THE MEMOIR OF A STREET THUG TRAPPED IN PRISON

BY:
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Synopsis: Have you ever wondered about what the thoughts, feelings, and emotions are of a THUG? Who just happen to be your Grand Son, Son, Father, Brother, Uncle, Cousin, Nephew, or just your plain old Friend, once he is locked down inside of a cell in prison? Well, take a ride through these pages of which ink transcribed thoughts, feelings and emotions unto paper into the form of poetry.

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First and foremost, I thank Allah for keeping me sane and healthy. Secondly, I want to thank my children, Reionna, Alexis, Mack’e, (My Reincarnated Self in another generation) Mar’ce and Mar’shaya.

The word step has never entered my vocabulary when speaking of my two oldest daughters and never will. Ya’ll know who Dada is. If it wasn’t for ya’ll this book of poems of my thoughts, feelings and emotions would never have come about. My love for ya’ll kept me alive all these years. Never getting a visit to see ya’ll, hardly ever receiving a letter or able to hear ya’ll’s voice have taken a toll on me mentally and physically. Yeah, I could have taken the easy route as so many other absentee father but I have never done anything in life the easy way. It may seem as if I was the one not wanting to see ya’ll, write or talk to ya’ll but I wasn’t as I have no control while being in here nor any say so about ya’ll’s lives. Just know, I love ya’ll.

Thirdly, I want to shout-out Prison Foundations for making this happen for me and so many other aspiring authors who just happens to be in prison. I humbly thank you for this opportunity.

Most of all, I love you Gram Baby! See, I’m Not wasting my time (smile) The Game and wisdom and knowledge you’ve given me throughout my lifetime is how I survive life daily. And Ma, I love you! Never think I don’t. It hurts me to see you hurting yourself… Your Grand kids are depending on you… To all of my Comrades behind these walls of madness, Ya’ll know who ya’ll are, No need to name names, My love is Bullet Proof… To all the Suckas, in case you didn’t know… I got a lifetime Sucka Free Vaccine…
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mark "The General" Nixon, founder of Ghetto2Ghetto, Entertainment and G2G International, was convicted for Drug Charges in State Court and sentenced to 5 to 10 years to run Concurrent with a Federal gun Conviction that he was sentenced to 10 years for. Due to the fact that the Drugs and Gun were not his, he continued to appeal his case Pro Se only to be denied relief on Numerous occasions. He stayed silent whereas the person who's gun and drugs it was switched on him. Due to the circumstances which brought the Author to prison, he grew a rebellious attitude that ultimately lead him to being sent to two separate Control Units, 1- Special Management Unit (SMU) at SCI-Camp Hill and 1- Special Management Unit (SMU) at SCI-Fayette. The Author has been held in Solitary Confinement for over 4 years suffering from Sensory Deprivation. While being in Solitary Confinement where there is a Suppression on Books, Magazines, photo's, Newspapers, etc. The Author picked up his flex pen and started writing poetry and stories as an outlet from going insane. To date the Author has penned 2 Urban Street Fiction Novels of which he plans to Self-Publish. The Author is interested in building friendships and business relationships. It would be greatly appreciated if books, Magazines or Funds could be donated to the Author at:

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Please enjoy the book.
THIS PLACE, THIS PRISON

Today like everyday, I awake to the sound of a steel door as it opens, the annoying screech of its electric lock, is a stark reminder of; This place, this prison... I hear the guards foot steps echoing off the concrete walls then they stop, at the top of his lungs he shouts; "Count Time!" It's 6:00 A.M., the beginning of each and everyday in; This place, this prison... As I rise, I stare out at the sky through these cold steel bar windows. I smile inside as I'm granted another day to breathe air into my lungs and life. As his foot steps recede, and that Massive door slam shut, causing my gaze to drop to the miles of forty foot wall and razor wire, a seemingly representation of; This place, this prison... I hear distant screams of anger and violence echoing off and through Concrete Corridors, Bloods, Crips, O.G.'s, and L.A.W. gangs, Sunni and Shiite Muslims, FOI's and Five Percenter's, all of Color, brother against brother, all caged and filled with rage, four hundred years have past and we're still treated as slave's, in; This place, this prison...
TRAPPED SOUL

My mind is open, but my heart is pounding and hoping. Most of my days my energy is moping.
The expressions are shown, but the feeling are fully blown. The violent verbs are brain stormed and thrown.
The eyes rain, also they show my souls pain.
I'm trying to hold up the weight of the jail's chains.
The visions of walls and locked gates, I will now always hate.
I am untrapping my soul for my upcoming release date...

DOOR OF DAYDREAMS

Once a day and sometimes more, you'll knock upon my daydream door.
I'll say very warmly, "Come right in. I'm glad you're here with me again."
Then we'll sit down and chat for a few, until something I must do, forces me away from you.
For what reality can't change, my daydreams can arrange, each day you'll be invited and brought to me, for now, just a guest in thought... In my door of daydreams...

HEARTACHE

When love self-destruct, the heart erupts into a burning inferno, burning the soul with pain, causing the mind to stop functioning while your reactions keep the wound from properly healing, leaving you scared for life. Third degree burns tell the story of the love I have lost...
EYE OPENER

How many times must I be crossed to realize that loyalty
in most people is a lost. No more friendship's even exist.
Love from a homie is now just a wish. The last man stand
Motto is principle, that's true indeed. It's me after all who
I really need. Keeping my back to the wall and others at
bay, from family to friends, even cats from around the way.
It's a shame that loneliness is best. I'll rather roll by myself
until I'm laid to rest. I know that I'm not perfect, but I've
seen a lot. Being incarcerated opened my eyes and I see that
I'm all I got. I will never be disloyal to those who've earned
my loyalty. Those who've stayed loyal I cherish and hold close
to my heart...

DON'T KNOW

I don't know defeat, and chances are we'll never meet
My enemies cheat, because that's the only way they can compete
I got goals, and with God's help they'll be completed
I want to help those like me, who've been denied justice, abused
and mistreated
I look for loyalty in all who I know.
A friend is a friend and a foe is a foe
So I stay close to the strong and outgrow the weak
I know right and wrong, but I don't know defeat...
I WALK ALONE

I walk down the same path, same soul and heart. Just a
New tainted laugh I didn't have at the start. Some scars
are long covered, but the marks are still shown. Like
wounds from ex-lovers, they're un-noticed but known.
This path has not changed in twenty years, it's all quite
the same but still un-clear; This path has been walked on,
by many un-grown, but those memories are gone...

Now I walk alone...

Wisdom is pain, while pain is love, love leave stains that
Wisdom cleans up. Love is the one that keep on talking.
While wisdom stays smart and keep on walking. Walking
through the cracks, puddles and bends. Wisdom never looks
back, it remember's the trends; This path has been walked
on, by many un-grown, but those memories are gone...

Now I walk alone...

