Alter-E-Identity

By Ja'mar Manard
A.K.A.
The Afrikkan Philosopher

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Non-Fiction
POETRY

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my TESTIMONY
Ja'mar Manard

Since the age of 3 my inner-life has been a mystery to all. Those whom believed they knew me never did. Since childhood I've been disturbed by diabolical images and thoughts. Darkness camps around my soul. The feelings were nerve-quaking until I finally let the Voices of Darkness lead me into a way of life in which they desired... I was lead into incarceration and subsequently lost my freedom and my mind!

My life has been bizarre | funny in the same fashion. Now? Because I was abused and molested as a child, but noone knew because I kept the tragic, painful events locked within. Through these moments as a lifeless-being, the feelings of pleasurelessness brought shame to my core.

So, the question of my painful existence became: was it God who created me or am I simply possessed by darksided entities to take a life of another at the tender age of eight?

It's both astonishing and frightening to come into this awareness of self! Tortuous pains only made this self-knowledge clearer and prominent. My decline began with the destruction of dolls, which lead to...
the torture and murders of my neighborhood pets, and ultimately individuals as I grew older.

Yeah, people believe in their 'own' eyes too much! When it came to manipulation and evil machinations as a youth, I was boss!

I was literally insane when all I should have worried about were cartoons, toys, and youthfully natured things. "Why, I often ask. But to answer, I am probably a marked spirit and soul, destined to suffer in this world!"

I truly don't know, but being molested, and physically, and spiritually abused were not the cause of my suffering -- at least that's what I told myself!

My life was made of lies and everyone's else's image of me. However, I burned within, wondering why I was such a different child.

Love was a strange mystery to me. I feel that was the reason I kept it at bay for so long before I tried searching for it. Once I started searching, I became scared of it because some people used love's proclamations to lower my defenses and attack me!

So, love was not trusted by me, but hate and anger became my best friend-that is until a lil' angel Justine was born into this world by Ashiya Holmes.

Why was this the case? It would seem that my first child should have changed away a part of darkness in me.

She did a lil' but it was Justine that caused my darkness to shine within and blow away. It seemed as if my lil' angels' eyes pierced my soul. They called
out my darkside as if to eradicate it was her sole purpose!

This murderous, malicious, insolent, and disgraceful man became enlightened to a new way of life!

Don't get me wrong or begin to think I am contradictory, because I once said Ashiya brought out good things as well. True, she was that one being who began to reconstruct something deep within me and caused a positive change. Yet, the evilness within me was still too strong and powerful in its hunger for destruction!

I believe that when the creator saw this, it was when he thought of my partner to my soul.

Most of us believe that our soulmates had to be our wives or husbands; but for me, my daughter Justine's soul was kindred to mine. For, it is your soulmate who will balance your being and demand that your soul to perform its true duty and purpose! My daughter was that light!!!

My entire life was ordered from the darkness within... Causing pain was a gift... I believed.

To kill was normal, and to destroy lives with my devilish ways was my belief system for years... I never cared about anyone or anything.

I lived life nonchalantly... Well, in other terms - Death was more appealing to me!

See, others believed they knew the nature of my being, but how many even knew themselves?

I couldn't even believe in me! "Crippin' became my sin, but truth be told I was cursed since my birth."

Please, take this testimony and read it again. You'll
See the tears of love in the writing as truth spilled from my pen! For, my journey is now different from how my life began.

So, I give this testimony to all the women and men who know, or once knew a gentle child, but never knew the demon living within.

With an evil grin, I lived with murderous intentions, and, to not say I loved it, would be me lying again. I'm starting once again... from a new beginning - for living the life of darkness dictates what's inside me no more.

I now have a witness to my testimony that shall remain as my memorial to the very end.

So, I thank my readers, and most of all, my daughter Justine B. Manard for loving me when I had no friends, and for setting me free when my heart was imprisoned.

This, is the first part of my story in poetic form.

