"JOHN PINARD'S"

Poetry Slam

**Dance**

**Prison Edition**

By
John Pinard
From left to right

A story of hard times traveling the U.S.

A High plains drifter with

Broken bones but never broken spirit.
Trish Crapo
Poets of Franklin County

Dear Lady Heroin,

When we first fell in love with you,
You brought me warmth and comfort.
Then you used my brain for money and more.
You put me in jail.
You lowered my morals.
You turned me cold-hearted.
You made my temper hot.
You made me a lying cheat.
You made me dishonest.
You made me a cold-hearted.
You made me a liar.
You made me hard for drugs.
You taught me to ignore life.
You made me sell women.
You made me fights dirty.
You made me cheat on girls.
You made me self-centered.
You create pipe dreams in my head.
You make regrets.
You were there when my friends died.
You gave me black marks on my arms.
You took me in.
You put my soul up for sale.
You make my friends scared of me.
You sucked the life out of me.
I miss you.

You have to find something you love more than you love this drug.

“The problem is, we don’t ever find anything we love as much,” Bell says, including himself in the category of addicts.

“You have to find something you love more than you love the drug.”

“Think it’s more that you come to realize that if you don’t stop doing what you’re doing, you’re going to lose something you’re not prepared to lose without.”

That might be a lover or a spouse, a job, or the respect of people you care about.

The initial commitment to get clean takes a lifelong commitment to stay clean.

During our talk at the jail, Pinard and Bell agreed it takes more than just being abstinent. You need to set rules for yourself, they said, to develop what Bell refers to as a “prescription for life.”

“I’m trying. I really am,” Pinard said, “I feel different.”

“You seem different,” Bell agreed.

‘Inside Art,’ an exhibit of inmates’ art & poetry

“Inside Art,” an exhibit of poems and artwork created by inmates at the Franklin County jail, is on display at ArtSpace, 15 Mill St., Greenfield, through Oct. 3.

The exhibit was organized by The Elm Street Think Tank, a group of inmates and community members who meet weekly at the jail to “promote alternatives to incarceration by raising awareness and connecting people, ideas, & resources.” Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m.

Trish Crapo is a writer and photographer who lives in Leyden. She is always looking for Franklin County poets with recent publications or interesting projects to interview for her column. She can be reached at trish@me.com.

Staff photographer Paul Franz has worked for The Recorder since 1986. He can be reached at pfranz@recorder.com or 413-772-0261, ext. 266. His website is www.franzphoto.com.
Trish Crapo
Poets of Franklin County

Dear Lady Heroin,

was a disarmingly intimate poem, a list of ways that the drug had destroyed Pinard's life.

"You lowered my morals. You turned me cold-hearted. You sank into my bones. You put my soul up for sale...You stuck the life out of me," Pinard had written.

Pinard had typed the poem in a cursive font, perhaps to emulate a handwritten letter. At the bottom, later, he'd printed by hand, "I miss you."

"It was this last line - both the shock of it and its honesty - that got to me.

When I ask if he remembers why he added that line, Pinard nods and says, "I was going through a rough time. I was having withdrawals."

Pinard, 37, says he has overdosed on heroin 21 times since 2006, and 10 times in the last six months. He was locked up for heroin at 21. Pinard says, adding that he had been told it was cocaine. He can't claim to be an innocent. He admits that his downfall has always been being a 'party animal.' But Pinard says he wishes he'd never tried heroin.

Culture of addiction

"Pursue the biggest drug taking culture in the world," Bell says. He doesn't know what can be done to help addictions sooner. Short of changing the whole culture.

We're encouraged to seek pleasure and stimuli at all the time. Bell says, adding that the current mobile phone culture is the manifestation of addiction. "The kids are all like this," he says, pantomiming looking at a hand-held phone. "Even when you're talking to them.

Pinard says pushers appeal to kids as young as 12 or 13 by saying, "It's just like jumping off a rope swing."

I ask Pinard how somebody goes about getting out from under an addiction.

"You have to hit bottom," Pinard says. "And then you have to believe in something that will make you better."

Recently, Pinard has found that "something." Pinard says he has found that "something" in The Recovery Bible, an edition of the Bible rephrased in language intended to make it more accessible, and organized by topics that relate to the struggles of recovering addicts.

Recovering the costs

Later, Bell and I talk a little more. Bell has written about his own struggle through alcohol addiction to sobriety in his two collections of poems, "Crossing the Bar," and "Landing Anxiously."

