Selected Verse & Lyrics by

Nate A. Lindell, D.O.C. #303724
Waupun Correctional Institution
P.O. Box 351 200 S. Madison St.
Waupun, WI 53963-0351
http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/540/nathaniel-lindell/
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street address: % Between the Bars
P.O. Box 425102
Cambridge, MA 02142

A lyrical, philosophical, lightly illustrated journey through the mind and heart of the author. All creations by the author.
Poetry:
Dark marks
On white sheets
Scratches
Into eternity's endless wall.

Again, these are for the girls, with obvious Cetic influence.

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Oh, Lord I miss the girls
The way they sway their asses
Tired o' bein' locked up with the boys
A rowdy lot o' asses!
But due to this rotten warden
— Oooh, how I hate this dastard
I'll be with the girls no more:

Oh, Lord I miss the girls!
I moan from in my cave,
This place from where
No matter how I behave
I'll never be released
Because I robbed a man
And left his life deceased.

Ohhh, Lord, I miss the girls!
More 'n' more each day,
But can't undo that one mistake
So, 'til I finally die
In here, teary eyed,
I sing this sad refrain:

Oh, Lord I miss the girls.
Here's a witty little ditty I did
A witty little ditty
A witty little ditty
A witty little ditty I did.

Well, I got me a stick.
And I got me a knife
I whittled all day
And I whittled all night.
When I was done
I had me a pipe.
Some witty little whittlin'
Witty little whittlin'
Witty little whittlin'
Witty little whittlin' I did.

Found me a little filly
She was real pretty
I asked for her name
'N' she said it was "Kitty."
I said, "No!"
'N' asked her, "Really?"
She told me, "I'm not kiddin'!"
But we got married
And have four children.

That ends this
Witty little ditty
Witty little ditty
Witty little ditty I did.
Oh the Road to Dublin

A couple years ago
I took a stroll
Down the road to Dublin
Met a pretty girl
With blood-red curls
Who set my heart a thumpin'

"Hey, pardon me miss
But I noticed
You're ringless
You ain't got a hus-band,"
I said and I grinned
Showin' my fing'rs
Were as bare as hers.

Hey-ho, how far would I go
Down the road to Dublin?
Hey-ho, listen close
I'd go as far as love was.

"Say, there dame,
What's yer name
'N' from where ya come from?"
"Fiona Macleod
'N' I'm from Glasgow
'N' you're gonna be my huuusband!"

Hey-ho, how far'd I go
On that road to Dublin?
Hey-ho, I went no mo'
I stopped right where love was.

Sh' was a li'l Scottish lass
I didn' dare pass
I became her huuusband.
Hey-ho, now ya know
'Twas on that road to Duub-lin
That's where I found
The woman I'm in love with.

*Note: I was reluctant to publish this, as I'm not a bit Irish. But, I think it sounds good, and I do very much respect the Poet/Warrior history of Ireland, as well as have a weakness for red-haired lassies.... Hope the Irish like it!
Amy, mes amies,
What a lovely namey!
It sounds friendly,
somewhat Frenchy.
Or from Italy.
When said softly,
The sound comforts me,
Making me think
Of scenes sunny.
There's three of thee
In my memory
Each quite lovely
All blonde 'n' willowy
Angelic femes
Whose faces radiated
Heaven's serenity.
Their sacred similarity
Was what attracted me.

Oh, you Godly
May accuse me
Of idolatry
For my fantasy
And may hate me
For this heresy
But I'll ever be
A priestly devotee
To their trinity.

As faithless as it'll seem,
I must admit to ye
That I also daydream
About two Tammies.
Feel fine, friend
For few folks
Favor fallen fellows.

Find faithful frères!

A Lilac Twist

Puny purple petals,
Plentifully present,
Pleasantly perfume
People’s presence.
Two cells away,
Inadequately entertained,
Someone screams.
Insane?
No T.V. in my cage,
Just pen and page.
Too busy writing
To be deranged.

