of our mother's eyes, vowing to uphold our words with noble honor, integrity and dignity as men and not veiled by color or Gang moniker, but soldiers for peace/warriors for up-liftment to the whole of humanity.

We must awaken to our original state of existence, showing patience and humility towards our people. No other nation of people on earth has suffered the torment, indignations nor the injustice, which we have, under the lion's jaws of discrimination, inequality and poverty.

Here in North Amerika, how can I go thousands of miles over seas to fight someone else's enemy, when we (Black Men and Black Women) must undo the things we've created amongst our Black Brothers and Sisters, Latinos, Asians and Native American Brothers and Sisters. We've shed too much innocent blood behind our senseless genocide. Together we stand strong, divided we fall weak, similar to the human immune system as it is constantly under attack with a virus, it eventually (within time) overpowers the body, until it's no longer able to fight. So please tell me how can we fight together for unity, if all strong men are dead physically, mentally and spiritually? Stripped from our Family Unit, from being incarcerated; Leaving our beautiful Nubian Women without a soul mate, to help in the
responsibility of giving proper guidance to our Children. We mustn't continue destroying ourselves behind a color, nor behind a government street, block, projects etc.

If we do not love our own people, we will envy, despise and murder one another without remorse. Too much innocent blood has been spilled and its crying out Please keep the peace, just imagine if that was your child or Mother lying in the streets.

Let me end this as I began, with Sajada La-hu meaning "I Salute You With Great Honor and Respect!"

As-Salaam Alaikum

May Our Most Merciful Creator Be With You
ALIGNING OURSELVES WITH OUR CREATOR

Each and every human being has veins, which are aligned to the heart; if these veins were not aligned properly it would stop the blood flow, to vital organs essential to one’s survival. Everything is mathematically aligned for a divine purpose. When we look into the sky/heavens we see many magnificent stars, and planets rotating around the sun at a speed inconceivable by mortal beings. Yet everything follows a precise plan, and in turn it’s in harmony with an infinite universe. If one planet was to journey off course, and hit earth it would destroy all of human-life, as we have known it.

In life every path leads to a desired destination, without roads and current maps we would be lost searching for guidance, and accurate direction. As for a surety a compass gravitates to the earth’s magnetic pull, and leads man in the right direction rather it’s North, South, East, or West. It puts you back on course in order to complete your journey.

Man has a mission on earth, and his conscious magnetically pulled by his heart and mind and when things in life occur our conscious minds leads us in a direction in which way we should move to operate. We are fully aware of the possibilities of what could happen if you’re journeying with a compass that has malfunctioned. Soon you’ll find yourself totally off course, headed for destruction and disaster that may lead to ones untimely death. Now, everyday we see religion being manipulated, applied in such a way where to a degree it has become like a malfunctioning compass leading many men to death while many were believing in their own hearts to be fulfilling God’s Divine Will. Religions true purpose was to establish peace, Justice, instruction and order—not death, chaos, hatred and disunity. How, and why have we been off course? Could it be because of greed, money, power and selfish interest? Or could it be man has failed to listen to the God Conscious in side, and from his/her, negligent action to heed the call to align his or her selves to God’s purpose of Brother hood, unity and righteousness. Just think, it’s trillions upon billions of planets, stars, dark matter spinning at tens of thousands of miles per second, and still keeping its balance, and unity between them selves.

Nevertheless, humanity comprises close to seven billion men, women and children but has not a clue of true Brotherhood, nor Comradery, untied from the reality in which we have become accustom to living with little to no regards of the lives we so easily destroy and the earth in our midst. Never has man had to endure so many storms, tornados, hurricanes and earth quakes—why is this? Could it be some form of chastisement from nature? Or the Supreme
Creator, of this creation where we abide? In the Holy Qu’ran, Chapter 19, verse 98 it clearly states; “But how many (countless) generations before them have we destroyed? Canst thou find a single one of them (now) or hear (so much as) a whisper of them?”

As I contemplate on that one verse, I think to myself what differentiates (us) from suffering this same fate? One thing I do believe is, man must learn to deal more justly in a dignified manner with the earth in which we live, and with humanity in which we have established social relations with. If we are to be successful in this Journey called life.
I APOLOGIZE

I solemnly apologize for all the times you had to endure my arrogance, pride of self-centeredness, my attitude, and ignorance. You never left or even abandoned me. You kept your faith in me. Honor of Loyalty when many forsake me. But you were always there to believe in me, Inspire me, in a time of desperate despair, your actions alone showed me that you cared, cause you were there!

-I Apologize-

If I ever left you alone, To face any hardship, You've been a precious gift I yearn to kiss, the delicateness of your lips. Sometimes I'm confused, I'll admit distracted by jealousy. Honestly I trust deep down inside of me, you sincerely love me! Even though we're so distant apart physically, mentally, you're so close as if your body was touching me. Your warmthness gives me the ability to love, please find it within your compassionate heart to forgive me... This is an earnest...

