A Voice
Buried Alive

A Melodic And Melodramatic Collection Of Poems

By: Edrick Williams, Jr.
Dedication

I dedicate this whole project to my two beautiful daughters, I-Armani and I-Akiriya. I-Armani and I-Akiriya, my two lucky pennies. My two angelic beauties. My two beauty, beauty and brains. What more could a father ask for? Rhythm of my heart. All my love and heart belong to the two of u, I-Akiriya and I-Armani.

A Voice Buried Alive: A Collection Of Melodic And Melodramatic Poems

By: Edrick Williams, Jr.
My name is Edrick Williams Jr. I'm 35. Thirty-five years old. I am the proud father of (2) two beautiful daughters. I'm not married. I have no girlfriend nor significant others. Unfortunately, I'm currently incarcerated and have been for the past (14) fourteen years. I'm serving an (80) eighty day (40) forty year bid for a felony murder and (2) two first degree robberies in this state of Indiana. With a life sentence awaiting me in my home state of Alabama for capital murder, attempt murder, and Birmingham/Bessemer, Jefferson Co., Alabama. The Magic City.

I've been writing poetry now for the past (10) ten years. I picked up the pen as a way to express myself and the struggle I'm going through. As well as I see it as a way for me to provide for myself in prison. I am a self-taught person in hip-hop head but I love all genres of music. Hence, my newfound affection for writing poetry. Over the years of my incarceration, I've crafted a number of poems. Although I don't consider my form of writing poetry. At least not in the traditional sense of laments, couplets and sonnets. Nevertheless, consider my writing to be a form of poetry. This is my introduction to the literary world as a poet. I hope my work is understood and received well by the masses and/or public. Because there is much more to come from me. I'm just getting started. And to anyone that may want to come in contact with me; my mailing info:

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+ Voice Buried Alive: A Collection Of
Melodic And Melodramatic Poems
A Voice Buried Alive
Bias Systemic Racism

Take a look around; everybody standin' round
In a state of disbelief with tears fallin' down
Because there's another lifeless body on the ground
And the police is no where'd be found
Unless they are the reason for the body found
Layin' face down on the concrete
Dead by the hands of the police
But this was just today
Just yesterday it was by the hands of u and me
Either way by the hands of u and me or the police
We are killin' each other
I say we're in the race of humanity
See, me this killin' of each other
Is bigger than black and white
Not a day not take away from the fact
That it's black bein' killed unjustly
By the hands of the police
But I'd be speakin' and writin' hypocritically
If I didn't speak and writin' with honesty
When it's a fact that it's black killin' black
Substantially and mo' abundantly
Not that it make it right
For black 2 be killed by white police
Abundantly, everyday
Substantially, everyday
And honestly it is what it is
Bias systemic racism; sadly

Edrick Williams, Jr.
I been doin' time
Time on top of time
And sadly
The penitentiary raised me
Steel and concrete define me
I been doin' time
Time on top of time
And sadly
The penitentiary raised me
I long to turn back the hands of time
So I can get back half of my lifetime
A time-span wasted in a sail-cell
A place that's a livin' hell
So it shouldn't be no wonder why
I inhale; I get high
Flyin' paper planes; no drains and no trains
I fly paper planes
I get high just to get by
Cause from day to day
I really want 2 die
Only thing is I can't bring myself
2 kill myself
But, I'll be the first I kill somebody else
If I feel they're a threat 2 my health
As I do this time
Time on top of time
I been doin' time
And sadly
The penitentiary raised me
All I know is time
In this prison life I live

Edrick Williams, Jr.
(2)
With my pen I give you a birds-eye view
Of a life full of sin
And in a life of sin, one do what He got ta do
Some people choose to get a job
And some people choose to kill and rob
Life is ill when u have a hunger
To somethin' u've never even had befo'
The hunger pains won't let u utter
What u won't do; cause u go have 2 do
Some things u've never even done befo'
Just 2 obtain and maintain
What u've never even had befo'
But, 2o whatever u do, u got 2 accept the consequences
There are consequences 4 every action
And to every action there's a reaction
Consequences, consequences
U again be doin' ya own thing and stayin' in ya own lain
While prayin' u make it through, what u are goin' through
Without executin' the thought of 'executin' yaself
At a time when u have nothin' left
In this life I look toward 2 but death
What else is there I look toward 2
When u are servin' an 80 do 40 year sentence in one state
With a life-sentence awaitin' u in another state
With these kind 07 consequences
I often ask yaself, is this my life
Really this can't be life
Not when u are alive, and brimmin' with life, but not able 2 thrive
U are only allowed 2 exist within a grim realm 07 life
While u watch life pass u by
With a river 07 emotion comin' from ya eye