Doors locked by ignorant bolts
Were picked by paper keys,
Freeing my soul
To breathe, eat and grow
In ways, which, without books
I'd never have known
Were possibilities!

Fee, fie, foe, fum.
I smell the pulp
Of an unread volume!
Be it poetry
Or be it prose,
I'll caress its spine
Until I doze!

*Note: Books + the ideas in them have, more than anything (sadly), saved my life. None of my writing, nor my sketches would be possible without the free books sent to me by these:
prisonliteratureproject.com
groundwork.ucsd.edu
prisonlibraryproject.org
rainbowbookstore.org/b2p
prisonbookprogram.org

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Ideals

Who first thought you up,
I wonder?
Possibly Adam or Eve
Or another?

Well, you're here.
That's clear.
By all the tears
We've shed,
Blood we've bled,
Lives you've ruined,
Resources consumed...

And what's been proven?

We've been fools
For following you.
In swift flowing waters sloughed from the Miss',
Was the favorite place of mine to fish
When I was a kid, seeking solitude's bliss.

How smooth life must've been in the home of those fish
'N' how strongly I wished in my own was such bliss.
'S a shame such wishes weren't granted by th' Miss!!

As I grew, despite searching, I found no bliss
But now, locked in prison, forbidden to fish
I find bits of bliss in memories 'f th' Miss

And blissfully dream I'm the fish I miss.

Icy water,
Young fingers numb
by cast the lure,
Trying to catch the big one.

Curious toes,
Mississippi drenched
Feel an edge:
A piece of glass
Or a clam.
Under a gloomy sky
A puddle-bound bird
Fresh fallen from egg
Anxiously chirps
Begging t' be renested.
But it's too tiny sounds
Aren't heard
By those walking by
As it slowly dies.
Somewhere a poet
Writes down his words.
Falling Out of Love

When you left, without a sound,
I felt so out of place,
Felt such a forceful shove,
When you pulled away your love,
As if my soul'd floated off the ground
And drifted into space.
I remember the feelings that I felt
The first time our bodies did meld
And your heart
Matched the rhythm
Of mine.

I thought for sure what we'd shared
Would be more than a brief affair
And, like a diamond, wouldn't wear
Down
Over time.

Though many years have since passed
The love I still feel makes me ask
That, if I could go back,
Would there at least be a chance,
That you wouldn't say
Goodbye?

If so, then
With all the strength I possess,
I'd use every breath
To turn back the hands
Of time!

But whatever mistake I made,
I'll cause your love to wither and fade
I've searched for it in vain,
'Cause I can't turn back
The hands of time.

Yet, if I could
I would go back
Yes, I would hold back
The hands of tiiiiiiime!

I'd do whatever it took
Against every science book
If it'd keep our love
Aliiiiiiiive!

Yeah!
With all my might,
I'd roll back
I'd hold back
The hands of tiiiiiiime.

Then this frown on my face
Could be replaced
With a smiiiiiiile.
If, if, if
If I was Black
Then I wouldn't be White.
If I was illiterate
Then I couldn't write
This.
If I didn't have a heart
Then I wouldn't be less
Couldn't miss
Your kiss,
Caresses,
The bliss of our love.
But I don't
And won't
And haven't since you left
I fib.

If, if, if
If I was insensitive
I couldn't feel this pain.
But I do.
It's true,
Despite the excuse you gave
For choosing someone else
In my place.
I know you think you're perfect,
But it feels like a big mistake.
If I didn't have a heart
Why can't I feel it break?
Always been, life for me was tough
Fate it seemed, handled me with iron gloves.
  Good love, Lord give me too much
  Dear God, I crave a tender touch
Maybe, I was born extra sensitive
Can't I think of a better way to live
  Good love, Lord give me too much
  Dear God, I crave a tender touch
My heart is parched, but ner shrivelled up
While young, hope was moisture enough
  Good love, Lord give me too much
  Dear God, I crave a tender touch
Now I'm grown and fear I won't last long
Hope alone, won't feed my hungry soul.
  Good love, Lord give me too much
  Dear God, I crave a tender touch

Good love, Lord give me too much
Dear God, I crave a tender touch.
An Outlaw's Lament

Her long, fine hair's what first caught my eye:
Brown, streaked with shades of coppery red,
Ignited by eyes that sparked when she smiled,
Which partly hid a blue I can't forget,
But not the love that I neglect'd.

