"The Beauty Behind The Bars."

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"The Beauty Behind The Bars"

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Introduction

Hi, my name is Laustevion Johnson, and I am the Author of, The Beauty Behind The Bars. This is my 2nd Poem Book. This book is comprised of profound poems that ranges in subject matter. From my thoughts, feelings and love that I have for my son, my only child to my feelings and love for my family, God, politics, culture, my thoughts on inequality, prison struggles, etc. etc.

I really pierced my heart and allowed it to bleed out and pour upon these pages. I hope that you like and enjoy the book.

I would love to hear your feedback, not matter if it’s positive or negative. So feel free to write me at:

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The Beauty Behind The Bars:

Poem Titles:

1. Identical Twin (Dedicated to my son)
2. Why Not–Shouldn't I Be Hot (Dedicated to Sean Bell - R.I.P.)
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10. To Walk In My Shoes
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Identical Twin
(O-ljawon)

I'm sending you Bear Hugs and Big Kisses — Until we meet again.

And Son, you're so unique in style, that when you smile,
I can't help but grin,
For You're my Bestest of Friends, and my closest of Kin.

Similar to identical twins,
But you are our Better Half,
You are the Reason I Laugh,
The Reason I Smile, and
When I'm Missing you, you're the Reason I cry,
And when I need inspiration — you're the Very Reason I write.

Yours so Pure in my Sight, — So Good and God-Like,
And you're the only reason why, that I could look up at the sky before I go to Sleep — and call it a Night.

Son, when you Smile, you Strengthen my Heart,
And I love when you do it, because sometimes it feels like I'm falling apart.

Son, you are the definition of Love,
You're the Very essence,
And you are a Blessing.
These are not just words in motion,
No — you're really a Blessing,
And the Best of Blessing — besides when my life is —
up and I'm residing in Heaven.

But until then,
You're my Bestest of Friends,
And my Closest of Kin,
And I'm sending you Bear Hugs and Big Kisses,
Until we meet again,
Until we meet again.

Love you Son.
"Why Not—Shouldn't I Be Hot?"

"Why Not—Shouldn't I be Hot!?"
Why not—Shouldn't I be Hot, when all of my people
Got shot!?
Why not shouldn't I be Hot!?
Why not shouldn't I be Hot — with 400 years
And 50-SHOT!

With 400-years of Slavery,
And 50-shots, Shot at Sean Bell, when he didn't even
Brandish a Hot (gun).
And the Police were acquitted,
Ooohh Weere — how it angers me!
Why does the Law want to strangle me?
You tell me where the Justice is at?
Better yet, you tell me where all of the Brothery Love
Is at!?

You see, with me — 27-Years of Bravery!
And ISLAM and ALLAH were the only things saved me!
I tilt my head — To Honor those Two human-beings who
Created.

I stand as a MAN,
And he will Fall because he's Less of a MAN!
Because, if you don't stand for nothing, then you'll FALL
for anything,
And if he sales you a DREAM — I'll buy 2 for $15.

So, why not shouldn't I be Hot? Why not
"Shouldn't I be Hot when all of my People got shot?"

We contracted the highest rates of H.I.V. and A.I.D.S. — or now I-C — That, Me and my People are. Under attack.
And we're under attack, for the simple fact that our skin is BLACK.

So when will you acknowledge IT?
And when will you stop all of this wishy-washy shhhhhhhhh!?
And when will you — Black man, stop — killing off the Black man, back to back slapped — with the backhand — STAND!

One Nation! One Religion! One Love! And One God!
Please don't depend on the odds.
Because History shows that we have been BRAINWASHED for 500-years!
And understand, that we have cried more than 5-Billion Tears.
But dry your eyes — because I got the game on how you can clear those tears,
You have to inhale knowledge, like it's essential to live.

Like, you tell me, how we — lived
In the 70's in the slums,
Without even a car to our name,
So surely without a plane,
How we were able to snatch up Opium plants — to inject —
"Heroin into our veins!? 
And you tell me, how we, Liven in the Ghettos in the 80's, 
How we were able to produce a whole generation of 
Crack- Babies!? 
From coca - leaves, from Columbia, 
That's a bit of Flying, 
From someone living on Foodstamps, Welfare, and Childcare; 
Someone's Lying!!! And while you're in the mist of trying 
To think of -Who-, more of my People are dying! 