Apology

04/by: Kamu

I MISS YOU

I Miss you -2- the point I wish I could stop time. Freeze all memories of you permanently within my mind.

From your mocha-completed shine, Alluring curves, that only end's to start all over again.

Your twin was like my best friends, if we got mad at each other, we some how make amends.

Your sensual walk is easily a ten, Then you stop with that bow-legged stance, could leave a thug completely –N- a trance, its erotic, like a slow dance.

Each and every moment I’ve ever spent with –U- hugged and kissed you... Baby....

I Miss You

04/by: Kamu
"WHY ARE OUR EYE’S CLOSED"

Walking around in the world, as if we’re blindfolded. Memories tarnished under buried dreams. Have you ever seen a man’s face, when it’s been replaced, vexed by sadness from Americanized madness? A powerful nation, building pillars on the Moon, trying to escape their final doom. From the mighty boom!

Does a man think he can live up high, to hear the whispers of revelation in the skies? With the best quality money can buy, you symbolize, your currency with the all Seeing Eye. It’s your way to spy, on humanity, pledge democracy, globally. Ambitions to dominant and control, once they possess…” Saudi Arabia” Black Gold.

Why Are Our Eye’s Closed

Who manipulated ancient scrolls? Unearthed sacred tombs, filled with irreplaceable gold? Broke off the Sphinx’s nose? Saw Christ when he arose? Freed the slaves, don’t laugh thou! This is the history, he has told.

Why Are Our Eye’s Closed

04/by: Kamu

"MESSAGE TO OUR FUTURE"

You are our future generation, someday you’ll be the one’s to solve all the social, political, and economical problems we’re facing. Today’s generation, Bridge unity, internationally, by in-depth critical thinking. Help save live’s instead of leaving our mother’s grieving inside, with tears of pain flowing from her eye’s learn to understand and cherish the enjoyment of life

So you’ll someday become great husbands and wives, so your kid’s will look at you with reverence of pride, which will never be denied.

Remember materialism doesn’t make a man, and a woman’s beautiful attributes should be guarded, like rare diamonds, highly protected if you choose to neglect it, what real man’s gonna respect it?

-Message Too Our Future-

04/by: Kamu
-DOES THAT LABEL ME A OUTLAW-

Baby could you ever leave me searching through my emotions of agony? While my hearts enduring physical tragedy, got me mad at my own momma wondering 'why she even had me?"

Cursed by love, blessed with grief, the angel of death came an stole my soul in my sleep.

Wickedness sabotaged my peak; my only enemy is me, defying the law.

When I was an infant in the midst of temptation, I crawled, does that label me an outlaw?

-DOES THAT LABEL ME A OUTLAW-

04/by: Kamu
-MESSAGE 2 MY AFRICAN NATION-

Releasing my inner thoughts about this hatred plantation of murderous devastation. CIA and FBI should be prosecuted, for major manipulation over ghetto ponds, drug-tycoons, last dons for releasing atomic bombs, pure cocaine and jett black heroin. That'll destroy your immune system like a prism. Delete your verbal speech to your hopes, dreams and desires are obsolete, we'll never win this battle, if our Afrikan Nation, continues to tuck our feet, allowing this capitalistic society to constantly annihilate our prophet's and prophecies, until the total existence of our Afrikan History are on obituaries, and over-stacked cemeteries!

-MESSAGE 2 MY AFRICAN NATION-

01/ by: Kamu
SALUTE TO A SOLDIER

You spoke reality boldly, astonishing the minds of young ghetto kids. Giving many a true purpose to live, expressing your deepest political thoughts, is what made you 2-Pac wit, relentless tracks non-stop. Family history legendary! Your face was never on no obituary, probably fell in love and got married, tired of this thug life, complicating a soldier’s life, enduring strife with threats of prison life, was ready to settle down, admire your wife, cause bondage ain’t livin’ incarcerated with millions, it’s only a fools dreams.

Philosophy was one of Makevelli’s specialties to out-maneuver his enemies, Mr. 7-Day theory hopefully you shook society with a riddle...Quarry...I no you feel me, wherever it maybe....

SALUTE TO A SOLDIER
THUGGISHLY

04/bby: Kamu

WHERE DO WE STAND

Where do we stand in this foreign land, as an Afrikan Amerikan, Powerfully Educated Dangerous?

With political thoughts of master' plots, visions of being on top. Tired of being the under achiever!

We must be firm believers of our dreams, achieve the whole earth if it's our destiny, let “Allah” (s.w.t.) grace be the measure after this physical life.