Edrick Williams, Jr.
Race Relations In America (Part 1)

Obviously, my President is black
And due to this fact
They have the audacity to say
That race is not an issue in America today
It's 2016
But, what do that mean
When race is very much an issue in America today
As much as it was yesterday
The American race relations from yesterday
Is very much the American race relations of today
When the police is white
And a 12 year old black kid is killed by the police in broad day light
It's sad to say
But this is any given day in America
No matter what, said black man and/or kid
Didn't do or did
A case of guilty before any judge or jury decided a verdict
Whether guilty or not-guilty
This is America
Where u are presumed innocent until provein' guilty
But, if u are black in America
U are automatically guilty
Racial profile
Racial profile
If this ain't racial profile
Then I don't know what is
But this is the race relations of America

Edrick Williams, Jr.
I can't breathe
The last words of another diein' black man
By the hands of another white man, a policeman
I can't breathe
These chokein' words of that diein' black man
provoked a movement across America
After the breakin' news of another black man, in America
The land of liberty
Being unjustly killed by the long arm of the law
The exact same people that swore & uphold and enforce the law
Are the exact same people breakin' the law
Without any charges being charged nor an indictment
As it they’re, Steven Sigal “Above The Law”
America, how did we as a country get in this predicament
Where black life is insignificant
And white people are the only people innocent
We as a country have a systemic headache with law enforcement
Pulsatein' with the heart of the city
Throughout the country
From Staten Island, New York, to Ohio, Cincinnati
And on out to California, L.A.
A place where the lost angels pray
And cry out: I can't breathe
I can't breathe

Edrick Williams, Sr. (5)
They have the audacity & question our value of life
sayin' we show no appreciation for human life
Are they serious
They can't possibly be serious
Have they not took a look around lately
We live in poverty-stricken communities
There are no jobs
And the minimum wage is below the poverty line
So don't ask me why we kill each other
Ask me how u of substantial means, affluence and opulence
Can assist me
I don't want u 2 give me nothin',
I may be a have not, and I come from nothin',
But I'm not ya charity case
Thank- u, but no-thank- u
I'm allergic 2 a hand-out
Therefor I get up and get out
Doin' what I got 2 do 2 survive
So don't ask me why we kill each other
When u wouldn't question why not how a rose grew
From concrete without mangled petals
No, u wouldn't
Totally the opposite
U would adore it's mind 2 touch the sky
& grow against the odds
So don't ask me why we kill each other
When we are that rose strugglein' 2 grow from the ghetto
And these mere words are the mangled petals.

Edrick Williams, Jr.
Politics as usual
But this ain't the usual politics
Not when our children are the usual suspects
Living their life in a divisive political age
Where the politics trap them in a cage
Now try to fathom their rage
A rage political policies will never even acknowledge
Politics as usual
But this ain't the usual politics
Not when our children are the usual suspects
Payin' a political obligation unbeknownst to them
Yet they pitiable with their allowance of innocence
Some things that'll never even exist in politics
Politics as usual
But this ain't the usual politics
Not when our children are the usual suspects
Their virtuous won't allow them to communicate
In this divisive age of politics to themselves
They don't understand the helter-skelter political language
Therefore it's upon us and me to broadcast
And take the detrimental political steps for them.
After all, these are our children of flawed politics

Edrick Williams, Sr.
A Voice Buried Alive

A Father's Prayer

The spot of angelic beauty
Are the keys to my legacy
They're the keys to my legacy
I pray and hope they go on & be
Of higher quality in life than me
Because I'm a born loser in life, sadly
I was a baby havin' babies
I didn't know how to be a daddy
Nor did I know how to be the father
My daughters needed me & be
So sincerely, my apology
O my 2 angelic beauties
I forsaken u 2 for the streets
And the backwash for me
Presently restin' my feet in the penitentiary
Sayin' 2 God for a better way
For a better way 2 succeed tomorrow
In spite of knowin' tomorrow
Aint promised 2 me today
Yet and still I look toward 2 the fresh dew
Of a new day
As I pray my daughters don't spit upon me
Not literally, but figuratively
Hopefully, they'll accept my apology
To me turnin' out & be a deadbeat
A truthness u didn't forsake comin' from me
Nevertheless, I've got 2 express authenticity
After all, this is my poetic life story
And God knows it got 2 depict integrity