And in those places where we live, 
That we call our Blocks and our Sets, 
Could you please Tell the public why you really named it, 
THE PROJECT. 
Tell the public - that it was literally a PRO-JECT in- PRO-CESS! A science experiment, — psychologically Brainwash- ing my People and setting us up a Platform of IMPRISONMENT. 
With opium-plants, cooking up coca-leaves, and originally injecting 
Us with the Virus of - H.I.V. through I.V. 


Now you say that you want the Black-on-Black 
Violence and crime rate to cease. 
But everytime a Powerful Black Power Movement arises, 
You go out of your way to Make sure that their voices are silenced. 
Martin Luther King's Movement went silent! 
Malcolm X's Movement went quiet! 
And The Black Panther Party went up in smoke in a riot! 

So you tell me, 
Why not - Shouldn't I be dead!? Why not shouldn't I be Hat-d when ALL 
Of my People got Shot? Why not shouldn't I be Hat-d When Hat shouldn't I be Hat-d, with 400-years and 50-Shots! 
R.I.P. - Sean Bell. 8
"Equality"

Equality is a word that is often used in press conferences and in campaign speeches. The definitions of the words, equality and greed are completely different. And there is only room for us to practice one of these, in the lives that we lead.

Equality is a need, and is absolutely necessary for humanity. That is, if we are ever trying to run this world equally and correctly. But it upsets me when you use the word Equality, solely to enhance your image.

But then you quickly renge on your promise, when it comes time for you to turn your words into your actions.

And my reaction is dissatisfaction, because you rushed! You rushed headlong into greed and selfish ambitions.

And all I could do is, look to the sky and ask God, "Why?!
And wonder, if we, as God's creatures, could ever change?

God has abundantly provided for humanity, all that we need in life to sustain ourselves, collectively.

But because of our Gluttony and Greed, we have not only become Morbidly Obese, but we have failed to distribute it evenly, which has given birth to object poverty, homelessness, and envy. Everyone striving to get their piece of the pie, or striving to get too much of —— The Pie. So now you have too much, yet you still fail and refuse to get to those who don't even have enough, so where is the Equality?

These same ones who were preaching Equality, are the same ones who are inflicting and
Enforcing Poverty!
No one is stopping them,
but everyone is stopping me — from speaking.

The message is simple;
To whom Much is given — Much is expected.
Responsibility!
Rid the World of Poverty —
Equality.

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"Going Crazy"

"I think that I'm going Crazy.
You say, 'Why, is it because of a particular event?'
I say - Now, but do you know how everyone speaks to themselves,
To a certain extent? Or write their thoughts down on paper so that they
could read it in print?
Well yeah - I've exceeded that,
Because now the walls are talking and my words are walking.
I don't just talk to myself and the people that are surrounding me,
I talk to my family members when they are nowhere around
And can't even hear a sound from me.

In the hole -in the penitentiary, they scream all Night
Kick doors, and send Kites - To arrange Fist Fights.
So I can't sleep at Night.
I can only sleep during the Day.
And in a way - My Days have become my Nights and My Nights
Have become my Days.
And the only time that I find Peace - is when I Bow Down and Pray.
Hey! The only Time that I find Peace is when I Bow Down
And Pray.
Asking God to forgive me of my past and to help me through the
Day, and to help me in my future because my freedom awaits.

Sometimes I have thoughts of escaping - Am I Going Crazy?
Then God talks to me and tells me to have patience.
I think I'm going crazy, you be the Judge, you decide,
I'm serving all of this Time,
Plus I'm wasting Life,
And I've given Birth to a Life,
And the (my son) deserves his Father because he was Birth with the Right.
The World's distorted view of me is crazy,
But I could care less,
They can continue to call me Crazy!

11
"When Your Away From Me."

"I'm not depressed—I'm at Peace!
Yet still feeling empty when you are away from me.
But when you're in my presence— you set off and send to me,
Some sort of an amazing energy.
My mind is so comforted by those memories,
Those memories of me and you.