Paradise is our real treasure, so when we strive it get’s better, and better. Hardships bring strength of valor to our conscious state of mind!

Experience brings out our true shine, of our great Afrikan heritage, lovely marriages. Bonded by shackles of the heart, something slavery couldn’t even break apart!

We died and fought, bloody battles for our “Black Queen’s”, by all means. It was a spiritual connection of honor, deeply rooted in our Nubian genes. Kings of command, so tell me my N-Dugu’s (Brother’s), where do we stand, in this 21”. Century as a man?

04/bby: Kamu
-BETRAYED-

Have -U- ever been betrayed in every friendship you’ve ever made?

Been a mental slave, cured her emotions then once again get betrayed?

What about showed someone loyalties until it didn’t make sense, brought her love, self-esteem, and inner-strength?

Three special immaterial gifts some people never get!

Guess how I was repaid?

I was Betrayed!

Kept every secret you ever told. Treasured you like rare gold. All your burdens I promised -2- hold.

Damn, I never knew your heart could be this cold, until I was Betrayed!

-Betrayed-

04/by: Kamu
-SHOULD I CRY OR LIE-

Should I cry or lie about what I feel inside, pain I'm trying to hide, lying to myself in order to satisfy my pride. Rather laugh, then cry tears, would only cloud my destiny of overcoming these adversities. I already promised myself, can't nothing break me in this physical realm of life.

In a constant struggle with strife, behind someday having a domestic life. Wondering how it'll be to have intelligent kid's, by a beautiful wife. A ghetto thug's paradise, conversating under the moonlight, keep' in our bond tight, just right. But the pain I try -2-fight, I lose the battle every night, I can't lie, and my tears are probably deeper than an ocean inside.

Should I Cry Or Lie
About What I Feel

-Inside-

04/by: Kamu

-LOST TIDES-

Only if you knew I've never forgot about you, Reminisced about you from the first day I Layed eye's on you. Your personality was true, I saw realness in you, when I met you.

We conversed all night, deeply until we both were sleepy, dreams so close like reaching to the sky, then it fades away right in front of your very eye's, that's how I felt when we

"Lost Tides"

Feel' in stressed-out sometimes, I can't lie, wondering how I let a woman like you pass me by. Hoping one day fate find's away to sympathize, uniting us once again. At least as best friends, if my spot is taken and you can't find away to shake him, I'll bear the blame, respect the game, you pretty young thang.

-Lost Tides-

04/by: Kamu
-LIFE AFTER DEATH-

I imagine what's left after we close our eyes, shed tears before taking one last breath.

Is It Life After Death

Eternal livin' surround by archangel's, and beautiful women. Living in a wonderful, bliss of paradise, in this after life. Able to seduce our eyesight, but our creator ordained it, so it's all right.

Water sweeter than honey, soft melodies travel when the sounds of the rivers flow, perpetual... I hope I'm forgiven.

I Can't See Life After Death

Eternally livin' condemned, worse then prison, wanting to die, but still livin'. Where burning flames are unforgiving, never ending. Each sin was an abomination, preached about in revelations.

Mistakes made with little contemplation, sin, committed in every nation. Lord do we sincerely know, what we're really facing? Caught up in worldly temptations. From the destruction, our hands have been embracing; time is wasting, until we meet our final destination.

-Life After Death-

04/b: Kamu

"DOES HE HEAR ME"

A Soldier emerged in a mental struggle, trying to find his destiny. Sharp as a razor, at the throat of his enemy, misfortunes endured plenty. I feel the world is against me, viciously, chiseling away at my spirits, I can feel it and hear it, like a crying melody.

Yearning for comfort and stability, in order to bring tranquility to my calamity, in the face of treachery, in a Babylonian society, dressed with inequality.

Does He Hear Me

04/b: Kamu
-CREATION-

Who can explain the splendor of creation from a minute drop of semen, where it’s then formed and fashioned in the womb, developed into human-beings with profound intellectual capability, wondrous memories, each individual having different point’s of view’s and destinies, but a sole choice to live respectfully.

-Creation-

What about the marvelous galaxies yet still under heavens great canopy, and the way darkness compliments the stars enormous beauty, or how the rays of the sun illuminates precious azure skies, then the joy once mother nature cries, it revives.

-Our Creator-

Is so gracious, most merciful keeping the fidelity even when oceans and great sea’s flow, their not compatible, but they still follow a strict cycle, it’s a mind boggling perplexity a mystery of reality, comprehensive only by our creator’s ability.

-Creation-

04/by: Kamu
-WHO AM I-

I know my great ancestor's were very civilized, Powerful Africans, who were strongly militant, the way Amerika forged His-Story!