Thank You!
Ja'mar Manard
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>i</td>
<td>About The Author</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ii</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iii</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iv</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>BROKEN MIRRORS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Contention Cooks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Convicted By Love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>A Dance With Satan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Eternal Curse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>The Evilness</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>The Eyes of My Inner Being</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>I Am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>In the Shadows We Cry!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>I QUESTION?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>The &quot;Love Drug&quot; Prescription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Love Institution</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Precious Moments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sarcastically Scripted</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Silent Wars With My Reflection</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>So, Love... Where are you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>The Soul Withers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Time</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>This Letter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Touched By An Angel!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Broken Mirrors

Held in an illusory state as an unrecognized hostage... contemplative I've become.

So many smoke screens fractures the images projected that they seem six-dimensional!

It is as if each wisp of smoke hides a portal to a different universe...

Hazy, my vision is of microscopic fangs violently piercing my reflective flesh!

The deflection of darkness permeates my soul as tragic delusions provokes tainted thoughts and elicits blood curdling screams!

Accursed! my defective heart radiates the poisonous vibrations of a misanthrope!

The ability to conjure up enough COURAGE that could lead me on a voyage through ENLIGHTENMENT and out of DARKNESS remains... ELUSIVE!

HYPNOTIZED by a few thousand NEW reflections crawling forth in deformed and obscene depictions; my FEARS congregate and causes a dangerous spiritual inflammation.

(This is an erudition of how FALSE LOVE affects creation!)
Contention steadily cooks up its
toxic brews and spells;
We patiently awaits its tastes and smells;
We devour its concoctions of sweet misery;
our eyes feasts with glutinous intensity!
Now it gloats at you as it glitters at me;
So, don't deny what's true and is easy to see!

For, the aromas and flavors the fires produces...
Hails from a cook whose expert and forbids all truces!
Caught-up in a trial of love I begin my litigation;
Abusing and evading love is the lawman’s allegation.
Afraid of love, I cannot rest with resignation.
As I take the stand I contemplate my next designation.

Assault and Attempted murder I was charged in the opening,
For attacking when my heart goes weak from hoping.
My plea to live is one of innocence,
But love’s spirit is devoid of empathy or feigns ignorance.

I face execution for my ‘player-ish’ ways,
My charms are viewed as manipulative plays.

I was convicted and sentenced to death by love,
And she was the one that I first thought of!
For she is the one I could Love as a Queen!
And know she would love me as her adored King!
A Dance With Satan

Oh! the sweet sounds of hypnotic musical instruments breezes through this spirit of mine...
Lost in the enchanting voice that radiates Beauty from all forms of existence...
Guided by a gravitational pull that sucks me forcefully into its vortex;
A trance sweeps a swath of darkness through my crowded heart,
leaving it sullen and empty.
As my thoughts and heartbeats are silenced, words are formed inside this fast chilling blood of mine and then—
They escape through the broken windows of my soul...
A moment of paralysis suddenly locks my physical movements,
and strains the spiritual muscles inbedded deep within me;
Screams of pleasure/ness resonates silently in an assome and
elloquent manner...
touching a fancy which desires to lead me into an atrocious and exotic realm....
An unique and spiritually destituted awareness shook me into a
jerky sinister rhythm.
The tune I then heard could only have been composed in a
dark, dank, and stinky corner of purgatory.
An explosion briefly flashed an unknown type of light into the
Supreme darkness...
"Sweet Victorui" my still blood uttered as I at last embraced
my long desired partner and glided musically with him in
romantic, long, shuffles...
I wonder even years later: "What sadistic forces conspired
to make me love my dance with SATAN?"
Eternal Curse

How does one scream when his soul is hollow?
And if he does - what GOD does he follow?
What if he's infected with HATE and is possessed by DEMONS?

I've sung songs in the "Devil's Legion Choir",
Murderous tunes for the sake of his fire...

Unholy anger became my crutch of life,
I removed all empathy and embraced raw strife.

Now looking at presentations of I, ME, and Self;
The reflections are different distortions of death!

How could light travel faster than darkness?
When darkness is at the finishline BEFORE lights first burst?

See, we are all related through the 'Blood of Darkness',
And, this is our ETERNAL curse!
The Evilness

It is living in Our beings, latching its tentacles into our vulnerable souls!
Does this phenomenon occur at birth—
or do we give BIRTH to this invincible force?

Nefarious, noxious thoughts I bathe in...
I lather with warm and amoral liquids.
Even though I love this evilness, I wonder,
"Who delivers this dark gift to men?"

