LIVING
IN
TRANSITION

by

Samuel White
Dear Reader,

Hope that you enjoy this project!

Any donations can go to prisonfoundation.org.
Any questions, comments, or potential correspondences can be sent to the address below.

Thank you for time!

Sincerely

Samuel White

Samuel White #362631
New Lisbon Correctional Inst.
P.O. Box 4000
New Lisbon, WI 53950
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Speak</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>War of Wills</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I Think Back</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Got Soul</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Voice of Truth</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thinking Out Loud</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flowers</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reality Check</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace Be Still</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why I'm Mad</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invisible War</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Air Like I Was Never There</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Kind of Shakespeare</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flying Lessons</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Act of Violence</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It's Personal</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll Be Around</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All of Me</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pushing Me Off</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Mother's Worth</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purpose</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Challenge &amp; Possibilities</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hands on Time</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Introduction:

This poetry book contains my unique expressions of living in transition. Each poem has an interpretation or train of thought attached in an attempt to depict what exactly inspired the poem or the state of mind I was in while writing the poem. I felt it necessary to not only share my God-given gift, but to also capture the readers and involve them in some of the experiences that contributed to my transformation. This piece also serves as a shock treatment to the indoctrinated mind that only view things in paradigms and stereotypes.

This is a human frailty; I also had to conquer by the grace of God. We seem to pick up glasses from the culture in which we were raised.

Living in Transition represents a perpetual coming-from and going-to. While sharing my faith in Jesus, I embark on a journey of continually renewing my mind in a light of truth discovered.

I find it hard to divorce my previous reference that has been developed through assumption as a result of my ignorant embrace of hearsay, absent of my own investigation. This is humbling but true and often the experience of the majority.

This is a necessary frustration that comes along with discovering this truth that places a demand on your response to day-to-day life. Therein lies the opportunity for transition!

What you do with what you know determines how you grow! There is much I want to discuss, but without further delay, I present to you a part of me....

Hope you enjoy.....

-- Living in Transition --

Samuel -- 1-- White
I Speak

Train of Thought:

I Speak is not just referring to verbal utterance, but rather the silence that comes from a person not living up to their full potential.

Our lifestyle is the loudest message we could ever speak! Growing up in poverty you adopt a poverty mentality that expresses itself through survival. This influenced me to put on a mask to fit in, instead of having the audacity to be different.

But now that my mind is being renewed and I have stepped into transition, I am finally myself – the way God intended and not the perverse alteration.

I see, and I speak at the societal ills that plague humanity – the common injustice that’s openly accepted – creating the normal dysfunction. To be silent is an unseen agreement that often condones what is to be confronted. So the choice is ours.....

Everybody's listening!

Samuel -- 2-- White
I speak, like a voice in the desert, unheard and unpleasant. I speak to bones until flesh manifests. I speak the truth and I speak direct....

I speak in the context of my complexion

I speak to the fatherless and misdirected, Hip-Hops adolescents, mixing music and message our creative expression of oppression...

I speak....

Just because society tried to silence me, minimize my fly and label me violent but see... They never realized my size, overlooking the grace of God and wise I'z became with the test of time

So it's no wonder that I speak more...

Sometimes I even wonder what I speak for...

Then I'm reminded... Even in my silence I'm vocal when I speak of the threat of injustice you just consider me loco...

I speak...

For the intimately oppressed, women's rights being neglected, being overworked and paid less or unemployed just because of your sex or even being sexually exploited...

I speak...

For the political prisoner who, pushed past their ignorance, those sentenced to a millennium, became jailhouse litigates still resisting the racial caste system

I speak...

For the wrongfully convicted, poverty stricken, and labeled indigent, unable to pay for a defense, so you remain guilty before being proven innocent

I speak...

For the martyrs of hate crimes, who died from being the wrong race at the wrong time... We will never forget your faces, we can related cause our bond is sacred...

Amadou Diallo, Trayvon Martin, Sean Bell, Oscar Grant, and James Anderson.... All shot down by venomous cops as their blood painted the canvas, and these shots won't stop because the silence is cancerous, but more convenient than taking a stand...

Samuel -- 3- White
So I speak...

Until my voice reverberates through legislation, and resonated in the ears of political administrations, until a new age wave of sit-ins and demonstrations take place in an attempt to reshape historical statements.

I speak...

For the blind in Braille, I speak for the captives through mail, I speak for the hanging slave as I inhale and exhale...

And I can go on and on and speak more....

Or does my speaking bore you???

Does it make you reflect on the responsibilities you neglect...

Does it expose regret or reveal the fact that you see me as a threat...

  When I speak that spit
  Does it make you pissed
  Does it infuse you to move into the revolution

Or do you sit in amusement halfway enthused like... Damn yo! That’s some deep shit...

If I can just speak to the masses and awaken nations and open an exchange for cross-pollination from a distance....

  Then I guess I speak

  Simply for you to listen....

Samuel -- 4-- White
Inspiration:

This poem was inspired by the word of God. (Romans 7:15-17) The apostle Paul was expressing the inner war between two conflicting desires. On one hand, the desire to do right is present because of the truth acknowledged. However, the will to do evil is also present and has become a common practice. This is true for anyone truly pursuing real inner change. It is a coming-from-what-is-familiar and launching into an unknown reality. Martin Luther King Jr. said, "There is evil in the best of us and good in the worst of us." These two entities clash in an attempt to win consent and express its nature. The winner is often determined by the fruit it bears. The power to choose is a gift from God. Choose life!
War of Wills

What I will to do... that I do not... and what I will not to do. That I practice often... (It’s crazy)

It’s as if my volition has been conditioned to war with my past experience and present convictions, for consent to dictate my future existence, so there’s friction and tension whenever I have to make a decision, animosity visits....

Malicious intentions dash with benevolent heaven-sent passion, a pastor’s heart with a mind of madness at a halt they engage in an assault to infringe upon one another’s lawn....

But to the natural mind’s eye, there are no actual signs of the battlefield of the mind...

The landmines, the napalm bombs, the bearing of arms... My right arm reaches for clarity, while my left arm embraces the charm of familiarity with ease... That do-me syndrome excusing my defeat, the deceit conceived that I’d die in the streets, making the failure sound so natural and sweet... so natural and sweet...

But then I listen so that I can see calamity from a distance at a glance, I transcend time...

See, a man’s volition possesses the power to make decisions whether influenced intellectually or stimulated by feeling, evaluated through past experiences, and visible appearance, circumstances differ in the midst of tension, and I tend to make compromising decisions and instantly someone judges me prematurely like, ain’t he suppose to be a Christian...

I feel like a living contradiction when I’m enticed and tempted into sinning, and you may not see my change from a distance, cause all you see is me maintaining resistance cause my will has been strengthened from making the wrong decisions I’m no longer emotionally driven...

So if you look into my eyes and listen... You can hear the slugs’ fly and the war cries to kill...

In the war of wills...

Samuel -- 6-- White
Train of Thought:

The intention was to paint a picture of how I see black folks. How we relate with the world around us: Our accomplishments and progression; our ignorance and lack of unity. I will always seek to raise awareness in the areas of black-living in the United States. Because, regardless of how we tiptoe around the issue, it is a very difficult and different experience than others. Every race of people has a specific culture with burdens attached. I just decided to highlight the culture in which I live. My pro-black attitude is not to the exclusion of other cultures, but to the betterment of my own. This is not drawing a line of divisions, but a pen-point specific target to edify.
When I Think Black

When I think black, I think passionate, I think of unique fashions, the sweat swagga, the speech pattern with the complete package, can give at least a discreet 40 lashes...

When I think black thoughts, I think back often, to the Martin’s, the Malcolm, and the Marcus, then I blink back and I see black in the oval office...

When I think black, I think of over-packed prisons with black in ‘em, I think of truth and sentencing, I think of a white justice system with just us as victims...

