FORBIDDEN FRUIT

PELICAN BAY STATE PRISON
UNIT D-1

by

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As a new African Freedom Fighter, my garden of Eden is a world of Black Love, and in this world the White woman is the Forbidden Fruit, and we are prohibited from picking from this tree and eating its fruit. So, ever since I can remember, I've been opposed to interracial relationships, but it wasn't until I came to prison (over 31 years ago) and felt the blunt and violent force of racial oppression that my opposition became more deeply embedded in my heart.

In 1994, temptation rained on my garden of Eden, her name was SB, a newly graduated with a soulful spirit. For months, I had thought she was a new African Queen, everything about her would lead one to believe she was Black Love walking in my garden of Eden, her love for Malcolm X and the Black Panthers Party, her Black Political Consciousness... I had no doubt she was Black Love, until a shocking surprise, my Black Love was in fact White Love. My forbidden fruit, I had steadfastly must find out, so I hid her pictures, letters, and cards. The fruits of this forbidden fruit.

Our relationship ended 60 months later, it was over. I poisoned the roots of this forbidden fruit and eventually her love for me died. Before anyone could find out I needed to destroy the evidence of this forbidden fruit. I got rid of all her letters, cards, and pictures. My garden was once again restored to its natural Black state.

Approximately twelve (12) years ago while going through some of my Manila envelopes, I made a profound discovery, I had discovered a collection of poems written to me by SB, a reminder of my temptation into this forbidden embrace. This was 2001, I had grown a lot since 1994, and 31 years in solitary confinement had to cause one to self-reflect and discover one's true self. It was totally impossible for me to throw away her poems, back then it was not possible for me to grasp the depths of her love as 51 years old, I now fully comprehend the depth of her love, and the pain that had caused her when I had intentionally sabotaged our relationship.

It's no doubt too late to correct the mistake I made back in 1994, and I don't expect her to forgive me, but in her honor, I would like to share her soulful spirit.
with you, each poem was a resounding declaration of her love for me, but they will also provide you with a brief glimpse into our forbidden embrace. She was my forbidden fruit, and these poems were fruits that fell from that tree.

People, the first poem is like a map that will serve as your guide navigating you through my Black Radical Garden of Eden. To fully appreciate this journey, you must understand the first poem: At the Jesse by the River. The three key words in this poem are: 1) Black Freedom, 2) Black Rage, and 3) Broken Chain. These words are in fact tattoos that adorn my body—Black Freedom with a Black Star on my stomach; Black Rage with a blood drop on my chest; and a Broken Chain around my left wrist. She had captured and completely embodied my essence. I trust you will enjoy this small collection of poetry and learn to appreciate the role in your life regardless of race/nationality.

Abdul Olugbala Shakur

-Pelikkan Bay State Prison-
At the tree... by the river

The river swells

And waters threaten to burst forth

Over the edges of the embankment

Lying underneath the tree in the cool shade

Her forefinger traces the lines

And follows the laugh

Of his years of torture

Every mark tells of a different event

About it's the same story

Of his sufferings and injustice

She feels the excruciating pain

As his fingers trace the corners of her face

Syllable

Vowel

Consonant

It is too much to bear

But continues on anyway

The pain continues to rack up her arm

And pierces every muscle and sinew

Her ivory skin is singed from the heat

Tears fall her hazel eyes

Onto brown skin

Begging, pleading, demanding

Black Freedom

Tears from brown eyes mix with hers

Bleeding together into pools
That create mirrors

Each one sees

The reflection of the other

She looks at him

He returns the stare

They know

They know

It guess without saying

She reaches the sharp, jagged edges of

Black Rage

And wants to release her hand

but he says, "I will not allow it."