He read last week's column, Bell says, and he's thought a lot about Paula Raywood's comment that, "You have to find something you love more than you love the drug."

"The problem is, we don't ever find anything we love as much," Bell says, including himself in the category of addicts. "An addict will think, 'Hmm, something else I can just instantly gratify myself with? What could that be?'" Bell chuckles, well aware of the dark side to his humor.

"I think it's more that you come to realize that if you don't stop doing what you're doing, you're going to lose something you're not prepared to live without."

That might be a lover or a spouse, or for the respect of people you care about. After the initial commitment to sobriety, there's no commitment anymore."

During our talk at the jail, Pinard and Bell agreed it takes more than just being abstinent. You need to set rules for yourself. They said it's important to work on what Bell refers to as a "prescription for life." "I'm trying. I really am," Pinard said. "I feel different."

"You seem different," Bell agreed.

Inside Art, an exhibit of inmates' art & poetry

"Inside Art," an exhibit of poems and artwork created by inmates at the Franklin County jail, is on display at Artspace, 15 Mill St., Greenfield through Oct. 5.

The exhibit was organized by The Elm Street Think Tank, a group of inmates and community members who meet weekly at the jail to "promote awareness of incarceration by raising awareness and connection people, ideas, & resources.

Monday through Friday, 1 to 6 p.m.

Trish Crapo is a writer and photographer who lives in Leyden. She's always looking for Franklin County poets with recent publications or upcoming projects. She can be reached by phone at 772-3861 or email at trisharov@comcast.net.

Staff photographer Paul Flans has worked with The Recorder since 1988. He can be reached at paulflans@comcast.net or 413-772-3861 ext 206. His website is www.frankoh.com.
DEAR LADY HEROIN

When we first met, I fell in love
You brought me warmth and comfort
I could not get enough of you
You started to play hard to get
You make me scam money to please you
    You lowered my morals
    You made my temper hot
    You make me cold hearted
    You gave me a silver tongue
    You taught me to hit hard
    You made me fight dirty
    You made me sell women for sex
    You made me self-centered
    You create pipe dreams
    You create a sea of regrets
You were there when my friends died
You gave me track scars on my arms
    You put me in State Prison
    You made me headstrong for drugs
    You take all that is good from me
You make me scared of contracting the H.I.V.
    You sank into my bones
    " I MISS YOU "

BY: John Pinard
I live in the relm between time and space
I was unaware of the magnitude of my court case
Ignorance is Bliss until locked up remembering your last Kiss
Im forced to live in a violent State Prison , called Walpole
I can feel evil spirits testing my Holy Soul
I have crystal clear thoughts of the wreakage of my past
How long can my heartache and nightmares really last
The housing unit I live is called Block- 8
I hope to God the people here dont control my fate
Im here for a petty crime
The courts justice was Five years time
My criminal record is no longer a joke
I have finally given up on my Revise and Revoke
A paid lawyer , I did not have., I could not pay the fee.
I was not on my Meds to i pitched a unagreed plea
When I think of the jury now I could have picked at trial
I think of a man I wish I never met
My public Defender the sell out public Pretender

Sincerely written by: John Pinard
# W - 105767
"IRON SHARPENS IRON"

There is an old saying in the Bible's Proverbs

IRON SHARPENS IRON

It is true in many ways
A blacksmith does it for work
You could be a fighter pilot
confused in a Holy War

You could be a great player on a losing team
like Boston's Ortiz or Thomas

You could even had been incarcerated falsely
"Like Mr. Dennis Sobin and myself"
A negative attitude accomplishes nothing!
Have faith and patience with the Lord
You will overcome any obstacle

"Mens Actions Sharpen and Shape other mens Actions"

A shining example is needed for our youth

Remember
Iron Sharpens Iron

BY
John Pinard
HEADED SOUTH

Downward spirals begin after one picks up beers and crack stem
I was arrested and entered the American criminal system
Fourteen years old sent to juvenile hall
I was like a basketball player who is not tall
On graduation night of my alternate highschool
I was arrested again and made into a silly fool
I was getting crack in the city when I got a D.W.I.
I lost my licence and freedom again, I wanted to cry
20 years have flown by since then
Most of that time has been in the Pen.
I know if I continue the fast life
There will never be a woman willing to be my wife
As one wrap sheet becomes longer
Your fuse for stupidity gets shorter
Your hope for success becomes to out of reach
That is usually when junkies stop using BLEACH
So many shame filled memories of regret
Wishing my drug overdoses will help me forget
Today im 38 and this body has started to rust
I have finally realized God is the only one I can trust
Know God, Know freedom
No God, No freedom