When I think black, I think of misfortune, I think of a legacy aborted, hope deferred and a vision distorted, just to possess possessions and be possessed by, a false sense of success so when the ship wrecks it’s all repossessed by him who oppresses best....

When I think black, I think of poetry in motion, I think of the waves that stroke the ocean, how we just float hopelessly with no focus. How we settle for a raft and we could be building a boat. If we just devote our time, our minds, our grind, to what matters most...

When I think black, I feel under attack... I feel an overwhelming pressure to conform to mediocrity, to stand in formation with cesspool waste, with cats with scarred faces in barred places, drug sales and trails of guns blazing, with low expectations or no expectation of escape. So we sacrifice longevity on the altar of temporary gratification and defile that which was sacred...

Our Black race; Our Black faces; Our Black nation...

Arise and shine, your light has come. At the sound of the drums, come one, come all, come fail to your knees and cherish your black seed and see, that we can be more than just a color...

My beautiful black sisters and brothers...

Samuel -- 8-- White
I can only reach so much with my poetic touch, to disrupt the structure of destruction...

Hail, I’m working on a weapon of mass construction conducting a think-tank on the brink of extinction for connecting links between truth and deceit they label me delinquent...

For speaking and being discreet and expressing my uniqueness... For not losing my identity to the thieves and leeches who just feed on false teaching, misleading our offspring in off-seasons...

My ears bleed from hearing silent screams of those with shattered dreams which means... nothing really matters in between...

So we learn to pretend well and scheme and blend well and cling to imagery...

But behind those scenes is ambiguity, atrocity, maneuvers, and influence amplifying the ruins of we...

And as the plot thickens I’m getting used to not fitting, the eminent eccentric young and gifted wind binder... Attempting to bend a sentence and burst through these fences redirected... leading the insurrection standing erect and yes this might perplex the spineless... cause... confidence looks like arrogance to the insecure and mindless and never mind what’s behind us, we trail blazing... I’m in my evolution of grinding to new phases... while others remain blindfolded and simple-minded being taught what to think... I’m holding court with intellectual giants at a round table retreat... cause silence is obsolete and meekness is strength under control...

I finesse my affinity and channel my chi into maneuvering swiftly my conviction remain ambivalent still in a tug-o-war with outlaw and innocent... diminishing my core... while I hold on to love with all 4’s, hold on so long my arms sore but my palms more strong... Now I can read yours... It’s as if adversity’s nurturing virtue vaguely esoteric characteristics equipped in gripping my mental depiction. As I drift into oblivion remaining a myth to the innocent yet simple...

The philosophy of me has been given an intro... my voice reverberates through the silence instrumental of rhythmic interest together we form a fist, a united front to resist...

Defeat!

Samuel -- 9-- White
I Got Soul

Train of Thought:

"I Got Soul" was dedicated to the ones who graced this Earth with unspeakable flavor and unique expression of song, poem, or even lifestyle.

Trials that mold and shape you and add to the quality of life in spite of how painful, or dysfunctional, situations my have been. The unmovable determination, the unstoppable zeal that carries over into our endeavors paints a strategic portrait of the soul. The seat of one’s personality can’t be duplicated but rather documented as an equal contribution to the sum of total humanity.

Everyone has it; but not everyone knows it. We often sacrifice our unique soul expression on the altar of filling the shoes of another.

I once read that unity is not conformity to one idea, but a celebration of diversity. So let your soul shine through!
I Got Soul

I got soul...
I got soul like I was told I got an old soul and I've grown oh so fast and I learned to relax and...
("You've gotta take it slow...")

Take it oh so slow...
I got soul that flows through my blood stream, the soul of a king.
The soul of hanging slaves with shattered dreams,
A soul that won't grow cold, but a soul that sings...
The soul of Marvin Gaye and B.B. King, the soul of those who sang in code to escape through underground railroads...
(Never letting go...)

I got soul like the twilight, that soars through the sky like...
Stevie Wonder's ribbon in the sky like...

I got soul like Michael Jackson's moon walker. On the moon waking, sparkling gloves, holding hands with Whitney Houston as she sings the tunes too, "I will always love you"...

I got soul like those mothers in the hood double-shifting, paying rent and, making just enough not to have a pot to piss in, so they smoke pot not to be pissed to endure the distance...

I got soul, my soul is awake from restin', nesting in pestilence yet perpetuating excellence...

I feel buried alive and forgotten like the soul of Alexis Patterson, so I search the lexus nexus to escape the pattern...

My soul is savory making rings around Saturn... the soul of old... yes. The soul of Adam...

The soul of Assata in exile... the soul of Angela Davis pumping the fist before trial dismissed.

The soul of the talented tenth, and the renaissance movement, my soul of soothing cruising through the movement with a silent contribution, the soul of hip hop's evolution...

I got soul...

Soul is being fearless in the face of injustice when confronting oppressors...
Soul is iridescent direction that manifests when following your conviction according to your perception.

Soul is a blessing breathed in me through Eloham who made me a living being...

Soul is seeing through the eyes of your heart and having compassion for the lost...
Soul is poetic...

Samuel — 11-- White
Soul is portrait...
Soul is work of art...
A masterpiece in the least...
Soul is taking a stand when the moment demands.
Soul is loving life and letting your light shine and expand...
The soul of the 2nd Adam.

The soul of Sam...

Samuel -- 12-- White
Inspiration:

In prison you often find that people believe many different things. Some of the beliefs are bizarre and outlandish while others are logical and understandable.

One of the most common things you see in prison is brothers that read a lot of books and assume that the knowledge obtained is equivalent to growth and transformation. We live in a world where “truth” is open to interpretation. There is no absolute wrong or right so we live in ambivalence between the two. The Holy Spirit is my voice of truth! Being thrown aside by society and often abandoned by loved ones, prayer became my second language. When truth is personified you allow yourself to be navigated by inner counsel. The discovery along the journey is priceless!
The truth is... that I'm not my mistakes... and I'm not defined by my past, but refined by my
task and my passion to change and push past it...

As if, every tragedy that happens to me is a gift.

Gift-wrapped in calamity, demanding me to shift past mediocrity and move at a new velocity in
this odyssey where illusions rule...

And cesspool pollutions produce fumes that fog the hemi in me to say to this mountain, move...
to say to this mountain, move...

Cause the truth is, that I'm only as weak as what I consider defeat, and as long as I can reach
my feet, I can reach my peak, and I know that victory is in reach...

So I... step on and stretch on like stretch Armstrong as the truth saturates my lungs.

Cause lies run around the world in circles, while the truth lies beneath the earth's surface, only
to be sought out by him who chooses purpose over worthlessness.

And no this is not just obtaining knowledge.

Cause the truth is...

Knowledge without wisdom is like desire without ambition.

It makes you isolate yourself and overvalue your own opinion.

And you become a victim of intellectualism and unrighteous skepticism through your own
perception which can misdirect your vision...

See it only made me strong through those seasons of being lonely, with only him who owns me
to groom me.

To modify my movements and scrutinize my views to make me a proper tool fit for the potter's
use... This is a true leaders passion or
It makes man submissive without demanding an asking, an axion to be grasped.

See I'm not invited in may places because, the truth is light and the light makes manifest and
exposes all the deception and hatred on those with veiled faces who idolize imagery and
pretend it's sacred.

So you be the voice of truth....

Samuel -- 14-- White
Thinking Out Loud

Train of Thought:

Thinking Out Loud is a verbal picture of an intense longing for intimacy. My new understanding of women in companionship pours forth in creative expression. To meet my wife is one of my heart's strongest desires that has often captured my imagination by way of encouragement. I believe there is a woman compatible to me that can reciprocate to this kind of love.

I am not persuaded by the modern world of popular compromise who lack loyalty and commitment, but I am rather convinced that the role of a man is to bring out the best in his woman...