Edrick Williams, Sr.
A Voice Buried Alive

A Right & Passage (Freedom)

We been prayin' and hopein'
We been cryin' for Freedom
Freedom from captivity
Freedom from injustice
Freedom from oppression
And Freedom from poverty
Liberty is so difficult to obtain
Yet, it's so easy to give away
And so easy to take away
I sit and reminisce on yesterday
When my people; Black people, use to fight and die for liberty.

Our Freedom as a people;
Our right & passage;
Now look at us today.
So quick & says; "We're so proud of this and that."
Yet we squander our Freedom away everyday.
After yearnin' for so long & truly be free
Physically, mentally, and emotionally.
Free to be as a yellowhammer flyin' in the sky.
Without a care in the world.
Now I could've been born anywhere in the world.
But, I was born here— in America— with hate in my heart.
And innocent blood in my eyes.
I'm a Soledad comrade confined 2 this so-called land of the free, and the home of the brave.
But 70' me and my people, Black people, ain't nothin', free.
The motto should be: the land of a thief and the home of a slave.
A slave that's searchin' 70, His/Her right & passage.

Edrick Williams, Sr
Imagine being brimful of life
But not able to live life.
U only exist within a bastille world
That's located inside of a free-world.
Believe in memories from ya pass u never wish u had
Sad cause all u have now is a melancholy morrow
With nothin' but sorrow under lock and key.
U wander aimlessly around a steel and concret jungle
Where only the gutsy and mighty survive.
Whether it be physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually.
The weak become quarty & many of predators
It's dog eat dog under lock and key.
The mighty and shaky have only one thing in common
Self-preservation.
Survival by any means necessary.
In a world where nothin' ever vary.
And the world of the free pass away.

Edrick Williams, Sr.
A Voice Buried Alive

A Caste System (Liberty)

America's liberty comes with a penalty
My faith, Lady Liberty
I need u as much as I need clemency.
We need u, Lady Liberty as much as we need mercy.
Here, in this country built on slavery,
Yet, it's constituted on liberty.

The hypocrisy of this country
The bigotry of U, Lady Liberty
The mockery of liberty in this country
When there's over 2 million in the penitentiary
And/or on correction of the community

Sorry, I mean community correction.
America's liberty comes with a penalty
Mass incarceration

The penal-criminal-justice system
Is a system, within a system
The legal creation of a caste system
Where no matter how much u
Pay ya legal debt & society
U are considered a second class citizen
Not a citizen of Lady Liberty's society
But a citizen of a mass incarcerated society
A caste system within liberty
A Voice Buried Alive

Poetry Is My Life

In my darkest hour
The circumstances I faced gave me the substance
to write my truth & power
On the heels of every wrong, there's a consequence
And for me there was no difference
It was taken care of by chance,
Vital obstacles that buried me alive
Within a realm of grim circumstances
A situation where I'm not able to thrive
And the powers that be
Demand for me a cover
Instead of seein' me fight
Until the end of my plight
So I defy the powers that be
And fight with these words I write
Eloquently depicting my pivotal struggles
With the pulse of my Tru-2-life rhyme
I compose into poetic riddles my troubles
In the event of my mortal demise
My conflicted spirit will rise
Until the end of time
I'm immortal in and between these lines
Meanwhile in between time
Father time ain't no friend of mine
So let's walk and talk for a while
And get lost in today tomorrow can wait
These words tend to take on a life of their own
Makein' my poetic images timeless
The dusk of life they'll never even see
Through my every word life is endless
The texture of my poetic life story
Is infinity
So let's wine and dine in style
And get lost in this moment of fate

