God is Able

and

So am I...

"The poetic spurts
of Earland's growth."

By

Thomas

Earland
Dedicated to my family.

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To the Readers,

Thanks for your time & I hope you enjoy. I'm open to all criticism, change is the only route to greatness... or more rather adjustment.
Enjoy!

[Signature]
One Day

One day I'll have you back but see right now its hard with all these walls and electric fences to keep us apart so I'll appreciate you then and it ain't all talk cause nothing hurt more than losin what I lost (my freedom)

I had it all I let it fall I guess my geip was bad head wasn't wrapped too tight screws was slippin fast. If you could walk thru my eyes and see my struggling past those shoes would hurt your feet and give you a blistering rash. I loved you once couldn't stunt you had me sprung fuckin wit Old under the sun kept a nigga on one smokin on blunts sippin Heineken and hittin the Shaw chillin at restaurants to sexyin all in the park. Damn I miss those days now I'm stuck in this cell thinkin of how you felt while I'm readin my mail. From pictures on my walls from the magazines what really hit a nigga hard is when he havin those dreams cause evrything I took for granted to the love I was handed nothin seems to matter more when you can't have it. Then its like Dammman... this what it came to, who knew you'd be gone so long and I'd be lookin like a damn fool. Like Martin from Mobile to Birmingham and Moses having dreams of that promised land. my heart expands the game of life started with a plan and to get you back I had to make amends - I miss you.

By T 6
One Day

And it aint a day go by... when I dont look up at the sky with praying hands, asking God to tell me why cause this aint right... Rain turn to sunshine but sometimes its hell, a living testament right here in my cell looking for mail when it dont come, but who's to blame maybe you was fuckin with the wrong ones but whos to say... Didn't know what she meant when she said boy you gone miss me, didn't feel her tears when she kissed me... Don't know what you're missing til its dead and gone, mission a better home while you sittin in prison slippin away with your mind gone... Too many lifetimes it took for us to get it for you to spend it locked up rotten away in prison... Sickenin but we can't complain just gotta make a change, look in the mirror and dont forget it when we walk away... Said we can't complain gotta make a change look in tha mirror and dont forget it when we walk away... 

By T.G.
Can Anybody Hear me out There?

I couldn't understand it til I stepped outside myself. Man's search for meaning can't be found outside his shell.... Misconceptions are as common as leather belts, repeatedly swung to the victim to improve his mental health. I asked the psych a question and she couldn't really help, talking around it... vaguely avoiding the questions dealt. The twinkle in my eyes avoided what I felt as the thoughts began to rush and the walls began to melt. "This is your problem" I said this to myself... you're too vulnerable right now, you don't need this kind of help. You might say something that might be taken for something else. You might give and want get and be pissed off at yourself. Words say you care and want to take the time to help, but the help that's needed goes beyond just mental health. If you can put down your guards and give me a chance to be myself we might finally get it right. Can you heal me out there?

By T-G.
Hey Love

Hey love ... where R U? Why R U so hard to find?
People say you’re unconditional, so how come your standards
are so high? I never really knew you so I guess this
right here’s a try... and what’s the deal with cupid h/she
don’t fuze with my type? You see I’ve known you’ve existed
for quite a long time... like the 1st time I messed up and I saw
my Granny cryin. But that’s a different kind, it almost
comes with the birth. Separated from the bliss you experience
with your first... or your second or 3rd when being away is absurd.
When the last thing in the world you wanna do is bring them hurt
when they’re the 1st in the day and the last you think of
at night, and the sex is so good you can’t get it off your mind.

So what’s your type love?

What qualifications do I need to meet? Please don’t speak in
riddles cause love shouldn’t be that deep - If what you see is
what you get Real and authentic. Would you understand it
of reject it and its criticiness. I’m not here to hurt you or
bring you harm in anyway. I just want you to feel my struggle
and allow me to ease your pain. I just want to wipe your
tears away and replace them with a smile... and become
that man you can lean on when the world lets you down.
But you won’t even come around, and I don’t even know your name
have the slightest idea how to start to ease your pain...
Hey love... can you hear me?