I believe women respond to the energy of their spouse. I made the common mistake of looking for the right woman, but over the course of time and effort I concluded that it's about becoming the right person...

Samuel -- 15-- White
Thinking Out Loud

Taking that leap for love is like,
    living far beyond and above this life,
    the mere appetite won't suffice.
Until the price is paid
    the priceless wage
    of pushing past the stage
    of the fear of vulnerability
    where you literally
    trust and engage.
    See this agape thang is often underrated. Because of the scars
And misinterpretations. That invaded
    what was pure and sacred and made it complicated.
I mean.
    we even made it hard to say it
outside of the context of manipulation.
But you know what. I'm madly in love
    with loving you passionately.
The anticipation is equivalent to starving for days
    then,
    smelling the fragrance - of good cooking –
    because she's so good looking
    I can taste it.
But it's not just looks that percolate my palate.
Her education is valid, her concentrated efforts and talents.
The way she faces challenges:
    juggling the kids, work, and home in the balance.
    Scarred but not calloused.
    Using beauty and finesse as her apparatus.
    Making it impossible for me not to ask
    can I take a walk on the lake with you?
    Go on a million and one first dates with you?
    Stay up late and fall asleep just so I can
    awake with you?
    Or maybe I can bake a cake with you, so we can share
    the batter off of the blender, scraping the bowl with our fingers,
    Letting our childlike innocence linger?
    Because in a sense, you bring out the kid inside of the prince,
    Because I will always love you in the present tense.
Without a linear measurement
    making my love evident,
    through different languages and expressions, watching
    you acquiesce to the osmosis of my presence.
I want to become one flesh with you and never again be seen as separate,
     Every molecule intertwine
     as we
     hurry up and take our time,
     laying layers
     Of liquid loving
     on each other outside of the context of time.
     I want to help you with the dishes you wash and I rinse.
     I want to be so sensitive
to your senses
     that I can finish your sentences.
I really want to marry you and carry you up the aisle in my arms,
     quoting vows by memory
     as we exchange love’s energy,
     while I’m literally plowing you down with my charm.
I wanna break the modern mold and grow old with you as my queen,
     As we decorate our household with offspring,
     and their faces
     become a celebration
     of the spark in between us.
I will completely humble myself to bring Mars to Venus
to keep marching to the beat of your heart...........

But I’m just thinking out loud.

Samuel — 17— White
Interpretation:

This was clearly inspired by Bruno Mars' song, "When I was yo man." I sat and listened to that song every time it come on the radio.

So I put ink to paper and went after my expression. It took me soaring down memory land into several relationships with different women that I knew I should've treated better. I've come to believe the opportunity for intimacy presented itself to me at a time of immaturity. I wasn't strong enough to remove the mask and allow vulnerability, plus I had already grown accustomed to manipulation so I projected my intentions on the women I was involved with. Isolation helps you dissect your past relationships keenly...

Samuel -- 18-- White
I should'a bought you flowers. (sung out)

Instead I glanced at how you look in those pants,
and me and you got lost for hours and hours and hours of romance.
    And how could I forget that
    it was way more than just you letting me hit that.
    My flattery
    had me adamantly, traveling your
    anatomy    and 'you' quickly became

a casualty of my inadequacy,
and I gladly misused your for amusement in my ignorance,
but over the course of time and distance
I quickly came to my senses
and I just anted to mention that.....
I should'a bought you flowers.

Or maybe a rose for every lie I told.
Or maybe a bouquet for every night that you stayed awake
and 'I' came late.
    And yet you stayed
    willing to accept my bogus explanations,
What about the times you caught me and literally fought me
to stay in your arms.
    Me being too blind to see that you was trying to keep me
    from harm.
    ringing your God-given alarm.

(Gen. 3:15)
    Yet I ignored your charm.
    and minimized our bond
    and I realize how that you're gone that .......

I should'a bought you flowers.

See, being a man now I understand how
nothing teaches you appreciation like absence
and,
I thought I was over you,
But these uncontrollable relapses keep happening,
giving me flashes of the past and what we used to have,
Sometimes I just sit back and imagine your laughter.  
We used to: play fight 
late night; wrestling:
which would eventually lead to the sack.  
We would end up spooning, watching the moon from your bedroom.  
The human form of licking each others wounds.  
These memories are so soothing and therapeutic that........
I should'a bought you flowers.

I should've held your hand, feeling your pulse in my palms  
And the thrill of you thoughts
And the healing it brought,  
With you continually being lost in my arms,  
‘finding refuge.’
You used to.... place your nose on my neck  
And sniff, as if you could detect my essence:
And I though you was tripping but  
now I see
that you was Gifted and Blessed.  
and I miss seeing my reflection  
through your facial expression  
because........
I should’a bought you flowers.

And I regret that I missed the chance to take you dancing  
and show off the structure of your stance.  
As you groove  
you move me  
as our senses enhance  
My hand, placed at the small of your back,  
guiding your affections  
demanding your glance.
Feeling the ambiance of romance as we slow dance  
to........
I should’a bought you flowers.

As an apology, or maybe an analogy  
to represent the significance  
of your autobiography.  
I can sense obsession, taking possession,  
Like an apostrophe.

Samuel — 20— White
So this is how flowers was born... And I never should've questioned the purchase of flowers from the start. Because I truly believe this is why GOD gave Adam a garden.

I should'a bought you flowers.
Reality Check

This piece was inspired by the Trayvon Martin case and the Zimmerman verdict. Not the incident in itself, but the way people responded as if this was a new occurrence. It created a balanced frustration that produced a conviction to raise awareness of our condition. This has been happening since the day of Emmett Till. The only distinction is the fact that modern technology allows the events to be captured on camera and publicized. I can imagine the many mothers of the past that inquired for answers for the death of their child with only the officer’s account of events to rely on. This creates a distrust for the law enforcement and justice systems.

That’s just one of the ills that plague the urban community. The street code and public advertisement for drug selling through the rap industry. The violence on every corner, the substance abuse and broken homes. The adamant pursuit of materialism that makes us callous to those around us. Poverty produces a survival mentality which makes it common to look out for our own self-interest. Hopefully, this can raise awareness to bring about change or at least a reality check....
Reality Check

Taking photographic pictures
to freeze frame
I seen thangs that planted seeds in my brain.
An adolescent, his only weapon is pain,
    When will the trauma stop,
    dope transaction, gun shots,
    Kids play hop-scotch over blood spots that the rain couldn't wash.
    While little young-uns watch living prodigal
dreaming of pots of gold
    but the other side of the obstacle
    ain't in their optical lens
Long as it's profitable I'm in it, 'til death do us part or sentenced.
We marry the streets and divorcing our senses,
Self-preservation is a common interest.
What will it take to break walls of division, philosophical circumcision,
We so numb sometimes it hurts to listen.
    I guess ignorance is bliss, so we resort to fortunes" Diamonds glistening, climbing out of the 'whips.' It's the
    casual status quo to glorify the average joe.
    In the clash of classes,
    Even Cassius Clay couldn't jab a blow,
    Flashing cash rolling pass the po',
Cuffed and creased in designer clothes. Just to cuff the most finest hoes.
Isolated success, but yet as a whole,
    we still in the hole.
    drilling the hole.
Mothers on bended knees in roach-infested duplexes,
    killing our sweet souls.
Some gave in to stress, quick fix: lighter, needle, injection.
    Now she selling her sex infecting her womb,
She'd rather let her pain burn in a spoon—
    while dem demons consume her.
And her daughter, she let dem streets ruin her
    she let them creeps creep in her room,
    Anxious to abuse the early bloomer
    now I'm awake, they look at me like I'm sleep.
You're so intrigued 'cause you just started to read.
    I hope you're breaking free.
    I drink a fifth of time extension, shift dimensions.
I try to point out potential but they just mix my intentions up.
    I'm a lover of life and giving it back.
The flo' sick. I spit. healing the track,
"I'm not your average rapper!"