By : John Pinard
"CROWN of THORNS"

Have you ever heard the story
Of Mr. Faded glory?
They say "He who rides the poney
must one day fall"
I was talking to my alter
He said, "Life is what you make it"
If you make it death, than rest your soul
It's like a crown of thorns
I used to treat you like a lady
now your my substitute teacher
I owe the man some money
now I'm turning over honey
It's like a crown of thorns
Mr. Faded glory is once again doing time
I am on the shelf
Nothing left to subtract
This needle is not a pretty sight
Addiction
It is like a crown of thorns
Keep him tied
It makes him well
He is getting better, Can't you tell?
Punishment for addiction proves fruitless

BY
John Pinard, Mother love bone, Pearl jam, and Metalicka
MY
Three favorite rock bands of all time!
My FIRST WALPOLE VISIT

Gay, I am not!

I'm in Walpole State Prison

I made it finally to the blood stained floors

It was the world's most violent

Back in the day a body a minute would drop

I am unhappy in Walpole

The floors are dark red

The food is moldy bread

Lumpy is my old bed

My only friend is crazy Fred

The longer I stay here

The darker my vision turns to the color red

Please let me out!

SORRY

BY

John Pinard
GOD V's SATAN

Birth / Death
Love / Hate
Happy / Angry
Smile / Frown
High / Sad
Strong / Frail
Help / Hurt
Give / Take
Freedom / Prison
Well / Sick
Bright / Dark
Hot / Cold
Heaven / Hell
Life / Suicide
Sun / Night
Good / Bad
Master / Slave
Jesus / Lucifer
White / Black
Pray / Curse
Marry / Divorce
Want / Discard
Awake / Sleep
Eat / Throw up
Start / End

BY : John Pinard 4-11-16
This is the worst punishment Massachusetts can give
This is the hole of the Department of Correction
This is a silent place, with nothing to do
Ten years is now the longest time they can hold you
It is the home of the most angry and violent convicts
I was a runner there, It is a unpleasant stay
The pencils and pens are made out of rubber
There are many sex creeps, named Bubber
   Anguish, Fear, and Tears
I has many feelings of regret
It is build like a bee hive, One way in or out
   Respect keeps you alive
Prisoners seldom joke or play
A solid reputation keeps the homosexuals at bay
Many must eat their food with out a fork or spoon
   Finger food trays are for the worst of the worst
If you ever make it out of there you will bark at the moon
   No death penalty in Mass
   You wont want to come back!
   You bet your ass

BY
John Pinard
- HEART BROKEN -

I try and humble my feelings toward you
The ocean of my heart is overflowing
People dream of Love
That is something you never gave me
All I ever wanted from you is to try
Try to be the father you never where
I apologize for wanting you to be a man you ain't
Forgive me for wanting something you never had
It is when I compare you to Mom that I'm torn apart
She is the polar opposite to you
Please listen to the words of the heart broken
This lone child with no one to guide
Without you, what am I
Absolutely Nothing!
That is why I am Lost without you
Each morning I struggle to have a good mind set
I do well until the thoughts of your absents
blacken all the times to hurt me
Like a half full glass
You are worthy of my forgiveness
With a broken heart, I will forgive my Dad
God will bless all the heart broken children

BY
JOHN PINARD
written while incarcerated 4 - 12 -16
MY GOD DAMN

SELECTIVE MEMORY

I have bad short term memory
Near perfect long term memory
As time goes by
I can remember everything
Unless it is traumatic
Than my brain erases it instantly
Until the subject arrises
Than I experience
DEja vu

MY GOD DAMN SELECTIVE MEMORY

BY

John Pinard
TEARS OF A WILD ROSE

I'll tell you something, " I care about you very much! "
They say,(LOVE) is a chemical.... I believe there is alot more to it!
You were good to me and I loved you for it!
I wish you were here everyday! We had sooo much fun!
Sometimes in life you meet someone that quiets and calms your entire soul.
When you accept someone for their faults and weaknesses,
" THAT IS LOVE! "
Love can show up in many different ways!
Caring for your friends, The love of a mom.
When you love someone, you always want them happy!
That is how I feel about you, John.
( A letter to me in prison's S.M.U. after a fight, 3 - 24 - 16 )
CHERIOS AND CHICLETS