COME

Come... look into the eyes of my heart, Come... feel what you shall see,
Come... take a hold of my emotions, Come... see what it's like to be me,
Come... see if you can conceive what I'm feeling; I'm waiting, so
won't you please...
Come... taste upon the shoulder's the ill pain of my despair,
Come... seek to be me for just a while; I'm waiting, if you shall dare,
Come... step away from your own world, Come... ride upon this train

I ride, Come... speak on my life, Come... express to me what it's like
to be robbed of your freedom and pride... Come...
BETRAYAL

What is the definition of betrayal? You were supposed to be my right hand, Comrade, partner, homie, brother. I trusted you with all and never entertained doubt. I sincerely gave and showed you loyalty and never sold out. Protected your presence and respected your word and name. Even at your lowest point in life I rallied and honored you with no shame and never changed. Uneasy you've made me feel when the times came and I needed you, your actions affirmed my sudden feelings. My instincts are on point and exact. You've sided with the enemies and used the knife I gave you to stab me in the back. Either you're with me or against me, isn't no in-between. I treated you with love rodie! And I played my part on every level as a homie! If I ate you ate, I expected you to be loyal like me, what a big mistake! Suprised, yes I was when you turned your back on me! It took all these years to see that you wasn't loyal after all. Now I truly know the definition of betrayal...

HISTORY'S WISDOM

Langston Hughes once said; "Hold fast to your dream, for if dreams die, life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly."
So I look beyond where I'm at to where I want to be, as I raise my level of expectancy. I have to change my thinking in order to be able to change my way of living. Our expectations set the boundaries for our lives. I gotta break out of my self-imposed prison and let my actions follow my expectations. As long as I can see it, I can be it...
IMAGINE ME

Imagine a world where time stand still. Where nothing you do is of your own free will. Stripped of your freedom, your hope and your pride. Surrounded by strangers with no place to hide… Imagine a place where you’re told what to wear and what to eat. A place where no one is encouraged or allowed to bond with their children. You’re told when you can or can’t talk, and where you can and cannot walk. It’s a world where you sleep surrounded by hate, where all you can do is just sit and wait… Imagine a world where you have no choice’s, and where you can’t even think because of the Noise. A world where you work but get no pay, where you’re made to feel worthless each and everyday. A world where days crawl along like a snail, where all you have hope for is a piece of mail… Does this sound like a world that would make you sick? Imagine a world that is surrounded by concrete and concerting wire, where being able to walk away from this place sane and free is your greatest desire. A world like this is hard for you to Conceive, Yet here I am and Cannot leave… Imagine Me…

INVINCIBLE REALITY

The tragedy of life doesn’t lie in Not reaching your goal, the tragedy lies in having no goal to reach. It isn’t a Calamity to die with dreams unfulfilled, but it is a Calamity not to dream. It is Not a disaster to be unable to capture your ideal, but it is a disaster to have no ideal to Capture. It is Not a disgrace not to reach the stars, but it is a disgrace to have no stars to reach for...
I KNOW

I know already who's who,
I know who will and who won't do,
I know the smiles that's fake, some made by mistake,
I know the word semantics that spell out hate,
I know that everyone gotta die,
I know many want to fit in so they'll tell lies,
I know who play with guns and get major cash in the hood,
I know the scary cats and hungry cats that mean. No one good.
I know every brother isn't a brother, he'll be the first to shed your blood,
I know who's true like that behind my back,
I know who's word is mud and not set in blood,
I know who's in a rush to talk too much and need to go on a verbal diet,
I know the ones who's real with what they feel, some just remain quite,
I know I'm black and that's a fact, I don't need no one to remind me,
I know who really care and gonna be there, so I don't have to say names,
I know who's position and their mission is to only cause me pain,
I know for sure that my knees are not sore because I'm always on my toes,
I know that people think I'm slow so to all my friends and foes;
As long as you think that, I'm winning and that's a fact, because this you'll never know...
"You're my friend, so here's a knife in ya' back..."
"You're suppose to be my boyfriend, so why is my sister sleeping in your bed..."
"I love you family, 'til my last breath, I dig that chain you wearing so I wish for you death..."
"You're so funny, you always make me laugh, Them corny jokes, I hope he drown while taking a bath..."
"Baby this is your son, see he has your eyes, Oh God, please don't let him find out his brother also got between my thighs..."
"Homie, I'll kill for you and even do time for you... Homie, I'll steal from you and party your kids mom..."
"Are you my brother's keeper? No doubt, 'til the end!"

Picture that... These are the words and actions of foes, not friends.

I SEE

I see with two eyes the whole world. I see love, I see hate, I see pain, I see strength, I see truth mixed with falsehood on a plate of confusion.
I see struggle, I see war, I see revolution, I see smiles, Then laughter as well as frowns, I see hope in the midst of despair, Sitting on a chair of doubt.
I see uncertainty, I see insecurity, I see things getting better, I see justice finally prevailing, I see promise, I see a second chance, I see freedom, and as I look in the mirror, for the first time in a long time... I see me...
CHANGES OF LIFE

Traveling down a difficult road in life
Feeling no peace, experiencing nothing but strife
Nothing seems wrong, it only seems right
This is the chaos I called my life...

When is there ever a good time for change
With everything foreign, and everything strange
Would this switch be a curse or would it be a bane
Once you build up the courage to explore this domain

With the mental balance disrupted, is one crazy or sane
To the possessor his answer is right, because that’s his claim
As something wild is natural and can’t be tamed
Free like the creativity of the mind, that can’t be chained

Is one a loyal and accepting follower, if one won’t provide or lead
Conveying a false front to share, but remaining gluttonous, full of greed
And what is the sense of listening if what you hear, you won’t heed
Trying to fulfill the wants of others, but not satisfying your own needs
Seeking to search the center of someone supposedly special and divine
Striving to understand this person, but can’t comprehend your own mind

Having an interest in knowledge but mistaking knowledge for something
to be abused
Claiming ignorance, but once exposed through confrontation others
will see your obvious ruse
Then you'll fail to fathom the facts that favoritism sometimes falls on others. And you'll be burdened with envy, which will eventually consume you and cause you to smother.

So observe the ingenuity it has taken to make the characteristics of this new being. Using the sight of the mind as a compass, and not just the eyes for guidance and seeing.

WHO'S TO BLAME

Who's to blame but myself for allowing the devil to distract my enhancement of spirituality, to gain my awaited freedom of mind and body. Who's to blame but myself because no one made me do anything, seeking to blame others when inside of me is where I'll find the answers. Who's to blame but myself for the letdowns I'd exposed myself to, all the crying, lying and stressful times that I blamed on you. Who's to blame but myself, I and me, a plural of we, instead of the history of slavery, I should focus on the future to be. Who's to blame but myself for allowing myself to blame others, for not accepting responsibilities as a husband, father, son, uncle, nephew, brother or cousin. Who's to blame but myself for the avenues I took in life, a certified drug dealer and user, an official crook. Who's to blame but myself for depositing drugs into my body, not respecting myself and treating women like they were nobodies. Who's to blame but myself for my Grandma's continuous tears and her falling gray hair.
Who’s to blame but myself for my son and daughter’s loud cries of: “Why isn’t my daddy here? He must don’t care.” Who’s to blame but myself, the man in the mirror, who’s reflection looks scary. Those that’s blaming others, I hope you feel me because who’s to blame but ourself?

