Inside The Mind of a Juvenile Liter

Poetry By:
KENNETH MECKS Jr.

Cover Art By:
Shawn Jennings
Title: Inside the mind of a Juvenile Lifer

Author: Kenneth Meeks Jr.

Date: 3-14-16

Type: Poetry

Synopsis:
This book is a collection of poetry, in various forms, written by the author about what he has seen experienced, and learned through his incarceration. Being incarcerated at the age of sixteen forces one to mature quickly or fall victim to the prison system, this book is an expression of that struggle.

Prison Address:
Kenneth Meeks #0949106
P.O. Box 728
Norfolk, NC 27563

Outside Permanent Address:
Kenneth Meeks
309 Hill St.
Wilson, NC 27893
Log Introduction

Through time writing these poems and expressions I have grown and gone through numerous changes mentally, spiritually and emotionally. I am uplifted, prison has allowed me to grow from a petty ignorant boy into a strong-minded well educated man. I do not wish to ever become stagnated in my life again. With every breath I take and choice that I decide; I seek to learn something from each experience that will help me grow; and forge a productive path rather than a destructive one. In order to do this I must continue to open my mind to ideas and thoughts that I had never before allowed to encompass my vision. (Positive lessons that I can proudly pass on to today’s youth, who are our future generations).

There will be those who see this compilation and assume that I am some young street punk writing to glorify my wrong, as well as, those who will read it just to find something to criticize. I believe that in the end, they all, will realize that I’m just a young man, with a old soul, that was forced to grow from a boy to a man behind the concrete walls of North Carolina Correctional System. Whereas some sing, rap, or draw to express their thoughts, I
Choose to use this pen to express the equations inside my ever wondering mind.

I hope that these jewels (valuable lessons) that I'm sharing from my experiences will help enlighten some of the deaf, dumb, and blind (people who are as I once was; lost, ignorant, and misinformed) that stroll around stagnating our communities and polluting them with negativity.

To the educated people who will read this; have patience with the less fortunate, common sense really isn't very common. Never get to the point in which you feel as if you can learn no more, because even a genius can learn from a babe.

Every page of this book is my thoughts and expressions, also things that I have learned as well as my views and opinion from my journey through life. You may agree or disagree but I hope that you find something you can relate to and even a morsel to hang on to.

May God bless you.

Enjoy.

Kenneth Meeks #0949106
P.O. Box 728
Nolina, NC 27563

Inside the Mind of a Juvenile Life
Log * 05:09:08

* O'Rose, such natural beauty in your essence,
your simple presence has changed the world,
you should never misjudge your worth.

* Few are able to catch the splendor of your blossom,
the pleasing aroma of your bud,
the delicate uniqueness of your thorn,
or even the sweet sensation of your nectar.

* You can bring for light and darkness, pleasure and
pain, reason and chaos, upliftment and downfall,
but no one can forget your ability to combine
love and hate.

* So O'Rose...Tell my heart why? Why can't I
truly understand you? Not just your petal, but also
your thorns. Can you just help me, for from you all
understanding is born.

O' Rose ...
Log # 032311

Organs moan and soloists hum, as the parisheners and moaners groan, sermons and eulogies that you've gone on home—Forever . . .

Yes your memory lives on in my heart and in my psalm, no matter that road I'm on we know you'll be with me all along—Forever . . .

Though I can no longer feel the memory of your breath on my cheek, nor the warmth of your calloused caress, your jewels and wisdom will you vis—Forever . . .

You're my heart, my brother, my guide; I can still remember when we would ride and your lead foot racing time; now you're not by my side and the pain and sorrow I can not hide—Forever . . .

Forever began that day in which I last saw that thick moustache smile missing from your cold castigated face, so empty and so blank—in the flesh you went away—Forever . . .

your spirit lives on—

Rest in Peace

Alton Meeks

1-13-18        2-13-96
Log #103007

*I wonder do others see what I see in your eyes; the struggles and the pain that you constantly try to hide. True emotion and distress never lies, but some things you just got to let ride.*

*I know you're striving to maintain what you and he have, and I can't help but realize he is the cause of your pain. So I have to sit back and allow you to run in that cave, to realize he is the thunder that proceeds rain.*

*I may not be able to stop the rain but I can be your shelter, even though your mind causes you to follow the storm. The struggles you are facing internally are making you a weaker, don't be ashamed for the situation also has me torn.*