One morning while eating cherios in Worcester County jail's Block I took a bite and thought, "What the fuck!"
Frusterated and hungry, I took another bite.
Then I heard a guy picking a fight
I was thinking how my cherios where really stale
I started to day dream about posting my impossible bail
How I wish this was cinnimon toast crunch
Suddenly I was on the floor, knocked out one punch
My chiclets were loose, I felt like I got hit by a moose
That morning, I wish I was ready for the attack
I was covered in cherios, I wish I had them back!
Hungry and in pain I thought to myself
You don't know what you got until your cherios and chiclets are spread all over the floor!

BY

JOHN PINARD
( author of, PRISON 101 )
- LEFT to RIGHT -

Oranges to Apples
Sac-Town to Bean-Town
One-time to Five - O
51-50 to Section 12
Hella good to Wicked good
Featherwood to Wifie
Black tar to China white
Magic Jonson to Larry Bird
49er to Minute man
Charger to Patriot

Caviar to freebase
Surfboard to Snowboard
Shrimp to Lobsters
Yum Yum Donuts to Dunkin Donuts
Hawaii to Martha's Vineyard
Mt. Shasta to Mt. Washington
Mexican to Portorican
Aryan Brother to Hooligan Brother
Three Strike to Career Criminal
Fisherman's Warf to Quincy Market
San Quinin to Walpole Prison
Pacific to Atlantic
Soc him to punch him
Tight to Dope
Essey to bro
Crystal meth to Fish scale cocaine
Grapes to Cranberries

By : John R. Pinard
Your eyes glow like a full moon
Your heart like dark Venus
Your smile as bright as the sun
Your loyalty as big as Jupiter
Your hair yellow like a banana
Irish flesh soft and sweet
Street smarts green like an apple
Sour to taste but amazingly good
We were so different in every way
But together we formed a perfect team
We fit snug like a glove
We where connected like a puzzle
I may have been swift like the river otter
It can't compare to the intellect of the wallrus
I learned to love your defaults
The four seasons has brought us back home
The Grayhound was a long horrible ride
My Bliss served five years in jail for nothing
I was locked up for six months, We drifted apart
I felt like King Davids grandfather before
our prayer was answered. I loved you!
I still miss your three hearts
Your comment about not being that cute broke
my only heart.
I know now why Baca had his theory, I AM SORRY!

By : J. Pinard
PLACE

A thousand strands of time, events, and people weave into each other into a tapestry I like to call place.
It is more than a house,
Place
is where meaning, belonging and safety come together under the covering of our best efforts at unconditional love
Place
beckons us with memories burled deep in our souls on us
The Place in us is dramatic
Place
is magnetic, simple it is not
If you are looking you might not find without peace, you will not find Place

BY

John Pinard
reworked from a quote from Our Daily Bread
2016
Daily readings for Christians
Quarterback, runningback, and defensive end for the Redskins.
I played football three years in preparation for the David Prouty "Panthers."
I had dreamed of Boston College drafting me, (first round.)
when I went to the Holy Cross football camp. I was taught by actual pros. from the N.F.L.
I lived at the dorms of the college for two weeks. At 14 yrs of age. It was my first taste of being a adult.
I was not allowed to play football my freshmen year. I had picked up a smoking habit during the summer and that was a instant boot. My life had started to slid down the tubes.
After being kicked out of two high schools, going to D.Y.S. and traveling with the Gratful Dead. I went to the last school that would take me.
This is where I met my best friend. We where in a class room with a bunch of devils rejects. After school, we rode vans home. My best friend Pasqually and I smoked weed and ate mushrooms. We would go fishing and catch turtles.
One day satan appeared on a canoe colored red. He invited us in and bought our turtles with weed for stew.
Satan's name was Jim, he was a compulsive liar. He was twenty years older then us boys. Together we formed a perfect bond or mixture to become codefendants. We where a well rounded trio. We ended up meeting a beautiful mother and teen daughter. Their
female cousin started sniffing coke with us all. We became her best costumers. We drank beer every school night and weekends. We all had become the very best of friends. The six of us would squeeze in Linda's Mustang like one big happy family crest. ( Acid, from the Boston Garden )

Copping drugs and dealing was a every day thing.
The Hooper street projects was our new hang out. Flaco, Papo, Indio served us well. They dragged us down in the long run. Grateful Dead, Kind buds, and crack rocks was our thing.

