Why The Prisoner only writes Love Poems

An original collection of Poetry by

Jevon Jackson
July 21, 2013

PRISONS FOUNDATION
2512 Virginia Ave. NW, #58043
Washington, DC  20037

Dear Staff:

Enclosed please find a 116 manuscript (Poetry Collection) that is Single-Sided. Also enclosed is a SASE for verification.

I ask that you please post and publish it on your website.

Thank you for giving guys in prison a forum to share their work with the rest of the world. Such an opportunity has motivated me to start finishing and polishing up manuscripts I had long ago put away and forgot about.

Sincerely,

JEVON JACKSON

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Enclosures
Why The Prisoner only writes Love Poems

-by: Jevon Jackson

This is an eclectic collection of poetry that embodies love, pain, struggle, and the triumph in overcoming those struggles through the honored commitment of hope and perseverance.

Included in this collection are love poems that sing the sublime in finding new, intense romance in the unlikeliest of circumstances. There are difficult and gritty poems about life in this world and life in prison that may be cringe-worthy, noteworthy, or worthy of long, extended hugs that linger restlessly between the soul bodies. And then there are hope poems that will surely nudge you closer to the sun. This is a poetry collection for all.

Find Jevon’s current Contact Info at his webpage:

www.prisoninmates.com/JevonJackson299078
INTRODUCTION

This poetry collection is divided into three parts—Part 1 (THE WIND) includes poems about Prison, Struggle and Hard Times; Part 2 (THE WATER) reflects the "central" theme of this collection, Love and Romance; and Part 3 (THE WAY) includes Hope and Freedom poems.

The poems in this collection have been gathered over the course of the last 15 years or so, and their content is an illustration of life experiences and evolving states of mind through-out such span of time. So I hope that the pieces included aren't taken out of context of the entire collection. For example, there is one piece — "Never Kiss a Convict" — that I was hesitant to include because if read in isolation it would be a negative representation of all the imprisoned Romantics, which is not my intent at all because I am the Prime Minister of the imprisoned Romantics. What the piece instead suggests is that there are phases within any young convict's maturity and development when Romance and Commitment should be postponed for the benefit of all parties involved.

The majority of this manuscript has been prepared and typed on a Brother SX-4000 electric typewriter.

If you'd like to be a part of "The Gathering" collaboration (see Appendix) please contact me directly.

As of 2013, my current mailing address is:

JEVON JACKSON #299078  
PO Box 900  
Portage, WI 53901-0900

Also check out my current contact info (or leave an E-mail message) on my webpage at:

www.prisoninmates.com/JevonJackson299078

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Part 1 - THE WIND
THE NOISE REBELS MAKE

This is the place where echoes crumble
upon the stone song silence
of mud and grief;
It's the same beat
derived from inner-city streets,
but the words aren't the same,
the chorus filled with dirt and blame,
rocks and hard knocks,
thugs and warlocks,
the bloomfruit of mind
bruised in burrows and cell blocks;

This song is too heavy
for the soul to recite,
the instrumentals invade your mentals,
relax your mind, absorb the bassline—
it was made to get in you
until you sing it everyday
LOUD
and everybody hears it,
from wardens and lieutenants
to wizards and spirits;

This song is too heavy
for the soul to recite,
disturbed by the words, Love unheard,
a song too crazy for life,
remove all the dirt, rework the lyrics
and give Hope a single verse—
let her grace implore us,
a cappella, no chorus,
and sing it until it hurts.
WHAT I'VE SEEN

I once watched a prison
take a child
and stretch him into angles,
so when that little boy walks home,
instinctively,
they all scram out his way;

I once watched a prison
fight a tiger—
biggest one I've ever seen
with claws that plucked dragons
quick out the sky;
I once watched a prison
smite a tiger
gut a lair
twist a jungle inside out;

I once watched a prison
stomp stomp,
extemporaneously,
on all the glowing garden flowers
budding fresh in our Imaginations,
so when folks speak of orchids
and azaleas and sun-kissed lilies,
we run to hush their lips, for safe;

I once watched a prison
do long division
with human heads, with
cold bodies coiled tightly
in the damp black earth, fresh mud,
the fingernails— a filthy team
of angst and cudgelled anger
crumpled into a fist
of sloped open graves;

I once watched a prison
shrive up the sun
into an orange pebbled nut,
not with bergs of ice
or black holes, but simply with
the bent silhouette
of its stone razored face
pressed firm
against the dirty glass window.
THE HARDEST DAYS

crossed in dirt, the serpents
steal from the sugar fields
while the sun bakes us all
into hay;

layered with daggers and
oblong spears,
some say this is when
the ship rocks the sickest
wave upon wave upon

but I have drowned a million times
and resurfaced beaten/bruised,
smiling, sprawled out,

yet, never have I won
against the
stabbing of the sun.
her
the love sodden mistress
of black bruise blue self-esteem
and the depression that she hides
behind the rifle towers in her eyes
her eyes
her old cold gray cataracts
that hold these fat unsinkable bricks
around me
around me and them
them, the other chain of rebels
who fell weaponless
in the fire of her seduction
and she seduces in droves
in plenitude, in plethora
in fast random acts of disobedience
and transgression

for the conviction is her kiss
and every handcuff is just a hug away
as she loves to hug and cuddle
to hug and cuddle
just like junkies that cuddle addictions
with the blood that wraps its wings around
the wounds and wrath
of devil's discipline

her hands
her hands are the hard unerotic wands
of unlimited exploration upon body and brain
our bodies are her play things
to watch, prod and poke at
to peek at both naked versions
of a Man
and the brain
she saddles the brain
with the wild psychological textures
of screw mud black insanity

she says she hates us
but holds on to us
for what seems like a lifetime
and if one of us tried to leave
without her will, want or volition
she would scrape the woods
and search with psychic eyes on highways
to find us

>>> continued >>>
so uncoquetish and clingy
her attraction to bad boys
is shaped by the steel bitter taste
of destruction

she's a man-eater
and she'll destroy you with her heartbeat
slowly
as her heart beats mix between
the unconditional ticking
of minutes and seconds
and she survives there
beside her cruel circadian weapons
knowing that Time will either refine us
or permit the short neurotic hands
of Suicide
to deliberately unwind us
and somehow
she thinks she's beautiful

her body
obese of body
big endless grief of body
as the rebels use riot
to soothe and ease her body
because she's unaccustomed to love poems

she says she hates us
but holds on to us
for what seems like
a lifetime.
HOLE TIME

we grow beards,
with the slaughter of calm
raked across our ageless faces,
scraggedy raggedy upkeep,
ica cold prayers wholly disassembled
and cracked upon our mugs,

no reflections in the box—
there are zero mirrors in that box
(of wires and metals and rocks),
only flat hard surfaces
to service us safe and proper;

once, in shackled escort,
on my way to nurse (and convalescence)
I caught a reflection
in a window
of a young, weathered jaguar—
his neck slung low, disheveled whiskers,
gaze interrupted by despair and
muffled anger,

"Buck up, young man!"
I threw at the reflection,
and with his expression, Gibraltan,
he nodded to me the same;

there are moments
in that box
where I will pace for hours deep
until my front and back paws
ache with the razored chill of the
cold stone floor,
this unnatural terrain, unholy
assault upon my haunches, raw;

two solid steel doors away
there's this fat black alligator, bipolar so
his crooked smiles don't really mean
what they seem, there are nights
where he busies himself
with strident noose-making—
shredded bedsheets, misery and woe,
ready to accost his cold-blood forevemore,
but what he forgets
when he's ready to tow,
what he always forgets
when he's ready to go—
his arms are too short
to heave high
his makeshift rope,
his arms, too shallow
to wave bye to the gallows bird;

we grow beards
not out of fear, but for the fight
to control some aspect of our wilderness,
just like the tiger shark
who used to be in the cell adjacent,
frantic, one day
with just unauthorized metal paper clip and
fury,
Mike (the tiger shark) methodically
hacked off his young dorsal fin,
said he was sick of swimming in circles
(without love
or purpose),
said he was sick of being murdered
at the surface of wherever he would go,
said he just wants to leap
to the ocean deep, where
angels and new-mind-making mermaids
are more than just (afar)
mythical creatures,

the other night
they found Mike
drowning (sleep)
in his own snot and blood;

and for whatever reason
we grow beards
to keep our minds clear,
to revive us,
to remind us we are not
red jungle meat.
GROW UP IN PRISON

fight for your whole life
fight for your whole life

put your back against the
bricks
and swing like wild thunder

fight for your whole life
because They will break the vertebrae
bone after bone after bone
if you leave this unopened,
this— HeartRisksFire

fight for your whole life
wake up and swing like thunder,
eat nothing that They feed you—
cold boiled eggs
and wet toast

hit the books and
StudyRunSleep in a two-man cell
built for half-of-One,
feast on Hopes and Dreams
until the buzzer rings

fight for your whole life
put your back against the
sun
and sing like wild summer

fight for your whole life
because They will exile you
on this island stone of mud
and drone agony,
They— the keepers of the keys,
the love-benders, hug-stoppers,
MiserySelectionCrew

fight for your whole life
smuggle long letters from HomeSweet
stake old love with new friends
(friends you still haven't met)
kiss girls from the Internet,
get vibrant!

fight for your whole life
rise up and sing like wild
summer,
feast on Hopes and Dreams
until the gorgeous nectar thieves
arrive to lift your brain away.
WHAT A THUG'S MIND LOOKS LIKE

Tiger fights and broken street lights,  
no remorse;  
A screaming insight that screams for sweet sights 
till its voice gets hoarse.

Silent drama, explosions whisper 
deep within;  
Envision tomorrow, the picture's thicker 
with the paint of sin.

Don't wanna see that (disengaged), 
troubled spirit;  
The thought received, inside the rage, 
tucked behind Tupac's lyrics.

Illegal memories, reflected upon, 
remember how they gotcha;  
Nostalgic misery, one second from gone, 
two seconds before they shot ya.

A bullet's heat, a dead friend's chill, 
still— the gun's in good condition;  
Another baby seat, but she was on the pill, 
now his baby's mama is trippin'.

Sexy bitches, in sexy tight clothes 
with fluorescent pink lips;  
With the quickness, create ways to unload 
his madness between her hips.

Crazy niggas, villains supreme, 
"Ride or Die!" is slogan;  
Prove the stigma, flee the scene, 
rock hard and keep on rollin'.

Malcolm X and rebel slaves, 
the whip and whir of sirens;  
Broken necks, too black to save, 
too strong to keep 'em silent.