Your voice is like a song to me,
And you feel like home to me.
You could do nothing—but one.

I'm restless and breathless—and can't sleep
Because I am wishing that you were next to me.
Will I ever have the chance to repeat,
But this time—give you the very best of me?
I want to give you the whole of my soul,
And whatever's left of me.
Is there a space in your World that is kept for me, or
Left for me?

You make it so easy to love you.
I imagine our life so exciting, yet still so simple.
And by no means, I do not frown on you, or look down at you
But I'd rather crown you as—My Queen!

And my Dream is, To be at Home with you,
And Alone with you.
And if I'm lucky, you'll also crown me as your
King. I love you."
Mama — Pay a Visit to Your Son

I know that I made my bed, but it's too hard to lay in,
I'm sinking in quicksand, that's the only reason why I'm stranded.

In this world everything's unexpected, and it's too hard to plan for,
so Mama, could you please pay a visit to your son?
I'm distressed, clueless and troubled, can you tell me what it is?

Mama, could you please pay a visit to your son.
Why, because I am getting my days and my nights mixed up.
And I think that I'm getting a day and a night mixed up.
I pour beans and rice mixed up — in a cup,
I guess I made a meal.
Life is tough, that reality is now way too real...

Psalm 27 says that, "If my mother and father abandoned me,
the Lord would take care of me."
So if my mother has abandoned me, then I beg God to take care of me.

So Mama, could you please pay a visit to your son,
who dares to care for a man who's out of sight, and out of mind —
shackled, chained, and confined,
and to love, he is blind.
He can hear it, but just can't see it,
because it refused to show its face.

If I knew nothing at all it is that,
the struggle continues. And as for request for you Mama,
and it is,
Mama, could you please just pay a visit to your son?
"Sinking in Quicksand"

Early in my life, I was walking across the land and when I stopped, I stopped in a patch of quicksand.

I sought and I yelled, throwing out both of my hands, but there was no one willing to help — while I was sinking in quicksand.

This sinking situation is enough to drive a sane man crazy.
I've been — loosing it lately! I've been — loosing it lately!
I'm — loosing myself inside of myself.
And if I fully fall in — I'll be forced to cut off everybody else.

Meaning — Emotional attachments, physical attractions.
And my family foundation is only an illusional act.

I'm Sinking in Quicksand!
The More that I strive,
The More Years pass by and take flight.

This quicksand is simply too hard for one man.
And I often question: 'Where are my so called friends?'
The people who claim that 'they adore me, because my anticipation
Bones me.

Longing and waiting — Longing and Waiting!
And forcing myself to hold onto this thing called patience,
This while my life is passing away,
Flashing right before my eyes.
It is torment and torture to sit helpless,
Just watching yourself die.

But I can't cry.
Why, because out of all of these years,
I have cried so much, that I have ran out of tears.
But don't worry, because I'm still hanging on.
I'm still hanging on — Barely.

And I'm not done yet, as I'm sinking in quicksand,
I'll continue to try to make it until I reach dry-land.
No wound is as serious as a wounded love.
And no Heart hurts more, or as much as a Heart that has been broken.
I feel like my Heart has been stolen.
I feel like my Heart has been stolen.

If I could choose,
I would have chosen to give it away.
But not to anyone — only to the woman that is meant to share my space.

A wound,
How does it heal?
I feel like I could never love again.
I’ve already allowed it to burn,
But here it goes — burning all over again.
Excruciating pain — piercing my skin,
Piercing my mind,
Piercing my Heart,
And taking my wind — again and again.

No wound is as serious as a wounded love.
And no Heart hurts as much as a Heart that has been broken.
A wound that hurts and burns so deep that I don’t know if I could ever love again.

Scorn! Scorn since the day I was born.
I loved life, but it didn’t love me back.
I showed more than enough respect, but she didn’t return the favor.
My Heart has collapsed and deflated.
So call the coroner because I don’t think that I’m gonna make it.
Tina said, "We need a Heart when a Heart could be Broken? My eyes burn and they are burning because I'm tired of looking at your pictures.

I miss you,
Wishing that I could go back to those days that I used to kiss you.