I wonder who is my ALMIGHTY creator,
Is it God or the Devil—
or are both entities entwined?

AND!

How culpable am I if I'm created in the 'image'
of this dual entity?

The aromas of Evil seeps through my olfactory pores;
Even when I try to resist it, EVILNESS knocks down my security doors!
The EYES of My inner Being!

I dialogue with my Soul; Spirit, and confer with The CREATOR!
I become an oracle when I harmonize with melodies which radiates LOVE!

This NATION is deceived by the unseen 'ARTS of Shadows'!
We remain consciously UNCONSCIOUS!
We are petrified by illusory dreams and HALLUCINATE!
Forever manipulated by the forces who castigates until we desecrate our AURAS!

We are all ignorant of the secret dimensions of Taoism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam, Christianity, Judaism, and OTHER teachings which are hidden because we defoul ourselves with too much LOVE for this POLLUTED and Corrupt planet!

Cryptic codes of the Universe can revolutionize the consciousness of MAN(Y)... The mutation of metaphysics can surely Enlighten the Hermetic Dark Matter Societies!

Eyes of my Inner Being are the Seers, they are seen and sees!
The SEER is always the thinker, the doer, the model and the IDOL!
The SEER is always the first to bear witness to the BIRTH and Perpetual DEATHS of the WORLDLY spirits...
The Eues of my Inner Being are: The Conscience of our Creator!
I am the disfigured Sphinx—
I am the 70,000-plus Chinese who died in the 1997 quake—
I am the souls of girls robbed of their innocence by sex crimes around the world—
I am the dying Syrians whose silent screams curls the edges of souls—
I am not only Trayvon Martin... I am the young molested bretheren of the Catholic Church—
I am the millions killed by violent gangs: Once, I was both weapon and the bodybag!
I am the fragile spirit of abused and neglected children—
I am the battered women, and incarcerated men—
I am the conscience and heart of revolutionists... the tears of Malcom, the compassion of Bhandi, the imagination of Martin... 
I am the reincarnated sufferers of the Jewish Holocaust—
I am the spirit of slaughtered Indians who seek rebirth—
I am the Egyptian and Asian minds seeking universal enlightenment—

It may seem as if I'm lost, and that I'm without knowledge of self—yet, consider: Through air, water, fire, nature and pain, I find divine purpose!

That purpose is to be: a reflection—a cloud covering every shore—
on uncovering force showing truths so you may know you’re a special BEING, and that I AM YOU!
In the Shadows we Cry!

Darkness chokes me, exposing me to the by-products of fright!

Though my prayers escapes this compound, the stench reinforces my fear and weakens my might!

Dark, evil, shadows are ever empowered by my unworldly screams!

The shadows are surreal beams that desire to latch on to my soul
And muck my life-long dreams...

I’m cornered by delusional demons which my mind has created;
They debate with my essence, causing me to be
"Self-Hated!"

I quiver from the laughter and shiver from sounds of dissonance
Which penetrates pell-mell through my covers at night!

Who loves us as we lay entrapped in this violent, manipulative place
Which is strategically hidden from the public’s sight?

See, within darkness, shadows causes me to shout “My God I doubt!”

Then, I lay fearful of His soundless draught;

I cry along and fight for a piece of peace and lovely thoughts;
The shame and blame I blanket with aged tears of neglect and pain!

For, everyone I once loved and enjoyed will never see my face again!
Question?
I am unsubstantiated and defective...
Though I question my perceptions -
   I am not a detective!

Everyday life provides answers to questions never asked;
why do we all feel rage within that distractions sometimes masks.

Complexities burns the minds and bellies of even the best;
Though my life seems uneventful, why do I not rest?

Though I question my presence in this world sky blue;
Polluted scenes I see rings true!

Answers in plain sight, I almost always miss,
I question ---
"Why do I always forget to ask
the right QUESTION!"
The "Love Drug" Prescription

I was once bedstricken and paralyzed by a disease known as "Loveless"...

The main symptom was—the persistent dessication of my heart's soul. Restriction of blood flow caused several convulsions which brought me into an emergency state of being...

The gravity of this noxious pestilence damn near killed me!