*So tell me, what will you or we do? Follow the clouds or heed the signs? Face the lightning or wait for sunshine? I say we cause I can guide you through, if you allow me, together, we can avoid the times.*

Decisions

Inside the mind of a juvenile life
She is—

Her moon seems calmer in its fullness, much stronger than her empty sky in its genesis.
She welcomes the restless and the fatigue, as well as the innocent and the guilty.
She serves justice rather than "Just-us", refraining from all forms of discrimination.
Her quietness is so easily tainted, and her vibes so completely unforgiving.
Her beginning is the fall of light, just as her end is the rise of the sun.
Her breath is cool, yet misty in her essence, causing one to shiver in her wake.
She moves swiftly through the phases, but I love her for she is darkness.
She is—

Night—
Log # 031008

From the confusion of integration and segregation... added struggles are born, yes, life has its struggles but none like the environmental and economical incarceration that fails to lead to a righteous proliferation.

We're not even granted a real mental stimulation due to public schools not giving a conscious and true education. We are at fault too, for the community fails to have a solid unification let alone enough rationalization to have and maintain a positive cooperation.

Black men have lost their tolerance of self and human light to reach a higher education, "Fix an occupation, I'll just wait for Uncle Sam to give me my reparation." But there's just one stipulation, we must this abomination that's due to our segregation which is caused by our aberration from God.

Live up...

Unite...

We are the population...
Log # 042615

Love is a hallowed garment that strengthens through the wear and tear of time, a material so tightly fashioned that its pleats are unseen, with a power so majestic that no force is mighty enough to break a seam.

Love has the power to bring forth light in the darkest of the worlds horizons and peace during the roughest of storms. Its like fog applying pressure to the quagmire while stirring the soul.

Love is like the elements-

A blazing inferno igniting flames of passion and desire.

Supple winds breezing through the soul forcing one’s heart to shiver in its wake.

A tropical storm of emotions with its waters running rampant.

A mountainous foundation like a peg in the earth which neither the ethers can cause an aberration.
Log # 111114

I was once asked how long I had been incarcerated. Not being one to count time, because having life time is no longer a factor, I simply replied "Since I was sixteen". He gave me a look of surprise or maybe it was astonishment, then he said "Well this is all you know!"

Reflecting I realize that he was 100% correct. I can only remember tidbits of my life before incarceration, family faces have begun to vanish from my memory, even some names; this reality inspired this poem:

Why?

Why should I care if I live or if I die, when I know it's not the love that you have for me but pity for my situation? ... Why?

why should I strive to soar or to rise when I know that any accomplishment or success could possibly just be a temporary observation? ... Why?

Why should I fight to free or to fly, when freedom now is but a dream and hopes are what imprisons you? ... Why?

Inside the mind of a juvenile life
Why should I risk cracking my skull to break through the ceiling to reach a higher elevation, when ignorance is so blissful and true serenity is only found in a select few?... why?

Why should I resist the tears and not cry, when these ocular rivers are the only path of escape?... why?

Why should I sleep and not dream, when that is the only voyage I have beyond these cement floors, concrete walls, and barb-wired fences that confine me?... why?

Why isn't it alright for me to rely on myself when my shoulders are the only ones in which I can lean on?... why?

Why, because I've learned that a hurdle or a roadblock doesn't mean the road has ended.

Through having knowledge of self, and a heart of faith, all old wounds shall be mended.

I'm a descendent of some upstanding people and I won't be the weak link in the chain I'm gonna defend it.
Log #040909

Why is it that when a man strives to better himself he is smashed with his past; jabbed with his flaws; uppercut with every excuse and reason why he can't; and faded with all forms of lies and propaganda against him?

Why is it that this man, who is striving to better himself, always the underdog stuck on the undercard. And for every ten to twenty levied against him there is rarely one or two siding with him?

His life is a blazing ring of fire, with ropes of barbed wire, and a referee that is blind to the low blows, and an audience of hecklers and lemon throwers.

"LEMONADE" is the only encouragement he hears, when his back is upon the razor sharp spikes of the ropes. Throwing the towel in is not an option, yet he thirsts for the moment of the final bell.