I'm a father, a priest, a pastor, a prophet, a revolutionist, a poet, an author.
I just happen to barber, 'The Iridescent Vessel.'
blessed to be blessing, manifesting Heaven's manifesto,
whenever I'm present like....... bright shine fluorescent light,
test _______ by the fire just to set the sights.
The vestige moving masses with the message like...

Assata in exile

John Africa on trial

Angela Davis pumping fists after trial dismissed.

Sometimes I reminisce when I was just a kid, my moma told me it'll be days like this.
but she ain't tell me I'd grow up and start to learn and build up hate like this.
that I'd be trapped inside of a cage like this.
that only made me stronger!

Mind of a genius up under waves like this.
Slaying Goliath the Spirit of Messiah: The Iron Fist.

And I can't let this wisdom sliver through my K'ung-Fu grip.
I'mma keep giving because I am the gift.

I finally understand
my feet planted and as the moment demands. I'm holding court with Intellectuals perfecting a plan.

Blood on my palms, weapon in hand, squeezing this poisonous pen.
This acid ink keeps seeping thru my sebaceous gland,

They keep telling me don't sweat it, Just keep yo patience, Sam.

I keep telling me that patience is overrated.

There's a mountain on my back that keeps working my traps, sooner or later they think I'm bound to collapse.

Can you imagine that?

I plan to eat the stars and drink the seven seas,

nuke explosions: mushroom clouds,
walking through the debris.

Come take a walk with me where fear is obsolete

and death is inevitable

and what's done in the night watch is unforgettable.

where heavy metal blow, so better keep yo weapon close,
'cause death don't discriminate and stray bullets don't ask for age.

if you're not an early bloomer

best not act your age.

'Cause you a pack away from getting whacked, or packed inside of a max to stay.

We born Black,

Samuel -- 24-- White
So why you masquerade across the stage,
with skinny jeans and these European Anglo-Saxon imitations.
Materialism got us killing our fate,
compromising our identity for convenience
‘The American Way.’

While these rap cats be talking Street and Twitter-beefing,
dancing with their money bags, as if we ain’t still under siege.
While they pass laws to carry and conceal,
and y’all surprised that,
Trayvon Martin got killed.

“THEY GOT LICENSE TO KILL US!”
I know lifers in prison, fighting the system,
through litigation, they slam doors in their faces,
because of indigence.
You either ignore it or you’re ignorant.
Either Hip Hop’s the enemy, or Hip Hop’s the avenue,
the remedy.

Stop wasting energy with these emotional marchers holding up signs.
That ship is out of date and out of time
doesn’t the 50’s.
The machine is more sophisticated. They then made us.
Hate our color, hate each other. We still suffering from Willie Lynch’s letter.
I’m just a product of the fatherless homes,
slave auctions, duplicated and cloned.
It’s the normal dysfunction inverted,
and when it’s mentioned
even whites get offended,
like they’re victims of hatred.

I’m alive and courageous,
Bold and contagious.
Voice of a hanging slave
The sleeping giant is finally awake.
And I don’t mean no disrespect
I just correct the perspective,
And I ain’t the rawest.
I’m a
REALITY CHECK!
And you just been infected.

Samuel -- 25-- White
Inspiration:

This was birth at a time of learning American History. The early European settlers and their claims of "Christianity." The barbaric massacre of the many natives and the long centuries of inhumane heartless slavery that followed. Then to live in modern society with residue of that same system in a more sophisticated fashion only to find institutions of patriotism with die-hard Americans waving the flag in admiration to the home of the brace as if history didn't exist! Then to grow amongst the poverty-stricken African American population, severed from any identity or inheritance only to adopt a black sheep subculture and be demonized at every turn.

We often fight to belong or be accepted and persuade others to do accordingly. The storm of life presents death, violence, and many other disasters of epic proportion which usually leads to the cries of agony. It was in those times that peace arrived in my innermost. The language of desperation tilts the scales of dignity and launches us into a sloppy unorthodox pursuit of definition. This is my definition of...

Peace Be Still...
I often listen to the winds whisper.

Soft-spoken lamentations, archives of abomination, in a nation
where hatred races rampant.

And innocent blood dampens the ground
And wounded souls carry around pounds and pounds
of angry ammunition
ready to release rounds and rounds
of venomous bitter sweet vengeance.

And engines fueled with aggression,
but without an avenue of expression,
we become victims of retrogression,
and from retrospect the enemy still erect
yet undetected.

While we neglect the call for war by: running in the wrong
race; and moving a the wrong pace; and warring from the wrong place.
And placed in a nightmare
Where only giant dreamers can awake and
Ignite light in the atmosphere here
But, nobody is willing to die, NOBODY IS WILLING TO DIE!
'Cause self death is a definite prerequisite to perpetual
progression, In a maze with no exit.
In a phase where rage is misdirected
I mean how can we expect to be effective
I mean if we neglect what's destined
and reject correction, the only thing left is
the pestilence of transgression, which we
willingly accept as if shipwreck is our only option.

But I guess I'm just talking to the wind
Until I walk into the wind, and the wind walks with me.
And the seas part as I chant praises of victory,
And people surround me and ask questions, as if,
I never suggested the redirection!
It's just CHRIST in me The HOPE of glory.

See my story is long,
I used to be crippled in front of the gate of Beautiful asking for alms
Until I received the Good News
with open arms
And not only did it strengthen my bones, but it imparted
grace to my lungs, and now I'm strong —
now I'm strong, I roam humming melodies from Heaven
writing my own psalms,
in my Father's presence.

Samuel -- 27-- White
Giving my Father's message through demonstration,
    As I spearhead a generation,
    of lay-down lovers of the TRUTH.
While others speculate from the sidelines scrutinizing my every move,
    Harboring belief with no proof,
    Like a fig tree with no fruit, but yet I'mma fool?
As if your cubic zirconium is real jewels,
    Yeah, I rocked that shine for vainglorious gain
    until the infestation and the discoloration came,
    And lies couldn't sustain me through the excruciating pain,
    that drained me,
    But now I see, now I see,
    Greater is He Who is able to part and calm the sea,
        And
        "Peace be Still"
Why I'm Mad....

Inspiration:

This poem was inspired by a certain event that took place in Green Bay Correctional Institution. I was a coordinator for a voluntary group called Self-Help. This group consisted of 25 inmates and 8-9 older middle-class volunteers that discuss topics put together by someone in the group. Very powerful experience. After having what I thought to be a heart-felt discussion about racial issues, I overheard two white inmates talking amongst themselves after group about how blacks need to just get over slavery and how that was the past, and that don't go on now days . . . How we use that as an excuse to be made and blame someone for our laziness.

After several minutes of this bickering back and forth, they looked back to see me standing there. Immediate shock kicked in as they tried to think of how long I had been standing there, or how much I have overheard. I just held my peace and I expressed no emotion. Their fear and shock come both from my physique and the realization that their true intention had been exposed . . .

I responded the right way at the moment, but this poem became a proper outlet, a type of therapy that made it easier to stick to the course and not be detoured by prison conflict.

Samuel -- 29-- White
Why I’m Mad....

Here I stand......
Eyes wide shut, peeking out of a foxhole watching regret take its
toll, in this valley of dry bones. Broadcasting live from the belly
of the Beast. massa turned machine and labeled
D.O.C.
who feast on our young Black priest,
still I chiseled through the teeth to break free.
I’m seeing the light come alive in my
mind’s eye,
as I bottle the tears that my
mom’s cry
while time flies, rapidly on replay.
I awake with the propensity to repeat this relay, each day,
and each day I become more voracious
for the uncertainty of my next destination for the taking.
See, I’ve been awakened by being stripped naked of lies
Misplaced value for materialism
instead of true values materialized.
The true miracle lies in being defined while being deprived,
and in the process of being refined in the fire
In the face of a liar,
Who orchestrates subjugation:
and when I speak the truth they look at me
like I’m out of place.
Like .......... “Here we go again another angry Black man blaming
Slavery!” Well, motha-fucka!
Let me take you out of yo land and stuff you on ships like
sardines inna can, rape and abuse your
women, sell your children on auction blocks
after I beat you and break you and make you watch!
Whip you until you back rot,
making picking cotton a better option,
and you submit to being labeled my property
for hundreds and hundreds of years.
Then I’ll emancipate you only for Jim Crow and Segregation to emerge.
Beat and lynch your people on evil urge,
burn and bomb your churches
while building a penal system, for your children to serve as
chattel..... sentenced
to the clause on the other side of the 13th Amendment.