I knew her eighteen years ago
When I was still an insecure boy.
Then, when I'd grown, we met again;
And it was she who made a pass,
That I declined: my die'd been cast.

At seventeen, I'd walked away
From society and who I could be.
Expecting hate and fearing love,
Darkness was all I chose to see;
And I acted accordingly.

Truth is that I've no excuse
For those of you wondering why
I made the choices I chose to choose,
Disdaining life with a delightful loss,
In favor of death by crime.

Though outlaw Sirens sure can sing,
Misery's all that loving them brings;
And I'm a fool who loved them true.
Now my life's a lonely ruin,
Haunted by this potent regret:

I'll live in prison, until my death
When I could've been locked in the limbs
Of that sweet strawberry brunette.
Once I loved a red-headed lass,
But she didn't love me back.
I poached her gold and pinched her diamonds.
She cared for them.
But not who I was.

Once I loved a red-headed lass,
But she didn't love me back.
I fought her foes,
I wrote her poems.
But she laughed
When I proposed.

Once I loved a red-headed lass....
The hell if I know why!
All she did was break my heart.
Give me cause t' cry.

Once I loved a red-headed lass
A Cinderella, so she seemed.
Ahhh,
I never loved her
I loved the dream.
Why not live a love life,
smile when it rains?
Isn't it tough enough?
A grin can ease the pain.

Society's mood is a stew,
What're you putting in it?
Hopefully, not poo.
When a Bears fan attacks:
  Stinking Packer bacher!
Reply to that:
  Stinking crack packer!

The bureaucratic process,
When working flawless,
  Is perfectly clearless,
   Clearly purposeless
And purely worthless.
Wardens hoard their boarders
Under county courts' orders.
Staff, in fact, grow fat,
Extorting taxpayers' tax.
It's a massive protection racket,
'Cause rehab rarely haps.
Most getting out come right back
Why do so few find this tragic?
Perfection is pure fiction
The platform of predatory politicians,
Preached from pulpits
By pastors profiting from
Promises of forgiveness.
The natural state of humans
Is sin.

Who'd want to be God,
Alone up on a throne
Always looking down
Talking to himself
Like a prisoner in a cell
Who'd he call for help?
Being God'd be hell!

If God's a fraud,
Who wrote the check?
And isn't it odd
How many folks
Damn themselves to hell?
Twisting symbols 'n' signs are what my mind sees
When I see art—drawn, written or even
Sung. I sense all such art similarly
Finding pleasure in a few lines like these.

This sight, this sense—though sealed tight in a box—
Fills more of my consciousness as of late,
Guiding me as I'm impelled to create
Poetry and prose. Away ticks my clock.

While my body stays in its cage for life,
Yet my artist's mind's eye gives liberty
To me—not the slaves who hold my lock's key.

Thus I rise above the soul-death so rife
In the masses of blind humanity,
Living in fractal realms of reality!
*Note: This is a simplistic depiction of the visuals I sometimes experience.*
I'm not the only one
Withering in a cage,
Wishing I could escape.

There's millions more like me,
Hidden from public view,
Feeling trapped by fate.

I'm not the only one.
No, I know I'm not alone.
I can read it in people's faces.

There's many others broken
Hoping for some magic glue.

I'm not the only one.
There's plenty of others who
Have their own reasons for feeling blue.

But why are there so few
Looking for a solution
And open to it too?

What "degradation" is:
each petal of my soul
plucked slowly.
One man to a box
Wasn't cruel enough.
So the powers that be
Oppressing everybody
Dreamed up
Something rougher,
Cheaper,
More dangerous.