CHOICES

Mistakes are made when the mind isn’t sure
Encountering in the defer the facts of obstacles galore,
Mistakes can better those who seek better
Mistakes can make one successful
There is many that’s evident...
Mistakes are the manifestation of inner voices
Should I do this? Should I do that? How about this?
Many options lead to mistakes and this is fact
Mistakes can save you from destruction on the path of determination
Everyone makes mistakes so don’t feel down and/or alone
Just caution yourself from mistakes that dictate your tone
So rise, wipe your eyes, mistakes isn’t Nothing New
It’s Not the Set-back, but the get back to Correct
That Mistake in you

I’m A SURVIVE
I wonder when the males will step up and be men, secure your post and stick to your principles and turn losses to wins. Be loyal to your squad and respect elders like our Mother’s and dads, pull together as one unit and this’ll Make the opponents Mad. Keep your words right or your mouth closed. Under pressure keep your guards up and never fail. There’s many sayings but very few is taken heed to.
A man is hidden under his tongue. This is so true! Souls have left the players and they'll never be the same, pieces have new names and the result is: Death to the game. I know many this is strong who are still alive, so to the few I salute you. This is a shout-out to those still surviving...

LIFE'S LESSONS

We're going through the struggle, but still we survive. Trials and tribulations are our life's test, they're true reality checks. It's best to stay focused on the future instead of stressing. We blessed to be breathing and to believe in better days, when the sky is gray pray for a path through this maze. Nowadays, sun rays barely break through the clouds. There's so many people losing their faith in doubt. Without pain, we wouldn't even know peace ever existed. Like if we are truly living in hell was ever a mystery. Our history is historic, somehow we often ignore it, senseless slayings over money or colors keep our eyes pouring. We're lowering our self-worth for a jail or a burst, putting pressure on our mother's until their heart's bust. What's worst? Hell on earth or death in the streets of a ghetto? Timeless treasures are no longer priceless possessions, soul surviving in the struggle everyday is our life's lessons...

MY HEART IS A PRISON

My heart is a prison, who can tell, my heart contains emotions that can't make bail. I've been back-stabbed all my life and still find room to forgive, I manage to holler it out at night but no one but the walls seem to hear. Oh, can you help me? With every beat comes pain, I wanna call you collect, but for some reason I'm outta change. Tell me you won't cry, because I have a history of heart trouble that started
the moment I arrived. So will you please come visit me? Break in if you have to, because my heart is a prison camouflaged in a state of blues...

TO BE FREE: An open letter to the President

Dear President Bush, I am a convicted felon who has been convicted of basically being an under-privileged black male who was trying to survive the exploitative ways of Corporate America. I have been stereotyped since birth, ever since my forefather's were kidnapped and forced on boats. Their plight and reality is also mine. Instead I was kidnapped and held in prison forced to work. Mr. President, why do your Government profit from prisoners? Wait! Don't answer, because I know that like Nixon, "You are not a crook!" So I'll ask why at the bare minimum it cost forty thousand dollars a year to keep me in prison, yet your Government will not give me twenty thousand dollars for schooling that'll keep me out of prison? I guess this would undermine Government profits. Oopp's, I mean the prison industry's profit. Or will I be Killed? Oopp's! Suppressed! Like so many others who addressed such similar views? Or will I become a political prisoner? Locked away to await a slow death? By the way Mr. President, FREE The Africa's, Mumia and Maroon Shaats... The Revolutionary Prophet's who continue to awaken the mentally dead. I was raised to see things for what they really are. I'm not a racist nor am I prejudice of Religions, because poverty does not discriminate. I was told that I was free, am I free Mr. President? Free means to be at liberty, not imprisoned or enslaved. Most of all it means "Not under Obligation". So Mr. President, why am I under your obligation? I ask to be set free...
LET THE CHANGE BEGIN

It wasn't very long ago our world was filled with pain. The vision of true unity was clouded and blood-stained. People hating people because of the color of their skin. So many people hoping desperately for a New day to begin. A land so filled with promise held such hatred in its heart. Yet, so many voices cried out "Let us cease to stand apart." Let us celebrate the diversity of the colors of our skin, and stand together as one people... Let the Change begin...

A New day is dawning, can you feel the Change?
The thought that we might stand together as one no longer
Seems so strange.

If we can work together we can manifest the dream.
And build a land of unity that truly shine supreme.
Today we all stand cheering, red, yellow, brown, black and white.
At this historic moment in which nothing clouds our sight.
If we keep our hearts open wide Never letting them close again.
So much we can accomplish... Let the Change begin...

Tomorrow may just be another day if we allow it to be, or else we can choose as a people to change the course of history.
No single person can ever mend every error of our past, but if we work together we can turn the tide at last.
So let us set aside our hatreds and our racial or religious hostilities.
Let us work together for the vast Possibility.
Let us celebrate the diversity of the colors of our skin,
And stand as brothers and sisters...

Let the Change begin...
ELEMENTS OF GROWTH

Something imagined is brought into reality
Something to some is incomprehensible, a goal seen as unattainable
Everything comes by growth, effort, or motion
Full growth isn't always the solution
Full growth is the same as evolution
It is expected by a series of motions
To every action there is a reaction
The Universe is made up of different elements
Each element is like a Ping-Pong ball, reacting to other elements
An element can be natural disasters
An element can be monetary disasters
An element can be senseless wars...
Morality is at an all-time low
Banks lending money is slow
Banks are rapidly foreclosing on homes
These are things that make up the Universe
United-Verse's, are signs of those who understand
Our 44th President promised to make a stand and change is his plan
Who would have ever imagined that our 44th President would be black African
Mother Caucasian
The element of a single creation
A part of the Universe...
CHANGING OUR FUTURE

A brilliant understanding causes stasis. To be reflected 

With a different perception 
The challenges are not accepted 

Conscious attitudes for elevation 

Is insurance for wrong choices unrejected. 

Resilient we should be 

Our strives for excellence is our essence 

We dream, we do, we achieve, from thought to effort 

Then being, innate visions, to initiate actions 

Then we see, from our head to our feet, our most powerful 

Hindrance lives in-between 

Shouldn't we maintain our vehicles better? 

Shouldn't we place proper oils and premium octane in our cars? 

Isn't it that we want our vehicles to last forever? 

So why do our vehicles for righteousness only go so far? 

Our thoughts and actions will impact our future 

You can challenge yourself and enhance our future... 

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

"All men are caught-up in an in-escapable network of mutuality, tied to a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. I can never be what I ought to be until you are what you ought to be, and you can never be what you ought to be until I am what I ought to be..."
THEY SAY

They say, it's not all the same but how could that be, when today looks like tomorrow and tomorrow looks like today, and yesterday looks like the day before, how could that be?

They say, time flows in only one direction but through my perception I see a different reflection, darkness becomes light, morning becomes afternoon, afternoon becomes night. I close my eyes and open them to the same sight, how could the be?

They say, nothing is forever, and forever's not the same, but forever means that nothing will ever change...

Is it word play or just mind games?

Because in my reality it's all the same things they say...

STAINED HEART

How could you say that you love me, when you show me differently, had me under a spell like your love was perfect.

Because you're my family you fed me lies, I even over-looked them as time flew by, and every time you told me them, inside I cried.

I never wanted to say anything, never wanted to hurt your feelings, never wanted to make you sad, never wanted to destroy our relations, and the family values that I've always had.

Sleepless nights I tussled with myself and now I can't take it any more, I always knew the truth from beginning to the end, all the betrayals and back stabblings from my immediate family and friends.

Love is deep, especially when there's no true feelings behind it, when you think that it's all in the family and search for it, you can't find it.