So pushing forward he throws jabs of truth, dipping the backlash of hooks, shoulder rolling the crosses, and pushing off to create space just as he nears the "tick - tick - tick" of the final minute. But he knows he is still in it.
His life is in his hands, and there’s light in where he stands, for his opposition is only a man—

Log **043009**

There is a saying that goes, "In every adversity there is a seed of equivalent benefit.”

People view prison as the end of the road, but I beg to differ. I feel as if prison is just another path through the wilderness of life. It could be turned into an asset or it could be a liability. Yes, there are those that it consumes but there are more than a few of us who consumes it; digesting the jewels and positive lessons while excreting the negative garbage.

Prison began as a roadblock for me, yet it became a hurdle in which I’m striving to clear. When I first came into the prison system I almost got lost in system until a older convict, who had served over 20 years, told me to use the belly of the beast (the prison industrial complex) as a training ground. To go to school, study books as well as people
including myself. "People may see you as a worthless delinquent because you carry the label of a felon, but all that matters is how you see yourself."

I had learned early on that it doesn't matter what cause you are fighting, your mentality is the core that matters. A positive mentality with a conscious uplifting purpose will bring forth righteous results. Any negativity is uncivilized because a negative mentality will only breed negative solutions.

There is entirely too much death and destruction in today's culture to claim that we are civilization, let alone a civilized nation. Prison, or shall I say the penitentiary ideology dehumanizes some people. They began to act barbaric, claiming that all hope is lost. This isn't just a prisoner's mentality it's also society's. The convict's sentence is meant to be a punishment for the crime committed; but the oppression of prison and society is added insult that pushes some over the edge. If I committed a crime, served my time, and changed my life for the better, why can't you look past the felony on my record?

Through it all I consider myself blessed because I've never seen a lose (not even the time), I've
gained. How can you lose what you never had to begin with? I've gained love, for I couldn't accept the love of anyone else until I first learned to love myself. I've gained life because if I had never ventured inside these walls I was liable to have died before I had reached this age. I've gained true liberty, true friends, and I've strengthened relationships. I've climbed mountains and I've built bridges.

The freedom that I had was just a False Reality that Entirely Eclipsed my Domain and Obscured my Mind.

But now I'm emancipated.
Log # 090909

It's amazing how on this plateau of civilization, which I consider to be the penitentiary system due to the fact that we exist as a subculture a part yet apart from American society; where people must grow or morph into a new nature in order to survive. Some adapt to the environment, while others fall into a institutionalized state and fall victim to the cycle.

We battle within ourselves to absolutely reform or just conform to the situation. This environment breeds liberalistic perspectives, due to the plethora of personalities and ideas being so tightly canned and warehoused together. This causes struggles and clashes of culture and visions. We respect one another, but we still have biases because we are unwilling to support and accept all practices that may go against our many moral compasses.

Prisoners tend to become pessimists while fighting to retain certain optimistic traits as time continues to pound us with one disappointment after another; more existing parole boards; ever changing court dates and release dates; policies that are only applied when they are in favor of the institution yet worthless when the prisoner asks for their rights. It's hard to anticipate.
the sunshine when you constantly hear the rumble of thunder.

So do we conform or reform? In reforming one would truly change. This change must first be for ones self ; because if your not changing because you want to ,you can easily revert back to your old ways. In conforming one is misleading and giving the illusion of change to suit an ulterior motive. People who conform do not realize that in the end they are only hurting themselves.

Recidivists—

I have been looking at the inside of these concrete walls everyday since I was sixteen years old. I have seen men go home and come back within a couple of months even weeks, how can you not cherish your freedom when you know how easily it can be snatched away? I want to live. I want to show my nieces that a man should not be defined by one mistake. I disgraced alot of people and I want redemption. They say do not regret the things you have done regret the things you didn’t do when you had the chance ,so I strive to live everyday as if this is my last chance.
Log 11006

My world has two sides,
one full of joy and love,
cuddling to slow jams while trading kisses and hugs-

My world has two sides,
one full of struggles and pain;
where we fight from sunrise to sunset, no matter
sunshine or rain-

when these two sides collide, who will then reign?
a life of loyalty and love through the struggles?
or a life of joyousness through the pain?

[17]
Log * 092914

"I want to go home!"

The last time that I had verbalized this to anyone other than myself when I lay in bed at night, I was sixteen years old sitting in the front passenger seat of an unmarked police car. I was being driven by a detective with the illusion that I was going to the police annex to take a lie detector. The detective in the back seat droned on question after question as his partner drove, and every time I responded that I wanted to go home I was told that my parents were waiting for me at the station.