Lion teeth and hard shark fins, 
gnaw the chains of history;  
Upon ghetto streets, ends begin, 
claw through rain and misery.

>>> continued >>>
Demon worthy, take the picture,
framed, so fuck the cops;
"Heaven's dirty," says the whisper,
"... and Hell ain't even hot."

Fading scars and fresh tattoos,
graffiti on the brain;
Below the stars, death and drama ooze
right inside his vein.

Twisted thoughts and riot dreams,
rebels move in sections;
Success is sought, but only darkness seen
when pain explains his questions.
EAT TO THE STREET

The streets speak calmly
of illegal sovereignty
and botched armed robberies,
the fatal syncopations of gunshots
and scurried footsteps
wacking the pavement
as the swack of troubled tracks imprint
the buxom of the land,
earth's bereaved arena—
heavy petals and hot lumber,
unwittingly pretty,
the city's lush green discovery,
a towering serenity of trees
contradicts everything upright,
graffitiéd signs and unspoken streetlights,

a delicious breeze blows deliciously
from the many assembly
of backyard smokin' junctures,
weekend grills and grooves,
the popping, sizzled estate of burgers and steak
slathered with a southern ecstasy,

Greet and achieve the path
of soulful laughs that fashion
the I-ain't-seen-you-in-so-long hugs
and hand slappin',
backyard barbecues—
the church of black vernacular,
the way grown folk spoke
sang out in the sing-song muse
of snazzy jazzed-up interludes
with the background soaked in the moody tunes
of the classic finger snappin'
of rhythm and prosody,
as Marvin Gaye sounds out, his gold drowns out
the wail and shrill of an infant's discontent,
only three houses from there,
the baby's mother fumbles
a fatherless situation, without word or mutter,
without blurb or utter,
the accurate beep of the microwave doubles
as if to say "the baby's bottle's ready",

>>> continued >>>
And she sighs
as the little ones pass by outside,
children's laughter is all so pure,
they laugh together down the block
as the tallest one
bounces the basketball,
bounce bounce bouncing into the street
as the glossy black Cadillac
comes to a halting screech,
those little ones can be so fast on their feet,
laughing together.
WHAT A CONVICT'S MIND LOOKS LIKE

Defanged leopards and cracked screams,
    sleep is not an exit;
Unload weapons in black dreams,
    more casualties, more weapons;

Hiroshima in the brain stem,
    Lonely is the only
one close enough to hang him,
    Isolation— his tenderoni;

Family?... he can't remember,
    the pictures tend to bend and blur;
The damning resurgence of those drifters,
    his Indifference: his inner-Senator;

With wolves and warlocks lurking everywhere,
    Protein is the hot new thing;
Stone muscles, old hardware,
    he builds his battleship with rusted weight-machines;

Enough anger to use for anchors,
    what does it take to keep this shoddy boat afloat?
His explosive rancor, too much— DANGER!  
    GREEK FIRE!... with no one to witness his last quotes;

Rambling prose and sonnets (haunted poems),
    free verse scorched blank and shackled;
The disabling ode of the executioner's song
    burns, singes, burns, and crackles;

Soot, sulfurous smells (like rotten eggs)
    seep from the unconscious box;
Burnt nightmares impaled on a spent match head,
    as if the chains of Hades secretly unlocked;

The crumbling cathedrals wither, flake away,
    stained glass shatters and explodes;
Slow-falling steeples crush and kiss dismay,
    the pews, perfect, untouched, in rows;

His prayers all bloodied— the disconnect
    shudders cold in his blackened bones;
as Punishment's muddied stone effect
    strangles god's worth 'till it's gone;

>>> continued >>>

Jevon Jackson

Why The Prisoner Only Writes Love Poems / 20
Permafrost cages the rose bed,
scarlet red orchids screaming "SUICIDE!";
scat madness tossed in a hummingbird's head,
"Protect da nectar!" they've always vied;

With war-torn cortex and disheveled musings,
his Thought claws (slaughters) itself;
until the Heart's four sects find themselves losing
raw heat 'till nothing's left.
OUTSIDE AFTER 8 AT NIGHT

the sky was
off-switch black,
cool jet nothingness

eyevery bling obsolete
except for the shiny pin-prick
tiny up high, far right

what is that? is that a
spaceship? just one star??

"where?" asked the random guy
walking next to me

and I pointed to where I used to live,
where I used to give sermons
to solar flares,
tiny up high, far right

what is that?? can't be the moon,
looking so mustard seed
shiny pin-prick of brilliance,

another planet? venus? or is it
the big purple one
they haven't discovered yet?
I mean, what is that

itty-bitty wile white diamond
standing solo tippy-toed
on the vast of all that black mass?

random guy just shrugged his
shoulders, walked on

there must've been 30 of us
walking back to the unit,
and no one other queried
of the tiny up high, far right

we be max-security statesmen—
so rarely do we touch
anything unwalled
after sunset, almost never

>>> continued >>>
so when outsiders express excursions
beneath sparkle struck twilight
I'm forced to trust their version
of events,

but now my own eyes
wondered on the tip of the
pin-prick
shining tiny up high, far right

solo, hanging boldly

maybe that's the hole in the universe
that we all blow through
before birth and reason,

maybe that's where
limitless begins, stops and
careens off into fits of magic.
WINDOWS

Sixty-seven cells
within the grit and grind of eighteen years,
I have been holed, burrowed, hexed
in sixty-seven different prison cells,

and while most thieve blood,
some have windows, clean through
clear to the other side,

since November
I have been holed in a cell with a window,
tri-layered:
framed wire mesh,
iron slats crossed with
pocked steel rods, and dingy transparent glass
that fans open when muscled
with the awkward metal knob;

my first night in this cell
I soared far beyond the mesh,
beyond the fenced recreation field,
green and gray,
above the columned watchtowers,
between the trumpeter stars
and the old solitary trombone
of the fat fluky moon;

who remembers fresh air
from a gale, a gust,
a soft garland of wind
streamed against their long lost skin,

Oh, and Yes, we have sun now,
new mornings it crawls in
silent through the window
as the slow noble crook
who comes to cart dismay away,

In the other cells (without windows)
we can't tell
when the rooster should be crowing,
or hushed and dreaming
sweet beneath
the long violet hood of the sunset;

>>> continued >>>
this past Sunday afternoon,
a tiny bullet of a black bird
(with a cowl of ribbon blue
stretched back against its shoulder blades)
dive-bombed from its roof/gutter perch,
zipping through a crowd of its brethren
gathered nice around the worm field
after rain soaks the sun away,

and that one tiny, little black bird
rips high into the ether,
from this window, I can see a hundred yards
off into the distance
as the little bird settles, firm, relaxed,
onto the old treasured risk
of the wide, long electric fence.
A PRISON FOR YOU (In Haiku)

watchtowers shelved high,
rifles scare the doves away,
maybe we should leave.

no windows inside,
noon's nectar, with God outside,
rebels pray for Sun.

slam the gates, boxed in!
the tenor of screams are sung,
no rhythm, no beat.

white silence at night,
black swords swung inside the mind,
dreams smell like ox blood.

December in June,
winter breaks our bones to breathe,
maybe we should leave.
ONE REQUEST

this is not a petition
for a writ of certiorari
with double-space lines
and clean uniform margins,

this is not a formal grievance
nor allegiance to
Security Threat Groups
that dress alike in dark alarming
colors,

this is not salt for wounds,
blisters for skin,
ire with hard stark angles,

this is not a Zimbardo experiment
where things get out of hand
half-way in,
where the subjects need rescue from
hell and hot water,

this is not a pen-pal request,
I'm not asking you to love me
long like a hundred years strong
like worship at the knees
like water for chocolate,

I'm only asking you
to lean a little closer,
touch the unwashed particles
of my name,
remember how we think the same,
how we cling to similar strings
whenever worlds rock, juked
right from under us.
AFTER BREAD & WATER

Ramen noodles with a dab of cheese, 
cheddar, 
chili powder and some butter crisp crackers, 
half a cajun sausage, maybe, 
an inch of pepperoni 
sliced fine like red onion skins;

hot water, the new world luxury, 
gotta get the doodad from Killa Brad 
to make the water roar 
like a Roman chorus;

smuggled bell peppers, green, 
from the kitchen where they 
store away 
all the good shit for the guards 
to stuff their gullets 
when we go to church;

ten minutes for the long grain, 
and a little Mrs. Dash with the tuna fish, 
mayo and a touch of garlic 
is good for you, 
so much much better than 
what the prison menu will do to you;

flour tortillas, soft, stuffed with 
refried beans, rice, stuffed with 
shredded chicken breasts, stuffed with 
jalapenos, nacho dip, iceberg lettuce, 
stuffed with 
all the glorious things that make the 
eyes curtain-close 
as you Mmmm-Mmmm yourself 
into the treasured slumber drug 
that shoots us 
out into the exosphere 
for a moment, a minute, 
maybe a nice quiet night 
with no mortar shells.
WHERE WE ARE

I am here
in the triple thick—
steel, spires, melancholia,
resting my head against the
masters of your name:
    silk in bulk production,
    lavender's civil excess;

I am here
in this cold, lanky distance
with arms reaching for your treasured
warmth,
fingers feeling for a find, searching for
the soft, sacred anchor;

I am here
at 3 a.m. on a weeknight
inching in and out of dreams
so velvet, red and hushed,
and I can taste the sugar-salt of your
lips, wrist, shoulders, lips;

you are there
where she arrives with her gorgeous wings,
sky-coasting
between heaven and ocean,
hostile blues below you, gospel blues above you;

you are there
with my body, my scripture, my art machine,
cooing in a nearby Target parking lot,
as some random madam yells for you to
get off
the phone—
    proving the world doesn't know one beat
    of the simple look of Love;

you are there
where I live the longest,

I am here
in the hustle of your everyday,

you are there
with fight to unravel the triple thick,
with Light to guide me with,
I am here
to calm the beasts of whirlwinds,
to hold you steady on the way.
WHY THE PRISONER ONLY WRITES LOVE POEMS

if there's a tangle in your heart
as crooked as the road below

you will need
the sound of honey
to coo you out from bad dreams,

you will need
kisses from kind strangers
placed gently
across the forehead
to guide you back
exactly where you belong,

you will need
not fortune
but the benefit of friends
to snatch you out from
wild angles
where the rolling boulders
buck to crush
what was once there,

you will need
these things—
    lessons from the bee-eater,
    a patch of sun,
    three flowers,
    a river to collect your blessings.
Part 2 - THE WATER
THE SEEKING

whoever thinks they are
long enough to find love
is foolish

love can never be found
like silver dollars beneath a cushion
or like scattered stegosaurus fossils
inside the prized earth's floor

the endless length of
love can only find us

even if we are unwilling
to be discovered
MEETING SARAH

have you ever met Sarah?
the girl with Egyptian principles
of gold, rose and salt, and
the way she makes silk
with just your eager fingertips
and her pale flax skin,
Oh the unmistakable sheen of Wisdom!