So now the ending is near and we're about to depart, I wanted to share with you, my stained heart...
ESCAPE

Constant, constant, memories, run through my head, in the wee hours of darkness where there should be solace and rest instead. The past I cannot change, accepting that there is no guarantee that I'll once again ever be free, the hands of time can never be turned back, so please God, help me find the peace that I most certainly lack. Take away the regrets of the would of, should of, and could of's, Aide me to find escape.

I know that I failed all of my tests in utter defeat and despair, No sense in trying to grasp. Moments gone in flight, promising that next time I'll do all things given to me right. Mercifully, if I live through this plight, graced with a peaceful life that is no longer built on and filled with shame, guilt and fright, I'll escape the madness of prison life...

I'm TIRED

I'm tired of waking up just to go back to sleep
I'm tired of my legs that carry me up and down the street
I'm tired of this life and the horrors that's in it
I'm tired of wondering what was before the beginning
I'm tired of my confused thoughts that at times stagnates me
I'm tired of having to make choices that at times cost me greatly
I'm tired of oppression and senseless killings
I'm tired of not being loved by anybody
I'm tired of being an enemy to everybody
I'm tired of being spiritually tortured while awaiting God's blessing
I'm tired of wondering how much time on earth I have left
I'm tired of being tired and this isn't a lie, I'm so damn tired
I no longer can think to live or die...
THEY WANT ME TO BE

They want me to be responsible,
But they take me away from all my responsibilities.
They want me to be a part of the community,
So they isolate me from the community.
They want me to be productive and constructive,
So they degrade me and make me feel useless.
They want me to be non-violent,
So they put me where violence is all around me.
They want me to be a loving person and kind to others,
So they subject me to hatred and cruelty.
They don't want me to act tough,
So they put me where the tough are respected.
They want me to quit hanging around losers,
So they put me with others they call losers.
They want me to quit exploiting others,
So they put me where I'll be exploited.
They want me to be in control of my life and not a parasite,
So they put me where I'm totally dependent on others.
So I ask you, is this what you want me to be?

NELSON MANDELA

"Prison is designed to break one's spirit and destroy one's resolve. To do this, the authorities attempt to exploit every weakness, demolish every initiative, negate all signs of individuality, all with the idea of stamping out that spark that makes us human and each of us who we are..."
SAME OLE ROAD

My sorrow, my pain, my screams in vain, voices in my head,
slowly driving me insane. Misery is my comfort, for it's all that
I know, emotions I hold inside, my feelings don't show,
what do I do, how do I live, what do you do when you have
nothing left to give? My tears fall, they drop into my palms,
Allah absolve me, wash away my wrongs, fighting for breath,
I feel like I can't breathe, pain and fear, I wish they would
leave, somebody help me! Just answer my call! Somebody
Catch me, before I slip and fall, I drift away into a world
that's unknown, where love, compassion, and empty are
shown, somebody talk to me! No, just leave me alone!
Because where I'm at, is far away from home, I don't know
love, I don't know peace, all I know is that I need to be
released, my heart is broken, torn to bits, suffering in
anguish, when the storm finally hits, sorrowful longing, dwell
in my heart, each time I'm apprehensively abandoned, I'm torn
apart, it's the same ole road, I'm back at start...

MARCUS GARVEY

'According to the commonest principles of human action, no
man will do as much for you as you will do for yourself.'

LIFE CHARACTER

Watch your words, they become your thoughts...
Watch your thoughts, they become your actions...
Watch your actions, they become your habits...
What your habits, they become your destiny...
PAIN I KNOW

Oh I know pain, sometimes it makes it hard to maintain.
I know him or should I call it her?
It's this thing that keeps suffocating my air, I try to limit
its space but it keeps making room, sweeping across the
surface like a broom, the residue from the dust keeps clouding
my vision, I blow it away but I still keep running into this collision.

Read the word pain and my story is written, with so many
let downs, the bug of disappointment has bitten, smitten pain.
This avalanche of sorrow is beyond belief, mourning my
own failure keeps me full of grief, it even gets dark even
when I'm standing in the light, why do things seem
to go wrong, even when I'm doing right.
Sometimes I feel like no one understands what I'm going
through, still I try to be strong because that's what my
Grandmother taught me to do, I first felt pain when I was
in my Mother's womb, from conception to death, I'll carry
it to my tomb, I blame myself for not accepting the
opportunities that this world had to give, Now this life of
pain is what I must live.
Firsthand, I know what pain is about, I done cried so
many tears that now I'm all cried out.
In the midst of this pain, I'm just struggling to stay
sane, I can't deny that I know this thing called,
PAIN...
THE CRY OF AN OLD ANGEL

While sleeping one night I had a dream, and it left a tale to tell.
I dreamed that I saw an Angel, and she wasn't looking to well.
Her body was bruised and battered, her wings were ripped and torn.
I saw that she could barely walk, she was tired, her hope was worn.
I walked over and asked her; "Angel, how could this be?"
She tried to smile as she gathered her thoughts, then these words
she said to me; "I am your guardian Angel, quite a task as you
Can see, you've lived a very wild life, with that you must agree.
You've broken laws and broken hearts, what you see is what you've
done to me. These bruises are from shielding you, I do my best even
Still, the drugs you used so dangerously, I often paid the bill.
My wings you see, are ripped and torn, is a noble badge I wear,
So many times they've shielded you from perils you were unaware
of, yes! Each mark bears a story of pains and dangers I've
destroyed, you've made me wish more times than once, that I
was unemployed. If only you would embrace life, and choose
to do so on your own, it would stop your pain and suffering
that comes from being alone. I will always be here to watch
over you until my powers fail, as for when that will be, all I
Can say is I'm getting old and frail."

When I awoke I thought about this dream, and how much the
Angel Seemed to care, then I looked around my prison cell,
And my heart sank in despair, As I wondered why even try to
Continue life behind these walls, then I distantly thought that
I heard a frail old Angel Cry...

Dedicated to My Grandmother, My Guardian Angel...

Josephine Sylvia Hudson
PUSHED OF HEART

The eminent feeling of my emotions stirs me to say things that's truly in my heart, not caring if my very words tear you apart. You chose to exit and enter my life as if it's a game, and expect my love to enhance or remain the same. I gave you so many chances because of our family bond, I had with held the cries and thoughts that were on my mind. You approach me as if I am blind and can't see, deaf and can't hear, relieved of feelings cause I'm in here, I am human and born with emotions too, but it seems like you don't recognize this and only care about you.

It is so easy for you to say that we must love each other, and that you're proud of me being your husband, father, son, brother, uncle, nephew or cousin. But then your words disappear and change along with your actions. Your true self exposes itself and shows your dissatisfactions, lies and excuses for the pain you've caused this person you so called loved. It's bigger than out of sight out of mind. This is a pushed off heart...