SCORN: Fragments of my brain are torn apart. I guess my love choosing skills weren't up to par. I used to have a Heart, but not anymore. Because when she left, she took it and carried it off in a cart.

Now smothered in misery,
Smiling faces is merely a memory — History.
And I know that it's far fetched,
But I wonder, I just wonder if she's missing me.

I guess I'm a fool.
But to be real with you, if I had the chance to choose - I'll become a damn fool all over again.
Because if I had the chance I would go through this same love with you — all over again.

SCORN."
"M.O.B.—Movement Of Blacks."

"This here is—The Movement Of Blacks. I've tapped into a spiritual climate—adolescents stay silent!

While you remain in a gray area, stagnant and still blinded, this is a thorough demonstration of how you sleepers and start climbing.

You see, that false and fraudulent movement, that you are currently pursuing—is at best, if you only knew it, an aimless delusion.

And an unbalanced hallucination, either you're sincere or you're faking,

But now it's time to awaken! Now it's time to awaken!

I am a Bonafide Black Messiah in a sense,

Like Huey P. Newton, spiritually tuned it.

Some say that I'm too vicious, as I throw cerebroballs at my oppressors,

But I refuse to let her overtake me,

And I refuse to let her break me.

But look at you, I can see that you have submitted and bowed-out safely! Though ungraciously!

Man, I thank God that He made me!!

When it comes to fighting our oppressor, I'll stand by myself.

If I have to—like a statue, but my presents being wide,

Like a castle! Standing strong and never fragile,

Mentally—overly prepared for the battle.

And for my black people, I'll strive a black mile,

And go hard until I pass out, but never throw in the towel. Black men and black women, stand with me like steel,

And stand with me. For real—It only words and kill—
Imbeded in me — in my Heart of Hearts is Misery, but it is overflowing with Black Love like a Chocolate City.

The nitty gritty is the Command — For you to place your Right hand, clinched, in thee air — right next to mines, and look how it shines. Just look how it shines.

And I don't know if you haven't notice, or if you are just hopeless. But we are the best of creations, just stand and have patience.

This M.O.B. Revolution seems like the only Practical Solution. We have not been uplifting the Dreams of our Fallen Soldiers.

Instead, we've been losing our Queens to Prostitution and Slot-machines. And our Kings, our Kings, have turned into nigger pimpers and dope-feens!

My people — you're losing the Race because you are not in your nature staked.

We need to start using our Minds, because Frankly I'm tired of all of this Black-on-Black, on top of, all of this Black-on-Black Crime!

Invision the Blood-shot eyes of the Slave-master, holding the whip. Now look at us, holding the whip, as Bloods and Crips? You have been Fruitless and Fed Letters.

Ruthless — how geniuses have become clueless. From being so emotionally strained, from centuries of pain — It must of had a profound effect on our Brains.

Black man, when you call me the 'N-Word', it's like a heavy-handed slap in the face.

Because we are still marching, but we're just marching in the opposite direction.

Movement of Blacks! It's time for you to place your Right fist in thee air right next to mines and look how it shines. Look how it shines!!

Like the Songs of Solomon, I'm Dark but I'm lovely.
- And I refuse to except the false statement that, 'I am Nappy-headed, Black, and I'm ugly!'

Truth be told, I am nothing less than the Original Thing! And who else could stand beside me, but the Original Queen?

All of creation is counting for us to fall in line and
Take our rightful position as Leaders of the World,
On a Rightly Guided Spiritual Mission!

And Islam is at the forefront, just follow my lead.
God wisely created me—piece by piece.
He took a little of Malcolm X, and put it in my Brain.
He took a little of Shaka Zulu, and put it in my Frame.
He took a little of David, and put it in my Eyes.
He took a little of Jesus, and put it in my Stride.
And then He took a piece of Blackass, and put it in my PRIDE!
But pride only in a sense, because I'm just proud (Happy) to be alive!

Allah placed M.O.B. in my sight, and I implemented
It into my Mind. And then He stacked up Meat,
Beef on top of Beef, with thee exclusion of Swine!
Then He took me from street-to-street, and look how I Survived.