Don't make any sense manipulating biblical revelations, turned into theories, causing so much negativity in today's society. Ethiopia was the mother of great luxury, promised by "Allah's" loyalty, it's true we disgraced his mercy, He forgave us, He's the. ...-Ailmighty-

A gentile as an innocent child, Nubian complexioned, so handsome it leaves me wondering, left stressing... Who Am I?

Am I an African original Jew, that's not Hebrew? Hoping ISA (Jesus) prophecy comes true? And who is the son of Man? Will he come from a distant land, to bare his judgment upon men?

-Who Am I-

04/04: Kamu

-TREASURES OF THE MIND-

Has anyone sat and really contemplated the treasures of the mind, our magnificent intellectual capability, accurate memories, measures of philosophy, vicegerents of society, establishing the first marks of history?

Searching endlessly under ancient sand's to rediscover secret mysteries, from the Almighty meditate while inhaling, exhaling precious air, elevating our spirits to a higher level of dimensions, missions always evolving, never ending, I feel the treasures of the mind is barely beginning!

-Treasures Of The Mind-

04/04: Kamu
-CONCRETE ROSE-

From the time it starts to grow from mother earth’s splendorous beauty, A rose, so gentle and delicate to the hand, only confessing true loyalty to one man.

My Concrete Rose

Nurtured and cared for -4- life, making every beat of her precious heart seem right. When soft wind starts -2- blow, it’s whispering beautiful melodies to your soul. Other roses were so charming, but blossomed then withered away, you’re.

My Concrete Rose

“Boo”, who’s here to stay, as each day fades away, treasured for eternity, you’re.

My Concrete Rose

-Baby-

04/by: Kamu
“WHEN I’M LAID TO REST”

One day when I’m finally laid to rest, I hope I can see everything, after I take my last breath. Feel my body, as it gets cold, releasing my soul, to its final destination. I wonder how many loved one’s, will grieve over me?

Hold my hands unconditionally, as I say my farewell’s and goodbye’s, seeing tears roll from my mothers, beautiful eye’s, cleansing my body as I lay paralyzed, feeling the cold breeze of the heavenly skies!

Hearing my girl screaming, asking “GOD” why, did he take me away? As she begins to shake me, hoping to awake me. Somehow I sub-consciously pray, for my sin hoping there heard and I’m blessed!

-When I’m Laid To Rest-

04/by: Kamu

-UNTITLED-

I visualize a catastrophic war we’ve never endured before, a large nation left grieving, many faces torn to pieces, bleeding, in the midst of a rainy season. Anguish and screaming, eye’s of demons hankering to take control over innocent souls.

A struggle of true faith –vs.- pure hate, in a nation who can’t escape, this fate. I’m no prophet, but it feels like a revelation or maybe these un-answered situations we’re constantly facing.

Is it terrorism or Americanism, which is our real enemy, globally?
-DID YOU REST-

Lord I don’t mean to bug you, or question your ability, or cause any minor difficulty. But I must confess, when you breathed into my lungs, sent the angel to read my life expectancy, develop my mental capacity, I thank you G-D that I’m blessed. I wonder after my creation did you rest?

How many centuries did it take to develop my defined chest, solid cultivated mind that never rest, handsome features chiseled with accurate precision, perfect vision, giving many exotic women a strong purpose for livin’?

-Did You Rest?- 

How many stars’ fell from the sky under heaven’s galaxies, to shine its remnant down on me? Or how many Jinns did it envy, probably to many. I contemplate before I speak, every word that roll’s from my tongue, holds an alluring mystique. I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve such rarity, but I hope you give me the inspiration to use it, to the best of my ability.

Never wasting my faculties on simplicity, my mother endured nine (9) months of uncomfortable misery, before she delivered me, into this great world of stress, all I ask Lord, is did you rest?

-Did You Rest?- 

04/19: Kamu
-IF I LEAD A NATION-

It'll be 180 degrees of raw militancy, top pedigree, from the chains of commands, top generals down to the foot soldiers, infantry. Survival tactics would be to survive, even if smothered in plastic, blown up by nuclear gases, bodies immune, no masque, perception of telescopic glasses!

Encamped in a trench, a solid year. Survivin' off rainwater, seasoned with tears, in full gear!

Until the shadows of death even disappear out of fear, strive harder and harder every year, Bring inspiration, over power fate, make a Salat. In the eyes of the enemy, faithfully 5 times everyday, never lacking, nor swaying from the straight path.

Imagine the out come of the aftermath with a sound mind. Body physically agile, Mild temperament, never over heated, strongly breeded, born winner! How can I be defeated?

-IF I LEAD A NATION-

04/by: Kamu
-YOU AND ME-

Honestly I wanna give myself to a woman completely, but truly, I haven’t found one woman worthy of sharing my dreams. She always fall short somewhere in between patients, distance, and loyalty.