Samuel -- 30-- White
So pardon me
if I'm not impressed with your Abraham Lincoln, who
freed the slaves to preserve the union and political convenience.
And we grow up in school and read about crooks like these,
    and only slaves and animals look like me.
    if you take a deeper look like me,
        then you might see

    Why I'm Mad

Samuel -- 31-- White
Invisible War

Train of Thought:

The Bible speaks specifically about a war going on in the realm that is unseen by the natural eye.

This was a difficult practice to follow because I have been trained by the world to believe only that which I can see. It’s one thing to enlist in a physical war that you can see and interact with. However, it’s an entirely different battle to war in the unseen realm. Where the mind of a man takes the backseat to the spirit of man and accepts a secondary role. Where what you see and what you believe come into conflict. Where life and death are in the power of the tongue and your life ultimately flows in the direction of your declaration.

The angelic and demonic host executes assignments according to agreement. If you are not rooted in the word of God, this is a complete offense to the natural mind. The trust is often unpopular.

“Lies run around the world in circles while the truth is putting on his shoes.”

Samuel -- 32-- White
Invisible War

I war not against flesh and blood,
but against the unseen schemes that tries to come in between
me and Elohim.

I awake out of my dreams into nightmares where, giants surround me to provoke
the fear of progression, to discourage me from stepping into new ground,
And I know this may sound strange and ridiculous but the real war is suspended
in ambivalence, materialized
through thoughts with demonic intent.
That cannot be seen by the natural eye –
But ‘you’ gotta see it to believe it right?
Yeah right!
See the author of create these illusions.

and if we don’t know what the truth is,
we can’t identify the ‘enemy’ – making resistance useless
A man without rule over his own spirit is like a city
broken down with no walls.
Vulnerable to fall into the claws of deception,
rendering your gifts ineffective,
And in our ignorance we accept less than our inheritance.
I’m in the process of breaking generations curses,
to make a Generational Purchase
FOR PURPOSE!
I’m a living sacrifice so my life is uncertain
But it’s certainly the price.
I’m on the altar calling for fire to strike.
I’m an Ambassador, from a HIGHER EMPIRE
with only a liar to fight.
The whole world has been in the darkness since The Garden
desiring Light, So our households is filled with heavy souls,
and the torment, is enormous while or gifts lie dormant,
because of strongholds – and we see it as normal – because it’s considered beyond our control.

“MY PEOPLE PERISH FOR LACK OF KNOWLEDGE!”
And where there’s no relation a nation cast off restraints
so even the saints
become complacent.
but I’ve been granted authority, through submission and loyalty,
Yoshua writes my story from glory to glory
So I pray without ceasing.

Samuel – 33– White
I speak life and release it.
I declare power in the air, and give hope in a place of despair,
   I pursue LOVE,
   adamantly,
   And live life
   passionately.
I laugh out loud and smile in the face and dark clouds,
Because I know its origin.

   He strengthens my pulse,
   and taught me how to see through the eyes of my heart,
   My intuition is sharp so I can see in the dark,
   So I'm not afraid to engage in,
   "The Invisible War"

Samuel -- 34-- White
In the Air Like I Was Never There

Train of Thought:

This title is self-explanatory. After being sentenced to time in prison you find out who your real friends are. Even family disappears for a season. After being incarcerated for 10 years you realize how much you missed. This is not always a bad thing, but you become different while most of the people you know are still the same.

The popular phrase, “out of sight, out of mind,” takes on a vivid reality to a prisoner. It’s like being in a world inside of the world. Every now and then you get news from different sources. Either it’s a phone call, a letter, or a guy that just got locked up from the streets. They usually give reports about who died, who’s strong out on drugs, who’s successful, who got married, who had kids and so on. The news and other TV shows give you a general idea of the direction in which the world is moving. The whole time I sit, drowning in my think-tank, growing older, as the world seems to spin perfectly as if I was never there.
'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Pass thru the debris of dis-ease wit
a certain degree of ease, Moving through
memories of standing steel, Still standing for real,
yet damaged from abandonment, still I managed to live
through the disadvantages,
because I'm advanced beyond my years.

'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Like pops who made tracks and never cam back,
Like gang cats who bang gets and take off,
only to be caught – because somebody talked,
To get off on a lesser charge
trying to win by default.
Cuz this game ain't fair, it ain't got no heart, But

'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Like that broad wit sweet talk and lip gloss,
and good boss – who would have you lost in the sauce,
and right before you get-off
you get 'offed,' cause money talks and her whole
life has been silent. While you shining out loud.

'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Like the courtroom: the judge, the prosecutor,
and my attorney in cahoots. Using legal lingo
to keep me outta the loop. And dupe me wit enough
time to bury me alive, and in my ignorance I
complied.

'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Like when Dasha got pregnant, or when
Lil Rob got murdered for a necklace. The
Recession: The Presidential Election – Obama:
The death of Osama: The Chile in Haiti's
tragedy: The death of Hip-Hop, and the birth
of its travesty: The Aids increase: The
Cancerous Beast: The Ecstasy Epidemic that
plagued the street, And

Samuel -- 36-- White
'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Like my so-called guys, still living their lives, Touching the grind loving the shine, and going just fine, Without sending me a dime, which reminds me,

'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Like the broads who was down for the cause. Giving me all of their cash with a passion, But when I got locked they dashed, and passed that ass around like good bag, While I sit and reminisce, looking back on what we used to have.

'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Like 400 years of slavery and no reparations. Like blatant racism: classicism:’ imperialism: capitalism, masked and labeled civilization. Like the Confiscation Ace, the Share Cropping, and Black Codes. Over-packed prisons, a young black’s second home. Now that’s the truth in the sentence.

'I'm in the air like I was never there'

Samuel — 37— White
New Kind of Shakespeare

Train of Thought:

This concept was presented to me by a very honored and respected young brother named James "Bariki" Blunt. He presented "New Kind of Shakespeare," as drawing a contrast between the legendary poet and play writer and our modern-day poetic swag. It challenges the paradigm on how poetry is defined between cultures. This poem was my contribution to the collaboration with 4 other brothers in our think tank. We have developed a community of man with poetic expression and common interest.

Every generation has a remnant of people who are representatives of the poetic art of their times.

We are the remnant . . .

We are, the New Kind of Shakespeare.
A New Kind of Shakespeare

See I'm a new kind of Shakespeare
Holding my sphere of influence in this desolated place of ruins.
Truant to the boo-hooing, staying true and doing destiny.
Bondage can't even bury my legacy, making my great escape through telepathy.
I am most definitely,

A New Kind of Shakespeare

So please excuse my benevolence and my double dose of melanin,
Scripture encrypted on my mental depiction, wrapped in muscle mass
And intelligence.

Hell-bound but Heaven-sent
Held down, but neva pent and they may count me out
but I'm cinched,
put in the trenches by the grinches, who stole nine Christmas',
But yet I'm still convinced.....
that I'm

A New Kind of Shakespeare

That good loving, body rocking, romancer, dancing with Calypso,
Raised by junkies and cut-throats,
yet still skilled with finesse and the struggle,
and I been blessed ever since I left the huddle,
'Cause I just can't settle for Babylon,
and you may babble on,
while I battle on, bearing arms.

still unable to hide my GOD-given charm.
Dropping poetic bombs, 'cause I'm ..........