TIME

The clock of life is wound up only once, and no man or woman has the power to tell just where the hands of time will stop; at late or early hour? To lose one's wealth is sad indeed, to lose one's health is even more, to lose one's spirit is such a loss as no man or woman could restore. The present time is our own. Live, love and strive with will, place no faith in tomorrow, because the clock of life may then be still...
You

Abandoned love, oh my! I feel so alone, echo's heard from miles away, out of an empty home, I'm shook inside, trembling legs, seeking comfort, for this I beg! Catching a glance of what I thought was there, only to remember how you was near. Please, don't leave! Let me see your face! I am out of breath but I won't give up the chase, it's dark and I only see an outer image, my blood pressure goes up, it's only the beginning, fear strikes me like a sledge hammer upon steel, as I attempt to move my lips, my body gets the chills, oh how life seems to be rushing to the end, gathering my thoughts and memories of family and friends, what looked like a condemned road, wasn't nothing but an illusional soul, then a woman's voice whispered, "You'll be fine here," I panicked because I thought my time was due, then I opened my eyes and captured the most meaningful moment in my life... You!

A KISS

A Kiss is more than just mere lip touching, it's an intertwining of two intimate souls clutching, an indication of passion and being sincere, that sends a rush of adrenaline through your body, making your heart cheer... No matter how often or seldom a kiss is given, it's one of the beautiful pleasures that makes you give thanks for living, especially when the lips you kiss are those your heart desire, bringing unexplained chills but at the same time sets your heart on fire... It merges two lovers into one, as lips compress, reflecting the beauty of unity as they softly caress, initiating true excitement, sending your mind to love's abyss... There's simply nothing in the world to compare to a tender kiss...
INSANITY

I'm lost, not wanting to be found, because what has been done this far along, things might never be the same, knowing this is what hurts more than the pain. Insane! To even contemplate moving on is the equivalence of drowning in deep water while people are watching. People are just watching! No one throwing you out a life jacket or raft, how about doctor's shocking your chest because you just flat lined. Beeep... Insane! You can't turn back time, but you can relive it again, only in your mind my friend! You can try to fix mistake after mistake, but the boat will still sink, each and every thought makes you want to never again think. Insane! Your filled with feelings that run wild like a lion in wild stalking its prey, burning with desire, emotions spreading like a California wildfire until you're smacked in the face by reality, clearly seeing things for what they really are, steps ahead, but gotta slow the pace so the rest can catch up, come on and Catch up! Insane! Never will I give up, the sky isn't the limit, shooting for the moon, even if I miss, I'll be amongst the stars, I must defeat this enemy who is trying to poison me, friend or foe? Who knows? He only shows his face in my dreams, he tells me things, trying to conquer my brain, maybe it wasn't a dream but instead reality. Insane! I now can see the light, hearing the doctors scream clear, the life jacket and raft has been tossed to me, I know now which road to take and which one's will ruin me, and regained control of my mind, the boat is afloat, I will no longer let insanity take over my life...

MALCOLM-X

Nobody can give you freedom. Nobody can give you equality or justice or anything, if you are a man you take it...
I'M SORRY IS HOW I FEEL RIGHT NOW; BABY MAMA

I'm so sorry for the hurt that I caused you, not taking into consideration that you have feelings too.

Disguising my wantonness of your entire beauty as hate, only to retire at night to dream of you as my mate.

I want so much, the things in life that I probably can't have, and you being one of them and this gets me so mad.

I hate you! No I don't, it's the opposite I can't lie, only if you knew how many times that I stared at your pictures and held back my cries...

I'm so sorry, for my past actions and words that made you hurt, if I had a chance, even from here I would show you it can work, Confined frustration I do have lingering inside. Being separated from society and our children, without anyone on or by my side.

Your expressions shine light on your dark dissatisfactions, and I see it all the time. No mail, no visits, no calls. Even when you are smiling in photos I can sense there's a lot on your mind...

I'm so sorry, and truthfully want to shout to you "I'm still in love!" But not under these present conditions, would it be healthy if we just dream and note it as fiction?

I can't change what I've done and said in the past, but that was just my way to make sure that I stayed in your head, what more can I say, but I'm sorry and it's real.

Now that I've spilled my heart out, you know how I feel...

I'm Sorry...
TEARS DON'T LIE

No! My tears are not for sympathy, yet my tears are empathetic. I let them be, like the rivers and the seas, where the fish be. Yes! The Common folks, sharing tears from a good joke, Yeah baby, you know. When, like a good stroke, it feels so good you get misty-eyed, like a newborn baby, just cry till the tears run dry.

No! My tears don’t lie, because just like this prison sentence, it can be justified, like the water we drink which can help the body revive. Yeah baby, like the lady with her engagement ring, and joy that makes her cry, Yup! It’s just like the tears from the sky which brings water to help keep the world alive, and to beautify those sweet roses that we give along with those final goodbyes, who can forget those through the years tears, and those love don’t live here anymore tears, then those joy and pain tears, with those happy feeling tears, or those diamond shaped like falling tears, or those sweet fruit and honey tears, those action of war can make us cry tears, Nope! My tears are not for sympathy, but are used for growth and energy, Yup! I told you...

Tears don’t lie!

THANK GOD FOR YOU

I don’t know what the future holds in store for you and me, but there is a part of our future I can foresee. I see us next to one another with each year that goes by, together until the end of time, side by side. I’m here for you baby girl, if you’re ever in need, all you have to do love, is call out and ask for me, because there’s nothing that you can’t ask of me, if it’s in my power, I’m a do for you with every waking hour. My love, I am the man you can depend on through thick and thin, I’ll be the man you can turn to when you question yourself within,
I will always support and encourage you, this is a promise to you... I make, it'll be for you, for me, and for our relationship's sake, you're sent by God, and I know that this is true, this is why, I thank God for you...

MY MIND

You don't know where my mind be, I'm up late, witching hour with the zombies, so you know where to find me, lucking in the bloody streets trying to solidify my rap sheet, cause respect is a lesson taught, till death is how every battle will be fought, so let me tell you what the streets brought; Broads on my tip, candy paint on my whip, a 40 Cal. that fits so perfectly in my fist, Aim so good I didn't need an extended clip, body count up to 3, I live in a constant dream, instead of chasing I'm running, my first reaction is to start gunning, so I know how my life will end, face down in my own blood while my baby Mama look upon me with a devilish grin, this would be the testimonials from a street thug, but I'm more of a dope fiend from all the cheap drugs, so I catch shoulder shrugs, as I lean on every block, puffing on Freddy Crougers Non-stop, eyes low, red, and glassy, skin beyond ashy, breath smelling like death, so you know the undertone, I'm everything you don't wanna be, doped out, wanted, and a zombie, so don't try to understand me or how I see, because...

You'll never know where my mind be...
ANOTHER MAN'S REGRET

Day by day I awake to the sounds of locks being rattled, warehoused in a symmetrical environment where humans are treated like cattle, blinded by the lights, which shine bright twenty-four hours a day, finding hope and comfort in the belief that there has to be a better way, with nothing positive to convey, I stay silent most of the time, with the thoughts of regaining my freedom weighing heavy on my mind, unable to see the sunshine, or raindrops fall from the sky, due to concrete bricks posted like flicks, I watch my future slowly pass me by, the number one question is why, as our individual souls cry, making no excuse for the abuse, or for those who chose to live their life as a lie, My Shadow is all that I trust for it never leaves my side, back to back as I attack anybody who fails to comply, on what or who do I rely, in this world with so many limitations, when prisons is the rich man's way of controlling poor populations, ignorance as all manifestation of people being schooled incorrect, and it's a shame that one is to accept the repercussions of another man's regret...