Her faith of hope seems to abandon me, in a time when I need your sincerity, it’s no you and me! My hands are left with a cold embrace, my bed is even lonely from your empty space, lost love, without a trace, did you ever really care or did you tell me words, when your heart wasn’t even there?

They say in the art of love, nothing is fair. Because you never truly cared about you and me, so you did what came naturally, an forgot about me. I was foolishly blind, but now I see, it was never no you and me!

-You and Me-

04/by: Kamu

-PROMISE ME-

Taking your word is killin’ me, not that I’m insecure by jealousy, all I ask love is for you to promise me! Recollect all our memories, it hurts me to see you in pain, let alone grieve, I’m tryin’-2- express myself verbally, but my temper overcomes me. I remember how I used to caress your thoughts while you Layed next to me, no heated sex, just connected with you mentally.

-Promise Me-

Promise me, that you sincerely love me, willin’ to lay your life down for me. Satisfied just when you touch me, when I kiss you intensely, talk -2- you seriously. I want you to continue to give your love strictly to me, baby just promise me.

-Promise Me-

04/by: Kamu
#Inmate View – One Thing I Would Change About the Prison System

What Would It Be.....and Why?

I would change the visiting structure and restore the true purpose and meaning of rehabilitation. I would establish and create an environment which institute an atmosphere of harmony. Thus, by doing so, it'll give the incarcerated male/female the opportunity to reconnect and bond with their loved ones. I would put into effect counseling for those individuals who desire to learn the fundamentals to strengthening their family ties. It'd be a nice chance to bridge broken family relations and educate on the significance of keeping the glue of the family structure firmly cemented. Building stronger relations and productive communication with loved ones would hopefully give so-called inmates a sense of responsibility to maintain ones faith, dignity and sentiment of feeling human. That is, worthy of loving and accepting being loved. I believe firmly by keeping ones spirits alive and morale high would in time create a sense of purpose and meaning in the lives of those enduring the loneliness from incarceration.

Furthermore, by helping to rebuild the family structure and keeping the flame of hope alive, it would be a very progressive step towards helping to rehabilitate. It would help the person who's incarcerated appreciate and respect those who genuinely love them. And, just maybe, this might inspire change. That would also bring success to our respective communities...making society much safer in the near future.

Kamau Jones J-70436

CSATF/SP C8-123

PO Box 5246

Corcoran, CA 93212

Be Sociable, Share!
Establishing Non-profit Organization = Entitled, Healing Humanity

I decided to establish this organization in order to combat the constant on-campus school violence targeting innocent students, killing and mayhem inside the confines of our great institution of learning.

If there is no viable solution targeting this national crisis head on, soon we can potentially be faced with a bigger problem if fear and uncertainty begin to take root and manifest throughout educational institutions lowering morale and paralyzing the students' zeal and spirits. Every tragic incident that occurs creates fear, panic, and deep mental, physical and emotional scars that might take years to heal; many wounds will never be healed or comforted.

This is the raw reality we face as Americans. Yes, we are a strong and tenacious people, resilient and courageous. Nevertheless, we are human — fragile in nature and easily damaged. My ideas and solutions to this problem are practical and able to be established if we are truly committed to saving lives and healing the wounds of the victims, their families and also, the perpetrator of such heinous crimes.

I propose a team of psychologists, sociologists, psychoanalysts, spiritual leaders and mentor who have valuable knowledge in insight into human behavior. We would do the following:

1. Establish social media web page geared towards men and women suffering from autism, post-traumatic stress disorder (ptsd) and all other forms of mental disorders.
2. We will use Skype, Facetime and Periscope as a medium to connect and communicate with participants of our social program.

Our plan and goal will be to communicate with clients who might suffer a type of mental episode that could lead them to harm themselves and possible others. So we are looking to help those, who are at risk of causing harm due to a mental disorder, before they act out with violence, and by doing so, it could be a vital tool at saving innocent lives.

If we succeed at creating a welcoming social network site, similar to that of Facebook or establish a partnership with Facebook, that promotes a climate of dignity and respect for our fellow human beings suffering from some type of mental disorder without stigmatizing them, we might have success at eliminating a lot of these tragic incidents before they occur.

I am currently incarcerated, serving a life sentence, and I am determined to make amends for the injustices I inflicted on society and the people I've victimized. I have discovered a gift and talent using my imagination to create ideas that could benefit the world, and God willing, save innocent lives from being lost prematurely.
July 9th, 2017

Re: Mr. Cleveland Jones, Pelican Bay State Prison – Inmate #J70436

Dear Parole Board Members:

We hope you find this letter helpful in answering an important question:
Is Mr. Jones ready to reenter society and function as a law-abiding citizen?