Once we arrived at the station, rather than releasing me, I was taken to a bathroom that was illuminated solely by a bank of vending machines, and told that my parents were on the way. Little did I know they waited for me in the next room and were being told the same thing.

I never got to go home. I felt kidnapped. I was in police custody for seven hours with no warrant or probable cause and no choice to leave. My parents wouldn't have known that I was taken if they had not have driven up. I never went home; I was sentenced to life without the
possibility of parole.

As a Detective on my case stated, "I know we made some mistakes but hind sight is twenty-twenty. But does a child , making a mistake deserve to be warehoused in prison for seventy maybe eighty years while he or she waits to die? Can we not learn from our mistakes?"

"I want to go home!"

I tell myself this everyday, it's become a mantra. I can envision myself waking up the front steps of my mother home, her opening the door just as I reach the porch, her arms extended for a hug and tears streaming down her rosy cheeks. Tears of joy as her smile makes the sun shine even brighter.

I can not go home, not now atleast, and it hurts. What hurts is that I do not know when , or even if I will ever have this opportunity. Life without parole in North Carolina means that your release date is the day you
expire; unless you find a Governor who believes
in second chances and finds it in his heart
to commute your sentence.

The four goals of the United States Justice
System is retribution, deterrence, incapacitation,
and rehabilitation. I completely understand the
Systems concept of retribution and its sentencing
guidelines being directly related to the persons
culpability. Deterrence works only with those who fully
understands the consequences of their mistakes. I for
one didn't understand until three years into my
incarceration; when I asked my case manager what
date I was scheduled to be release and he
responded that I was never due to be released.

Incapacitation is also very understandable, of course
you would isolate someone from society until they
are no longer a danger to its people. Rehabilitation is
a major part of the System, but what is the sense
in rehabilitating someone you never plan on giving a
second chance to?

In October of 2011 the U.S. Supreme Court
held that the eight amendment of the Constitution,
protecting the people from cruel and unusual punishment,

Inside the mind of a juvenile lifer

20
forbids a sentencing of mandatory life without parole for juvenile homicide offenders. Upon hearing the news I thought that there was not one but five judges who believed in second chances; who believed that a boy could grow out of the concrete and blossom into a positive and productive man; who believed that I, and others like me, could learn from the mistakes of our youth; who believed that it was not right for someone to come behind these walls at 14, 15, 16, or 17 years old then sit and wait for 60, 70, or 80 years to die; they believed yet the states are in disagreement.

In 2012 North Carolina General Assembly amended the sentencing guideline, for minors subject to life without parole, so that it is possible to receive parole. What is the use in giving a man parole when there is no standing parole board? As a prisoner I must rely on a case analyst in Raleigh to read my file and plead my case before a board. This is no better than a public defender picking up my case right before he enters the courtroom to argue on my behalf. How can you argue my guilt or innocence, my growth and development, if you

Inside the Mind of a Juvenile Life
never spoke to me, don't know my circumstance, or
even the circumstances of the case?

It has been 3 years since the decision, 2 since the amendment, and still I wait with
life without parole. Will there be a judge who
believes in second chances? Will my sentence
ever be commuted? Will I meet my mother
on the porch and nestle myself in her out-
stretched arms? I don't know.

I just want to go home!
Log # 061910

Dark days of a lonely child, with screams echoing throughout his minds eyes, tears flowing in constant streams, but to the stranger none is seen.

His arms out stretched searching for the quiet warmth, and hands grasping for the silent night. None hears the screams, nor sees the tears, yet in the moment of plunder all is near.

Dark nights of a lonely child, a black sheep all that he seems as sorrow fills his hollowed dreams.

As time goes, temptation grows, and patience blows away. Solidarity blossoms as solitude is embraced and into the darkness he wishes to stay.

When will the dark days fade to light?
When will the owls vanish and the roosters roost?

When will the pain and loneliness stop blinding his sight?

Help comes in the morning and he awaits the morning dew. He awaits the comfort of dawn, for he only seeks the love of few.
Log #042715

I heard a song today by a rapper named Drake. In a verse he said, "It's funny you have to wait til it gets dark to see who's really with you."