The New Kind of Shakespeare

Deliberately delivering light in dark places.
Embracing the ministry of reconciliation, awaken from resting
with unveiled faces
as we beyond liberation
In its embryonic stages of manifestation and all of
creation eagerly awaits
the revelation to take place.
As I flip through the pages of X-caliber
Releasing the 50-caliber, at satanic sages
Setting the stage for......

Samuel -- 39-- White
A New Kind of Shakespeare

Or maybe I'm transliterated the language?
Maybe I'm just a new kind of Langston Simple Stakes of Claim
Or a I simply carving my own lane?
Writing my name in vanilla skies
Putting the uncircumcised to open shame,

as I slightly drizzle the king's reign.
Finding peace hidden inside of my pain,

And it's forbidden to mention the unseen exchange, traded in my shame
for agape
to YAHWEH

sending an expression of praise in the way I ride the tides of
His Grace.

As time devours my days, each hour I meditate:

To be or not to be....... that is the questions
to be is the identity and not to be is perception.

Introducing the redirection, new youth and complexion

I am A New Kind of Shakespeare.

Samuel -- 40-- White
Flying Lessons

Train of Thought:

The mind behind this poem was geared to speak against life's limitations. As a child, you naturally believe in the impossible until you grow old enough to learn logic. Human reasoning is a powerful tool used to navigate throughout the world, as we know it. However, faith and imagination often flow on an entirely different wave link. My goal is to create a proper balance, slaving my reasoning to compliment my faith and imagination, to confront what may be defined as the impossible.

Situation and circumstances can define you and limit you to your environment that can make taking a risk to pursue your dream/vision, look totally unreasonable. It is those who dare to believe and imagine living inside of their vision that take the steps necessary to pursue their dreams.

I define flying lessons as living beyond life's limitations. Going against the odds, being able to say you can when everyone and everything around you is saying you can't. To face adversity with vigor and an appetite for victory. To live above expectations and premature judgments.

Being a prisoner, I was told that I wasn't fit for society. I made a horrible decision that allowed me to be categorized as the scum of the Earth. Everyday that I awake I make a conscious decision to live contrary to any of those labels. This is Flying Lessons . . .

"The impossible is often the untried."

Samuel — 41— White
Flying Lessons

I can remember being four or five and I was about yea high.
I used to look at the birds soar the skies and I,
sorta believed I could fly.

It was fly-like,
I used to flap my arms and
imagine taking off into the twilight.

Pulling up alongside
all the birds in the sky-like, "I'll race you to the moon."

hell, we even sung the same tunes.

Later on I went to school and learned limitations,
blatant racism and all out hatred.

Video-tapes and books with my ancestors in them as slaves, and
Anything that resembled my face had no significance.

My soul wasn't feeling it.

They! They tried to kill my 'Fly.'

They taught me things like: The Big Bang Theory and Evolution
and although I scrutinize this illusion
and come to the conclusion

in full

this some bull**** They even taught that, for every amount
of mass there's and equal amount of gravitational pull,
that keeps me grounded.

So I found Black-Matter
in the mind frame where only Blacks matter.

Through the crack shattered tinted glass, not being able to see past,
lower class living, and without giving it a thought,

I dived
into ignorance, killing my potential ascension.

The pain of this life tried to........
clipping my wings and kill my dreams

and rob me of my identity as a king.
I believed the lies
of the uncircumcised

who told me I was no greater than what I was
able to buy,
which made me feel
unqualified

and it minimized my 'Fly' minimized my 'Fly.'

But I survived the or is it

I've been revived in the middle of a life-bit,
I looked death in the eyes

and breathed life to the
lifeless.

I believed in spite of the deceiver's
tight grip.

Samuel -- 42-- White
I used my gifts and maneuvered swift,
    I never broke rank
and remained on shift.
Like a thunderstorm I rained on, then I reign on
to water the seeds, that GOD may give increase to conceive
to teach our seeds, that they can achieve,
    outside of what others perceive.
At least that’s what my mother believed.  
It was She that gave me back my wings.

She gave me back my wings.  Finally I,
    had my Burning-Bush experience on Mount Sinai,
Transformed by He Who transforms lives.
    Now I, sit with the wise from sky-scraper high.
Watching my nature rise with unveiled eyes, as these lies vaporized
and I soar the skies, and not only can I fly
but I'm thriving with vibrance.  

"Attention all passengers.  This is your pilot,
all aboard the flight for life, where we fight for the
more abundant life, where we walk by faith and not by
sight.  Until our faith becomes our sight.  Where we
fight to maintain insatiable appetite for success
beyond natural heights."

My lenses has been revitalized, my vision has been revived.

My mind has been renewed.
And now I Fly.

Samuel -- 43-- White
An Act of Violence

Inspiration:

Usually when the word violence is spoken, the mind almost always attaches negative energy to it because that is the most popular usage. However, Webster’s New College Dictionary defines violence as, “Intense, often devastatingly or explosively powerful force or energy.”

One of the older guys I ran into in prison, that I heard about on the streets as a legend, had a story of a woman who inspired this poem. This woman loved him to the very end without asking for anything in return. He described all the things he put her through and yet she still aggressively loved him. This guy was one of the most hardened criminals I had ever met, but yet when he spoke of her I could sense his vulnerability. This brother had started changing from the inside-out and I can tell that they had total trust for one another. She literally won him over with love! Intense, explosive, powerful and energetic love, that is able to break through the layers of a calloused, hardened heart of a man and find inhabitation. After not answering a couple of his calls, he decided to contact her mother, only to find out she died in her sleep... I sat and cried with this brother, listened to his lamentations, and we prayed together, so I dedicated this poem to them both...

Love can be.......

An Act of Violence

Samuel -- 44-- White
An Act of Violence

What element is this that, invaded my life and changed how I perceive...
It's introduction caused an eruption and changed what I believe...
With no choice in the matter I was a victim of circumstantial satisfaction, a fraction of what was to start to happen, a map that led to an atlas, and with no vehicle, I started to travel, mysteries started to unravel, equipping me for battle...

But I never thought like this before...
Cause I never thought like this before, the risk, the reward, the shift forward, the misfortune of being ignored...
The all-aboard-a-legacy aborted, the ignorance of common sense, in a world with no such element as this....
But there you stood... meeting me in the middle of the hood, draped in linen of love and in the presence of good...
Surrounding me with your ambiance and unbeknownst to me, you infatuate every ounce of me, grounding me in your corridors, opening my pores leaving me on all fours, begging for more of your force...
I'm being vulnerable willingly, knowing the possibility of betrayal wreaks the air...
Putting my trust in your care, hoping it never ends, but I can't rush the wind, so I ride waters, diving, drowning, a martyr lost in your harbor...
You are the author of my fate, the charger amending my escape...
litigating through love languages sustaining my stance...
Embracing what I don't understand, giving love another chance...
You enhance my senses and sharpen my wit...
I'm a slave to your gaze, I respond to your whip, our bond, our fit, the harmony in which we exist...
The fear of what I just might miss makes me tighten my grip...
While you remain on cruise control and I lose control of my stroke...
You are the remote control to my inner most, you stroke my pulse with a thousand volts, you house my thoughts and inhabit my melanin...
The elegant benevolence....
Penetrating my fortress, tearing down my defense....
Keeping me in perpetual suspense as your voice echoes and our emotions mix...
And we exchange colors of pastels...
I close my eyes and read your Braille as you lead me to exhale... life.
You speak light and hover above the firmament.
You're heaven-sent expression of betterment baffles me.
Your hypnosis bedazzles me and I remain a casualty of

An Act of Violence....