Eros has never unveiled
such a curious equation,
as the mathematics of her body
eclipse that of the tallying Sun,
with God's indivisible binary code of One
we sing additions to the psalm
when she speaks and her words
dance by
fanning big white ostrich plume
on our thick, neglected brains;

have you ever met Sarah?
the social rue reeks of
such disconnected views
of Tuscan villas and Sicilian hills,
and beautiful Machieavellian hide-outs,
such is the absence of her milk
on the infancy of our Devotion,
a shrilling thirst that brings us back
to who we really want to be;

have you ever met Sarah?
not to say that your problems would cease,
but sugar purrs the beast
with a soft eclectic sleep
swoon between the rich astral land
of flight with no wings,
and the neuro-chemical mess
that sorts itself out in slumber;

have you ever met Sarah?
to hold hands and invest in the industry of touch,
with the supple epidermis of butterfly feet
leaping from thigh to thigh,
as she never under-feeds
the proper gossamer of things,
and to know her is to behold
the awaiting breath of those
we seek in need
to sync our ease in time to.

Jevon Jackson
"Listen to that sound," she said
"Is that a heartbeat?" I said
and she said "I think it's God laughing
within the fellowship of roses."

"Oh, I suppose," I said
"What, you don't think so," she said
"No," I said, "what I heard
sounded a little bit
like this"—
I pressed my lips gently
against her lips;

and she said "What song was that?"
"A ballad," I said
"I really love it," she said
and I said "I wrote it a capella,
three octaves above the sun."

"I'm scared of heights," she said
"But what about these?" I said,
caressing the silver feathers
softly layered against her wings;

and she said I haven't used them
since Genesis."

"And now?" I said
"Love— it hurts," she said
and I said "Close your eyes
and take a look at this."—
I pressed my lips gently
beneath her brow and
softly against her eyelids;

"What a beautiful painting!" she said
"It's my first one," I said
and she said "But with those brush strokes
and bold colors,
you must've been practicing
for a lifetime."

"Since Genesis." I said
"Even before the Exodus?" she said
"Exactly," I said, "aching to display
thine sacred art just for you."
RESURGENCE OF THE DAMSEL

i found her
broken
behind this leaning wall of darkness
apologizing for rain
and the electrical imbalance of
lightning that cuts the brain from color
and the watery-blue sapphire of a
dream's delicate nucleus

she had busted-up her sunsets
and unhinged the moon
with the collapse of July and its
bold nutritious light

begging for forgiveness, she tried to
hide within her own shadow
as if she were a moral hazard
folding back into nothingness

she had knives and rapiers and
bloody old muskets to explain her history
and she was
she was afraid i'd nick myself and jeopardize
the entire enterprise of Breathing
like the tiny cardinal with its wings
crushed beneath the breaking roll (and risk)
of boulders
teetering at the peak

with closed-eye kisses soft
upon the non-blinking bliss of the eyelid
against the bridge of the nose
(slowly) her tears mashed into waterfalls
until the beams of our souls
doubled
with billions of brilliant diamond crystals
glistening against this sliding darkness

she open her eyes
amazed to find me there
still
before her
still with the rush of our wings extended
lifting us
above that leaning wall.
DREAM #64

She's got me
this close to Heaven
and that far away
from the chains that break
the unshakable shield of the soul,
she's got me
from stumbling in pieces to walking whole,
to finally walking home, where the heart
and its passionate majestic abode
have eagerly awaited
for the bloomless, lonely black rose
to quietly disrobe its gloom and
disperse its beauty across the room;

She's got me
exchanging the weapons in my brain
for velvet and crystal violins
which veer off into vibrant harmonies
of bright violets and smooth, light Egyptian reds,
she's got me
patiently brushing butterflies
beneath the sugared whip of the wing, gently,
until the fine, soft pleasure
of her secret angel feathers
find themselves soothing beneath my fingertips;

She's got me
collecting my songs in kisses
until her lips become the perfect instrument
to herald Bliss
and speak the spirit's dialect
of Love and Trust and God's respect,
and when God connects
to those quiet little electric parts of the heart,
I know that she's got me tucked away tightly
in her music, her message, her melody;

She's got me
running through the sacred veins of Shakespeare,
searching for thine appropriate conclusion
to what thee shall sayeth upon
a breathing verse of beauty, for she is
as addictive to the soul as
the light that slides off the moon
and nestles us all inside that silent room
everlasting called Happiness.
and she asked me "Where are you from?"
I said "I come from you."
she asked "beneath what fable?"
I said "the one that's true."
"As of Heart and arcane circuits?"
"Exactly— on the beat."
"What symphony?"
"Ours."
"The length?"
"A quasar's entire lifetime."

she looked at me as if the recognition
were born through troubled labor,
weighing whether to banish me at this moment
or willingly accept my prose and usher me
into the quiet warmth of her wise,
god-like brown eyes,

and she asked me "What do they call you?"
"Love and love," I said,
"Authentic or the other?"
"As real as silk on hands."
"How long have you known me?"
"Since Genesis."
As deep as I think?"
"Deeper."

she moved closer,
carefully inspecting my plight, and asked
"What's your fold of poetry?"
"Risk and omnipotence."
"Unabusing?"
"As abusive as addictions."
"Are you ready for its beginning?"
"It's already begun."
THREE DAYS 'TILL RENEE

last time we touched close to the flame you were wearing lime green socks (with black polka dots) and a cool subdued joyfulness in your smile;

in the seven years since, I have been practicing this violin song that strums low over long stubborn good-byes and elaborate funeral hymns, unsure if I would ever sing your name again;

and now it is only three days 'till I triple-kiss the ghost, beautiful—emerged from the arctic waters of Minneapolis, with those alluring almond-shaped eyes that seduce me into disregarding the trauma sagas of losing someone who's still Alive;

three days 'till I am immersed in the exquisite divine sacrament of your tongue ring, stirring My World all over with sirens whipping 'round and 'round;

three days 'till I hand dangled from the center sky with this battered blood box clinging by a sliver string, frayed, worn and tattered,

awaiting the plunging death-dive for when you fold back into mist when you walk away and I am robbed of every miracle, every syllable of your name.
NEVER KISS A CONVICT

our lips are made for lying,
for reciting the crooked odd shape
of fluky heartbreak songs
over and over again,

we're so insecure
we plaster paranoia
up on anything that cleaves
close too close
to the siege of the nevermore,

we're so selfish insecure
we feel like we could
own you
with just the smooth of perfect words
and a little razzle-dazzle
to dress this enchanted madness
with silk white robes and
shining diamond rings,

truly, if we loved you
we would let you Go
truly, if we loved you
we would let you grow,

but honey tastes better than fire,
than ash than the rigor mortis
of what Dreams we sell so beautiful,
Yes, and if you buy it
you will give
precious bodies to the boneyard
where Love has no roots, no leaves,
nothing ever ever green to grow there.
THE GREATEST EMPIRE

The brain has no nerve endings,
the heart has no spires;
but yet I've reckoned all this pain
and worship Love just the same.
THE SUBLIME PROVIDENCE OF ERIN ANNE

her tone is cotton on skin
ballads on emotions
silver on the river of her veins
as her heart abstains from exploding
and it's just that possible
just that powerful
just that action-packed with accoutrements
of the love-gun nutrients
that rifle off with wisdom
and so much trust for ammunition

I've so admired her and died
at least a thousand times, unheard of—
with the beauty of my immortal wounds
she says she plans to help me heal, forever
with Libra hugs and peacock feathers
and the soft warm Egyptian robes
she drapes across my soul
whenever I pray for God
to hold me.
COFFEE SHOP ROMANCE

"Another cup?" she asked, it was amazing, the way she knew of things I needed in mind and in flesh, in thought and in breath, her gaze, as much a part of me as the industry of my own iris, caffeine was just a theory but the practice of her eyelashes slowly fanning the purple flashing of flames swift upon my circuitry of nerve and notion to spark the body good until our fingertips touch and our pulse becomes the metronome of excited teenage hummingbirds high off nectar and bright colors and she spoke holy of Rumi and Gibran as if their lives were similar to what we were thinking as if stanzas and romantic situations have the same breaks and rhythms the same late decisions to add an adjective here instead of there because it all sounds better when it rolls off the tongue.
LIBRA

I've dreamed plenty of you
scented by the far-off perfumed moons
of Neptune,
sweet sparkle lady,
beaming
with the silver of your chemistry
pressed inside the arteries of our stars
deep into
the illuminate nougat
that sugars the sour guise of darkness
with just one twinkle of your smile;
Oh gorgeous blush of rhythm!
give me just one lyric
so thine mind can publish
the playwrights of your spirit
slowly scripted in calligraphy
upon the warm emerald sands of Venus,
where even rainfall
sounds like the pitter-pat of poetry
but your stanzas stand out
with the affirmation of jazz and wisdom,
cocoon and goals,
intelligence and rose,
Oh worshiped butterfly rise of a woman!
give me just one sip of you,
with your cosmic visions spilled
upon the lips
of Heaven,
horoscopes and wonder.
THE TRAGIC ARMAMENT OF ERIN ANNE

it was well after I knew you
when I looked up in the sky
one Sunday afternoon,
and I saw that you were made of
whirlwinds
crisscrossing by-and-by,

there was a time when
I would've won for your kisses,
marveled at the moments
the gold sweet sun promenades inside
the sinless Hazel of your shining eyes,

remember when I couldn't get enough of you
when the whispy texture of your voice
would send me, reckless
into the overlust of raging Joy—
I'd stand out there in the rain
with the seven softest words
you've ever spoken
cupped eloquently in my hands,