I was once told that a friend is someone who knows everything there is to know about you yet still remains your friend. In a way I disagree because I can argue that this may just be an enabler or maybe a leach. If I was a millionaire and kept you surrounded by the finest of things, a lot of people would not care who I was until the money ran out, am I wrong?

Your friend should be like your alter ego (in a positive way); your conscience when you are not trying to reason with yourself; your friend should never be afraid to tell you the truth and even tell you when you are wrong. They should share your woes as well as your joys; your ally in the times of struggle and confidant in the times of pain.

I once read in a Gnostic teaching of Jesus that for you to watch your brother walk into the path of a snake and is about to get bitten, yet you do not warn him, you will be held accountable for that. In prison I hear a lot of "that's my homiey", "that's my
dude", but once you get into some nonsense they scatter like flies. Or even when you are on the streets, the ones that were with you everyday disappear when you get locked up; except for the true friends.

The true friends never condoned our wrongs, they tried to get us to see that we were wrong. Even when we crashed into that proverbial brick wall they stood by us because they knew that sometimes the greatest of lifes lessons are learned through adversity. No matter how hard we had to hit that wall, to get it through the thick skull of ours, they wanted to catch us when we fell.

For majority of people, it takes those adversities and our so-called friends abandoning us to get us to realize that the ones we were willing to sacrifice ourselves for, alot of times, were not our true friends. The ones we took for granted were.

Thank you Suzzette and Jamyd for showing me the depth of a true friend.
Log * 010709

What is the mental capacity of a young mind trapped in a small confine, a minute terror dome of the states elite from the darkest streets?

Ausar—the highest a man child could reach—teach—live the walk and actually preach; resisting the leeches and parasites—the deaf, dumb, and blind he fights to give them the light. Not sure if he will again ever actually view the splendor of the sun's rays.

Never once in the quiet emptiness ... cold darkness ... echoing dampness of space does he try to relate to its depressive vibrations. Instead he strives—strives for the fullness—strives for the newness—strives for that refreshing euphoria—he strives for life.

A life so elusive it vanishes as a lightning bug in the night, only to reappear when you least expect it, but so precious he knows he can lose it again at any moment. So why does he fight to live, if he lives to die? Because he sees the light, that death is a contingent state, knowing that if he never lives, he will never die; yet if he never dies he can never live. He has died a thousand deaths, only option left is to LIVE.

Inside the Mind of a Juvenile Life
Corona of a Broken Nation

I hear the voices of our people,
a vast diverse nation of individuals yet;
I hear the plights of our society,
a mass of tines and confusion.
I hear the cries of our children,
thirsting for knowledge and attention.
I hear the sorrows of a broken man,
trying to claw a way from the cold wet grave of his youth.
I hear the tiredness of the woman,
fighting twice as hard yet barely scratching the surface.
I hear the toll of the shattered bell of justice,
singing a lullaby over the tomb of equality.
And I hear the heaviness of blood in the tears,
as it falls at the feet of our freedom fighters.

As it falls at the feet of our freedom fighters;
I see the soil hardened, brittle, not ready for change;
resisting the dew of truth and mist of hope.
I see the scattered seeds of peace dying out;
soles and toes trampling the weakness of kindness.
I see walls reinforced and moats deepened,
Hubris refusing to compromise with its neighbors pleading.
I see bars joined and soldered with wires barbed and sharpened,
youthful faces staring out of plexiglass and chicken wire.
I see ministers preaching to the deaf and mimes performing for the blind,
euphoric ignorance unconscious of the consuming fire.
I see snakes flying, fish walking, and birds swimming;
abominable chemicals pumped in and out of our body's chemistry.
I see the special reports of the patricide and matricide.