Samuel -- 45-- White
Train of Thought:

I was thinking along the lines of vulnerability. I was hurt by a woman I loved and she seemed to be unaffected. It was hard for me to believe that I just meant nothing to her. I guess it was just a blow to my pride to admit that I was a sucker for love, or lust! Being young is just rebellion and experimentation, and I was brand new at both. I guess I tried to capture those emotions and put it into expression...

Hope you enjoy!

Samuel -- 46-- White
It's Personal

What do you say when the words fade away...

When the excitement ends and emotions blend making it hard to pretend that you wanna stay.

But you don't wanna leave either, you just needed a breather.

At least that's what I believed until you retreated for a season without giving reason, committing treason of the worst kind, treason of the heart and mind.

So much left open to assumption, too many loose ends to tie.

So much pain inside that I can't even cry, and I can't even hide the numbness.

I try to tell myself that you feel the same. But the truth is that you can very well be unchanged and unaffected.

And it stretches my intellect trying to protect my pride from the pain of your neglect, which was so infectious I became a weapon of self-destruction.

And I couldn't function until I accepted the fact that your actions was a result of my youngness and my dumbness which attached redundance making my emotions an ocean of frozen tundra...

So our offspring was suspended in between love and libidous, with endless pretense and limited commitment... it was unreasonable for us to expect it to stretch the distance of time

As our puppy love made its climb out of adolescence and into adult sessions.

Where we began to explore different selections of attractions and aphrodisiacs distracting the rudimentary attachments that we once had... And I must ask, how could you forget such passion?

Did love and lust collide taking on the same complexion?

I remember how I used to... close my eyes and read your Braille and every intricate detail while you make female sounds.

Samuel -- 47-- White
And I try to quiet you down cause mom's upstairs, but you didn't see, to care...

We used to argue and make up and wake up in each other's arms after our narcosis.

Overdosed with charm and our emotions in motion like a locomotive....

But now I can't hold you and I never got closure....

How can I not take it personal....

Samuel -- 48-- White
I'll Be Around

Inspiration:

I had become some sorta prison counselor over the course of years to where brothers' reference of me was of a respectable nature. So they valued my opinion a little more than average. My perspective on women was different and challenging but yet effective. So I became the go-to guy, to talk to about women. (Even though I was without a woman myself!) So this young fella came to me for advice about the mother of his child. He explained how he had messed up and he just wanted to get across a sincere apology. He told me certain details of his relationships and I helped put together a letter and a poem. After a couple of days the young lady came to visit him in an attempt to make things work. I was so happy for him. Then I found out he was still calling and writing other women, doing the juggling act. Come to find out he was trying to use me and her! Long story short, I just made it perfectly clear to him he would suffer in the long run. But I kept the poem...

Samuel — 49— White
I'll Be Around

How can I be so fortunate... yet forfeit your hugs... your kiss...
how could I let you outta my grip as if you wasn't a gift...
to show me that something real still exists...
Yet I still play the role like I let you go...
As regret takes its toll... carving a hole in my soul...
Pushing me close to what I fear the most... being alone without hope...
If I had a choice I can only ask to hear your voice...
go moisturize my eyes with tears and silent sighs...
Releasing what's inside... letting sincerity be my guide...
feeling at liberty to express the true me without being penalized...
Hoping I can win the prize of your eyes of course...

But things are different now...

We are much more distant now...
And it's all my fault...
How could I let you down...

If ever you are willing...

I'll be around!!!

Samuel -- 50-- White
All of Me

Train of Thought:

This is my picture of complete trust. The purest form of intimacy is being completely exposed to your companion without the looming fear of being judged or rejected for one reason or the other. This is a constant pealing back of each layer of disguise, misinterpretations, and intentions.

Usually when you meet someone the pressure to be liked or seen as attractive makes you alter your approach from being genuine to being likeable. This is the first layer of clothes usually donned. I wanna go back to the garden with my woman before the fall – to be completely naked and unashamed.
All of Me

The armor of my charm, the embrace of my arms all of the blood on my palms, everyone of my love songs, pouring out all of my love like a flood zone...

giving you all of me

untainted and unhindered, unbalanced and blemished total vulnerability pushing past the line security of all of my fears and regrets, feeling your feminine soft-skinned threat, invading my heart, caving in my chest.

Giving you all of my mess, all of my best and the rest of me, all of my finesse and my best recipes, no exceptions as long as you're next to me...

Giving you every fraction of my infatuation, my time, my patience, my mind, my situations, my grind...

Giving you my discontentment, my satisfaction, my modus operandi, my attraction and attachments, my raison d'être, my flower and sense of fashion, giving you all of me even in my absence.

I'm getting high off giving you me and I keep relapsing.

While you keep running laps in my mind and I'm still trying to find the atlas to navigate through the corridors to get to the core of all of you.
Train of Thought:

This is for the millions of brilliant minds lost inside of America’s prison system. Those who made decisions that altered their lives, yet allowed the prison to become a college dormitory. They cannot and will not be silenced! Those who may have done horrible crimes, but have, through the course of time, had undergone real documented changed yet denied an opportunity to re-enter society. Those whose release would help society more than their incarceration.

These African-American men who consistently play the role of teacher and father to the younger guys coming through the prison system. Those who have learned history and identify and represents substance. The necessity of more stand-up men can never be expressed in words alone, but the need is seen in this generation.

I... We are the answer...

That can’t be pushed off...

Samuel -- 53-- White
Pushing Me Off...

Keep on pushing me off
But sooner or later you'll have to face me
face we... the silent eruption, the invisible vision
The ambitious unmotivated mixture... the ... weak strength
of the sixth sense... Buried alive behind barbed wire fence...
and hard iron as time ticks... My mind split so my time spent...

Drowning in education surrounded by innovators who await their
chance to escape and make haste to advancement
Cause the stakes is high and the supply is demanding us
to stand and keep on standing up...
My heart beats like a tribal drum as my teeth sink
into proverbs and psalms, as I absorb the sun with my
sword, my gun, my vest...
Ready to resist arrest from he who oppresses best, and...
Even if I have to die a message, you should never have
to question what's destined...

It's time to awake from nesting, resting in poverty...
striving in mediocrity aimlessly, blameless but yet changing...
Nameless remaining the same lion untamed...
In the same environment restrained, making an alliance with
the shamed, and our reliance is in the same God of Isaac.
So we can never die in vain... Once we stand out and
realize the gain, take a chance and don't compromise the
change, revitalize the vital sings of pain, reorganize and
fortify good grain, so we can reap the harvest...

And the martyrs before us didn't die in vain...
It's in my veins... It's in my veins...
The Nat Turners, the Booker T. Washingtons, the George
Washington Carvers, the Malcom Martin martyrs, the
Garvianism, the Shirly Cheism's vision, the W.E.B. Dubois
talented tenth, the Renaissance Movement, moving into
present tense...

I am a living message sent to bear witness to the
cause... And you can never silence my voice by....

Pushing Me Off...

Samuel -- 54-- White
A Mother’s Worth

Inspiration:

This should be a no-brainer, but I’ll share it anyway. My mother inspired this poem. There are many things that I want to say about mama but I will keep this brief. She was a woman with many scars but yet faithful to her role as a mother. She raised us right and committed to instill morals and values in us that she thought would lead us to live successful lives as adults.

During my juvenile delinquent years, I took my mother through many different trials as a rebellious child. The consistent suspension and reinstatements. Being kicked out of different middle schools and juvenile facility placements. She literally had to take off work to go to these different places to rectify my misbehavior. 'Til finally, my lifestyle led me to prison, and sure enough, her love and support followed.

From the day I got incarcerated, I dealt with the reality of disappointing my mama. Being so far away gave me a level of appreciation that I never thought existed. I’m talking about everything from home-cooked meals to her warm embrace and godly wisdom. I grew closer to my mother during my time in prison. When it donned on me that my mother was a woman with her own story before she had me. I began to ask questions. I discovered that she is an extraordinary woman. I also seen that the way she handled certain situations revealed where I got certain characteristics from. Her example of love was the most consistent and unchanging element in my world.