Mopar cars, CJ7 jeeps, tool belts and socketts.
The Fair, Dunkin Donuts, Salem Crofts to Construction contracts.
We did everything together! ( Best of friends )

I went to county jail for a bullet. My friend Pasquale was lost without me. He wanted to do a crime and be sent to the same jail to be with me. He began to do violent armed robberies! He did too much! He got caught for every single one and was not allowed to serve his time with me in county. At 18 yrs old he was sent to the worst prison in Mass. He got ten years and that is the truth!

I was freed ten months later and began to accept his collect calls from D.D.U. I gave him three way phone calls and hooked him up with chicks to write. I sent him magazines and money. I missed my brother from another mother. I made sure to write him every week!

(2)
- My Best Friend -

When you go to a man's prison at a young age, things are hard! There are chicken hawks that fuck with you.

My best friend was involved in a fight with a big, huge weight lifter homosexual. This guy would wear red lipstick on the unit.

I was told my letters kept him from suicide while in D.D.U..

At his release he was damaged property. He could not wipe away his fifty yard steer. He had lost his mind!

We had went our seperate ways after he got out. He really wanted to stay sober. I did not!

I heard he bought a hurricaine damaged Volvo. It was a $40,000 car. He was working odd jobs as a handy-man. I bumped into him at my town's package store while buying beers. We embraced and I envited him to my place to meet my girlfriend for a beer.

We where catching up old times.

HE DRANK ONE BEER! He than left for the liquour stor for a fifth of cheap vodka. We smoked weed and listened to Primus.

All night long we sang and laughed. He passed out and pissed himself. His sleeping demon had awoke. He was discusted in himself. His criminal thinking came back. He traded in his choice weapon, (framing hammer) into a chain saw and assual rifle.

When my best friend was caught for his actions. He faced Life in prison. He told me his girl said she would stay with him forever. It turned out six months later. She left him and helped the police. My friend joked, Forever these days is 6 months!

What my best friend said after that was the most disturbing.
- My Best Friend -

My best friend told me he can not wait until he gets Life in prison! He said that is the only way he will ever truly feel free! No more punishment from the courts anymore!
My best friend is serving twenty years mandatory in 9-Block. I was told by a C/O in Walpole he should be in D.D.U. but he is too crazy.

The End

PS) I am sorry I gave you that beer, May God Bless You!!!!!!!!
"Rest In Peace"
N.F.L.'s Boston Patriots

The name of the football team comes from the bold farmers of Worcester County, Massachusetts. They started the revolution! The fact is over five thousand country men united with weapons. Those brave men shut down the English Parliament Building, also known as a Court House!

That act of defiance in Worcester, Massachusetts and the first resistance documented almost a year before the "Boston tea party."

Those colonists dressed as American Indians and raided a tea ship docked at Boston Harbor. They used axes and pry bars to destroy a large tea shipment from Great Britain. The British greed was their downfall. The future of high taxes was on a downward hill.

New England was going to be a land for the richest of the rich of England. If you check a map of the world you can see that most New England town's names are the same as the mother land's. Worcester, Leicester, Oxford, and Webster are a few off hand.

The shot heard around the world and the Boston Massacre, make me proud to be an ancestor of a great revolutionary soldier, patriot, and country men.

Those guys had balls and they followed their dreams!

God Bless Our Fine Country! You can't hate a patriot!

BY

John Pinard - 4 - 22 - 16
February 2, 2016, I watched the greatest football game ever played on the blood stained flats of Walpole State Prison - Cedar Junct. I was housed in 8 - Block and me an all the guys huddled around a 19 inch television. We all united together, just for those 60 minutes. We acted as a family. All wanted the Patriots to win. now that everyone's mind is refreshed of the bad play's called by wimpy, Pete Carol then Patriots head coach against the mighty Green Bay, Packers of the 90's
My prediction is will be ostracized from his position in the N.F.L. Football League. I think he will be given his spot back at the University of Southern California.
The Seattle Seahawks own the most difficult running back to tackle to the ground
Mr. Lynch has a nickname Beastmode, He is a beast ( No doubt ) He is the reason his team was even in Phoenix, Arizona in the first place partaking in Super Bowl 49
This man averages 4.5 yards a carry. I have seen him run through big Vince Wilfork! He acts like an unstoppable force
One yard was needed to seal the win for Seattle, 20 seconds remained left to the game
A pass play transpired, A pass was indeed intercepted! A knee was taken. Four beautiful gold and diamond Super Bowls rings Tom Brady wears now, The game ball should be given to the little guy, Malcolm Butler the first year rookie saved the season!!!
Now I know why everyone calls Brady the G.O.A.T. because he is!