I once became a samurai
just to protect your blessings:
the songs, the soft,
the few
seeds of Trust
you salvaged from the fireyard,

who could've known that I would've
been thrown for the girl
who erupts tornadoes, effortlessly
from her quaking heart,

it was well after I knew you
when I gazed down deep into the Hazel
and I caught you
concealing all my weapons—
from scabbard, battle sword, shucked
in the clutch of your grasp

and with a flick of the wrist,
with a simple flick of the wrist

you drew blood
for the rest of every breath here.
ODE TO THE PRISONER'S WIFE

I welcome the illusion
of never losing you
to someone who will take you
far beyond
where I cannot take you
in this moment,

I feed you Romance
and apple jelly sparkled stuff
to hide from what is barren
in the belly of my cupboard,
one day you will need a feast
to fill you,
for the sake of composure,
and all I will have are scraps
of stolen bread in my hands,

I suffer the intrusion
of What May Come one day,
when I am fully-blissed and floating
inside the wise reflection of your eyes
and you speak (low)
of something echoing below the blood chamber,
anxious, numb and grieving,
upon the grave of its isolation,
I will fall into the death-shatter
inside the sad reflection of your eyes,

the stones cannot own me forever,
but Freedom is such a fickle thing,
always re-fixing its name
at the advent of every hour,
how many hours will it take
before I discover it new and receiving
to the wooing of my violins,
how many hours will it take
before the blood chamber
rejects me out of urgency
to fill the canyons we've grooved out,
smooth and splendid, for the last million years,

the minds of Eros invented love
so that time would appear
seamless,
without shadow nor separation,
and here sits the contradiction, as time
seeks to unravel
the satin ribbons
from every kingdom in my heart,

>>> continued >>>
for so long—
where you go, we go,
but now when you go
I must remain a stone,

I must watch you walk away,

Yes, I give you the pearls of
Happiness,
by whichever God's sea may be

so you may know, always,
the splendid quench
of the evermore.
LAST WORDS

Before we break
all of this to pieces
there is one thing you should know—
   Love cannot abstain
from Loving,
this engine and that
miracle machine
keeps the everlasting tune
moving on
in the frenetic march step
of blood-worn soldiers
on their way back, with revelry;

Before we break
all of this to pieces
there are two things you should know—
   these monuments,
the buildings that we've built together
cannot be cast into oceans,
surely, they will exist
far beyond this, far
beyond our blind indignation
to wreck the rooms asunder,
surely, this basilica
and these gorgeous glass cathedrals
will (in time)
house hundreds of hungry people
who quickly need a place to sleep;

Before we break
all of this to pieces
there are three things you should know—
   I am lost without you, I am
deep below
the bottom earth,
beneath the peat moss
beneath the oil shales
beneath the phantoms of the sea,
without your eyes,
your lips, your
heat,
I am falling,
falling.
STRANGE WOMAN

she wants to shape love
while Bob Marley mellows in the background
grooving heartfelt
with the fruit of spiritual sweat
ripening abundant against the body,
throbbing with deep island percussion
as if the speakers had a bleeding
four-chambers of its own,
his ready rebel music
accusing the world of not loving Itself
hard enough;

she wants to watch
my tribal wounds heal
and mend
with new skin
ad scab over,
she wants to be the aloe vera on my soul
and nurse me
with the herbal word nutrition of
"i need u..." and
"baby, u mean the World to me!"

she wants to meet every single one of my Fears
and take them out
and have dinner with them, and
get acquainted with their background,
like why they're here, and
whereabouts are they from,
and just how long will it take
for them to pack their shit
and get gone,
get gone;

she wants to sleep inside my twilight
and align the blushing-blue discoveries
behind my swollen yellow sunrise,
for breakfast, she wants a double latte
with my Ideas and Dreams,
she wants to snack on my Ambitions
just in case she gets hungry
on her way from work;

she wants to practice the perfect pitch
of squeezing thine rays of poetry
between soft summer lips
of July and smile,
she wants her tongue
to run across hums and syllables
like the wild perfumed paws of cats and cheetahs
over African plains
where the rain has no aim for luxury,
she wants her exhalations and exclamations
to be received like soft brass instruments
inside the jazz-filled rooms
of soul and mindful essence;

she wants to paint upon
my felonies
and faults
and bad memories
with the God marauding pastels of
blue and violet rose,
soft and slow,
swabbing the loft, emollient textures
with delicate fingertips and patient lyrics,
with the sweet needing part of lips,
receiving me there, slowly
just to besiege me there,
wholly,
beneath brushstroke and a poet's obligation
to keep loving.

Jevon Jackson

Why The Prisoner Only Writes Love Poems / 49
she

so close
this skin-on-skin experience
has only occurred, thus far,
by means of crystal imagery,
a psychic memory of her face
(natural and true),

soft and
tulip to the touch,
reds yellows greens
looped together
beneath her rising sun,

breath against breath
against the cool naked surface
of the nectarine's introduction
to lust and bright colors,

she has a way of writing things
without words, without
need to digest/understand
the troubled logic of the body,
fluent in the unspoken rhythms and
rests of God's all-soluble
metronome,

so close
to the budding apostles of
her psalms/songs
zen-ripe fascinations
with The Way fresh apples/apricots
unearth the subconsciousness of sugar
for sun,

for some, the layered sweetness
weakens them at the tongue,
for sum, she strengthens us all
at the first glimpse/ascension
attention to
her diction/syntax/love.
she - (Part 2)

between the sword and the mind
her soft possessive pronouns
disarm thee,
to Orin's meridian star light—
where all worries/motives scurry
off into the swish on no sound
no sin, no earth in sight
for millennia,

and if weightlessness
weren't such a burden
on the density of our bones
i'd build a monastery
　right there, right here
between this Unknown galaxy and
the sun-soaked petals of her prose,
stems slightly leaning to the Bright,
rhythms (in swirls and circles)
caressing the girth of mindfulness
with its clarion air and
posh percussion,

easily, one could misremember
the very identity of their Purpose
when god surfaces at the center
of her song,
for she can lullaby the sky
at its dawn
with just
the jasmine of gentle words
curved inside the holy gong
of OMMMMMMMM ....
she - (The 4th Dimension)

her soft silver language slides into
the wooden odd-shaped bowls
of our internal speech,
pearl moonlight gleaming
off of wealthy little morphemes
at the molecular level
of love/syntax/ventricle,

before her and her chocolate metaphors
we were tattered non-sequiturs
rambling erratic, brisk wind hazards,
our home,
until the summer of her articulation
where there were wings
awaiting us for residence,

flight feathers abundant
so now we fly when we recite
from sky to sky, sunsets
and saccharine odes with
almond butter for adverbs,
hovering there, she smiles,
the nougat hitched
to the roof of our word machines,
she smiles for our sustenance,

she smiles to endow our solar systems
with symbiotic stars and
symmetry in the acoustics
of our twilight aspirations.
she - (Volume 5)

do you remember
when we were birds?
we'd make swirling sky circles
with earth's playful
words, the soft
dove belly of your dance
above woolpack clouds and
thine wild blue ethereal mind,

there were times
within zen's horizon silence,
gossamer and peach,
where I could hear, dutifully,
the bow of your wings
gliding over faint violin chimes,
gently strumming
gently sunning nectar
gently carrying stanzas
upon the same warm wind currents
a welcome breeze and
pollen stuffed bees haul
freight on,

I know of no other way
but to love you from the root
of the plume to the
soft, fine hair-like filaments
glowing at the shell of your spirit,
because we are birds, still,
clutched in these oblivious bodies,
still, we float poems
with just a pleasurable whip of the wing,

we must've been ad-libbing
flight patterns in our deepest sleep,
now our criss-cross and
glide, dip, dive
reek of synchronicity,
as if we were drinking the
same Light dream oxygen,

do you remember
when we were words
warbled out of necessity from
east to west where the sun
would shake the syllables (neatly)
from our risky lips,
and we'd awaken naked to the nucleus,
with the grace of Bliss
(our new anatomies) and
swan feathers to carry us
home.

Jevon Jackson

Why The Prisoner Only Writes Love Poems / 53
she - (The 6th Element)

there's this reoccurring dream
in my head/heart/planet,
purple flowers (lavender maybe)
in your hair, blonde fine brilliant
strands of the sun
like an immaculate tiara upon the head
of a young maiden
too humble to accept her throne;

your soft pink lips traveling
(in clever whispers)
across the sacred psalms of
Rumi/Rilke/Gibran —
words I heard (so intimate) before
but only now able to feel them
swimming circles in my chest,

suddenly, then ... your breath
overlapping my breath as if
we huffed from the same lung,
my chest rising and falling with yours;

warm toffee smells on the exhale
smooth sticky tongue taste,
desire, the Animal, devours me
in pieces
(in sharp obliterated chunks)
and there I am scattered
before your crystal podium,
listening to you breathe nectar
gently into my architecture
(mending me at the seams)
with those soft, omnipotent syllables
that cling too far
within the heart
to safely board on such a vehicle—
glossed, phenomenal pink
lips:

(those mystical rich
symmetrical things that make music
with no sound, no movement,
for even their silence astounds us all)

so when you kissed me Whole—
a billion cells into One being
a million galaxies groomed
on One wing,
I dizzied at the notion
of becoming greater than the
ocean deep.