By T.G.
Just a Dream

Dreams are funny, one minute they exist
the next time they're not here. Hard to tell
which one's you're living and which ones are not
real. How come your face always seems to
haunt me, an unescapable trace of the love
that once caught me... trying hardly to move on
and start a new chapter, but everytime I go
to sleep I catch your face in my dream catcher
And it's not what I'm after...

Too much heartache memories of what wouldn't
be. Empty promises and sentimental gestures
Just thrown out casually. Why me? Did my
love not beat to your tune? Did I not put you
up so high you could walk up on the moon?
Too soon perhaps... it just wasn't our time
Now in shock with 3rd degree burns tearing
up my insides. Holding you close as you
cry on my shoulders, after the love making
takes both our souls over. Seeing the smile
and the eyes that used to love me. Until
I woke up and realized again it was

Just a Dream

By T.G.
I studied the scriptures, listened to ministers preach of fire, pictured myself with tickets my missions to stay alive, not blinded by my minds eye why Jesus white and if he cared so much how come my family steady cryin. my homies is steady cryin on these streets grippin tight to these struggles bustin they bubbles in defeat why we starvin to eat if the Kingdom for the meek. If we inherit the Earth then why they work us for our trees Lord in certain these questions'll be the death of me. my only belief is in this dolla. I can see the struggle Im in and all my people that's deceased Lord forgive me Im wrong but they murdered all my dreams can you help me Im bleedin. I need some blessings I can reach answers to questions that Sunday lessons couldn't teach in the mist of the stressins I still peep what it means takin a second cause only God see. "For we know that the law is spiritual but I am carnal sold under sin. For what I do I do not understand."

By T.G.
Different Kinda Man

It takes a lot to grow up making something outta nothing
when life's tribulations wear and tear at you...
try to be different they stare at you.. its determination
in the eyes like a Tiger's hunger, simmering from far away
there's something different about you they just can't place confidence.. its in the way that you walk
respect and carry yourself, eye contact when you talk
like a King with flaws you understand you're not perfect
cause no one on earth is.. a diamond fresh from da coal
spouting thru the slums with scavengers & lost souls

There's something about a man who can admit to his faults
it's not easy to admit the truth when you're lost
to stay strong in the face of adversity and wear a smile
keeping your cool with a sense of humor the whole while
making others laugh, seeing the best in the worst
using your personality to take some of the edge off the hurt
it takes a lot to blend in.. but still stand out
to love whole heartedly when you still have doubt
to never cry, but experience emotions just as deep
to never leave the Earth but to still understand the sea
it takes a lot to stay focused thru the struggles and the pain

to establish your own beliefs that go against the grain
to strive for success when they say there's none to gain

to continue to be yourself when everyone else has changed

it takes a lot to be different, alone, and take your stand
its not easy this day and age so it takes a

Different Kinda Man

By: T-Jay
Powerless to love

I'm powerless to your love, your beauty's a cage. Anonymous with anticipation begging my pains to cave. Change is imminent and consistancy speaks, though love clouds reason it also calms a savage beast. But I'm an innocent felon with mischeanor thoughts a hopeless romantic in the world of the lost. No one sees hearts or takes the time to care, so I keep my thoughts to myself never bothering to share.

I'm powerless to your love, your soul and your swag. Addicted like a fiend to see your smile and hear your laugh. Expanding my arms to reach, stretching my mind to touch, hopelessly wishing to know what your dreams are made of. Feeling that rush your beauty enticingly provokes, sweeter than flowers you smell your worth more than gold. My crime is old the crime of mankind, to have what I can't control—your love and your time.

Powerless.