Edrick Williams Jr.
Man, grow up and stop playin',
This is real life, obviously
And obviously this ain't a PlayStation game
We, men got to let go of that mind frame
Cause these people ain't playin'
For them this ain't a game
They have a Windex 'clear' plain
And they are executin' it all day
Everyday they are executin' their plain
Just take a look at where u stay
Now tell me whose missin'
And I'll bet u u'll find them in prison
Or if they've relocated 2 the cemetery
The prison or the cemetery
Is where u can find the missing Black Man
Breakin' News, Breakin' News
In the absence of the black man
Young black boys pretend 2 be men
Meanwhile, grown men play with extravagant toys
And there by the puzzlement
Of whose the man, and whose the child
Children and women
Pitch hissy fits about this and that
Winin' & get that and this
Not seasoned, fully grown men
Girls, boys pretend 2 be men
But its grown men playin' with extravagant toys
From boys 2 men
Or is it immature men bein' boys
B'atin' bein' mature men playin' PlayStation games
Stuck in a boys mind frame
Goin' 2 prison or layin' 2 a cemetery
Either way this is the Mans plain
And it's very horror movie scary
Is it should be terrifyin'
Takin' our community at its power structure
The Black Man, decimate in the black community

Edrick Williams, Jr.
I was born right there
In a place where my survival hung on a dare
I was created right there
On the verge of eternal life
And on the edge of everlastin' fire
Standin' on my own as my own man
In my right hand I hold principles, morals, and values
Principles, morals, and values instilled by my Mother
And Great grandmother
In my other hand I clutch a lonly void
The lonly void of my missin' father
And that missin' father is who I became
A father I never even had
It's sad, but my mother was my Mother and my Dad
Meanin', I was raised by a uniquely, iron-willed woman
She just couldn't teach me how to be a man
That/I figured out the troublesome way, on my own
By way of the streets with a gun
A gun that shot me & the penitentiary
And Fortunately for me, I didn't conceive a son
To become what I became

Edrick Williams, Jr.
A Voice Buried Alive

Lessons Never Learned

I continue to make the same mistakes. And everyday of my life I live with them.
They seem to be the story of my life.
A story of unlearned lessons from life.
I could never ever learn my lesson from them.
Life lessons disguised by my life mistakes.
After my life made me a martyr of them,
I realized I was a victim of my life.
Continuing, I make the same mistakes.
Yet I never even seem to learn my lesson from them.
Lessons of right and wrong mistakes made in life.
A Voice Buried Alive

Perseverance

I rise out of the ashes that surround me
With the spirit of a Phoenix; I'm bold
Shyne'in brilliantly to all I see
A light of hope beamin' from my soul
In the face of life cruel circumstances
I haven't limched one inch
Nor have I cried aloud
I stand superior over the world of chance
And as a man I endured, and stand unboased
In a place of persistent sorrow and tears
The holy horror of life lay in the shade
Patiently waitin', evolvein' over the years
Only I find me ready and unafraid
Mistakes don't matter befo the gate
Only life consequences within the scroll
I hold the destiny of my fate
But He is the captain of my soul

Edrick Williams Jr.

(16)
A Voice Buried Alive

Unjust Justice

The command of man I couldn't abide
The law of the land I couldn't abide by
So here I reside in this human storage facility
A very shady immoral zoo
A human zoo
Where u are deprived of all humanity
And with no empathy for ya family
U are condemned 2 die
Whether it be a natural death or u kill yerself
No matter; u die
for society that's what matter
Because u are condemned 2 die
As if u are a rabid hound u are put down
With no regard for the years of sincere tears
That fall 4 u from ya families eye
As long as u die
This is what society call justice
This is what we, the people of society
Call justice
Lock-up the unjust, scandalous criminal
And throw away the key
This villainous animal is not just for society
But, this scandalous criminal, this villainous animal
Is somebody's father, sister, brother, mother
With a carein' and luvin' family
So I think we (the people of society)
Need 2 rethink what we consider 2 be justice
Because obviously this approach 2 justice
Is not workin' This broken system of unjust justice
Is really not workin'.