I was prescribed the "Love Drug" while in a doze and prayed that it was cure...

The first dosage was cautiously administered. Quickly a soothing warmth filled my throat and SOUL!

The amorous insulin-like drug injected into my being began to energize and govern my physical and mental states...

Then came dreaded and unwanted side effects which left me in a spiritual psychosis!

Also, perpetual heart attacks I endure are due to the "Love Drug" inflection of ill-natured serum into my defenseless being. My heart has become destroyed by the "Love Drug's" toxic potion... my veins have shrivelled from its' chemicals.

DAMN! I should have read the fine print on the warning label which read:

WARNING!!!

This medication WILL cause most patients to become physically, mentally, and spiritually disabled!
the warning label which read:

Warning!
This medication will cause most patients to become physically, mentally, and spiritually disabled.
Love Institution

I'm incarcerated by entities whose laws seem to control all scenes...
They have arrested my thoughts and entrapped my soul inside this cell.
These walls haunt me forcing me to scream!
I am constantly escorted by the nemesis of love and can never escape its grasp.
If I refuse their dogma and instructions;
I may be erased without a trace!
I've relinquished my power which they greedily devour.
Their impurity towers over my insolence every hour.
Handcuffed by manipulation, I'm a slave on this plantation...
in which I labor for the masters without vacations!
For, they have desecrated my beliefs leaving me hope-broken,
They have molested my joy, leaving sad tokens.

Many times I have pleaded in sincere repentance;
Yet, they only snigger at me and extend my sentence!

This is the Love Institution...
It's guaranteed to lock LOVE outside of its grey and grim walls!
Precious Moments

I contemplate on the things that prove your love is near—
Tingly sensations flutters my heart when I hear,
The whispers of your voice in the air
And the scent of your breath surrounds me with flair.

Yeah, that picture of me when I sipped a drink and blew;
Reminds me of the first time I saw you
Our eyes connected our souls and I knew,
What an amazing thing love can do!

See, I often speak of these moments while you sleep;
Have conversations with your mind, soul, and essence deep;
Your love and presence preserves my shine;
I thank the Creator for this blessing of mine!

Yeah, every thoughtful moment is a precious joy to me;
Every embrace I look forward to securing our destiny!
Sarcastically Scripted

Thru ignorance we are united—yet, segregated within forever... (though we deny it!).
When truth is served up free to us on a platter we refuse it!
But, once a lie is constructed we devour it as if it's a vital nutrient!
Living and breeding these souls in peril seems to be liberated from reality by the incision of a dull scalp.

**Does ignorance induce fear, or does fear induce ignorance?**

Why such profound complexities?

So, is knowledge too much?

Is current 'enlightenment' out of touch?

"Does anyone truly give a fuck?"

"It is what it is,"—many believe ignorance is BLISS!

Truth sobers but ignorance stupors,

and

surreal drunkenness they eternally depict!
Silent Wars With My Reflection

It seems that the dessication of my spirit is due to the sundry invasions my reflection impetuously upon it...

Through superficial imagery, he deceives my gullible soul and causes disorder in my ever-pliant mind.

These ephemeral reflections are nothing more than illusions which excavates the subconscious temple of my existence, which produces diabolical conflict betwixt consciousness and its counterpart.

Faced with uncovered, contentious positions — conscious and subconscious revel gleefully in WAR!

See, how swiftly my smile shifted to a sullen frown within the glass?

I am comprehension depleted!

My only sustenance are deluded parcels of a fractured memory . . .

The warring adversaries devour each other’s attitudes and traditions which alters my being.

The mirror is nothing more than a reflective smoke screen; a solid cloud that envelopes my true purpose of being.

It concocts a skewed perception of ruthless politics and degradable spiritual laws...

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Excruciating screams exceedingly causes me to evaporate into a being of nothingness;
Are these lies of my reflection tearing a permanent fabric of my contemplations?
Shall my conscious and subconscious ever join in peace or remain in a state of perpetual WAR?

I proceed to strategically exercise evasion from the internal violence by slipping away from my reminding reflections,
Does the 'Masters of Shadows' approve of my frequentplings?