By T.G.
SHETTO CRY

Our lives be bled tactics with attraction for closed caskets, ornistic trappin death in the mist of makin souls clashin grippin tight for that fast life, our twist sight'll never lie about that fast life... Street lights zombies in the street with glass pipes, eyes wide open cut you open for that next high. Blind eyes turn they heads and you know why, death see no color money gets what money buys... through every eyes Momma's kill to see they sons live, outside them bars all them calls make her heart spill. Give em chills, death be what its gone give caught up in them streets cause all that beef gone meet a hard grill just that wheel cause a features what its gone take to get you out and we ain't talkin bout a prison break. Golden State known to keep em locked away gone take a second for a minute let it marinate laced with hate this state of mine be full of crime belly of the beast slang too hard and they droppin dimes. A Shetco Cry is bleedin thru the streets, eyes left in they minds saved a little smile for me.

10. By T.G.
Let Me See That

Life's a struggle as long as its good times its bad
the road could roll real smooth til you bump
and crash - see actions speak louder than
words baby girl only time'll tell, all the love
you in the world couldn't make if sincere-
you see right here right now in this moment
of time, I could be that next nigga you eyein
with shine - If I wasn't here no tellin' what
a nigga bound to hear half way through
my bid all hear she disappeared on me
Heart Stoney feelins still on me, you was ready
to ride or die til you got lonely. Jokesin with
fake promises, gettin' low on gas miss me with
the excuses cause now you makin' me mad. - Shock
the rag and the hood I had, wasn't nothin' to
me, traded it for you; love and sunsets
by the beach... It's a shame you loved the
Sunny dayz but when the storm start rollin'
it you wasn't prepared for the rain... a shame
baby girl its easy to love me Now, how you gone
feel when the chips fall and you down and out
The benefit of all doubts I'ma give you that, but
if you love me like you say you gone have
to show me that.

By T.G.
Shinin' like Diamonds

I don't know what you do to me baby, but I'm diggin' ya style - something bout the way you move make you shine thru the crowd - you like the diamond in the rough, I'm just diggin' you out - took a couple seconds offa the grind to figure you out - They say stars shine brighter when they shinin' alone, you like the Sun and the Moon illuminatin my zone - Jayna take you out the Galaxy and find you a home, but them diamonds could be blindin' so I keep my shades on.

Two steppin' off Patron, with Adina Howard on, imagine your song you got your J-Shirt and your pannies on - Picture Jim Kells baby you could slow wind fer me, ain't nothin' wrong with a lil' bump and grind honey - Turn off the lights and let me blow out them cakes - Make a wish I found mine cause hey...you shinin' like Diamonds

By T.G.
In the hood its no deaths than Iraq, the necessities bad and lives is steady gettin snatchd, aint no backin from crapk shes got a habit and its bad lil daddy got a pistol from take another blast he done seen it all... now you can fall or you can pass, them prison cells is full of tales of niggas that'll neve make it back. The out-casts souls been lost to the streets, society left him in the slums without no food to eat. She raised a beast, cryin thru them paper sheets dyin her heart beatin a step away from being deceased. Thats the hood in the streets its no peace, so either you roll with it or succumb to defeat.

In da hood its drama bullets got killas in the trauma... killa's runnin screamin for they mommia's... somebody pray for him hes a gober... In da Hood

By T.O.
Getting Over Addiction

All it takes is one hit, maybe 2 or 3 and like that you're addicted. You crave, you miss it, your body says you need it and you can't resist it. The drugs play games with your mind, you wanna feel high cause it feels so good and it feels so right. Just one more time...

You know it's messing you up, but you don't care. It's tearing your relationships apart and you're burning bridges everywhere. What can you do to make it right? You ask yourself every night. How did I get here when my life was so right? Searching for the light cause the urge is overwhelming, but the monkey on your back is heavily overbearing.

You promise yourself you've done for good, tired of letting your family and friends down as you should... So you pray and read asking God to give you the strength you need.
Trying your best to resist your inner vice. But you slip and you take another hit. The temptation became too strong and like a big mouth bass you bit... What is this and why is it so hard to quit? When you know that it's wrong and it won't get you shit... Your sick and tired and begin to curse your existence on earth. So perverse is your addiction, it minimizes your self-worth. And it hurts... Cause you tried to quit but again you failed. But there's help if you ask cause the Lord still cares. So pick yourself up dust yourself off and try again, believe in God and yourself that you'll get over this addiction.