The sensation of electric shock

Radiates from the long grip

up through her hand

And into her veins

She looks at her own wrist

And then at his

Broken Chain

Enough

It is enough

No more

Once again she moves her finger

This time gently caressing Black Rage

Not so afraid this time

She feels the power

"I understand," she says

"I understand."
Like a baby sucking on his mother's breast
for nourishment and strength
so does she suck on his naval
pulling it out deep from within the core of his being
until the umbilical stump protrudes in her mouth
exploding from the depth of his lifetime
flowing through her lips and onto his tongue
testing the foundation of his conception

Bursting forth new energy
he releases his love
his naval is the guiding light
shining from within the path to his heart
his passion mounts from his mouth to his heart
there is no place to hide anymore

She removes her mouth from his naval
and slowly all the secrets and passion return back
into the deep dark crevices
but only for a season

And when she returns again
he brings forth his jewel of life from the ridge
where she finds peace and serenity and solace and hope
that he has so lovingly given to her before

Only he gives his inner core to her
Only she can bury her face on his belly,
and drink the sweet nectar from his majestic diamond
from his Nile.
She is rejuvenated and wealthy
because he shares his treasures.

She leaves his slide.
But her lips remain implanted forever
upon the roots of his being.
Reaching down he clasps his fist and touches where she's been
and with a low moan of passion going from within,
and vibrating onto his fingertips.
He knows she knows his secrets,
where he once was attached to his mother.
He now entrusts to her.
She has earned the privilege to know his life
no longer will he keep it hidden from within.
So he allows her to gently pull out from his umbilical cord
all the hidden desires.
He is inside out...
His life protrudes from his belly.
Every Season

Close your eyes
Remember that cold wintry night
in the cabin in the mountains
when we were sitting in front of the fireplace.
And we made love beneath the blankets
And our bodies kept each other warm
while it was snowing hard outside.
We were snowed in for two weeks.

Close your eyes
Remember that scorching summer afternoon
When we walked through the fields in the countryside.
And the grass was as tall as you.
And you ran and hid from me.
But I ended up finding you even though
you called yourself trying to scare me.
And then you wrestled me down into the grasses.
And we stayed there until night time.
Looking up at the stars in the sky.
And holding each other.
And thinking how peaceful life was.

Close your eyes
Remember that hot, sultry summer afternoon.
When we jumped in the lake together.
And the sun was beating down.
And the sky was a clear blue.
And we swam from one side of the Lake
to the other.
And then got out and lay in the shade under the tree
till we dried off.

Close your eyes.
Remember that fall afternoon when we
were walking through Fairmount Park.
And the leaves were turning colors.
And you let me borrow your sweater
because I left mine in the car.
And we held hands as we walked
and talked and laughed.
And made all kinds of schemes plans

I'm still there in every season.
She feels his strength
against her body.
His every muscle wedged on hers
pressed down upon her skin.

Her spirit sings
as sweat cries out and evaporates
into the aromatic atmosphere of
esoticism.

His eyes say ~ I've known you forever.
His heart says ~ I love you.
His mouth says ~ I want you.
His body says ~ I need you.
His spirit says ~ I thank you.

And they learn the magical art of lovemaking together
with no script
or methods
or rules
or manuals
or directions.

They discover, design, and develop their own path
learning as they go
using their own ingredients
mixing them together.
To create their own passion
Drinking the sweet nectar of paradise.
There is no wrong way
or right way
There is only "their way."

No one else knows their formula.
It cannot be duplicated by anyone else.

It is a sacred bond between two individuals
And will always remain so...
The day is finally over, my sweetness
So it is time to put all our worries and concerns away
And time to remove the anger from our minds
We need to rest
We need to relax
It's only for a few hours
C'mon, dear baby
Close your eyes
And let me look at you
It's only for a few hours
You look so beautiful tonight
And so peaceful
I love to see you smile.
Because it lets me know you are content
And feel safe and secure with me
Do you trust your love to me?
I won't hurt you
And I won't abandon you
How could I?
Everywhere I go, you are right there with me
So please tie back and let me kiss your face, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, neck, ears
Do you know how fantastic you are
I could look in your eyes all night
it it is not a selfish act of personal manipulation. It begins with words spoken, and movement. I am before one's body. It awakens the soul, the heart, and the mind. It is an act of self and others. Once the goals are joined and with one's mind, we enter the world of the spirit. It seems like a dance of words and movement.
The Harvest Will Come
New seeds have been planted
This time on fertile ground
So worry about whether she'll water them regularly
She's not the neglecting kind
Who waits until the plant is damn near dead
And then wants to say, "Why, when someone else
Comes along and saves it."