The 'WAR' has shamelessly demoralized me!
To give a more prominent proclamation of my current disposition:
I find the war within - TROUBLESOME
Yet, I admit that it, at times, leaves me exhilarated!

In this current 'WAR' I simply await the final reflective IMPLOSION!
So, Love... Where are you?

I'm scared and haunted by these thoughts
    which I wish I could bury.
For, they give birth to entities within
    which are my adversaries!

I scream within the hollowed halls of my soul;
    and suffocate from the pressing of the cold.
With tears of blood—the death of my soul is certain;
    it's a wonder that I can still see through its dark curtain!

See, I've always doubted LOVE...
But love must be my rescuer—
    my Salvation!

They say, the lingering of LOVE is the HEALER
    of all Beings!

So, LOVE where are you?
The Soul Withers

At first... A faint cry is elicited; As each memory revisits; Silent screams express my soul's terrors; Demonstrating a catastrophic storm that has willfully disrespected.

It hurls tornadoes of pain upon me as my tears of blood are neglected!

Visualize this Angel in a hospice fomenting myself into a frenzy;

Preparing to connect with our Lord who promised to protect those who deserves HIS love!

If I rip out my own heart and open it—then hand over my soul—Would He restore Life in this Lost Angel whom is immensely important to so many others?

The body cries, the heart bleeds... and the Soul Withers!
TIME...

- is nothing but an expanding awareness of existence, self, and surrounding elements;

- holds creation and destruction as its extremities;

- never fades, though it appears to do so; however, it whispers and sings, putting to sleep the minds of dubious beings;

- is a perpetual state of obedience; it has no quantifiable substance (though it can ignite any disturbance into flames!);

- is pernicious when it persists in leaving one dehydrated of permanance and balance...

- is implacable, immovable, inescapable, and (contrary to popular belief) incalculable.

I do believe that it was TIME who said: If you believe I "EXIST"—then you have already lost your "WAY" in this!
THIS LETTER

Well, it seems that the aroma of neglect has encompassed around my vulnerable being.
Constant whispers of silence causes me to question if I truly exist.
For, I continually call to 'Our Father' without answer!
(I suspect that my past actions may be the reason he doesn't want to be bothered.)

I've begun to feel worthless... like my presence steals the air from those who've earned the right to keep living!
But I ask, "Who's to blame when I've been TAUGHT to live sinless?"

Tears fall... Yes, some are from regrets; but most derive from the pain that has aged and FESTERED!
Sure, I sit soulbroken and wonder if anyone cares at all!
In this haze of desolation and abandonment, I'm treated as if I'm worth less than shit!
Even if I do throw a fit, their punishment don't quit; they just gleefully enhance it!
This is the torture! pain I endure as I am soulfully whipped in this cell I live in...

WAIT!

I HEAR the guards' keys jangling on the tier!
Anxiety rises as the sounds draws nearer!
Could this be the day my tearful eyes recieves comfort from your loving letter and quells my fears?

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Now, a shadow of the guards' boots appear under my door;
I am blessed when he hands me an envelope which beheld a
letter from the one I adore!

As I walk pass my mirror, I see a SMILE in reflection
which I haven't seen for a while...

This letter that you've lovingly written have given me the
boost I needed
For any letter I receive is a token of...
LOVE-
sent from you and I'm always eager to READ!
Touched By An Angel

You know, the first time I laid eyes on you—
Your beautiful eyes and heavenly smile compelled
My soul to sign a spiritual contract:
"To Love and Be Loyal to thee!"

"Princess of Angels," I was honored to have been asked to
change your diaper that night.
Our brief encounter replays constantly within my mind!

Who could've known that at a dark moment in my life that
I would be blessed by the touch of an Angel?
Beyond thankful, I know that our conversations have been
written in the books of HEAVEN.

And I humbly ask our CREATOR to forgive me for the tears
I've caused you to shed.

In utter grief, my own tears pour because of our gut-wrenching
Separation!!

Many may believe that our connection is strange,
Especially, since I have 'My Own' three lil' princesses to claim!
Constantly, I wonder if this generous pure love will ever be tamed,
And every memory of you defines why my SOUL has changed!

Touched by an Angel is why thinking positive is a priority
for me,
You have strengthened this KING!

And, I become stronger with every thought of your
Angellic Name!