Then I see breaking news of fratricide and genocide;
therefore I smell the metallic fibers of gun powder,
as unguided shrapnel of mental illness is unchecked or balanced.
I smell the acidic fumes of molten plastic and copper wires,
as the latest gadgets become our nations neo-quality time.
I smell the pungent odor of the politician rotting with corruption;
yet gaining support despite a history of unfulfilled promises.
I smell the sweet aroma of a million roses,
as they lie dying as family after family is broken.
I smell the salt of the ocean of tears shed,
of mamas and grandmas who's babies are locked in graves or cells.
I smell the stench of a million marauding marathoners,
who's sweat and tears rain upon the cracked roadways of consciousness.
I smell the waters of the seas as they flow over into the deserts; and I taste the staleness in the air, parching my throat.
I taste the staleness in the air, it parching my throat;
as society is at a standstill awaiting solutions arrival.
I taste the bitterness in the thrones of defeat,
as the all seeing eyes finds a problem for every answer.
I taste the fear of the blind trying to find their way,
while being scrutinized and judged by the all-seeing eye of social media.
I taste the steady stream of spices in life,
as we are distracted by the over-sensationalized depictions of our
culture.
I taste bile rising as prison population increases,
mass incarceration controlling populations growth and big business.
I taste the sweetness of the lollipops and rainbows we are fed,
in order to placate our disgust with a broken system.
I taste the salt of my tears, dripping down my cheek,
as they burn my eyes blurring my vision.

As they burn my eyes and blur my vision,
I feel the children lost in the dark forest haunted by eyeless
owls; winds pulling at their shirt tails and dead leaves
tearing at their flesh.
I feel the mother fighting through bone snarling snakes,
as she stares into the casket of another child stolen from
liberty.
I feel the father dead, lost in life.
One terrible choice in his youth forfeiting his right to pursue happiness.

I feel the mass of confusing emotions of the little girl, who was never shown her true value and worth.

I feel the bumps and bruises of the young man, that was misguided as to the definition of a man.

I feel the anger and frustration of an abused nation, WE THE PEOPLE, a fact so easily forgotten, yet still,

I feel moved because the tide is changing for hope is not lost.

A VOICE FROM INSIDE THE BOX
TO THOSE OUTSIDE INSIDE THE BOX:

Inside the Mind of a Juvenile Lifer
Pantoum of a Shattered Dream

The silence of loneliness drones on and echoes; as I lie awake hoping for the second coming of dreams past.
The shadows bringing the chill of winter as it goes; through the morning of summers fall and spring dew's last.

As I lie awake hoping for the second coming of dreams past; I shed tears of blood, grief, hunger and sorrow. Through the morning of summers fall and spring dew's last; ocular rivers flow over levies into horizons tomorrow.

I shed tears of blood, grief, hunger and sorrow; being haunted by the silhouette of shattered dreams. Ocular rivers flow over levies into horizons tomorrow; drowning all hope and optimism for all it seems.

Being haunted by the silhouette of shattered dreams; I bang on the ceiling for freedom and companionship. Drowning all hope and optimism for all it seems.
Here I stand, refusing to fall, bringing the manuscript.
I bang on the ceiling for freedom and companionship; using the droning of the silhouettes for motivation. Here I stand, refusing to fall, bringing the manuscript of a blind child, once lost, seeking redemption and expiation.

---

Here I sit as time seeps ceaselessly by,
with no sense of urgency,
and no care in the world.
Inhale... Exhale... another tick of the second hand,
why must you take so long to make one revolution,
one digit vanish to accommodate the next.
The Drone of Time
how do you use yours?
Escape

What is the value of freedom?
or is freedom just an illusion?
For the line between freedom and bondage is a
width of a hair.
In this age of ever increasing technology privacy isn’t
so private and serenity is a prayer.

What is the price of freedom?
Or is freedom truly a false reality?
For in the age of implants, holograms, and modifications
there exists a thin veil between what’s real and fake.

Does freedom really matter?
Or does freedom only matter when it cease to exist?
Reality Check

They say that beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder,
Just as truth lies in the mind of the storyteller,
So whose story is the story-telling?

The cube of thought is multifaceted due to man's individuality which results in various views and opinions.
Just because one's idea differs from yours that doesn't mean it's wrong, yet it doesn't mean it's right.
One's reasoning and sight is based on their walk in life, and you can't judge their stride if you never endured their stride.
About the Author

Kenneth Meeks resides in North Carolina. Incarcerated at the age of sixteen and sentenced to life without parole, he quickly found that writing was his only escape. Through his incarceration he continued his education, whether it was furniture upholstery (Western Piedmont Community College); Sociology (East Carolina University); or American Literature and Cultural Diversity (University of North Carolina).

Kenneth has written for newsletters; he has works published in novels by Donquell Speller; and he also has work published in the J Journal.

Constantly writing on an array of topics this first compilation is just the beginning. The author can be reached at:

Kenneth Meeks * 0949106
P.O. Box 788
Norlina, NC 27563