Jevon Jackson

Why The Prisoner Only Writes Love Poems / 54
she - (Day 7)

surely I would perish
upon your absence, zip,
the narcotic crude sectors of the brain
would arrange me at the noose
if you were ever less than jeweled
at the ventricle,

declare thee, I shall
drag mountains and shush waterfalls
to climb blue silence, to
find new islands for
the solar schooled society of your
language,

your whispers so welkin
to the assembly of fingertips to touch,
and though it seems
that there's a wing in everything
you sing upon the octave sweet,
surely I would weep without
your bare soft naked toes
wandering at the cool muddy earth of me,

yes, even the unaimed measure
of your velocity
would murder me with its
miss—
a billion kill-shots to the body, sleep,
surely I would sleep eternal
without intoxication of your moon shine
to rule me at the wobble knees,
for verses I've been gulping
every single line
you've shined in front of me, gleaming,

your horizon/hard liquor
warms me to a vibrant blush
  (luke-quiet rose meditation)
and silent goes the wind and its urge
to turn me burgandy
with such lush caress and calm and woo,

surely I have already died
high inside the sky of you,
survived by simple fluttered utterance
and tradition of a name
we've forever perched upon our teeth,
with honeyed wormwood at its beak
and the sail of true devotion
gently grasping at its abdomen.
she is he (he is she)

same body beautiful
different intervals
for breathing the lonely Ommm
of moan and mantra,

same abbey to sleep in,
different absolutions
to cool the same brimstone
raging spitter-fire,

same filament
different flight
... except the one night where
we finally figured out
we were Living
as
the same bird,
dancing elegant outside of earth's
pitch black penitentiary,

same garden
same stamens
with different colors/names,
yesterday you were a sunflower
towering over us all, and tomorrow
I'll be the butterfly-bush,
deep purple from the dirt
to the bottom of the sky,

same puzzles
same brain
with different globs of thought
to stir through, stirring ...
stirring for the same viscosity
of sacred sex and oil,
aloe vera on the palms of angels,
pure cocoa butter
massaged into the warmth of our subconsciousness,

same strokes
same medium
different dioramas in the atrium,
protected museum pieces:
    your Nile, your Arc,
    your panoramic view of the universe,
watercolors wading
until bright amber pops
sweet beneath the crease
of true virgin blue,
same honey/height/stickiness
but different tongues
to articulate the taste
from cinnamon to milk chocolate,
the adiposity of our wide
celestial bodies
only deepens my inter-galactic appetite
for poem, for home
and you.
she - (The Reflection Song)

whenever I want to see
myself
I think of you,

whenever strangers ask me
for explanation
of my name,
I describe the way you look—
from smile to ocean,

whenever I've prayed for Fortune/
Love/Forgiveness/Stable Health,
I awaken the next day
with your prose (all afloat)
naked in my blessing boat,

whenever you bump/bruise/
cut the soft of skin,
I bleed
miles away
in the same location,

wherever I have lived
without you,
soul can find no recollection,
since Exodus I have known (crystal)
that we will rise
again,

whenever you are
waist-deep
in fire,
remember our solemn calmness
and the rivers
it ripples through us,

whenever/wherever
you think of me as distant,
just hush little bird (close your eyes)
and reach me
underneath
each and every quill of you.
she - (In Her Image)

I don't even think
she's realized
that when she sends me
pictures of herself
my galaxies get over-run
overtaken by grand symphony orchestras,
chime bright starry-lights
and supernovas that spin
until the holy white light wholly disassembles
distance and remedial sin;

astrophysics on film,
lips soft lift-off,
big bang all over again—
there is Beginning
in her every photo/pose/imaging;

Yesterday,
after six-hundredth glimpse of her bewitching
I slept swift then awakened
three lifetimes later
with a better understanding of how
Love spills
all throughout the body blood
slow, thick, and beautiful;

she eye-smiles
for miles and miles and light-years,
gorgeous gaze at warp speed, and
what I had mistaken
for iris— soothed aquamarine pools
deep blue solace bowls,
was really just a reflection of God
grinning
from high above;

corona wheat silk tresses
quietly move such vibrant blessings
from thought to flame
to highlights,
old cold nights invited to glow beneath
her high glorious crown, soft and bare;

her lips,
Yes, her lips
I am familiar with those miracles,
alluring when they've
lured me in
to speech and private scripture—
briefly, once
I've tasted their smooth Irish liquor
and ever since
I've been stumbling
simply at the sight,

there's no way I should be
flying up this high
in this condition;

forever youthful,
a testament to he endliness,
sky heaven must be hysterical
knowing there is a face
superb to its Eden space— the field
where I rage to live impossibles.
she - (Whirlwind at Table 4)

when I saw you there
sitting with smile excitement (the sun
slightly cooled)
time froze for a tiny butterfly's
yellow lifetime,
while both mind and motion
oozed from dream to bold reality,

"Finally ... FREEDOM!"
mind yells to breastbone
where old anxious heart
silently shakes itself apart
until its swirling center
widens into the cyclone
that rips us from What We Think We Know
to What Will Be (inevitable),

touch-close comfortable,
you and I
three millimeters away from Everything,
seven seconds away
from the merge of
Must! and need,

"Necessity," the mountain says,
"is what shall move me in degrees."

exhaling, inhaling
holding my breath before I dive blinded,
prevailed into her gaze,
swimming her song (relentlessly)
beneath a zipping throng of dolhins,
as synchronistic as the fish school
changing (in thousands)
to the rush of One direction,

all of us in awe
of the holy mother of the ocean—
lobtailing blue whale, as immutable
in its beauty
as the perfect surf of earth is,

touch, touch, touch,
touch is right here
glance is right there

every song I'll ever sing
at an arm's length
right this very moment.
she - (Satori Version)

where you are
in this moment

right now

I walk with you,

I breath beside your left,
beside your right I await
your laughter,

I think it was thursday (or maybe
wednesday afternoon)
when you thought you were

alone/one/solo,

I touched you on the calm
smooth round of the neck,

you blamed it
on the wind

so now my fingers linger
at every breeze.
she - (In Exegesis)

half-asleep I was, 
drifting 
slipping into the sloppy cream 
of half-forgotten images

when the quarter-crescent moon 
softly whispered down to me:

"Hey, who is she?"

shielding my eyes, 
white demi-curved lunar body 
nudging against my window frame, 
I inquired of his inquiry,

"Sun told me," he said, 
"said she was brighter than 
damn near all of us."

"From her orbit to her axis, Yes"
I confessed, 
"Even the skim light of her constellation 
over-dazzles above our zodiac."

stuck in a room full of 
hurried mathematicians, 
they begged of me 
to measure the breadth 
of thy love for she:

agape plus fire plus 
a solar field of roses 
(eleven hundred light-years long) 
plus What Is Never Missing 
in addition to the quantum force 
of blissing throughout the 
nerves and skin 
of our non-molecular Body,

and if multiplied 
by the invariable ton of Truth, 
you'll find the surging sum of One, 
undivided by our poetry;

accosted in wonder (wide-eyed) 
by scores of clergy, 
each one, they ask of me:

"But does it get messy?"

>>> continued >>>

Jevon Jackson

Why The Prisoner Only Writes Love Poems / 63
confounding how even the congregation
obsesses over the mess and mire/gunk,
as if love only wears white satin clothes
on smooth, pristine-laden sub-roads,
to the reverend, to the
rabbi, to the imam,
to the highest pontiff priest,
to every single one of those
who beholds others' souls
righteous in a glance--
I testify to blood's usefulness
sacrificed within our hands;

what is mess but a blessing,
what is soil and soot
but the root of orchid red
and flame to grow,

what is mess but a lesson we learn
to turn our brooks
into half-of-earth oceans;

"Whole love gets messy my Friends ..."
I declared out onto the angels,
"... especially upon its sacred depths."

And the angels just hovered there
(grinning)
amused by my precociousness,
their bright bodies covered
with a day's work of dirt/filth/grime,

grease and mud all caked
between the ache and feathers
of their long perky wings.
she - (Sapwood Version)

from leaf
to lagoon
the sun soothes
at every surface,
perfect and imperfect,
as it soaks into the underbrush
of our thorned jungle floor,

the expanse of which--
untouched by human sole,
thus, we avoid destruction

only creation and re-creation,

from canopy
to conifer roots
we embrace the untamed,
the untrainable impulse
of the heart beast,

we house the growl of them all,
we ply our futures
with pome fruits
red sweet and juicy,
dripping small from the blade of
nude curved claws,

so when the seeds
fall to their knees
they pray for earth, smothered
by your love.
she - (Theological Version)

blood motion we move
from heartseat to heartseat

soul is there
smiling, spinning, laughing
(full body) all over
something you said
three well-fed moons ago,

and I can testify, Truth--
your psalm whispered words invite fire,
wine, stew
inside the shrunken bellies
of our disheveled music
(listen)...

beside the silence yells the crave
to chase true sugar, bold liqueur
that just goes running,
running running till its gone,
and gunned upon the kiss of the sun
from what you reap through
ink and prism,

rivers you are,
near/clear to the bed bottom,
sediment unsettled, swirling
in micro whirlpools
(at the foot of god giants)
and you clean
Everything
so pure;

you move Everything
of earth and breathing,
this morning (misty dawn)
I dreamed a waterfall
that looked quite like you,

with spray and rain
washing bane clean off my palms
again, cool spray and splash--

the rinse of sin
mends me
whole/soul again.
atom smashers (d.r.e.a.m.i.n.g)

and now i dream of you
more than i've known
of dreaming,
not just 'dream' as in
sweet-sleep
but the fire fiend
who forever hounds me—
desire
rips
everything
around
me,
touch you
and i'll fly,
embrace is just another fancy word
for levitation,
drinking you
in my body bowl
forever nectar slips slow, drips
from wish to lips to belly
until the Whole knows incandescence
beyond the sights of flame
and solar god authority,

smacked in this ecstatic tragedy
of soft circling forces (fingers)
across the scripture of your
glowing skin,
wicked white heat harmony,
dusk and sunrise in the same free motion
desire
rips
Everything
around me,

whipped in the
heavy cream
of angels thinking—
prophetic philosophies
of why we need to
break the blocks of chocolate
into handfuls, ample little pieces,

>>> continued >>>
because this is where
we prepare for the furnace,
this is where we pull subjective eyes
to the fore—to soak in hypnosis,
this is where our simple sugars
over-reach into the caramelization
of something so hot
it feels good,

desire
rips
Everything
around me,

it has taken you
and Our All, and wisdom,
and this new religion
for me to fully comprehend—
this massive appetite
is
sacred perfect bright beyond sinning,
beyond swimming sky high blue indigo,

it is the balanced beast
who eats
and eats
and eats
and eats
stuffed the bottomless gut
for the sake of love's homely mother—
Need,

and i know, Tomorrow
if i can't summon the touch-close miracle,
i'll eat an entire volume of love songs,
violins scattered
everywhere,

desire
rips
Everything
around me.
atom smashers - (The Appetite)

just before she becomes liquid
and he becomes ice,
blood invites every warm iota
to dance inside the bold flame;

desire will do this to you--
burn the body away
until the cliff of kiss
molds them a new skin,
new feathers, new flight,
old wingspan to coast new;

she has prisons to kill
and he Thanks her,
not just for freedom she spills
on chasm
but for her lingo that gives
to his abdomen,
sugar and butter and manna meal;

and even after the belly stretches
and fills its weight (in prose),
the haste of hunger re-emerges,
begging her Beauty
to stay
and lean closer
for just a little while
longer;

in the rough of
her stone physical absence
hunger grows mighty,
stronger than invincible,
big enough to shake a whole planet
with its long vacant hands,