Edrick Williams, Jr.
A Voice Buried Alive

I Write My Wrongs

The chain reaction of my actions
Are stronger than gravity itself
The severity of my actions
Wasn't comprehensible to me
Until I was literally
Keepin' an eye open for death
It's a benediction to me
2 be breathin' today
93 and black, I could've easily been, Freddie Gray
All because I'm young and black
They perceive me 2 be a Menace 2 Society
It's, if all young black men be packin'
Jailin' us 4, we don't know how 2 act
Everyday I open my eyes I count my blessings
Then I crack the books of my costly life lessons
Taught me by my impulsive actions
The cause and effect of all my wrongs
Compel me 2 write my wrongs in my poems
The only venue 2 me 2 attempt 2 right my wrongs
It's here in and between the lines of a poem
Where I elegantly depict the misery of my life

A brief melancholy boredom
Embrace my frame of mind
See, the severity of my situation is drivin' me
down 2 one-way, the wrong way insane
to endure with me
My pain in each and every line near my life blues in the sound of the rain

Edrick Williams, Jr.

(18)
A Voice Buried Alive

U (Diamonds & Pearls)

my dearest and precious girls in the world
my diamonds and pearls
i catch a view of u & in everything i do
every time i eye the mirror all i see is u
i hate the day i did what i did
and decided to leave the 2 of u
in lieu of me doing what men do
what a man would’ve done
but i wasn’t a man, i was just a kid
no where near man enough to face my faults
and bear the brunt of my hooligan faults
diamonds and pearls
my & daughter’s are diamonds and pearls
my & pretty and precious girls in the world
every time i close my eyes
i only see the 2 of u
words solely could never even depict
the 2 of u how much i miss u
every dawn & dark i’m not with the 2 of u
i slip from the shame and guilt
of me neglectin’ the 2 of u
when the 2 of u deserve the world
and i truly wish i could give it 2 u
my angelic girls are worth no’ than
diamonds and pearls
the 2 of u are too precious and way no’ special than mere diamonds and pearls

Edrick Williams, Jr.
He attest a real life contest of solitaire
Where after a calendar there's another calendar
Life is a dare
Dare u do this, dare u say that
It's a dare in test each and everyday, all day
He's servein all day
Doin' numbers of the NBA
It's a dare in test each and everyday
So use ya crest for me, than a hat rack
And survive this real life contest of chest
In a place where ya next move got 2 be ya best move
Or embrace ya final rest
Forevea in a day
Servein all day
Doin' numbers of the NBA
Forevea in a day
His birth name is no longer his name
1-5-9-6-9-9-9, is now his name
When it come 2 doin' time
I are stripped of ya humanity
I are state property
No mo' than a commodity
Ya if u have been bought and sold
Forevea in a day

Edrick Williams, Sr.
(20)
A Voice Buried Alive

Cecil The Lion (Set Free)

Cecil The Lion is trapped spiritually and emotionally.
Inside a man made wilderness of concrete and steel
Yes been domesticated yet he’s very much untamed
But the powers that be think they’ve captured
All of his rage and rampage.
Unbeknownst & them they could never even capture
All of his rage and rampage.
Not when there passionate vocals
Set, Cecil The Lion Free
Racin’ like a free from a waterfront of thoughts
& roam the heart and mental jungles of Black Men
The hardwood hearts and minds of at risk Black Men
That’s in need of a source of hope
And light at the end of a dark tunnel
Where there once was a source of virtue,
But all there is now is a misunderstood pride
That’s full of race and rampage.
Behind all the unjust Killin’s of other Cecil The Lions
Which seem to be daily in the streets
The concrete jungle of America
If they’re (Cecil The Lion) been trapped in a cage
Then’ll be set free mentally and physically

Edrick Williams, Jr.
A Voice Buried Alive

Stand Alone

A life of crime
Go hand in hand with doin' time
There's no way to separate the 2
In a life of crime
The impending is doin' time
There's no honor in the company of thieves
It's only self-preservation
But the window go tru-blue dedication
Please believe
Trust and loyalty blow with the leaves
I have to be an oak tree
And stand as a man or woman
By ya lonely
Be ya own man or woman
Be ya self, and stand steadfast by ya self
On ya own
Because when it come time
To say the power
I stand all alone
By ya self
There is no sphere
I face death on ya own
By ya self
Life's swan song
I die on ya own
By ya self
And this swan song is life
I understand
So I stand alone
On my own as a man

Edrick Williams, Jr.
A Voice Buried Alive

The Lawless

In a world of the lawless,
Life exist in a hollow shadow of death.
In a place where souls are sold,
And everybody is out for them.$

The hearts of men are bitterly cold.
In the company of thieves there's no honor.
I can only try to stand as a man.
And not cowerin' on ya knees, resemblein' a madcow.
Even the weak manifest evil while exhibitin' fear.
When the strong is evil with nothin' & fear.
They live each and everyday as if it's their last.
With nothin' & profit, and nothin' & to feel.
To them there's no future & look toward 2.
There's only, mental souvenirs from the past.
That gets lived and relived over and over again.
While they are drownin' in an abyss of sin.
They pray for a redeemin' rain.
Hopein' it wash away the ominous pain.
That come from a life of doom.
From the womb & a tomb.
In this world of the lawless.