ON TO THE NEW

I'm thinking past my present and on to the New, when I'm no longer sitting inside this prison cell, I'm thinking on to the New, No more living with prisoners or standing in line for chow, there's a much better life for me to live, I just need to learn how, No more Sick Call slips, No more request to staff, Someday I'll be able to look back on this and hopefully have myself a big ol' laugh, No more restricted movement, No more officer's in black, I'm thinking on to the New New, and I'm Never coming back...
ONLY ONE YOU

Everyday I sit staring out of this prison window and I ask myself what do I have to give in return for you giving me such special and amazing "Precious Gifts"?

I want to return the favor to you and be the best father I can be, I'll forever cherish our friendship and hold it very close to me until the end of time, this I do concede you have many dreams and goals that I wish you'll share with me, because when you try to do it alone, I know how tough it can be, I believe in your heart, your dreams, and desires inside of you, I know that you'll achieve all that you pursue, you have what it takes without a doubt, I know you'll be successful no matter which route, just remember that whatever you decide to go after in life, you're already a success, if you look through my eyes, because when I look at you, there is one thing I do see, and that is a woman only others can strive to be, they wish and they want to be like you, it's true! But what they all must realize is there can only be one you...

INVISIBLE MAILMAN

The strangest things happened to me today, an invisible mailman passed by my way, he handed me something that wasn't quite there, you see, invisible mail is really quite rare... So I opened this nothing really really wide. To find even less than nothing inside. But the scent was so sweet I recall, so sweet in fact there wasn't nothing at all. And the penmanship was so neat and clean, so clean in fact it couldn't be seen... So I'm writing you back with love you bet, thanks for the letter I never did get... Truly now is the time I really needed you, but the letter I expected just never came through.
Maybe next time you'll think twice, and pay special attention to this advice: I could be out there doing much better, and you could be in here expecting and waiting on an invisible letter...

**CAN'T BREAK ME**

I'm going to stand my ground whether it is weak or strong, I refuse to give up on myself whether I'm right or wrong, I love myself too much to allow you, someone I don't know enter my folds, I'm a born fighter and I'm in control...

I know your mission which is impossible, is only to conquer me and subdue my physical, dictate my emotions and experiment on my mental...
Picture soft cotton penetrating steel...
Imagine me killing myself...
Are you for real!
You seek a weak link in an attempt to have total control, you'll always be my enemy, I mean this from my soul...
I've seen you oppressors take advantage of my brothers who at times can't rationally see, you run to overcome the weak because you recognize that you can't break me...

**SHAKESPEARE**

"Cowards die many times before their deaths, The valiant never taste of death but once."
PRECIOUS GIFTS

A father's love for his daughter's is deeper than most think, the vision of her growing up and being in another man's life makes his heart sink. This is my feelings my precious princesses, I'm Sad to say that I'm afraid of the day your Romeo's will carry you away. Selfish I am, being content with being the only man you Now love. The seeds that I Nourished with the help of your mother and God above, I love you my reflections, my blood, my very life, My daughter's, my beautiful sights. Never forget this because it's meaningful within, I thank God for blessing me with such darling daughter's, and my love will never end, a proud and happy father I am of my beautiful daughter's, So always remember that you are my Precious Gift's...

NO SUCHTHING AS JUSTICE

For them truth and justice means Nothing and they've proven that this is true. I was wrongfully convicted in Pittsburgh, PA, for a crime they know I didn't do...
This whole ordeal is tearing at my Spirit and Causing wounds that will never heal, Many Nights my thoughts have over taken me, often confusing that which is real...
Stressful, haunting, and depression, are emotions which rise to the Surface, how much longer must I endure this? My life is being robbed of its purpose...
They've seperated my children and I, and left in its place a void, not caring one moment the lasting effect of the family unit they've destroyed...
I can't take it or seem to gather myself anymore, HELP ME!
These walls are closing in on me, with no real assurance
that justice will prevail, I often wished my life would just end...
Because truth and justice means nothing to them and they've
made this fact clear, and if it was not so, then I wouldn't still
be here...

WHAT DOES LOVE LOOK LIKE
What does love really look like? It can't be the stars and the stripes,
because the Government ain't right...
What does love look like? It can't be the gangster's in the streets,
because they lie, steal, kill and cheat...
What does love look like? It can't be justice, because the pen is
filled with unfair deals and no good lawyers fighting for appeals
and judges who love to play lets make a deal...
What does love look like? It's when you give your best, love
passes all the test, love is trusting without questioning, love
is going all out for what you believe in, love is me and you
fighting against the Government for justice and staying away
from common snitches, Love is becoming better than we have ever
been, and loving your brother's and sister's as you love yourself,
or we'll forever live in Sin, So today it looks like we have to,
Live. Love. Again...
Witness how things unfold as you hear this story that had never been told. The story of a lost soul that has been scorned since he was born. Listen and try to imagine the nights of a child, tormented from the lack of a father or mother’s presence left with strangers, learning to suppress his anger, hiding in the streets weeping in silence, left to wonder why Grandma Della and Tittlewee would say what don’t kill you will only make you stronger, Journey with me. Journey through the mind of a person that has been trained to be criminally insane. Hold my hand and step into this place of darkness, can you feel the violence? Open your mind to feel what I feel, bear witness to the experience of pain that never heals. They say the mind is a terrible thing to waste, I’ll rather waste my mind, than to continue being trapped in this place. It’s not safe here, but you wanted to know what I know, so you gotta go where I go. This is the beginning of a journey that has no ending, once you’ve been turned into my conscience and know what it is that keeps me cautious, then maybe you can understand my mental state, but until then, Journey with me, Journey with me... 
Journey as you look into these cold eyes and see my soul cry. Listen to the song of a lost spirit singing to the world from my thoughts begging to be heard, but instead I’m being shunned and feared. I open myself and show you the heart of a thousand men but no one wants to come near it, but everybody still ask the same question— “What’s Wrong?” What’s wrong is that you don’t want to hear my song,
you asked to be invited in and still you are not listening. You don’t want to feel my pain. You don’t really want to know the science of my head begging to be saved... No! Don’t run away now. You are the one who wanted to be introduced to the madness of my head, my life, and my past. You wanted to understand this man. So please, Journey with me...

REVOLUTIONARY THINKING

Another day in the lions den, Surrounded by wicked men. I’m provoke me to sin, I ask Allah to save me again. Till then, thoughts cringe, it’s grim.

So few friends who I can depend, when Shaitan attacks, to help me defend, from evil within, the beast I’ve been got a mischievous grin, conquering the dim, from the light of Surah one hundred and ten, when will it end? These venomous feelings of criminals trends that Shaitan sends, Subliminal messages, I answer back with my pen, my life is Islam, everyday my life and faith is under attack, just like Afghanistan, Iraq, and Libya, they are trying to assassinate my character and put a knife in my back, the Holy Quran is my gun, and every ayat I’ll leave them confounded like that, I counter-attack and pray supplications for a victory like the battle of Khandaq, who want it with that? I run up on them with my turban all wrapped, a servant of Allah grilling saying As Salaamu Alaikum, and I pass them an ayat. No longer sell dope or crack, my Salah and my Career keeps my thinking on track...
QUEEN OF THE GHETTO

She adorns herself with expensive linens from the shelves of Second hand Boutiques. A priceless woman, in debt for denim, but she sure looks good in them! As she totes her Chanel purse, the contents amounting to nothing more than lipstick, debit card, and an expired prescription of contraceptives, her black silk tracks shine like refined diamonds from a princess's Tiara, Ghetto Queen...