STATE PRISON
UNIT D-1
HOUSING UNIT
Trust and Cooperation

Turn the lights down real low
And move your face this way
With that seductive look of yours
Have I told you how sexy you are lately?

Oh, you want me to be your belly dancer tonight?
Candly I will...

And when I am through with the performance
What are you going to do for me?

Oh.... really?
You're making me nervous...

Very nervous...

But it's exciting...

Well, okay...

I'll go along with that...

Because... I trust you.
May I Have The Next Dance?

His music makes his want to dance
to his rhythm

Not missing a beat
Dancing and prancing in unison
on clouds of ecstasy

Hitting every note
with accuracy and precision
creating a love song that flows
with colors from the rainbow

Recorded in the confines of their dance
their hips keep the time of the drums
they find that pot of gold
they find it

Oh baby,
play your song again
And again
And again
And again
For me

Are we still dancing?
Making My Own Plans

Though you all sit around at your meetings
Discussing my future
As if I have no control over my own destiny
I want you all to know I am free

"Free?" (He laughs)
"Nigger, are you gay?"
"Have you lost your mind?"

I just look at them and say, "Don't concern yourself with what you'll never understand."

"Oh... hold up
That's insubordination.
We're going to have to add a few more years
For giving us lip."

Do what you have to man.

I already took the trip.
Exercising My Citizenship

Freedom of expression

Hallelujah Jesus

My rights are protected
under the Constitution

I can say:

To hell...

Rats my ass...

Security Housing Unit

And there is not a damn thing you can do about it

Because I got rights

Rights

Rights

Right

Rights

Rights

Rights

Rights
Go 'Krose, Certain Sistahs'.

You say you want to be judged by the content of your character
and not by the color of your skin?

How interesting....

Especially when that philosophy is not suppose to apply to me-
only to you
as far as you're concerned
SECURITY BAY RACIAL HYPOCRISY
UNIT D, HOUSING UNITS
And it stinks

The very thing you accuse others of

You yourself are guilty as charged

But, hey, I am not your judge

You did it yourself

And now you're in bondage

And I'm still free
Don't Make Me Have To Hurt You.

If all you see when you see me
is a white woman
then you're fucking blind

I am sick of your preoccupation with the color of my skin.
I don't put you through this harassment
and abuse, I do it.

I'm not going to be "that white bitch" any more.
we can settle this right now.
It's your choice.
But I am not going to be "that white bitch" anymore.
you have one more time to say it.
And you won't be saying much of anything after that.
I got your white bitch, alright?
Hey baby
Are you okay?
you know I am thinking about you
I spent some time this evening
being pissed off about some things
But I'm okay now
It had nothing to do with you
Well not exactly
You said it was all to you anytime
Well I guess I really can't
I'm really tired of being misunderstood
Do you really know how tired I am?
I'm tired
Hell, no one seems to understand anyone anymore these days
Cause they don't take the time
They don't want to expend the energy
I don't feel like I have to constantly prove myself
If my best isn't good enough
Then it just isn't
I don't want anymore intrusion or invasion from outsiders, okay?
Do one has my permission to scrutinize me for whatever reason
Are they worried about your Blackness being diluted down
You know what I'm talking about.
To my Brother Abdul.

Everyday I pray for your strength and wisdom.
I pray for your endurance, stamina, courage to persevere.

They cannot break your spirit.
They may be able to chain your limbs,
but they cannot break your spirit.

How long do you think God will allow suffering?
He said, "It is as I wish it to be."

When it gets too much for you to handle,
let Him handle it.

At least give Him a chance to work.
And if He doesn't,
at least you gave Him the chance.
You'd never know what He would have done.

If you never gave Him the chance,
you have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

Though they cannot chain my limbs,
Daily they try to chain my spirit,
everyday they try to break me down.
with all kinds of subtler and not so subtle psychological games.