Edrick Williams, Jr.
(23)
As a man or woman
If u won't stand fo' somethang
U'll land face first fo' anything
So stand strong, herculean strong
Stand vehemently by what u believe
And what u hold 2 be right
Whom is 2 declare 2 u
That u are vront
When what they view 2 be vront
U see it 2 be right
So stand strong, herculean strong
Stand vehemently by what u believe
And what u hold 2 be right
Don't take kindly 2 nobody
Suggestin' u are vront
When u consider and believe yaself 2 be right
As a man or woman
Never, ever
Lack confidence in self
Fo' the utterance of someone else
Always
Always stand resolute
By what u believe in
And what u hold 2 be tru

Edrick Williams, Sr.
With every 2 steps I take toward
and as if I've taken a few steps backwards
or times I don't know if I'm spin' or comin'
this may give the impression at my mental decay
so it's safe I say I'm losein' my mind
existin' within this abnormality of life
where u only get three hours and a cot
from a man made cage & rec
just a release a bit of rage
from a normal way of life
that's submerged in an abnormality of life
where u are committed
yet not so committed
& a vow of, until death do u part
an unholy matrimony between Fathertime and me
Confined & this world inside a world
I endure this life of time
where Fathertime is killin' me slowly
while I Rolex-watch time pass me by
Due & the choices I made in the blank of an eye
I only could turn back the hands of time
I'd stop for a few ticks of the minute hand
and give some thought 2 my troubled life choices
Life choices I wish I never even made
But, what's done is done
No matter how much I wish
I can't undo what I've done
I can't turn back the hands of time
I can only stand man 2 man
and face 2 face with, Fathertime
As I find myself taken a few steps backwards
With every 2 steps I take toward

Edick Williams, Sr.
(25)
I Welcome The Rain

I often find myself pace'in,
Backwards and towards
Within an isolated space of my mind
Tryin' my damnedest not to go insane
From all the madness that's plaguein' my brain
As the pitter-patter of the rain
Against my cell-bar windowpane
Slowly but surely drive me insane
Straight to the madhouse
But it's a cell-house.
I find myself standin' outside of
In a straight-jacket in the pourin' rain
Oh, how I pray and hope it wash away my pain
From all the sin I do
Just to maintain my sanity
Within this steel and concrete world
A world inside a world of shame and blame
With nothin' else to do
I welcome the rain.

Edrick Williams Jr.
The American dream is history
Black history
And black history is a leadin' role
In the American dream
But the American dream
Has never ever been my dream
How could it be my dream
When they don't even see me as American
As if the American-United States ain't my place of origin
In account of my stained skin
Yeah, I'm African-American
But, I've never ever been a Africa
Moreover, I am very unapologetically black
I'm just not from Africa
I'm from America
Born and raised American
And I'm proud to be black
Without a doubt Africa is my ancestry
Therefore I'm only seen as a commodity
In this state of the Union country
Where it's politics on top of social-politics
In a country that was structured on slavery
So no
The American dream has never ever been my dream
& be continued...

Edrick Williams, Jr.
A Voice Buried Alive

The American Dream (Black History) Part-2

Dr. King had a dream to us in this country
A dream of u and me, ordinary people, my people
Just achieve extraordinary gains
At a point when stayin' alive for a black man was no give

In the life span of 1965
Black people bled on the pavement
Showerin' blood across the Edmund Pettus bridge
That Sunday of blood march through my veins
Pave in the way to our right to vote, and our Civil Rights

Where to no mo' Black Only/White Only signs
Across the water fountain
Through the eyes of King, we saw the top of the mountain
And His dream is my American dream
Where each and every man
Is truly equal and judged by the contents
Of His and her character (frame of mind and kind)
Not by the pigment of their skin

In an evanescing swan song: Standin' on the shoulders of my
Birthright history
Make it possible for me to see
To live and breathe the glory of liberty
What was once said to be impossible
But through years of tears
We made it possible
In the face of Jim Crow yesterday
Although today the industrialization of the American
Penitentiary is the present day, Jim Crow
So, the struggle continues...