Constantly and consciously undermining the growth of her common glory, while her excessive taste for jewelry, exposes a page from her life story. Toe rings, bracelets, even her chain hang low, the evidence of her relevance remains questionable from the absence of a wedding band, Ghetto Queen...

But you can't ask a woman that question unless you're ready to hear that same old answer; "I got a man!" So she high heels the Public Housing of her concrete plantation in search of her Master, with a pre-paid Mobil in her hand to summon her uneducated, paroled third baby daddy, as he begins to verbally rock her to sleep, mentally mismanaging her dreams again, he mentally mismanage her dreams. That's deep! Ghetto Queen...

Miss accidental birth, her confidence grounded by the knowledge of self, forever nursing the wounds of her fatherless soul. Psychological and spiritual neglect, clipping her own wings, afraid of intellectual heights, unaware that a spirit that rides the bus only knows how to be driven, so she lives on the passenger side of life, afraid to take the wheel of maturity, Ghetto Queen...
So afraid of becoming real she accept her Slave Name; Gold digger, Drama queen, Hood rat, Slut and Whore, plus so many more. She sways through the traffic of men's eyes, as her body language speaks louder than words. She's seen, but not noticed as the esteemed woman that she should be, the daughter of Eve. Her fruits are sour, and she's become less than her design. Like a fish out of water, and the nectar of her flower no longer pollens, ashamed that the essence of her perfection has been uprooted from the garden. The image she portrays doesn't reflect the testimony of her horoscope, and low self-esteem has reshaped the landscape of her personality, while the gravity of stress related thoughts assist to abort the knowledge that she was born with, Common Sense, arise Ghetto Queen, from the abyss of commercialism, ignorance and Self-pity, and clothe yourself with the beauty of classism, the birth right of your heritage, arise Ghetto Queen, and answer the beacon that illuminates its radiance through the broken fragments of your birthstone, and erect your stature with that which you need, to resurrect your character, because you are my backbone and ribs, Arise My Ghetto Queen... Arise...
UNTITLED

As you walked away and waved goodbye, the battle began as I fought not to cry. I wanted so badly to yell out your name, but my voice was lost, replaced by pain, my world was shattered watching you leave. All that I wanted was to hold you to me. Hold you and tell you, never to leave, and never to give up, that no matter what happened, there would always be us, that one day soon, I'd finally be home, and never again, will you have to face life alone...

Oh, how hard it was for me to stand still, not running to catch you, took all of my will. Frozen in place, the silent break of my heart, losing sight of your beauty tore me apart. Blinded by tears no one could see, with my head held low, I struggled to breathe, at the words in your letter, my soul caved in, I longed for the chance to see you again. To the one I love, I whisper... I love you, and you're free to go...

A REGULAR MAN.

This I would like to be... Braver and bolder, just a bit more wiser because I'm older, just a bit kinder to those I may meet, just a bit manlier taking defeat, this is for the New Year. My wish and my plea, Lord, make a regular man out of me... This I would like to be... Just a bit finer, more of a smiler and less of a whiner, just a bit quicker to stretch out my hand, helping another who's struggling to stand, this is my prayer for the New Year to be, Lord, make a regular man out of me... This I would like to be... Just a bit fairer, just a bit better and just a bit squarer,
Not quite so ready to censure and blame, quicker to help one
get out of the game, Not quite so eager peoples failings to
see, lord make a regular man out of me... This I would
like to be... Just a bit truer, less of a wisher, and more
of a doer, broader and bigger, More willing to give, living and
helping any Neighbor, this is for the New year, My prayer
and my plea, Lord, make a regular man out of me...

YOUR CHILDREN'S DAD

Babies Mother, what have I done to receive your anger? I'm in the Most
Need of you Now, and you treat me like a Stranger.
I know that I've made mistakes, but how did your un-dying love for me,
turn so quickly to hate? You've never sat with me or asked for an
Explanation, or even tried to restore our relation.
I told you that I am "Sorry", and confessed all of my wrongs, by
Chasing drugs in the streets, and falling for other women when
I had you at home. I'm not perfect, and should've never betrayed
your love. The Lord blessed me and you with "Precious Gifts" that
Came into your tomb, entrusted you as the Caretaker of our
Children you Nourished in your Womb. I was a youngster, who
only acted grown. I wasn't mature enough to recognize
that I was leaving you all alone, our children you brought into
this world So healthy and bright, brought me many joyful tears
that I hid from sight, because inside I was scared to be a
Parent, I was filled with fright.
I still weep thinking about those days as memories replay, a
tattoo on my heart, a Scar that'll NEVER go away.
I continue to think of you and how I caused you pain. I love you! I can't lie! I miss you dearly, but please tell me why you're treating me so unfairly?

God knows that I've changed for the best, it took many years and mistakes to correct the flesh within my chest. We may never get back what we built and had, however, please know that I still love you, and this is from... Your Children's Dad...

TEARS OF EMOTIONS

I never knew that the need for a friend could be so strong. Traveling through pen and paper, allowing me to write this poem. Opening my heart and expressing it to you. When I've been hurt a million times and neglected too. Blocks on the phone, Never receiving a letter, a twisted love song that changes with the weather. A cross between emotions and wondering why, people play so many games and tell so many lies. Forty five cents is nothing but change, with a few words of emotions it could ease the pain. Switching the situation from worst to better, cause all I ever wanted was a simple letter. But still I stand facing the world alone, no numbers to dial, and no place to call home. The bunks are hard, the sink and toilet are steel, the gates are locked, and sometimes I feel... like giving up and dying tonight, but I know that some one is reading this and willing to write. So I close this poem without saying goodbye, I pray that you read through the emotions I hold inside, because through each emotion, there is a tear I cry...
LIFE OF A PRISONER

These prison walls of steel and stone,
They make me feel so all alone,
It's like one world inside of another,
There's no one who care about me or call my brother...
The jobs pay 19 cents an hour,
We have no say, we have no power.
We're trained to eat and sleep by the bell,
This isn't heaven, it must be hell...
They take your money for cost and time,
Every quarter, penny, nickel and dime.
I have a T.V., but I have no cable,
At 19 cents an hour, I'll never be able...
I write to employment to make things better,
I ask them, "Please, increase my cheddar!"
The answers they give are shallow at best,
And make sure you write it upon a request...
If you're lying in bed sick with the flu,
Prison is hopeless, there's nothing you can do.
They charge you five dollars, a whole weeks pay,
To give you some Matrin, and send you away...
Some days I'd like to run and hide,
From how prison life make me feel inside.
Some people say that prison's like a vacation,
But I find that it resembles a Camp of Concentration...
With guns, buttons, handcuffs and such,
I don't understand why I seem to like it so much.
I keep coming back and I don't know why.
I think that I might be institutionalized...
Well, now you know my stress and strife,
Welcome, my friend, to a prisoner's Life...