BY : John Pinard
- Quote from Toney in 'Scar face' -

You're all a bunch of fucking assholes! You know why? You don't have the guts to be what you want to be! You need people like me! You need people like me! So you can point your finger and say, "That's the bad guy!"

So, what makes you so good? What does that make you? Good your not good! You just know how to hide... how to lie. ME? I ALWAYS tell the truth even when I lie!

So say goodnight to the bad guy! C'mon, Last time you're gonna see a bad guy like this again! "Lemme tell ya!"

Copied by : John Pinard
4 - 23 - 16
Mass. State Prison
Shirly
The Midnight Rider had been arrested in Sanjuiquin County for crack. His warrants from 3,000 miles away were sure to pop at court. His east coast accent was sure to get him jammed up with the judge. He practiced talking like a hillbilly to himself in the holding tank. The Rider did have a California social security number so it could be pulled off.

When the Rider appears in front of the judge he was represented by a woman so ugly that she had definitely kept her virginity through her eight years of law school. He pronounced his R's and told his lawyer he was born in the state. He was going out of his way to hit on this homely bitch.

They called his name. He rose up and nodded at the judge. The D.A. told the facts of the case. The judge was very understanding about the whole ordeal. He said "Can you complete 24 weeks of drug court?" (Prop.36)

The Rider knew he would be released if he complied. "Yes, I can sirrrrr. Thank ya verrry much Yourrrr honorrrr!

He had slipped through the cracks again for his crack! No pun intended. He raised his arms to the bailiff to unlock his belly chains. The man in the white police uniform said, Oh No". You will be released from the county jail at nine tonight. He began to complain that he lived three blocks away from the court house and that the jail was over thirty miles from his girlfriend's house. He was afraid of the warrant check at the new jail that had been built. His positive vibe turned negative.

He was chained to 20 men and herded into a very large grey school bus. It had bars on all the windows. I began to ask a few questions about release at the jail. One man told the rider that you will be set free so late that if you don't have a ride you will be arrested and brought right back.

The ride through vinyards of grapes was breath taking. The fruit was ready for the picking. I day dreamed out the window. I heard a convict yell out, "Turn the radio on to the Hawk!" That was the only station that was not country music. Classic rock was a treat. The first song played was my song! It is by Almond brothers, The midnight rider. I knew I was getting out!!!!!!! The clock struck seven and I was told to pack it up! I was a free man running the cold hearted streets again!

BY
Sid Vicious
The United States Department of Corrections is a system of which the people are forced to live around all cultures. It is a place in which people curse or swear aloud more than most!

We inhabit one of the few so-called cultures in which the F-WORD can be contorted into a noun, verb, adverb, adjective, and even a term of endearment!

The Massachusetts prison population is a world set apart from the rest of the world for a short time basis.

( So give a guy a break, If those words keep fling out of his new released body and mind! )

BY : John Pinard
"LIVE HEATHY, BE FRUITFULL"

Live healthy
Be fruitfull
Don't take sides
Stay neutral
When you feel down
Don't look to the ground
Look to the sky
Give prayer a try
I believe when you shed a tear
It releases your sin and fear
If your patient and complete a goal
You will feel a weight lifted from your soul
Sometimes all you can do is sit and wait
It's hard to leave your troubles in the hand of fate
Remember when your angry and shake your fist
That is when "GOD" puts you to the test
When your chest is puffed up with pride
DON'T EVER FORGET WHO IS RUNNING THE RIDE!