Now they stuff
Two men inside
Cells that ain't as wide
As your bathroom.

Yeah, I want company,
But not some guy
Who's more messed up than me,
Who talks thoughtlessly
When I want to sleep,
Who's sweat and feces
I gotta smell
'Cause no air's exchanged,
Who's likely deranged,
And, 'cause it's a small cage,
It's always in my p' space,
Even at night.

Man, this shit ain't right,
Bein' double celled.
A cage can make one think.

Though being caged is no state any being should be in.
And, when thinking's worn thin.
A cage can make one dream.

As for me, fifteen years into my life bit,
Like Willie Nelson sang of Poncho's friendem,
I've sank into my dreams.

As dark and hard as they often are,
My dreams have more substance than the stark reality
That the powers that be made and push on me.

I suppose I could grow bitterer
Over "freedom" being taken away.
As I see more and more hair turn gray
—Both the thought and the deed've occurred.
My own thoughts turning agents provocateur.
But I couldn't and can't live that way
... As long as I can dream.

As angry as it may make those who believe
My ever-hard life should be scarred by misery,
Hope underlies even my rugged dreams.
And, though the pain from being caged won't go away,
It's made me more sensitive to the little things,
The scraps of love, kindness, and beauty.
That, slip through the cracks
(While I ignore the boring soul beating
That society's seen fit to inflict on me)
And help my heart beat.
I'm a Human Being

I made a big mistake.
That's all it takes, they say.
To justify trying to break me
More.
They believe it's my fate
To be degraded
And seal off all escapes
They can see
But they've not sealed my mind,
Though they've tried
And I still tryin'.

I'm a human being
Despite the worst they do
'N' I'll make it through their maze.

If you believe the papers
We're all baby rapers
Dope fiends,
Headless, heartless goons.
At least for me, that's not true
I'm a hearty fool.

I'm a human being
Despite whatever they claim.
Nobody else's definitions or rules
Can change this.

Thank God I'm anti-social,
Not that this really is so;
I can resist the omnipotent peer pressure
To be a being lesser
Than who I am.
I'm a human being
Take away these chains
Let me rise above
Who you think I was
Yesterday.

It's the emotional stress I most fear.
It squeezes out the tears
You see here
'Cause the release of love's obscured
By walls of hate.

I'm a human being
And if I ever reach the land of love
I know I'll be okay.

I can feel the night that comes
Don't recall ever seeing the sun,
Night comes for everyone
And ends our many pains.

What, I wonder, will I leave behind
Opened eyes, or more blind
Is it the possibility of positive change?
If they read between my rhymes
Maybe they'll see

I was a human being
Who could've been...
It once happened all the time
Some mass manipulator proclaiming
"We need t' get tough on crime!"
Without explaining who'll be paying
Or even what they mean.

Now, since the house of glass cards
Known as the economy
Has fallen, shattered t' shards,
They legislate leniency
Releasing convicts early.

Why isn't Nancy Grace screaming?
Not one newscaster's asked
About the people they're releasing
And why the tough on crime crowd's grasp
Has relaxed
(to clasp their money)

Nobody's seen the obvious:
Broken millions still fill cells
In prisons, which fix no one,
No matter how much like Hell's pit
Sadistic hypocrites make them mimic.

Isn't it terribly sad
That the weakening of state sadistry
Is only because it isn't cheap
Feeding the prison beast
All the people it can eat?

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I'm guilty
Though not quite as bad
As the picture that
The Powers that Be have
Painted of me.

I'm guilty
Though you might want to examine
What went on in my past
If you want to truly understand
How I became the man I am.

I'm guilty
Of one moment of wrong,
Which has been relied upon
For fifteen years going on
To wrong me
Constantly.

I'm guilty
Yes, I admit my crime,
Yet refuse to be defined
By a few moments of time.
There's more to me.

I'm guilty
Of being a human being
By society condemned
To be something sub-human,
Which I fiercely fight against.