We are proud to report that Mr. Jones has successfully completed Defy Ventures’ rigorous reentry preparation program, CEO of Your New Life (“CEO YNL”).

Through CEO YNL, Mr. Jones developed comprehensive and realistic reentry plans, including written plans related to personal growth, health and appearance, relationship management, decision making, finding employment, and commitments to staying free.

CEO YNL training, used nationally in prisons and jails, specifically addresses criminal thinking errors such as lack of effort and lack of interest in responsible performance through courses such as “Stanley Tucker’s Tips for Success” and “Consequence Trails,” and combats closed channel thinking by building in repeated opportunities for feedback and revision.

By taking the initiative to complete Defy Ventures’ CEO YNL program, Mr. Jones has the potential to earn a Certificate of Career Readiness from Baylor University’s Hankamer School of Business, which will establish Mr. Jones’ credibility with potential employers and support successful reentry. Defy’s curriculum includes 100 courses taught by some of the country’s leading experts.

Mr. Jones is invited to apply to Defy Ventures’ post-release Academy, which will provide:

- Strong accountability (including regular drug testing) and case management
- Employment assistance and job placement
- Executive mentoring and coaching from business professionals, invitations to business events, and a dedicated support network
- Family support services such as regular conference calls, events, and education

We stand proudly behind the accomplishments of our participants. Defy’s post-release recidivism rate of less than 5% demonstrates that our participants are truly able to put the criminal lifestyle behind them. We have high expectations for Mr. Jones’ success. Not everyone has the perseverance, discipline, and courage to engage in the deep self-reflection required to complete CEO of Your New Life. We know these traits will serve Mr. Jones well.

We look forward to continuing Mr. Jones’ training and support upon release. Defy Ventures will be there with continued support and accountability from staff members and our post-release community of Executive Mentors (we have 3,000 volunteers nationally!).

Thank you very much for your consideration. Please contact me directly with questions.

Sincerely,

Sean Volin
National Director of Prison Services

SEAN@DEFYVENTURES.ORG • M 201.707.8027 • 5 PENN PLAZA, 19TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10001
Inmate JONES, J70436, has completed Defy Ventures’ CEO of Your New Life program. CEO of Your New Life is an entrepreneurship, career readiness, and character development program that prepares inmates for reentry. To meet the requirements of this program, he has watched completed 100 courses taught by some of the country’s leading experts. He has developed comprehensive and realistic reentry plans, including written plans related to personal growth, health and appearance, relationship management, decision making, finding employment, and commitments to staying free. He has formulated a small business idea that will allow him to generate legal income. As a graduate of the program, he has also earned a Certificate in Career Readiness from Baylor University Hankamer School of Business, which establishes his credibility with potential employers and support successful reentry.

CEO YNL training is used nationally in prisons and jails, specifically addressing criminal thinking errors such as lack of effort and lack of interest in responsible performance, and combats closed channel thinking by building in repeated opportunities for feedback.

He also encouraged to apply to Defy Ventures’ post-release Academy, which provides: Strong accountability (including regular drug testing) and case management, Employment assistance and job placement; Executive mentoring (3,500 volunteers nationally) and coaching from business professionals, invitations to business events, and a dedicated support network, and, Family support services such as regular conference calls, events, and education. Defy’s post-release recidivism rate of less than 5% demonstrates the participants are truly able to put the criminal lifestyle behind them.

Catherine Hoke  
Defy CEO

R. Losacco  
AA/PIO

Original:  
C-File

cc:  
Inmate

DATE: 7/21/17  
LAUDATORY

PBSP
UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE STAFF AND BY AUTHORITY OF THE GOVERNING BOARD, THIS

CERTIFICATE OF COMPLETION

IS CONFERRED UPON

CLEVELAND JONES

FOR SATISFACTORILY COMPLETING THE REQUIREMENTS AS PRESCRIBED FOR WHITE BELT OF THE CEO OF YOUR NEW LIFE PROGRAM FROM DEFY VENTURES AND AWARDED WITH ALL THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES PERTAINING THERETO.

10TH OF JULY, TWO THOUSAND AND SEVENTEEN

[Signature]

Catherine F. Hoke
CEO & Founder
Baylor University

Waco, Texas

Hankamer School of Business
Certificate in Career Readiness

Presented to

CLEVELAND JONES

This Eighteenth Day of July in the year
Two Thousand Seventeen

Gary R. Cartini, Ph.D. Associate Dean

Catherine Hoke, Founder and CEO, Defy Ventures
DeFy Ventures transformation at Pelican Bay State Prison

On April 7-9, 2017 we were blessed with the great fortune to host the DeFy Ventures team and their business partners here at Pelican Bay State Prison. On their arrival the EIT’s greeted them with loud music, friendly cheers and welcoming hand shakes.