BY
John R. Pinard
-AMEN-

It is the only universal word in this world
It closes a sincer prayer
SO IT WILL BE

In Hebrew, Aman means faithful or believe
No matter if your Hebrew, Latin, English or Greek
It is a word only used by the meek
I strongly suggest you use it everyday of the week

BY
John R. Pinard
Born on a cold concrete sidewalk of the Left Coast
I have experienced more pain than most
I live my life as the book of Samuel
My ignorance to the thug life has saved me more than once
The Virgin Mary was stamped on my chest, back in Stockton
I have live my life since then in desperate measure
It is sad drugs have been always been a valuable treasure
Poisoned, Stabbed, beaten, and shot twice
Modern medicine from S.F. and blood transfusions
Institutions, Shelters, and County Jails
They had always saved my life
Now at court, I am facing LIFE
How will I cope?
I must stay away from the rope
Wish me luck
What a stupid fuck

BY
John Pinard
4 - 26 - 16
PRISON
HEAVEN or HELL
MOTEL CALIFORNIA

Out on a dark deserted roadway, Cool wind in my beard
Warm smell of colitas, rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light,
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim,
I thought this must be the night

As he stood in the gateway, I heard him wish me well, He said
"You will spend eternity here, Or it will be HELL!"
As he picked up the Lamb's Book, He searched for my name,
I really hoped he would find it, For I had nothing to claim
God said, "Welcome to the home of all believers,
Everyone who comes here, most are full of fear
There is a plenty of room if your name is in the book,
with a smile and joy on his face, He bowed his head to look
As he searched through the pages, My heart began to doubt,
He did not speak a word, He just read the whole book throughout
When he came to the last page, He gently shook his glowing head
The smile on his face disappeared, I saw the sadness instead.

I fell on my knee to worship Him, but it was too late,
I had waited too long to change and I had sealed my own fate.
I stood shaking and I cried out, as they took me way,
If I only had prepared myself for this coming day.

I screamed, "Jesus, won't you be my Lord and savior?"
I know that I was lost, I did not count the entire cost!
I did not believe what those Christians said about you,
Now it has doomed my life, to find out it was all true!

As I stood in the door of Hell. I viewed a lakeshore of flames
My life was passing in front of my eyes, I was filled with shame.

God's angels heard my cry, "I want to change my stance!"
They said the words I did not want to hear, "you had your chance

The moral of this story is to choose life wisely today,
Don't let Satan lead you around, If you don't know the way!
Just call upon JESUS' name for help, He will show you the gate!
Please just make him your savior right now, before it's too late!

BY
John Pinard

( The idea for this poem comes from a Eagles song and Ernie
A REQUIEM FOR UNCLE CHARLIE

Charlie loved family and band members
Charlie like his guitars, Gibson or Fenders
Charlie sang the blues and made lots of money
Charlie played the blues when he had everything good
Charlie did not play much his last days
Charlie was always missed on tour, absent
Charlie was the kind of a guy to give you his last cent
Charlie moved into my town
Charlie seemed to always be holding back a frown
Charlie was the only one who could get my big TV up the stairs
Charlie drinking gave our family many scares
Charlie was so happy when I bought him his new bed
Thank you, Johnny is all he said!
Charlie Baum and blues man B.B. King died together
I can picture them in Heaven talking about the weather
I can hear them playing "When Love Comes To Town"
Jamming out in the clouds with Jesus
All with matching robes and guitars (Gibson)
Charlie you were a good man and my favorite uncle
Your son is a handsome boy, just like you
Tell everyone to save a place for all of us down here
You will be missed

BY
John Pinard
I'm sorry that I have to be away this Mother's Day, Sweety. I love and miss you so much, It is all I can say today. Though we are apart, We still have a speciaal bond. You mom, My heart will always stay extra fond. Keeping in touch has helped in every way. Thank you for always offering a place to stay. Now, I'm a man. I remember how we use to play. A debt to society is a fee that I must pay. When the day comes when I am released. I promise to take care of you until your deceased. My faith in God and my family will not be led astray. There is No present big enough to show you how I feel about you. I just can't wait to drink coffees and eat Dick's bunny head stew Just know I am safe and I will be out one sunny someday. I will say a extra long prayer that you have a Happy Mothers day!

BY
John Pinard
4 - 25 - 16
Dear Poetry Fans

( I must close this book for now, but I have a new an improved book called : PRISON SLAM DANCE - second edition

I want to thank you all for reading my creative art!
Please write to me and tell me what you think!
Have a nice day and you can write to me at :

John Pinard
W - 105767
M.C.i. Shirley
Shirley, mA
01464

BY : John Pinard ( Follow Your Dreams! )