I'm guilty
But isn't it the truth
That society's guilty too?
I'm Guilty

For how can a piece of fruit
Fall far from
Its tree?

"I'm guilty"
Is a wearisome refrain
Much more so than
"Learn and try again."
Don't you think?

Then why keep me in this cage?
Can't You See?

Can't believe the lies
That most believe.
Am I evil 'cause I despise
Society's hypocrisy?

The sheep all wear smiles
And pastel colors,
While their soldiers stock up piles
Of bystanders in their wars.

Who's the monster;
Them or me?
Who's the monster?
Answer honestly.

There's a million rules
In the land of the free,
Where people are mere tools,
Parts of a machine.
Each is a link in the chain
Holding them in slavery.
What the system calls insane
I call epiphany.

Who's the monster;
Them or me?
Who's the monster?
Can't you see?

I can see what's beneath
The masks most people wear;
There's meat between sharp teeth
And a predatory stare.
While they preach of peace,
Can't You See?

Condemning others crimes of war,
Blind t' the fact their Master Beast
Does it all and more.

Who's the monster,
Them or me?
Who's the monster?
Grab a mirror and see.
Look at me!
Go ahead and stare.
My blaze orange uniform
Blames my origins.
The chains locking my
Declare I'm unforgiven.

See this crazy bald spot
And shaggy graying beard I got,
'Cause they won't let me shave?
It's okay.
Don't look away or be ashamed
But, realize
—What ofends your eyes
Your votes helped make.

Maybe you don't care.
Then isn't it fair
If I don't care?
Strangely, I'm not as pitiless
As society is.

I know it makes no sense
To justify violence.
Mine was committed in ignorance.
And I've repented;
But, do to my sentence,
Will never be freed
Tell me,
Who's more guilty
Of promoting misery:
Me, by my one deed,
Or the Powers that Be
For what they do daily?
"You're a sinner 'n' belong in there!"
I've heard the empty headed scream,
Hypocritically.
Do they really believe this?
It's caging sentient beings that's evil.
I've never tortured anybody,
So how's it just to torture me?

People are special, the highest animal,
Holding control of the World's fate.
But, collectively, we've went O.C.O. insane,
Built 'n' enslaved ourselves phobiosophically
In chains,
Each link a masochistic lie believed
By those who prefer the reliability of slavery
And fear they lack the competence
To create their own destiny.
Serving my life sentence
    I've found that true friends
Are non-existent
    Or, at best, from me, hidden
I've watched short-timers go,
    listened to them brag about blow-
Ing their freedom away.
    I've been here when they return
    For another short stay.

Serving my life sentence
    I've longed to escape
The fate designated for me
    By those who've chosen not to see
Any worthwhile qualities
    Just see my mistakes,
But none that they make.

Serving my life sentence.
    My soul, a sparrow,
Seemingly too small and fragile
    I'll survive in a place
Designed by de Sade
    Somehow soars
Up from the chronic suicide
    A tear-denied child
Began decades ago.

Serving my life sentence
    Mine behind bars
Blaspheming its scars
    The sparrow sings out his heart
Hoping someone will see
    It was a human.
What it might have been....
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Why do people call it progress
Destroying forests
We need to breathe?
Why we believed it’s success
T’ work in offices, full of stress,
T’ consume things we don’t need,
T’ eat food that makes us sick,
T’ live lives that’re meaningless,
T’ have friends we don’t like,
T’ love lovers we don’t love?

For me, that’s not enough.

Modern life makes no sense.

I must live differently.

Flee society’s suicide,

Find someplace wild
T’ live, then die.
Through the lace of flurry flakes,
Blowing past in the wind's gusting waves,
I watched the forest shake.

A rhythmic roar throbbed from its floor
—a place too ordered 'n' clean
For the wildlife, which should've been there,
T' teem—
Through the ground,
Up my feet, into my bones.

Then a modern dragon appeared,
Praising its sightless head,
Devoid of flesh,
Its four square teeth bared,
In its cold chest, a man.