"NOW!" he demands of touch
and vision, because in touch (hers)
everything taste just like chocolate
(warm gooey rich)

and in twilight
the tragic manic insomniac
begs her kisses to meet him (quiet)
beside the blueberry bush,

where they can bathe and sleep
hereafter.
TOUCH - (The Nourishing)

spiraled through the sticky vein,
dark honey on fire,

nectar bombs in the atria,
fingertips pushing slow lust
electrically across the bone/nerve/skin,

since our first poem
I have been awaiting
to taste you naked,
to awaken the sacred tone
of soft little exhales
escaping
as I break deep into you
under the crook's beloved cover of night—

shy moon, sable sky,

your eyes locked steady
inside my final gaze,
my lips so amazed by your
tongue/dove/breast,

we have found the melting point,
right here, my dear—

the lone port of elation
where your hips alone decide
how far I survive tonight,

no thoughts,
no distance, no seams,
no dream as good as this,
no cream as clean as this,

our bodies in the soft bounce
motion, where you glow
I flash, where you sweet
I drive deeper,

deranged wolfman in your wilderness,
for the love of honey
I plan to
slowly
slowly
devour you.
MY GIRLFRIEND

my girlfriend is married,
my mind is askew,
these angels are reckless
in their vow to protect us
from the flying arrowheads;

although he sleeps in the
other room,
my girlfriend is married
and I must secret my phone calls
in the a.m., in the p.m.,
in the interim
until she moves into the other house,
where the sunflowers there
grow
big yellow giant heads;

although she hasn't kissed him
in the last thousand years,
my girlfriend is married
and she must conceal
the wilderness,
fields of lavender, camomile,
sprawled out (from creek to creek)
in the deep encampment
of our letters, long and sweet;

although our Friendship is legend,
my girlfriend is married
and some people
just don't understand music—
before the first opus
(before strings and horns,
percussion),
I have sang symphonies
to Love her
off her feet.
where

inside the flame
above the bone
beneath the moon
wrapped in wind
against the rhythm
across from spirit
this close to silver
next to Brahms
before the never
outside the kiss
cloaked in feathers
upon the throne
two inches from forever
beside the flight
between wet gold
close to known
mixed with silence
near the beginning
smacked with rose
draped in jazz
packed with jazz
mapped on jazz
found at sea
behind the fighter
dressed in fire
sync'd with prose
hummed off-key
Where, O' Where--
this is where love waits.
A SONG FOR MAIDEN

sometimes a girl
smoothes soft from the tongue
to the luxurious swirl of her swiveled hips
to the ample sweet deep down below
her ankle tats and naked sole;

sometimes a girl
starts a fire in her heart
with warrior roars in chorus,
and the torn, tattered sheath
of her long broadsword
intricately interwoven
with satin, lace and rival blood;

sometimes a girl
goed genius without applause,
without trumpets or awards,
the versed velvet petals of her intelligence
soothes the rolling bee
as he rubs rubs rubs (grinning)
against her armory;

sometimes a girl
out-guns the sun
with blades of Light shooting everywhere
from the white fury nougat
of neutron stars
to the rich summer heat
warming this way, over here,
against lips and skin
and the slick round kind of melons;

sometimes a girl
seems needy
because it's so easy to confuse
eager azures, electric,
for squally blues;
sometimes a girl
needs not a single feather
for unfurled wings,
the Hope she lives,
the horrors she's hustled through
uplift her
high above these obscene, vulgar hurricanes;

>>> continued >>>

Jevon Jackson
sometimes a girl
is just a girl,
but most times a girl is Beautiful,
undisputable to the raging appetites
of Poets, Wizards and Kings;
sometimes a girl
gives her body to a song,
with her spirit wrapped in silent hymns,
her brain, a brilliant congregation
of mastered instruments
three-hundred million miles long,
and when the violins gently strum
behind the shining cymbals of her eyes
we all fall, reckless,
into her melody.
Part 3 - THE WAY
we are schooled to think of
Freedom as
flying high
with a long joyful dip and a dive,
and then a blast off
through the outer layer,
with a cherry rocket's view
of emerald greens swirled with
seaward blues,
where the sun's honest gold
completely unshackles us
from the sinking freight
of old unhappiness;

but there is some Freedom
that stumbles in through the door,
fumbling in its pockets
for flint, a piece, and a cube of sugar,
happy to engage us
in talk, laughter, elevation,
for an hour or two
before it scurries out
on its way again.
THE SUM OF THINKING

some thoughts save lives
some massacre massacre kill kill,
some thoughts relax in orchard grass
unbusy with bloodthirsty dates and names;

some thoughts applaud
the solemn blossoms,
some scream kick scream
until the tiger lily wilts away;

some thoughts select their own suns
with constellations that taste like
macadamia
and the hazelnut of a.m. dreams,
burning righteous against thy spying tongue;

some thoughts drag
from down deep
the big black soundless shadows
and the crooked oily weight of prison
that smothers reds yellows blues
from the sustenance of tulip beds;

some thoughts arrive with prophets,
with great big easy grins on their faces,
electric bright beaming everywhere;
and some thoughts don't care—
they just don't care,
about physics and quantum properties
and the impossible of such tiny things;

some thoughts survive silk
and awaken, unforsaken,
between the fingertips of thieves
with nary a moment wasted
on the imperfections of its seams.
DESIRE & OBSTACLE

circumstance says "No, you can't have it,
I'm gonna keep you away from it."

you say "I gotta have it, I worked hard for it,
I deserve it."

the Universe asks "Well, how bad
do you really want it?"

Heart replies "I'll fight you for it."
DIRECTIONS TO PROVIDENCE

find burden, drop tons
nip riot, stop run;

take scream, make calm
touch beauty, taste psalm;

break war, fix dreams
page angels, groom wings;

sop wisdom, feed soul
guide children, breed rose;

think diamond, muse ruby
give rhythm, move booty;

save kisses, brave tears
spill laughter, spoon cheers;

start lifting, stop pressing
throw prayers, catch blessing;

stage future, act now
gauge action, pack WOW!

keep singing, hoist slowly
raise daily, praise holy;

come together, shine brilliant
share "I Luv U"s, hug, listen.
THE HOPE ROOM

I go there
when the light weighs a thousand tons,
and I unable to move
from this cold boulder, locked;

I go there
when What Is Next leans offensive
against my surface, my purpose,
my name;

I go there,
not to get away,
but to get a way to heal this,
to feel the good God medicine
warm quiet against the rind;

I go there
when I am most confused, when
I fall nauseous to the wicked creep
of wretched circumstance, the dragon;

I go there,
the vacant old pagoda,
to soothe crumpled wings,
make rich— the tiny pauper;

I go there
(frequently, I show up there)
when I am broken,
a billion smithereens
from scattered dust to gathered stars,
truly I show up there,
way-way up there,
with asteroids for guts
and green planets for brains;

I go there
to sip slow, the sun,
to feel the glorious weightless push
of bliss plus bliss plus melody;

I go there
whenever I am not here,
when the soul needs a good place to eat,
a space it knows as roam sweet.
DEFIANCE

somebody once told me
that I couldn't fly.

so I unfurled my faith
and poked a feather in their eye.
ROYAL THINGS

these words
these weapons
these booms
that blast off through the aerospace,
electric with the scatter sky
of nebulae and neutron stars,

these words
these hues
these blooms
silk and smothered in Harvard reds,
hyper whites and regal blues,
these pistils
these stamens
these beds

these words
will leap off lips
like doves from battleships
in this heavy odd warfare
of darkness

these words
these psalms
these tunes
that spiral from the atrium
out into this debt-ridden junglesphere,
where everyone owes
so much more than they own,
the prisoner's violet love poems
are free, so please
let him sing to you,
a melody

these words
these walls
these beams of ink
that build righteous, the house blood,
which gives of Itself
a place to stay
for anyone who seeks rest, warmth
and mystery

these words
these threads
these soft bright intimate knots
interwoven and double-stitched
to your heart from our kiss,
and at least in this moment
we are meld to be
inseparable.
THE BOOK OF SILENCE (Chapter 1)

when the world is
hustle bustle

I pour myself
over there
in that bucket

where nobody notices
a vibrant thing
a quiet thing
a door

from which silence
chooses to use us

for our own shining good.
SLEEPING IT OFF

have you ever fallen in a dream
and awakened with the faint recognition
of crawling from God's fingertips

I used to sleep
on
the coarse algorithms of igneous rocks,
with additions to my bed of granite
every day every night, every time
I laid my head to rest
until I found a mountain
jutting beneath my back,
with shards of black silica-rich glass
pushing against
the electrical nougat of the spine
digging to subtract the better part of me

and I could never calculate
the proper subconscious theme
because the world
was multiplying war
at the back of me,
eventually
dreams become the drug of choice
with the same anabolic properties
that make people think like rockets
and run like red Ferraris
from this soul
to the subatomic parts
of the universe.

Jevon Jackson

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WHEN IT LEAVES

there
beside you like wild blue sidekick to sun,
such soothing hot chemistry on kisses,
red explicit,
like the practice perfect muse
on sensational song,
    it kills god when it's gone;

there
on sweet deeper words with meaning,
on poetry wicks and wax jasmine candles,
well lit,
on fit summer muscle packed on
fat August bone,
    it kills god when it's gone;

there
inside you, in majesty, in castle, in mind,
in the crimson sugar big box of rhythm,
inside electric boogie's
ecstatic little home,
    it kills god when it's gone;

there
with pillows and breeze,
with cool strawberry fields
dressed in lavender sleeves,
with apple tree roots donned in
soft chocolate boots, with
a collective palm jammed inside Heaven's
honeycomb,
    it kills god when it's gone;

there
upon eternal wish of her,
upon hungry body and brain, missing her,
upon the love silken robes
of what she's sewn,
    it kills god when it's gone.
THE SONNET, BLUE

With purple verbs, I long to explain this:
the way the Soul hungers for something blue,
like high tranquil views, and a dream's red kiss,
but Mind holds the retina on nothing new.

Soul won't impose what it already knows
because Mind has the gift to decide which
soothing vibrant hie it grooms, chokes or loathes,
freezing us deeper, or warmed beside bliss.

The Body aches from battles that Mind springs,
with old rifles and knives to absorb us;
deep beneath those dreams, He's hidden our wings,
with hallelujahs stuffed in the chorus.

And as the Heart warbles— crystal and blue,
Mind is left with nothing, nothing to do.
313 INTERPRETATIONS OF GOD

WERE YOU WATCHING ME?
"With eyes and circumstance, no."

THEN WHAT'S YOUR URGENCY?
"To see if I can remember You."

AND JUST HOW CLOSE ARE YOU?
"As close as violence to catastrophe."