By T.G.
My Vote: No disrespect

Mr. Cracca, I got a question. If you had a weapon would you use it for your protection? At your discretion, or protect your prejudices to prove a lesson - class is in session give me a second. You see Mr. Cracca I studied your kind. Republican with deep pockets and a very narrow mind you want what's best for yours, leave all the rest behind let the rich get rich quicker feed the poor to swine... you got a lot of nerve Mr. White Man. I helped you build this country with my own hands you've slaved my kind for years for your own land just to make your profit and expand your plans. Mr. Cracker mind if I call you that? Peckerwood Redneck or Mr. Crackerjack which would you prefer you see I'm really not a jerk, but words and names can sometimes really hurt. How would you feel if you was in my shoes, hated just cause your skin was a darker hue. Given the blues cause you're forced to get aid cause you can't get a job so you can't afford Medicaid. See Mr. White Man I don't think you understand the affects your prejudice evokes and demands. Didn't grow up with a silver spoon. My Daddy wasn't rich, my family worked their whole lives and still ain't got shit...
Put the drugs and the liquor stores and guns on every corner... lie through your campaigns and just do us how you wanta. This is what you've caused don't blame us for the results, burn this muthafucka down again you keep beatin on our folks look us up by the boatloads watchin us kill each other off, then send us off to your wars expecting us to fight for your selfish cause... tot it all messed up White man you see you reap what you sow, karmas a muthafucka and so is my vote!

By

T6.
Reality

Reality... Some blur that line with fantasy
dying to escape the truth than to deal
with Reality. Casually... allowing our thoughts
to wander popping pills, drinkin or smoking
marijuana. The cold truth of the world some
times is just too cold when forced from
a young age to take the world on your
shoulders. Reality for some is fun
engaging and prosperous, not a challenge
to deal with at all, never bothers
their conscious. However our present
Reality may be only temporary... A test
of our faith in the Lord above we carry
whether good or bad we should take in stride
and look at ourselves with a clear pair of eyes
like the man who complained about not havin shoes
til he saw a man with no feet, hes blessed for two
we take things for granted cuz we dont see
whats unheard of for some for others
is reality

By T.G
It's Hard Sometimes

By T.E.

It's hard sometimes, but nobody cares. So you're forced into a struggle to make yourself aware. How deep is the pain and why is it there, and if hearts could speak would anybody care?

It's hard sometimes to understand how we feel when no one else seems to want to grant that appeal were cursed by our peers laying in wait of our fears blinded by grime and the circumstance of years. There's nobody here or there when you need them to be hypnotized by lies society places on their screens engrained with beliefs they themselves don't believe.

So your faced to stand alone & fight for your dreams.

But it's hard sometimes to not feel loved and cared for by someone you care for when simple words light a torch to the soul and their pain burns you through the cold. It's hard sometimes to get people to see everything in life isn't all it's painted out to be. Sometimes we get weak and make some mistakes stumble in the road and make some bad breaks. But if the shoes were reversed and you could see thru my eyes, you too would understand...
Look Into My Eyes

Doors kicked up off the hinges sometimes I ain't these mind racin' fulla demons like I'm strapped up to a chair been shocked to my senses going in and out of homes Seen my Pops sell the drugs my Moms got hooked on fault not to blamed I was 14 yrs old got introduced to the game said fuck doin' what I was told Seen weak niggas sodomized cause the pressure made em fold So I kept the burner close to cook the beef before it roasting Soul vexed to the core I been sore since my birth searching for the answers I've been put upon this Earth why my peoples so cursed and blacks the end of it all did my Moms feel betrayed when my Pops nailed her to the cross? not to be confused I'm not them books you done seen give a fuck about your views cause your views aint payin me I'm a product of these streets I don't cry I'm gone eat when its time to get it on I go click I don't think spent years fulla stressin' mutating into a beast soul rainin' tear drops ink like pain upon these streets years like nails in my casket of concrete can't talk about tragic cause you aint seen half of what I see so look into my eyes

By T-F.
Is anybody out there?