With a louder roar
And more intense rumble,
Its teeth bit into a pine.
While that trees top wobbled,
The beast coughed noxious blue-black smoke
From the effort it took
T' crack, that tree's back 'til it broke.
As I watched it crash down,
A bullet-crack sound
Shot from its parted bark.
The leaves of its oak, once underlings
Were trembling
From their wearer's dread of growing tall.
I watched this attack
From a supermax rec' cage.
Cold, alone, dismayed
That, in this post-industrial age,
some dragons eat meat;
And I was no longer small.
Why should we suffer what's ugly
I wondered,
surrounded by unbloomed weeds.
Then a friend showed me a flower
with five pink, waxy petals.
It looked like a piece of candy
plastic or jewelry.
Then it came t' me:
If there wasn't so much ugliness
we'd have no reason t' cherish
the little beauty there is.
It happened in a flash,
After I'd long and needlessly chafed
At the flimsy restraints mocking my existence—so thin!
I stepped out of them.
Suddenly I smelled things through a twenty-thousand-year-old nose.
The damp mud of the forest floor, the faint musk of trees, the elements
locked
in raindrops,
The foul bite of plastics.
I'd become an animal man, again.
Thank the Gods and sprites of the earth and waters!
Oh! I was born this way!
Shame and guilt deformed my shape,
Cloned me into a store-window dummy.
I closed my eyes—my ears I'd already trained deaf.
I cut off my sense of touch,
Became an albatros, gliding on the thick currents of scent.
Society'd tried to cage me.
But I broke free
And scrounge through the forest's dark floor.
Amongst rotting pine needles, rotting foliage, worms,
I found discarded pieces of me,
Stitched myself together with poems.
My happy tears fall to the ground
Watering trees that eat the sun.
Good intentions
Lead to good deeds
Which inspire people, like me,
To mimic those actions,
Improving, eventually,
By extension,
The doors reality.
Fresh snow is falling,
Its crisp scent fills the air.
The frozen crystals
Tinkle like tiny silver bells
For careful listeners,
As each flake spirals down
Onto its elder.
The forest calms in respect,
As everything is blanketed
With intricately crafted crystals
That no humans notice.
Other animals notice!
White-tailed deer,
hares,
martins,
turkeys
Hear,
As they step through the snow,
Carefully cracking the ice,
Leaving signs of life in their cold desert.
Ya ever felt th' desire
T' give up on life,
T' blow your brains out
'Cause, though you know
You're capable of success,
Even achieving greatness,
Your every effort to achieve it
Is, somehow, defeated?
The voracious pit
Eats your efforts.

Is this the description
Of tortured genius?

Ya ever been so despondent,
So shadowed by despair,
Because you care too much
About life, but realize,
No matter how hard you try,
Most of your short time is wasted,
As irrelevant as the dust
You'll soon be part of?
Or d'ya think life's frivolous
'N all that matters is your happiness?

Is such pain the mark of wisdom
Or proof of foolishness?

I ponder all of this
Every day,
Wond'ring if I'm crazy,
If something's wrong with me.
Why I'm so unsatisfied,
Why ideas flood my mind.

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Why I feel no one can relate,
Why I feel so lonely,
Why I can't pretend
— Like so many others can —
That love is real,
Though I want it nonetheless . . . .

Is this the real Promethean curse:
Knowing so much that it hurts?

Bats,
Flapping in my attic,
Their sere sound
Comforting
The door's closing
On my sanity.
Why Do People Call It Progress
by Nathaniel Allen Lindell
P.O. Box 9900 Boscobel, WI 53805

Why do people call it progress
When they destroy the forests
We all need, to breathe?
Why've we believed it's success
To work in offices, stressed,
To consume things we don't need,
To eat food that makes us sick,
To live lives that're meaningless,
To have friends we don't like,
To love lovers we don't love?

For me, that's not enough.

To me, modern life makes no sense.

Why not live differently?

Flee society's suicide!

Find someplace wild;

Live your life!