WITH SUCH CALAMITY?
"Yes, just to get a better glimpse of You."

WHERE DOES SUCH EMPTINESS LIE?
"In here, right here ... all inside me, actually."

BONE OR SOUL?
"Inside the nucleus of gravity."

WHERE AM I NOW?
"Too far to touch with spectacles."
MEASURE OF LIGHT

"Ah-ha!" said the tiny star
as it surfed into darkness,
bursting full-bright, it's very first time,
with mute thick black
closing fast around it's infant spangle.

The old fat moon's rounded wisdom
revives, quickly coming to life:

"Fret not the quantum of your kindling,
for if you are a star
then you will be a star
in all things.

And remember this song the most—
the deeper the night goes distant,
the wider your Light grows endless."
a lot of nothing

my soul has nothing,
no deals with darkness,
no thorns, no dying violets
or rotten orchids,
no busted music,
no clacking noises,
no pictures of people that hate me,
no Trust that hisses,
no ugly kisses,
no stuttered movements,
no violent movies, no car collisions,
no wolves nor waraints,
no expiration dates,
no meals that would kill
my taste;

i have nothing—
my mind has nothing,
no malnourishment,
no motives to move backwards,
no reason to break my stride,
no stolen honey pots,
no shards of shattered window,
no unopeneded trumpets,
no smuggled substances,
no acrophobic birds,
no plizbahnurtfic words,
no villains to befriend,
no vixens to crush my loins
away;

i have nothing—
my body has nothing,
no lack of hydrogen,
no broken weapons in my blood,
no fidgeting, no tics,
no intention to cut my tongue today,
no flutterbyes in the abdomen,
no illegitimate senses,
no sullen stuck faces, no winces,
no narcotics in the tank,
no urge to lose my mind again,
no fresh bruises nor elaborate wounds,
no more sirens to block my platinum moons,
nothing, absolutely nothing at all—
i have nothing
and i am thankful.
MY BEST FRIEND, ZAK

we'd build forts
and line-up snowmen
to karate-kick the icy bust of their necks,
deep in the ranks of December,
with thick white sheets of unmelted shiver
posted all across the neighborhood;

we were 8 and 9 and
willing to swallow earth worms
(fresh) from my mother's garden
to gauge our testosterone
and match our villainous temperaments
one against the other;

one time we fought
over video games
and the vagaries of score-keeping,
two days later we had somehow
united
over a dead red-breasted robin—
its squishy guts spilling out
(red and pink)
in a neighbor's open backyard;

he taught me how to climb Ms. Nelson's
famous apple tree
(illegally) without scrapping my knees,
and I'd happily usher him to my new find—
(six blocks away)
a stranger's Eden with sweet rhubarb
and bushes of fat ass raspberries, alone;

we'd chase stray dogs and any growling
street beast,
and battle the worst of our parents
by escaping together and
jumping on our dirt bikes
to race to the other side
of the galaxy.
THE STRINGS

diaphanous, the damn thing,

I clung
not to a rung, but a
whisper

one molecule, maybe,

I fear the falling sparrows,
broken arrows in my
onion heart,
as this hazard thing,
this tattered string
spindles me
wild against the rocking wind,

who survives here?
dangled, with bands of angels
decayed and mangled, miles
across the cold blue sea,

and we hang by these things,
tiny, the strings, plucked
and strung up long to the Evermore
where millions more, forever,
stream and spangle the old awkward sky.
SON OF A SUPERWOMAN

One day
when I was 9
I asked about starshine
and the kinetic motions of the moon,
she bought me a big red giant telescope
so I could watch the universe expand
and flicker
right beneath the quiet solitude
of our old apple tree;

my mother, she made me
fight
without the argonauts,
without truncheon, pole-ax, dagger or spear,
so I would grow to truly know
the proper stance
of an honest Man;

she taught me
that the subatomic particles
of a Woman's heart
are worthy of discernment
and precious loving care,
as when we distribute birdseed
to the sparrow, to the swallow,
to the thrush (midnight blue),
they bless us with old songs
that cure the air of
agony and clover fire;

when we were starving
(just her and I
    in a small barren building)
she outran the hustle of huge lions
to bring home fresh ground chuck
and chocolate chip cookies,
and from the meager of it all
she'd find a way to feed
all who were hungry—
    family, strangers, thieves and angels;

this woman, this gift,
this arrangement of everything
so Beautiful and True.
END
PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED POEMS

"The Hardest Days" - J JOURNAL (Vol.4, No.2 / Fall 2011)
"What I've Seen" - OYEZ REVIEW (Spring 2012)
"Meeting Sarah" - THE NEOVICTORIAN/ COCHLEA (Winter 2003-04)
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To my beautiful Lil’ Bird, for being my muse, my friend, my kindred spirit, without your essence I would know nothing of sculpting fire & honey in a Love Poem;

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Why The Prisoner only writes Love Poems

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prisonsfoundation.org
APPENDIX
The Gathering Poem
(A Global Collaboration)

Coming Soon.....
Welcome to The Gathering Poem...

This is a global collaboration of Poets who have come together from different circumstances, different cultures, different parts of the world, of different styles and philosophies. One of the goals with this collaboration is to create a never-ending poem that continues on as a bridge between one individual person and the entire world. This is the new welcoming... the new free-spoken, sacred congregation for Poets.

This is an opportunity for us, as Poets & Earth-Shakers (passionate writers), to connect our differences with the same seamless thread of Art, Compassion and Creativity. There is no pressure to arrive in any particular fashion, just come as you are and let your heart, mind, soul be shown to all the world.
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

Seven Jackson, one of One
son of a superwoman,
Love's favorite cousin,
shiny dream machine (state
of the art)
sacred syllable taster
matador inspired, veins push fire,
half-math / half-mad
the purple lotus
chanting silent beneath the rain tonight.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

way before the City of Brew,
way before the circle earth formed,
way before the biggest (BANG!) storm,
I was cosmic to the touch,
solar flares cooling truly beneath my finger tips,

I was part of You,
we were contour feathers availed together,
you had the same scars that I had,
we ate the same stars and weather
we coughed quasars and thought similar planets—
remember when the subconscious light
entranced us across the zoom, and we both
laughed out "Neptune!",

I used to be Everyone,
remember, we used to be Me,
actually, we used to be Everything
way before our planet-hoppers
caught amnesia in the tragic rinse
of jumping into this world together,
I come from the vibrant ionosphere, crystal and blue,
I come from the nights of Africa, fields of Asia

I come from You.

- Jevon Jackson
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

Caesar Conscious...
    a.k.a. Sir Seize Your Conscience...
    a.k.a. Mr. Will The Defendant Please Rise,
brother of a dopefiend,
nephew of Pandarus,
godson of Narcissus,

father of how many?? I don’t know.
Slave to the streets so maybe
prison is my Emancipation.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

Ghetto central
where the grass is faded brown
and little angry babies walk around
with the same clothes on
for three weeks,

the ghetto, where we double-down
on hog’s head cheese and Saltine crackers
and red kool-aide sweet enough
to make a honey bee fly backwards,

funked luxurious ghetto style,
where we blow our rent money on some
good weed,
used Cadillac keys and a brand new outfit,

beautiful ugly ghetto got us
throwing all our lives to the other side—
you know,
    homicide, genocide, dreamicide.

- Caesar
Invited by: Big Zen
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

Big Zen,
silky smooth fat samurai,
father of My Everything,
son of Ms. Mahalia Janetta Brown, the Sun
and the Holy Spirit,

upper-class convict, pro se litigant
heavy hot water diver
gangland survivor, thug retired
the quicker bullet-riddled-ducker
I lie because I luv her,
truthfully, I only lust her,
kisser of the Wrong Women
why does it feel so good to debase myself?

Damn, I hate the world
or maybe, honestly,
I hate myself.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

Milwaukee, baby!
bottle rockets to the socket, baby!
polish sausage and a Pepsi, baby!
Can’t wear ya new kicks over on Burleigh, 26th,
dem boyz will steal ya shit
dem boyz will peel
your aluminum siding off ya own home
if you stay gone too long,
even down deep in the boondocks,
dem pretty blue-eyed blond Brown Deer girlz
will steal ya mama’s pearls,
they’ll jack an iPod with a giggle and a smile
while dancing to your favorite song,

Mil-Town will turn a frown upside down,
then twist it fuck-side up again,
Mil-Willy, my pain, my joy,
my everlasting friend.

- Big Zen
Invited by: Jevon Jackson
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

all animal utterance:
a cat’s yowl, a monkey’s howl
emerges from my throat
fills your mouth
becomes
a string of ink. Whole worlds in a name.
geographies: temple mountain runoff typhoon winds cold fog
muggy subway platform wooden handmade bed
lemon trees and old school hip hop
mountain looming past the freeway

this name this body this slow slide through landscape:
Cannot tease world from place, place from name,
name from body.
to name is the poet’s load-bearing task:
The spines of a cactus— love.
The scattering clouds— breath.
The dwindling hurricane— human, human, human.
Forward into our perhaps destruction
say name it, poet
name this freedom a flood, a bloom, a boom.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

perpetual arrival future past of memory and present
Today I woke from a bad dream. Falling and all mixed up
in love. She was drinking rye at 8am
and the electric company sent notice
that the lights would go out.
I forgot where my loyalties lay,
clutched like the pillow between my legs.
Dawn on waking layered me like cotton:
single moon sliver in blue sky, black
building silhouettes fronting orange streak and pink.
Name it, poet. Brooklyn by way of San Francisco, Seattle, Colville,
Bellingham, Tokyo, Honolulu, Laramie.
Make manifest city, mountain, ocean through strings of ink.

Clear the day— the room deserves
this listing, this chant, this litany—
we came, we came, we go.

- Tamiko Beyer
Invited by: Jevon Jackson

Tamiko’s new poetry collection, We Come Elemental, heralded as “elegant”, “dynamic”, “haunting and full of humanity” is now available at www.alicejamesbooks.org
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

It is I
That is 2 say that
I am ME
or better yet, "OM IS"
Yeah, "OM IS"
Perfect imperfection
America's common misconception
Genius' reflection reflected
An epileptic prodigy
with dreams of greatness
I'm somewhere between
brilliance & not giving a f**k
but I forget which way I'm going.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

A dream deferred
in the womb of innocence
Trapped in the basement of
the dysfunctional house
that crack built
2 bedroom
1 bath
hardship and pain included
1776 W. Lower Class Lane
Where I questioned God
Sought comfort in Freud
Pondered the visions of Nostradamus
Compared my features to
those of ancient pharaohs

All while gunshots rained outside my window
& poverty, to those in the know,
was a term laced with racial innuendo

Pimps, who, criminals,
drug dealers, & drugs
All because HE said "BE"
& I was.