She is the closest reference to the love of God for me. And I wanted to give her flowers while she’s here.

I love you, Mama

Samuel -- 55-- White
My Mother’s Worth

You conceived me with he who... would later leave you and me.... but yet you stand...

Raising us with grace enough to... engrained in us morals to... properly address quarrels in a world that would attempt to corrupt your touch...

I remember being in my pajamas jumping out of the bed waking up to the fresh smell of Pinesol, bacon and eggs... you were cooking and cleaning with your scarf around your hair rollers playing your gospel songs as you sung along with Orley Caesar, see these are the days that made a house a happy home...

You would tell me... go get dressed for church when you finish your plate... you put grease on my head and rushed my whole face....

Awe... Mama, not church again... I'm falling to sleep in the pews you pinching my skin... peppermints outta momma's purse again, at least when it all ends maybe we can go to the Ol' Country Buffet...

Even when the light wasn't on and pops left you to fight alone... I was getting suspended. K.C. ran away and Nay was thinking she grown... but somehow you remain strong...

Even through the arthritis and being diagnosed with diabetes, the 3 ungrateful kids you were feeding, housing, and clothing...

The eviction notice, the several C.O. suspension and reinstatements... The court appearances, seeing your son sentenced... and you did it all without running to a man or escaping through drug addictions... And I feel defenseless in telling you my decisions isn’t your fault...

And although you never said it mama, I can read your thoughts... and it hurt so much Cause it feel like I failed you and hurt your heart...

But now I'm finally climbing over the mountain of guilt and shame... and started to build a legacy in your name...

Cause you forgave me... and although I'm almost 20 years old.... I’m still my mama’s baby...

I remember as a child you pulling me to the wayside... to spell a word for you and My Auntie Cynthia... baby spell lakeside... l-a-k-e-s-I-d-e... my baby smart... you was so proud...

Or in middle school when I won the science fair... you took off work and caught the bus to make it there... these are some of the memories we share...

Samuel — 56— White
While you was double shifting coming home from work straight to the kitchen cooking for me and my siblings and you did it all with a smile and loving intentions...

I remember it raining and me taking a break from running the streets... we sat and played coon cain and I feel to sleep at your feet...

I can go on and on with these types of memories... you are Eve, mother of everything I perceive... The queen of virtue with a natural instinct to nurture... you taught me to search deep for purpose... and you gave and gave until it hurts... cause this is who you are... you give life to the earth...

So for the rest of my life I'll do whatever I can to show appreciation for...

My Mother's Worth...

Samuel -- 57-- White
Purpose

Train of Thought:

I was told that you live differently when you live on purpose. Purpose teaches lessons that you would never learn by merely existing. Purpose is a teacher, and it is strategic and has eyes to see. The steps of purpose are planned out. You even live differently when you know your purpose.

Purpose is a God-given function that intertwines diversity and distinction into synchronicity to achieve a cause, to meet a need, to create a wave or even to confront an injustice.

Usually those in tune with the passion, personality and skill-set, are more likely to identify and walk in their purpose.

Purpose is designed to serve, and we are created to serve a purpose...
Purpose

You are... Creative innovation
your face radiates greatness
you make risks look worth the taking...

You taught me that life is what you make it,
and our mistakes help shape and cultivate patience...

In a world that exchanges what's sacred for complacence,
Sometimes we make things too complex,
so I just finesse the basics...

But I guess I'm just a kid at heart admiring your art,
repaired by your scars... Your hard-working resolve,
I applaud you with high regards...
Cause you are my....
  life preserver, my
invite to fight for life with purpose,
My insight to new heights,
to be engulfed by the light of what's right,
and I just now sliced the surface...
No longer will I neglect my responsibility to impact...
regardless of the burdens of the pass on my back.
No matter where I'm at...
Nor how people will react... I feel forever compelled to give back...
to live as... a ruling servant... to give as if the need is urgent...
to heal, and build, putting my skill to work because I believe its worth it...

So never minimize your contribution of any size...

  Cause it has become a solution in my eyes.

Purpose...

Samuel -- 59-- White
Train of Thought:

This was a voluntary group available at a maximum prison at Green Bay Correctional Institution. This was put together by the sweetest lady I had ever met – Ms. Vandenbruden. This was a woman not intimidated by the charges brought against the man, but rather interested in creating an environment possible to produce change. This group gave opportunity for the inmate to have dialogues with different people from different walks of life and professions. This was direct exposure to success stories. I like the fact that both the inmates and volunteers had stereotypes about one another. The awkward stand-off flooded the room upon these two groups of individuals interacting. After hours of open dialogue, the paradigm was shifted and stereotypes crumbled for a moment of amnesty as we all decided to learn instead of judge.

This experience was unmeasurable!
Challenge & Possibilities

What matter of love is this that...
Invades the captives with a heart of compassion...

Exchanging your beauty for our ashes
yet still celebrating the laughter...
We finally found a place safe to escape the masses...
To take off the mask and bridge the gap
between good and bad or at least
what we perceive it as...
Cause we only see half of the whole portrait...

Our pain and misfortune, our preconceived notions,
distorted by the fear of being hurt again,
and this is one of many ways to avoid it...

But here...

we break down the fence of defenses with our common bond,
and our common senses...

Where victims turn victors
and criminals turn repentant, and we all meet
at the center for...

Justice Restored

Cause true strength is measured by
how we respond to tragedy
and you having the audacity to forgive and live
and still love passionately...
to heal, and build, and still love laughter
baffles me...

But here you are... providing freedom
behind these bars... But your contribution
stretches beyond these walls...
so we applaud your cause...

Challenge & Possibilities

Samuel — 61— White
Hands on Time

I never thought this would happen to me, my life falling rapidly to tragedy.

And I can’t seem to see past these tinted glass lenses.

Revisiting my past laughter, recapturing the ambiance of the magic, as my spirit fights off the dark clouds advancing.

Hoping to enhance my strength as these walls close in.

And I remain the voice in the desert, with silent screams and shattered dreams and it seems they can’t be put back together.

But I’ve never been a quitter, so it sorta equipped me to sorta weather the storm...

And although I was born a king and raised a slave, I’m growing back into my original form.

It’s funny how torment gives you armor to engage. In this war, not of physical material, but of interior core.

Squeezing out the best of me, seeping through my pores,

Wishing I can push fast forward past the torture,

But I’m fortunate for it shapes me, making me more... Awake...

Being chosen amongst the forsaken you must have an innate resistance to hatred, or be engulfed by its contamination.

And once it penetrates, it’s hard to escape its justification, and just in case you want a false sense of comfort creates isolation.

Yet I hunger for... a rejuvenated soul, praying in a fox hole, remaining watchful as the earth seems to swallow me whole.

And just when it seems like I’m dying, I plugged into the vine, and I now they tried to bury me alive, but they only fertilized my shine.

Now I verbalize my mind through poetic lines encrypted on the hands of time, while my time is spent doing hands on time...

Samuel -- 63-- White
Hands on Time

Train of Thought:

I was sitting outside on my lunch break at my prison job, which paid probably 18¢ per hour, and I ask myself for the umpteenth time, "How did I get here?" The in-between time seemed to play out on the big screen as I allowed my mind to navigate my emotions down memory lane and into the shoulda – coulda - woulda scenarios. All of the challenges were minor up until this point without me even knowing it. This type of situation is designed to break a man's sanity. To live with an unaltered awareness of the calendar – to create significant moments out of minor events like: recreation, football season, basketball season, "special meals," mail and money receipts. To find a personal flow in an institution that promotes the same animalistic behaviors it claims to punish. Rehabilitation has been long lost in the winds of mass marketing. So the choice to improve is up to the inmate. My audacity to be different was met with resistance from staff and inmates alike. So I decided to declare war and got involved in my change...

Hands On Time

Samuel -- 62-- White