I need you to pray for me too.
because I need the same strength and wisdom.

24.
As they lock in wild entanglement
For there is no taming, this desire
Time stands still

Every nerve is explored and awakened
Every muscle is purposed
And all secret desires fulfilled
Every surface of skin is caressed
Moistened by eager tongues
Kissed by willing lips

There are no restrictions
No shame
No reservations
No secrets

They are the only two people on earth
They were put here to know each other
From the very depth of their souls
From the marrow of their bones
From the blood that flows through their veins
From every pore on their skin
Every hair, cell, fluid, organ, vessel, artery...

Her tears mix with His
Streaming down their faces
These tears are of joy, not pain
Relief has finally come 
After the long wait 

His hooves are on fire 
Only she can quench the flames 
She opens wide her soul to Him 
and receives His love 

A fierce, yet gentle rhythm of rapture and ecstasy 
They are lost somewhere in the heavens 
joined as one entity 

Cemented together throughout infinity 
with the sweetness of honey sacred from within 

He cries out Her name 
Releasing His being to Her 
In some unknown tongue only understood by Her 
His love erupts like a volcanic explosion 
Spewing forth His seed into the depth of Her soul 

Oozing flowing with uncontrollable passion 
It cannot be contained 

Like a raging river moving towards its destiny 
so does His love race forward 

Filling Her to oozing flowing
Can't give a damn what anyone says
There is hope and there is a future
(No, future is slow)
Your world is institutionalized
Pelican Bay State Prison
Your spirit rides here with me
And breathes the same air I do
I consult with you daily And
Share my joys and gains
Your ears are here To listen
I hear your heartbeat
And feel the pulse of your
Blood running through your veins
Nothing can contain you
I do this All for you - (The "life thing")
The persistence, determination,
The relentless striving.
Because... if you can do it then so can I.

Because your struggle is a thousand fold more difficult than mine.

I feel your struggle everyday, but it only makes me stronger.

My prayer is that you'll always know the love and the unconditional love I hold for you.
ECHOES OF BLACK RESISTANCE

She made spear and shields with Shaka Zulu
She pledged my unbending love to Queen Nzinga
She built railroads with Harriet Tubman
She struggled for freedom with Sojourner Truth
She walked and plotted with Denmark Vesey
She conspired and had clandestine meetings with Nat Turner
She ridden the ship back to Africa with Marcus Garvey
She spread the word with Malcolm X
She dreamed the dreams with Martin Luther King, Jr.
She ran the streets during the 1960s uprising
She picked up arms with the Black Panthers Party and Black Liberation Army
She fought side by side in the trenches with B. Judge James L. Jackson
She danced for Black liberation with Queen Assata Shakur
She led the Black Prison Revolution with Mr. Jeffrey Keith Gant
She sung redemption songs with Bob Marley
She hoped and wished for a Winnie Mandela

Oh, the echoes of the past
Take me on a journey where black was black, free, strong, queen, and king
Be my light of inspiration, my teachers of divinity
Echo the rhythm that shall set us free
Echo the rhythm that shall make our enemies fall to their knees
My black people of beauty, I shall be your escort to the future
Your fighting soldier echoing so bravely the triumph of tomorrow
Echoes from the past, I shall be your relentless warrior
Echoing to freedom from slavery

by Abdul Olaniyi Shakur
(Abubakar Abdullah)

Fighting Spirit

The stillness of the night
Evaporates the emptiness of my sacred solitude

As that Black Compost blesses me with the night
Ah, that Black Fearless Dragon

How He rides the wind on wings of unpelling grace
He's adamant seen of my radical dreams of divinity

He walks with me
He talks with me
He tells me of things of ancient years

When Queens and Kings of the land in their days

Conquered this land in their days

We arrived upon the battlefield

T as his sword and H as my shield

My heart pumps his blood
My lungs breathe his air

He's the fire, the cloud and the rain

A guerrilla from another hemisphere

An oft Dragon Spirit within

O, give me the strength to fly again
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