HOW CAN I LAUGH TOMORROW

Here I sit, as my world comes crumbling down, I cry out for help but no one's around. Silently screaming, I bang my head up against the wall. It seems like no one cares at all...
Always an emotion, but how can I explain them? Kind of like the scent of a rose, with words it's unexplainable. The same it is with my pain. Caught up in emotions that go over my head, sometimes I have to think of whether I'm living or dead... The clock keeps ticking, but nothing else seems to change. Problems are never solved, they just get rearranged. And when I think of all the times that I had, so few were good and so many were bad... I try to search for personality and the things that I cannot have. Love and peace flash through my mind, anger and hate are all that I find. Finding no hope in nothing new, I never had a dream come true... Lies, hate and agony, through my eyes that's all I see. If I cry, who'll wipe away my tears?
Lord, please before I die, take away my fear and wipe away my tears, so before I drown in sorrow, the last thing I'll say is; how can I laugh tomorrow when I can't even smile today...
A FATHER’S LOVE

Since their birth, they have always been in my heart and will forever be on my mind, a father’s love for his children is one of a kind. I’ve lost them at no fault of my own, lies, deceit, and misrepresentation of material facts, the pain is unbearable, and I don’t know how to act...

It makes me sad that we never had a chance to say goodbye, I’ll never let it go even after I die. My spirit is restless and I don’t know what to do, all day. My dear Reionna, Alexis, Mark’el, Mar’ce and Mar’shaya, all I think about is of you all. Although I’ve tried my best to stay strong throughout the years, however, the struggle has drained me of blood, sweat and tears, I tried to shed light on justice gone wrong, things went from bad to worst and I lost strength to stay strong. After almost eight years of an oppressive legal fight, they had beaten me down and I lost sight. So to shed light on an injustice, I calculated a plan, one day in Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, I made my stand, as emotional insanity over-mastered my will, all things considered, I wasn’t ready to kill. Nevertheless, I needed for all the world to see, that what caused me to lose relations and bonds with my children wasn’t because of me...

An intense cell extraction is what it took to get their attention. However, at the misconduct hearing, my sole justification and defense, I wasn’t allowed to mention, Now they’ve locked me down and threw away the key, once again, ladies and gentleman, No one will ever know
What truly has happened to me, I'm now in a Super-Max Control Unit in Solitary Confinement, because I didn't and don't know how to accept my children's love as a loss. A father's love for his children is one of a kind, Damn the Cost.

PEACE FROM SPACE VIOLENCE BELOW

I see peace from space violence below, as I look through the windows of my soul. This world can be so so so Cold, I see the truth as it unfolds.

You can see the smile on my face, But you can't see my heart crying. You can see that I'm functioning physically, But you can't see my mind dying...

Invisible tears drop from my eyes, I silently testify to Allah, While witnessing his creation, On a path of destruction...

If violence is human Nature, I must be an alien.

As I see peace in Space, Violence below...

(Inspired and Dedicated to my beautiful daughter Marice Nixon) (whom gave me this title from her own poem of same name.)
TIMELESS AGE

Awakened to a new day, in this kaleidoscope of life.
Wandering if this is all a dream, or am I still sleeping and
trapped inside of a nightmare that's never ending...
A creature of never ending burden in this insidious odyssey
caught and trapped by a cataclysm, fighting from being
demoralized, with God by my side...
Thank you God for strengthening me with morals and
principles, and for teaching me how to swallow my pride
as I detoxify myself mentally because a physical body
cannot live without the spirit inside...
I would not have survived this long without you in my
life, you have brightened those dark days with your
heavenly light. Together we will get through this night...

THE BALANCE OF LOVE

Are we all spirits free, or at birth trapped by destiny?
Pity those who believe that without freedom and God
Nothing else matters, in life and in dreams nothing's
quite what it seems, clutching at reality...
Yes, I can see it, there is light beyond the darkness, joy
beyond the present pain, I stood in the storm and I
walked in the rain, reaped what was sowed, hungered
but did not starve, I looked to the sky as tears fell
from my eyes, God had sent me a star, an angel who
healed my wounds and accepted my scars, showed me love
in ways that warmed my cold heart... My angel pulled me
from a grave and gave me a new life,
the right to my wrong, and the strength to my weakness,
showed me that love was all that I needed...

THE SOUND OF STUPID

Freedom is a road seldomly traveled,
A road seldomly seen,
Something rarely accomplished,
By all means...
I avoid this road,
I got my own street dreams,
Like smoking weed and weighing crack on triple beams...
Dough, I wanna have it,
I wanna live lavish,
But when it comes to freedom,
I can't seem to grab it...
I see the big cars,
I see the chain glisten,
I'm blinded by freedom,
But I can see prison with 20/20 vision...
I don't like freedom,
I love being a thug,
I love to rob people,
I love to sell drugs,
I'm a rebel with no cause,
I wish there were no laws,
I would be free then,
No more state pen,
I listen to rappers,
Cause it's going down,
Death is circling me like a merry-go-round...
I hate my freedom,
How stupid do I sound?

GEORGE JACKSON

"Anyone who can pass the civil service examination today, can kill me tomorrow, anyone who passed the civil service examination yesterday, can kill me today with complete immunity. I've lived with repression every moment of my life, a repression so formidable that any movement on my part can only bring relief, the respite of a small victory or the release of death, in every sense of the term, in every sense that's real. I'm a slave to, and of, property."

LIVING TO LOVE

The sweetest joy in life is found in loving and being loved. We may suffer loss of health which weakens us, Disease which pains us, Sorrow which wounds us, Disappointments which staggers us, Business failures which bankrupts us, Enmity which annoys us, Betrayal which bleeds us, But as long as there is love, life is worth living...
IT'S ABOUT TIME

How many times have you heard these words?
It's about time you grew up,
Instead of having the intellect of a young buck.
It's about time you got a job,
Instead of scheming on who to rob...
It's about time you paid my money back,
Instead of lying to buy dope or crack.
It's about time you found the Lord,
Instead of living your life in such discord...
It's about time you do something with your life,
Instead of blaming others for your shortcomings and strife.
It's about time I made my move,
Knowing all along I just had to find my groove...
It's about time I became a man,
And put some design in my own Master plan.
It's about time I apologized for all the deception,
Trickery and lies...
Most of all,
It's about time I got married,
And take responsibility for my children she carried...
So when it's on my own two feet I stand,
My mind is again mine to command.
Now that I realize life is more than a rhyme,
I finally realize that it was always about time...
FREEDOM ON MY MIND

I got the prisoner's blues, Momma,  
Freedom's on my mind,  
Three walls and a locked door in front'a me,  
And all I got is time...  
No mail today or yesterday,  
The guard just walked right on by.  
Years done passed by like days,  
The world done forgot that I'm alive...  
I got the prisoner's blues, baby,  
Freedom's on my mind,  
Three walls and a locked door in front'a me,  
And all I got is time...  
No commissary to help keep my weight up,  
My health is slowly fading.  
Stomach pains keep me from sleeping,  
My mind is rapidly dying...  
I got the prisoner's blues, Lord,  
Freedom's on my mind,  
Three walls and a locked door in front'a me,  
And all I got is time...  
Ain't no such thing as JUSTICE,  
Ain't no such thing as EQUALITY,  
Ain't no such thing as LIBERTY,  
I JUST WANT MY FREEDOM!  
Even if I must die to get it...  
I got the prisoners blues,  
with freedom on my mind, mind, mind...