What a night alone when you're spending it by yourself, wishing you never fucked up, spending it in your cell watching the rain fall imagining imagining how it felt. Reminiscing about them days when you wasn't all by yourself when the days drag by & you feelin like you're in hell. You want it to be over it's shocking you to your shell you're tired of writing letters cause they messin with your mail you tryna figure out whether your family even cares. Tired of commercials teasing your taste buds with foods you can't eat and women that's outta touch. Nights of no sleep, love, and days of no drugs can't even drink coffee to start your days up. Tired of reading books crunches and push ups, not eating what you want and talkin to screw ups... Can anybody hear me?

By T.E.
To Us

As days pass by I'm forced to reflect upon my past mistakes. Not to be taken away from positive attributes and changes along the way. I'm not afraid... but maybe that's the curse this life is made. Affected and abused at the strange paradox it portrays... What's in a race to you and who says you're not enslaved? Afraid to be brave because of the image you think it will relate or say? At the cost of my happiness, I'm not willing to be fake. Loves a constitution we have the right to be saved. I'm not afraid. Life's a risk, but I wish not to strike fear. Over the years I've gambled a lot and have grown familiar. With tears, my secrets to keep. Wet pillows I've wept but never jeopardizing or changing my gears. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger - or holds you close and near. Don't fear what appears before you, sometimes life's a smoking mirror. Look through your eyes only and the picture will become clearer. You're attractive, intelligent and bright no matter what they say about you. I appreciate you and your time it's priceless and full of power, so take the time to appreciate yourself for at least a minute, if not a full hour. U

By T.G.
Blessed

Im blessed. How R U? I may be stressed and facing difficult circumstances, but how R U? You see millionaires can find things to complain about, so Id rather not. Id rather take time to appreciate the few blessings I’ve got. True enough its hard to recognize them behind walls, but Judgements easy and no ones more perfect that God. Its not easy dwelling among the lost, alone on the battlefield forced to camouflage your heart. Living the silent march, isn’t easy to do alone but regardless the outcome we walk on strong. But for how long? Only the Lord above knows... or the Queen of the Earth that birthed everything that grows. hopefully not long though. Im talking beyond the sentence of years... while conversating with understanding to know that which conquers fears. Is it love... or is it hate? who’s wrong, who’s right and who’s in control of fate? Relentlessly searching for answers before I open loves gate. Watching... who’ll come in? and if my heart breaks, who’ll put it together again. and again and again, and how many breaks can one take. Before his heart is arrested by Cardiac Jakes... But wait, none the less Im blessed anyways. How R U? Thanks for honoring me with your presence Im baffled - its true. What if anything can I do, to show my appreciation? an understatement cause you deserve more than adoration... put Im gracious none the less and again blessed. How are you? You must be blessed cause you’re a blessing and Im blessed because of you. Thank you.

By T. E.
My Granny's Love

I started off young on the block runnin' with knuckleheads
my Granny told me to stop it see'in where I was headed
It all started with a lib drinkin' just outside hang'in
listening to the tunes gettin' a few ball games in
even had enough potential to be scouted by U.S.C
but the streets and the liquor already had control of me
Granny tried her best to raise me and give me all she could
but I was a hard headed teen, these things were misunderstood
She raised me in the Church & to know right from wrong
all through the week she'd sing spiritual songs
I sit everyday wondering where did I go wrong
probably when I didn't listen and didn't do what I was told
years later I look back seeing what a fool I was
to take for granted the simple things like my Granny's love
I'd wonder why she pushed so hard, why did she cry
she just wanted the best for me, she just wanted me to try
but the rebellious side of me was still pulling to the streets
even though I wanted to do good, good was never good for me
Forgot my dreams, and started doing things I knew wasn't right
Caught up said she'd rather see me locked up
at least she'd know that I'm alive

And I never knew how to take that, I had to take it for what it was
that's how deep her love is for me, that's just my...