This was a pure historical moment that captured the essence of excitement, pain, self-transformation, and the love for humanity. One way I would describe it would be like stepping into a magical box and coming out transformed and completely rejuvenated.

It was a heart felt experience when you’re able to connect with one beyond wealth, class and get to the deepest core of the human spirit. Fear and anxiety evaporated and we felt cleansed with joy and happiness. Some of us were touched deeply because of the lack of the human touch, some had not shaken hands with another human being that has been in the free world for many years.

We were able to dance and as the adrenaline started to flow the energy and atmosphere was amazing. We shared personal stories that allowed us to vividly see the commonality of what makes us human. Some became vulnerable and tears cascaded down their faces, and left puddles at their feet as Catherine Hokes healing voice harmonized through the speakers as EIT’s and visitor’s
DeFey ventures transformation at Pelican Bay State Prison

Comforted one another.

I believe this experience will forever be emblazoned in our memories, and on behalf of all FIT's we are thankful for this wonderful opportunity, and we're looking forward to seeing everyone again at our DeFey graduation. I would like to send a big shout out and special thanks to Warden Mr. Ducart, for making this monumental endeavor possible. And also, the great staff of team Facilitator's who worked tirelessly in order to support us: Ms. Silva, Ms. Miranda, Ms. Tessa Nosler, Ms. Field and Ms. Lambert. Thank you!

Sincerely

FIT: Mr. Kamau Jones/and Fellow FIT's
This is to certify that

KAMAU JONES

has attended, participated in and completed in 8 weeks of group

ANGER MANAGEMENT

Mr. Jones has not only shown positive growth in himself but he has participated in a way that has contributed to the emotional growth and well-being of his fellow group members. Mr. Jones' presence in this group has been an asset. His attitude, respect, knowledge, insight, care of and for his fellow group members and participation has been noted and appreciated.

Ms. Hamilton, Licensed Clinical Social Worker

Ms. Hamilton, Licensed Clinical Social Worker

September 03, 2011

"We really do matter more than we have a clue about. Every one of us does. There's something unrepeatable and good about who we are. There's something mysterious about being human....we often may feel alone. We're not alone in any way like we believe we are. I think we are more connected than we believe. I believe there's a dignity and goodness to what we bring into the world and the point of our lives, somehow, is to begin to get it about that." Dr. Jeff Rediger, M.D., M.Div.
Group Therapy Participation Certificate

Lifer Support Group

This is to certify that CLEVELAND JONES CDCR # J70436 has completed 7 weeks (10.5 hours) of a mental health group for inmates serving a life sentence. The group encourages peer support while developing healthy strategies for coping with life without parole. Inmate/Patients are encouraged to clarify their personal values and to examine their personal conduct. Mr. Jones’ participation in group was active, insightful and helpful to the other group members.

Inmate Jones is commended for his attendance and active participation in the group meetings.

E. McKenzie, Ph.D.
Staff Psychologist
CSATF/SP

Corcoran, California
October 10, 2012
The above inmate member is a voluntary member of the Narcotic or Alcohol Anonymous Program at Pelican Bay State Prison. The following data reflects the inmate's attendance for the 1st quarter of 2017 which is from January 1, 2017 through March 31, 2017.

Total A.A. meetings attended at PBSP for 1st quarter ___9___ attended out of ___10___ available.

ORIG: C-File
Inmate
Coordinating Sponsor

DATE 5/19/17

PBSP
GENERAL CHRONO

The above inmate member is a voluntary member of the Narcotic or Alcohol Anonymous Program at Pelican Bay State Prison. The following data reflects the inmate's attendance for the 2nd quarter of 2017 which is from April 1, 2017 through June 30, 2017

Total A.A. meetings attended at PBSP for 2nd quarter ___5___ attended out of ___5___ available.

ORIG: C-File
Inmate
Coordinating Sponsor

DATE 8/17/2017

PBSP
GENERAL CHRONO
Memorandum

Date: August 22, 2017

To: JONES, CLEVELAND J70436 B6-113

From: Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation
Pelican Bay State Prison, P.O. Box 7000, Crescent City, CA 95532-7000

Subject: PEER FACILITATOR FOR DEFY VENTURES

Congratulations on being selected as a Peer Facilitator for the upcoming Defy Ventures program.

A short meeting has been tentatively scheduled to meet with a few of the Defy Ventures representatives on Saturday, August 26th and you will receive an assignment for this event.

Our first meeting is tentatively scheduled for September 6, 2017, and the meetings thereafter will be on Mondays and Wednesdays. You will be receiving a white Assignment Card for the meetings. KEEP THIS ASSIGNMENT CARD. You will not receive ducats and this is all you have to show custody staff you are entitled to come to the Defy meetings.

We look forward to your assistance with the next Defy Ventures program.