Edrick Williams, Jr. (28)
In the face of injustice
I see no bias injustice, than justice.
The penal, criminal justice system is broken.
The schoolhouses are closed,
And the cell-house doors are open.
Mettime in between time
The same people that face this bias injustice
Are the same people livin' in poverty.
We broke free from the chains on our feet,
Query, are we able & brake, free from the chains mentally.
The mental state of oppression
No, with all due respect to Mr. Ed,
I, a black horse once said, "Poverty is a state of mind."
But this way of thinkin' is as hard as Waldo & Find.
When I'm most poverty is a state of oppression
Definitely not a state of mind.
Contrary, don't nobody want & be stricken with poverty.
Everybody want an opportunity and prosperity.
Don't nobody want poverty.
Not nobody in their right frame of mind.
It's been said that freedom is a state of mind.
Suggestin' that one can be locked-up physically
And at the same time be free mentally.
As well as one can be free
And at the same time under lock and key mentally.
The life of the oppressed is a life
Similar to a person in the penalantary.
By definition prison life is oppression, suppression
And repression.
Not only are ya oppressed, but ya family are, too.
It may seem that you are doin' it by yourself
And in the physical sense you are by yourself.
But in the emotional and spiritual sense,
Ya family and luv-ones are doin' time with you, too.

Edward Williams, Jr.
The kickoff & the (taken at a knee) protest
was social injustice, unjust justice
Police brutality and inequality
Hands up, don't shoot & the police
With my hands up I ran away from the police
And yet and still I'm shot in the back (killed) by the police
I was runnin' away from u
With my hands up, mind u
There's no way I posed a threat & u
I had no firearm on me & harm u
But u are the long arm
And me bein' a Black Man
Is all the reason for ya alarm
Hands up, don't shoot & the police

America no (Black Men) are bein' beat down
And shot down, dead in the street
All across the country
From the Big Apple city
& the city of lost angels
There's a minority community cryin' for equality
In the face of social injustice, unjust justice
Police brutality and inequality
I take a knee in protest with Kaepernick and others
In the spirit of equality and solidarity
Those are my sisters and brothers
Forty-five, u are so blatantly give
As if u don't know the flag and national anthem
And the right to protest
By way of the Constitution
The First Amendment profess
It freedom of speech
Not that I'm tryin' to teach
Although, each one teach one
Now there are some that's tone deaf
Either willfully or naively
Either willfully or naively of the protest

Edrick Williams, Sr.
(50)
Because the protest is not about the flag
Nor the National Anthem
That knock-down of the protest
Is nothin' more than a phantom
They want 2 put their foot down on the protest
Now I choose 2 protest and what I'm protestin'
Social injustice, unjust Justice
Police brutality and inequality
All because u can't cut-a-deal on the issues I'm protestin'
Forty-five, choose 2 call playas protestin'
Med rather have then play their position
By goin' along, 2 get alone
I just play the game and don't draw attention
But social injustice, unjust Justice
Police brutality and inequality
Is worth brangin' attention 2
Especially when it concern me(A Black Man)
Kaepernick and Ali
Are both sporty figures of political protest
Brangin' needed attention 2 issues
That need political attention drawn 2

Edrick Williams, Sr.
(52)
With his most recent call home, everything between him and his momma went wrong. He was tryin' to get his momma to see his viewpoint, but his point of view is of four walls, from behind a wall, a viewpoint she wasn't tryin' to see, or better yet, his point of view she didn't want to see. And he couldn't blame her for feelin' the way she felt. He could only blame himself for playin' the game the way he played the game with the hand he was dealt.

There was no other way for him to play the game at the same time in between time. He was burned and she was heated. She said some things and with waterfalls comin' from his eye, he said some things back. I reply he wish he could take back because what he said he shouldn't have said. But what's been said can't be retracted.

So in that split second of everything goin' wrong between him and his momma over the phone, he threw the phone into one of the four walls that's enclosein' him behind a wall.  

Edrick Williams, Jr.