MY GRANNY'S LOVE

And I wouldn't trade it for the world, I love you
too Grandma.
My Pain

My pain is real. My pain is here. My pains engraved in a cell of years I've lived. My pain could kill. My pain could steal to chills, my pain could seal the deal or make up my career. My pains appeared time after time thru years, shown in fear, discouraged esteem and encouraged my sensed to become more fierce. What's my pain doing here... how am I gone live? How am I gone deal with life when it hurts just to keep real?

You sent me here for a reason so I need to know.
Did you save your suffering for the man that just loved U most?
How am I to know, can't see behind these locked doors.
My visions been blurred some days it just hurts.
I ain't a saint so I don't pretend so full of sin
that if it was a bottle of liquor with a label it'll be called gin.
But my seasons keep twistin into a cold wind,
tumblin and springin til I'm fallin into the lions den.
Where's a Heineken the jokes chasin a smoked mirror,
Psychiatry's a dope that helps our focus to clear up
I maybe noticed years maybe even noticed tears
but still hopeless as a penny with a hole in it
sittin over here.
So where's my pain pill, where is my chance to heal
Dying outta fear the worst that can happen
maybe has and'll probably kill. My pain is real.

By,
T.G.

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My Thoughts

Gathering my thoughts...days months years now lost
Grieving my cross with my burdens of circumstance
at the cost of my freedom I've lost myself in prisoners trance
by choice or chance I've danced the running man
with the devil hells in the ghetto
right across the street in these dog kettles
with these mindless rebels institutionalized
to believe otherwise imbued with a belief system
that defeats and constantly demoralizes
Prides suicide dignity's genocide...
given em exactly what they need to believe
WERE anything LESS than what we be
WHEN THUGS CRY... I ask why
We've been stripped of our culture and forced to recreate
denied us our his-story our language & human state
taking credit for things you didn't even make, raped
women killed kids forced into grown men to be slaves
but its wrong to hate

Maybe cause today's a different slate...I'm just gathering my
thoughts trying put them in their proper place
a victim of my own crime there's no one left to hate
Is time the enemy at times I'm forced to face my fate
That's something I can't shake, this monster a pit bull with a grip
got me slippin into darkness of this Dark Roast coffee I sip
wondering how long will I last before I'm in the coffin spilled
These are just my thoughts

By: [Signature]
The Word

What in a word that makes you so upset
Brings up emotions that makes you tremble with sweat
Why does it mean so much if it doesn't describe you
It should float away with the wind...

Unless it's the truth

Sometimes it's used unconsciously and maybe that's wrong
But that never seemed to stop you from listening to that song
Could I degrade your self-worth by using just a word?
Am I responsible for the image you give? The attention you secure?
I am only human so don't hate me for what I am.
I am just a man with feelings caught in a bad circumstance.
Maybe this is the script that I've been given to play.
Never being taught how to express what I needed to say.
Since a young age I've been forced to believe I was nothing,
Just a product of a man everyone considered to be a dummy.
Maybe I'm just the focus of all the relationships gone bad,
A punching bag for frustrations that all my sisters bagged.
You say I'm degrading and I don't appreciate women,
I'm too disrespectful to them sometimes, too condescending.
You say I need to appreciate them more, and maybe you're right
But it's something about your anger that perplexes me to wanna fight.
Makin' me want to argue and tell you it's not true.
Didn't mean what I said. It was just something I was going through.

We all go through struggles, that's what makes us who we are.
So sometimes a few sour pickles may just jump out of the jar
And maybe... Just maybe, that word might get pitched.
But that doesn't mean for one second I considered you
A bitch. — My bad.

Sincerely,

27
A Simple Man

I'm just a simple man looking for my friend
I'm just a good guy caught up in a bad circumstance
with a zest for life, adventure, and intrigue
searching for my missing rib
so I can treat her like my queen

I can't promise her the world right now
material possessions are out of my reach
but adoration, love, respect, and affection
her trust, I will not break
I'll do what I can to be a good man
for her and see to all her needs
the only thing I'll ask in return
is that she treat me like her king
I'm just a simple man.