L. FIELD
ILTAG Staff Sponsor
Name: JONES, CLEVELAND
CDCR #: J70436
October 8, 2011

GROUP COMPLETION CHRONO

Inmate Jones has completed a 10 week group ‘MEN AND ANGER’. This group used the books Men & Anger: Understanding and Managing Your Anger for a Much Better Life by Cullen & Freeman-Longo and Man’s Search For Meaning by Frankl. These books explored the source of anger and how to channel it in a way that will get him what he wants without causing harm to himself and/or others. In the course of study a self evaluation of incarceration and what that means to an individual was discussed.

This individual is commended for his hard work, active participation and insight he shared and received.

R. Hamilton, LCSW
Staff Clinical Social Work
CSATF/SP at Corcoran

C. Soares, Ph.D.
Senior Psychologist Supervisor
CSATF/SP at Corcoran

Original: C-File
CC: UHR
Inmate
CERTIFICATE OF COMPLETION

CLEVELAND JONES

Computer Literacy

TSUNAMI ADULT SCHOOL

01/22/2015

DATE

SUPERVISOR, ACADEMIC INSTRUCTION

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Certificate of Registration

This Certificate issued under the seal of the Copyright Office in accordance with title 17, United States Code, attests that registration has been made for the work identified below. The information on this certificate has been made a part of the Copyright Office records.

Maurice Allaire
Register of Copyrights, United States of America

Registration Number
TXu 1-826-478

Effective date of registration:
April 6, 2009

Title

Title of Work: "Struggling to Survive", Poetry Collection, vol.1
Contents Titles:
Chapter 1 Sacred Black Woman - A Gracious Woman, Why We Should Cherish Our Woman, Together We are Invincible, A Woman's Worth, A Letter to Ms. Oprah Winfrey, My Queen of Queens, Dedication to the Ex-Princess of Bahrain, A Black Queen, We Must Elevate Our Women, Apology to Our Women
Chapter 2 Drifting On Memories : I apologize, I miss you, Letter of hope and inspiration, Concrete Rose, Betrayed, Should I Cry or Lie, Lost Tides, You and Me, Promise Me, Love
Chapter 3 Battle Cries of a Revolutionary : Mr. Whitey, Blazing Bullet, If I Lead a Nation, America, What if, Power, Sentence me to death, Trapped inside the enemy, America, You Did This to Me, Message to my African Nation
Chapter 4 Romantic Flattery : A diamond in the rough, A stolen kiss, Mental stimulus, Creme de la creme, Secret love affairs, Alica keys, Could never give you, Every curve of your body, Sweet lady, untitled, untitled, Short poems
Chapter 5 Black man rise / Take a Stand : Hoping to achieve, (Zpact), Salute to a Fallen Soldier, Where do we stand, Revolution of the heart, What's Going on, Innermost thoughts, Struggling to survive, Make you understand our Home, respect and recognize, Dedicated to struggle, H.E., G.P., E., Caesar Peace Alliance, C.R.F.P. Community Resistance in progress, Why are our eyes closed, Message to our future generation, Does that label me an outlaw
Chapter 6 Spiritual Enlightenment : Spiritual Awakening, Creation, Life, After death, Does he hear me, Who am I, Treasure of the mind, When im laid to rest, untitled, Did u rest, Aligning ourselves with our creator, Unity and Brother Hood, Chapter 7 Dedicated to my son Rayboom : Never betrayed, My shining star

Completion/Publication

Year of Completion: 2004

Author

Author: Cleveland Kama Jones (Pseud: Kamau)
Author Created: Text
Citizen of: United States
Domiciled In: California
Struggling To Survive

Book Cover's Symbolic Meaning

The warrior is in the midst of constant strife, adversity and enormous challenges that he must fight to overcome and surmount the obstacles which stands in the way of his success. The lion represents strength, determination and pride. Moreover, the warrior exudes confidence, courage and a heart which knows no fear. Yet cautious, wise, humble and resilient. The eagle represents America and her stealth and swift nature to bring democracy, hypocrisy and her vast luxuries (willing and unwilling) to other nations, countries and continents.

And the all seeing eye is weeping because of the injustice, corruption, poverty and decadent ambience of the world. The prison-made shank(knife) symbolizes strife, struggle and a object of security and survival. On the warrior's pants, you can clearly see the word Prisoner and you're about to journey inside of his world. A world that's prejudged by society. Thus, misunderstood by politicians. Oftentimes misrepresented through the eyes of the convict because of the complex nature of institutionalized incarceration. It is my sincere attempt that I may succeed in my endeavor to convey my plight to humanity through my artistic form of short stories, essays and poems. No matter what your destiny and future prospect may be, we're all on a journey and submerged in a daily struggle to survive.