So rise and shine! Rise and shine my people—
Because it's TIME! Time for you to place your right fist in
Thee Air, right next to mines,
Because this M.O.B. is a Fact! And we move in Facts?
With One (1) Heartbeat Together as
The Movement Of Blacks !!!!
Poem

"To Walk In My Shoes"

I have heard of and seen people commit suicide,
From going through only half of what I've been through,
What I've gone through in life and in prison.

And I only said that to say this,
It ain't easy to Walk in the shoes that I'm in.
It ain't easy to Walk in my shoes.
My shoes have traveled through dirt and mud and
Have gotten damp, heavy, and smelly,
These shoes that I walk in.

These shoes have gotten tore-up, ripped up, scuffed up,
And then sown-up and worn again,
These shoes that I walk in.

These shoes have holes in the very souls of them,
These shoes that I walk in.
Their fabric has loosened and changed shape,
They are barely being held together,
They feel like they are about to completely unravel and
Fall apart, They shoes that I walk in.

The struggle that they have gone through
Has created their character,
They are very conscious, and possess great humility,
These shoes that I walk in, have gone through the struggle
And survived.
For they are survivors.
To Walk in my shoes,
"Rescue Me"

Poem

Like a mouse caught in a trap, I plead for someone to rescue me.
For the boot that is on my neck, is apart of a body,
And that body, is apart of an army,
And that army circles around and surrounds me,
Frowns, and looks down upon me.

Zimma Warrior, in the middle of a war, with no allies,
Only enemies.
How many can I possibly take on? Are my thoughts as I size up
My opponents.
One man is only so strong! Who's going to stand up and aid me,
In the face of this injustice?
The whole world sees, and decides to do nothing.
It's an unfortunate truth, but surprisingly - it's nothing new.

Everyone sees this, but no one has the morals nor the courage
To lift a hand.
They'd rather just sit back and watch, this cruel and unusual
Punishment being unjustly inflicted upon a man.
I wonder how human emotion could staminc it.
I wonder how they could stand for it.

They advise me to go to sleep, and they assure me that,
"It'll be okay. That I will wake up tomorrow and start a new day!
But there is no new day!
Because when I wake up tomorrow - I'll only be continuing
Today.
My oppressor will only start off his assault from where he
Left off yesterday.

So I pray, asking God to rescue me.
Well, whatever's left of one.
I hope there is still light and love left in me.

I figured that, as a warrior,
That I was born to go through this war.
That I was born to go through this struggle.
That I was born to lift this weight.
That I was born to gain this muscle.
That I was born to live through this experience.
So that I could accumulate the mettle to fulfill my purpose.

Everything without God is Hopeless.
And this is Islam in Focus.
"Bitter"

"Maybe I'm bitter because I've heard so many lies,
So many consecutive times, From so many different lips,
DAMN — LIES or TRUTH.

Maybe I'm bitter because I am no longer moved
Or amused by the sight of Diamond and Silver, Glitter and Gold,
Or Blond-haired women in short clothes.
My Head is above water but my glass is half-Full.

Maybe I'm bitter because I'd rather not imagine
Something Fake, because I would Rather FEEL Something REAL.
Now-a-days I don't laugh much, because I don't find Much
Funny.
I see, I see things lucidly.
I can point out so many flaws, but it's hard for me to see the good
In Man,
Because it seems as though Love, Loyalty, and Respect is no longer
Honored
Anymore.

Bitterness has spoiled me, and because of that —
I have no more cute thoughts,
All of my thoughts are Ugly.
I feel as though the whole World is against me,
Crucifying me and condemning me!

I feel as though I am fenced in
Grin. Naw, I'd rather Grow!
Spit in your Face and spake my Black and MILD! Wow! —
Maybe it's a bitter disease.
Maybe I'm better because the world's ignorance has me feeling this way sometimes.

And sometimes, I feel as though, bitterness has been taped and tattooed in the insides of my eyelids, forcing it to penetrate my psyche and plant itself into my subconscious.

I once read that, “I have to let it go and cry it out with tears.”
But I then had to explain to him that, throughout the years, I have cried so much—That I have run out of tears.

But I knew that I could no longer live this way,
So I was compelled to bow down with my forehead to the ground and pray,

‘God rid me of this bitterness today.’