- B.L. Mason
Invited by: Rudy Bankston
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

1st I'll testify to how it be-came Stolen Legacy
blasphemed into unknown infamy
dragged thru the mud of occidental archaeology
x-factor in my pedigree—the origins
of primordial x-men emergin' against the sands
the lost clan of Abra-Ham
nomads who lost track of Moses
Pharaoh slipped my lineage a lethal dosage
of hocus-pocus
to knock us comatose
lifeless in an identity crisis
inna dark 'bout who Christ is
divested of what we came with
our inheritance is innate testimonials
inscribed on ancestral memorials
i finally grasped what the oracles spoke
paid homage and reverted to the rebirth
of Bellicose No-Saint Kemet
scion of divine intellect.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

thru the annals of perdition
Buck City, WisCONviction...
the locale where ALEXIS PATERSON went MISSING!
that Amber Alert must've malfunctioned on her
GIVE US BACK OUR CHILDREN!!!
a ransom i will give 'em

one worse than mel gibson's
polar opposite to anything fiction
no treasure-trove at the end of that
artificial rainbow coalition
the hood's in critical condition
on life support sans health care
in cultural shock... no defibrillation
no child support... no welfare
only the mirage of the crystal stairs 'round here

i solemnly swear fo' Gawd it's a helluva swindle
at Potawatomi Casino
LOCATION LOCATION LOCATION
in the cleavage of the colony
BINGO!

snitchin' subbin' at a crescendo
Reaganomic holice (sic) state
the abysmal graduation rate is the segue to the
prison gates
another Mother of color at her baby's wake
who's to say what we die for
only thing for sure is that we die
the same way we're born

premature
America's veiled metaphor.

- Roderick “Rudy” Bankston
Invited by: Jevon Jackson

Mr. Bankston's compelling new novel, Shed So Many Tears, is now available at www.buybooksonghebrew.com
& read the first 2 chapters at www.iamweclassics.com
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

Judy Washbush, daughter and mother,
Spiritual seeker,
Keeper of the Peace Garden in Marlborough Park,
Waiting for the freedom promised on
December 12, 2012,
Scanning the skies for signs of extraterrestrial life.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

Madison, the Mad City
Where everything goes,
Where carefully dressed ladies and gentleman
Spill out of the Overture Center
And walk down State Street
With pink-haired and pierced hippies,
Passing the homeless panhandlers in Peace Park,
And no one feels out of place.

- Judy Washbush
  Invited by: Jevon Jackson

Read Judy's blog @ judywashbushdotcom1.wordpress.com
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

Migrating Blue Whale
spirit on the move... slow and large
I am a fossil
Mother of two of God's splinters
The hats I wear, too many to define:
Teacher, wife, friend, woman, runner...
The ocean yawns with such tedium
I am ash and amber at once
Song and scream.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

Roots of corn, beer and cheese
Branches & blossoms of Red Pine,
Japanese Maple, Mt. Hood
I am from the temple that God prays at
The child running barefoot on hot pavement
in India, me.
The gowned graying man pounding his gavel
with verdict, me.
This breeze that sounds the chime of bell, me.
I've not cares from where I have come
Nor where I will go when breath from my body
has gone
Where am I now? is my meditation.

Where am I now?

- Maureen Geraghty

Invited by: Jevon Jackson
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

I am the outcast,
the wolf who walks among the broken;
the shadow that light created
and darkness won’t entertain!
The wind as a soft spoken whisper
lost in power no one believes in,
The Prince of Dreams
and
Traveler of Nightmares
I am he...
Death lingers
with her lips at my ear,
I am deaf to her words
yet hear them just the same!

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

From the tree of life I was born
to the arms of beauty,
I’ve lived on the brink of madness
driving down 95
doing 95.
My city has crumbled
to dust and dirt without notice,
warm nights walking the depths
of promise and never,
the cold black seat shelters
me as I visited oblivion!
Sliding into a heart-shaped
pool with heartless tools
my home was illusion of your dreams,
my home still stands on the brink...
of my mother’s tears!

- Donnie Gilchrist
Invited by: Rudy Bankston
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

VISION
Vis-i-on
Eye on the ion
I Come
As the result
of Great Thoughts mating w/ Great Loss
the Product of a pregnant mind’s
prophylactic mishap
(oh, snap!)
burst forth from my Father’s head
n2 the Earth’s anus
of my own onus
as Zeus from Cronus
I am the Flesh made WORD
forgive this aborted attempt at a Grand Opus.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

I Come
From the landmess... I mean
land mass called America
AMERICA
whose name is Pig Latin for manslaughter
A-mer-i-ca I'll murk ya Omerta LIES
1 napalm A-Bomb from the 41st parallel
its Capitol City is Hell
therein 3 branches of the Tree of Temptation dwell
but I won't bite--
I must not b lulled by Imus
& O'Reilly will not rile me
Great Satan I rebuke thee
n the Name of Genius
yet I remain stationed on this station
2,000 Urban Leagues/ 1 fathom beneath
“The Savage Nation”
& its unfathomable leagues of blatant racists
knowing NObama can elevate it
from near rock-bottom of this abyss
from the bottom 2 Stone Mountain 2 NPR
2 FREEDOM is only 666 kicks.

- Vincent Grady
Invited by: Rudy Bankston
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

L.A. All Day, from an unused root
meaning to stretch, a continuance
(as indefinite extension) to carry on
(The Word of Truth) thought & language,
the Life, the Way, the Hate, the Wrath—
with lexical meanings, all things pertain
to Love's semantic range.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

The Divine Majesty, from the word of His
power — I was uttered and there I was
with the living
now here I AM, a being of a primitive form
primitively being in the image equal to One
Life expressed by the Son — Logos
His only begotten, His only forgotten
a memory — a path which I once trodden
in the circuit of darkness
endless strips of tabernacles where I could
trade my Light for devil souls, to build my house
on the sand, betroth strange women
(that look like gold but these were diggers of graves)
to beget children of fire like unto Raamses’ II and Jezebel —
what in pre-Hell was I thinking? Such archaic life styles
now live in modern minds
Its epoch extravagant, still trying to moderate mines.

- Lawrence Williams III
Invited by: Jevon Jackson
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

A
New-Being
Devoted to
Righteousness
And
Enlightenment!
BRIDGES— Not Barriers! 
Seemingly birthed for the SOUL purpose 
of being Put Down and Beat Up.
Guess WHAT?
I chose NOT to fall and survived it all, 
like a Chest that’s Bullet-Proof Vested.
But I wasn’t really all that Protected, 
and ended up Scarred
like a Wound that’s Severely Infected.
No one was in my Defense, 
so I got Robbed of my Innocence (In-No-Sense).
No wonder I Sold Dope and Gang Banged 
the way I did.
I was forced to be what I Thought was a Man 
while still a Kid.
That’s NOT an excuse, it’s the Unadulterated TRUTH.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

Cairo, Chicago, and Milwaukee.
I can’t forget Columbia Correctional here in Portage 
because it’s where I’ve spent the majority of my Life.
That’s Right!
The State of Wis-Con-Vict, 
where statistics predict Death or Conviction.
At Sixteen I was sentenced to LIFE in prison.
Before my Institutional Death, I embraced the Streets, 
THAT proved safer than Home 
and eventually became Momma and Daddy to me.
Where Guns replaced Hugs and Kisses by Drugs. 
Physical Death was my Ultimate Destiny.
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

something like a dreamgirl

a little pink, a little patient
a little blushing, a little wave and grin
a little bitchy after 4 pm
a little overworked and over-run
a little too stressed with whether
I’m being the Best Mom for my sons.

My ex-hubby called me “Effin’ Stoopid!”
he said I was too fat, too thin,
too pale, too talky, too loud, too proud,
too much of a Witch to live with...
and I could hear the bones breaking
from under his fist,
and I could feel my flesh blister
right under his fist,
I grabbed my babies and I flew away,
without a clue of where to flee to,
I grabbed my babies and I zipped away,
From the dazzled dowry of the starry sky
I’m always looking for a better way,
always, my sister, she calls me “Dreamgirl”.

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

Mississippi Bama waters
where we learned to strum our words
on country riffs of silk and cotton,
where little girls are taught how to fish
and chase boys
before they reach the seventh grade,
where we ran on crooked
dirt roads to Sunday School
where the tire swing is the Greatest thing,
and the natural valor of the soaring firefly
is what I truly yearn for
because even in the fright of darkness

it never-ever burns itself away.

- Olivia Lawson

Invited by: Jevon Jackson
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

A human with no name
A picture with no frame
A superstar with no fame
A convict with no shame
A person at fault with no blame
A fire with no flame
A precious child with no brain
A thunderstorm with no rain
A broken body with no pain
A couple steps forward with no gain
A whole life lived in poor vain
A token with no appreciation
A motion with no hesitation
A member with no affiliation
A sincere gesture with no solicitation
A punishment rendered with no rehabilitation
A lesson learned with no validation

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

From a genealogy tree of a million branches
From a one-way street to a long road of many fashions
From being a squatter and living in deplorable circumstances
From having it all together to when it all just avalanches
From apathy to writing on this here canvas
From being inspired and chasing every passion
From the city of Angels, seeking shelter at the rescue mission
From annual family reunions, now we all convene in prisons
From a code where I still honor death before dishonor
From a place where I live in my head so my Mind is my armor
From poverty stricken to living a life in luxury
From being lost in translation to understanding life’s dichotomy
From friend to foe, adversity reveals character
From complacency to transformer, revolution dissolves barriers
From the child I was, the man I am, and who I will become...
because I still got my heart, and it’s there where I’m most comfortable
drawing from.

- Shulburt “Lucky” Williams

Invited by: Jevon Jackson
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

Curry, Jerry Lee,
But please call me JG

Never been a liability
Not even when I suckled my mother's teat,
and was allergic to the milk it leak!

Since babies don't have veins yet,
I still bear the scars right above my feet
Where doctors had to slice my ankles open
To put the I.V. ....
I say that to say this,
"All my life I had to fight"— no Oprah Winfrey

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

I come from a place of inquietude...

Where the girls say "Wit yo Black Ass!"
As if my complexion is a turpitude;

Or with a smile they say
"You cute for a dark skin dude."...
Man, if that's a compliment
then I'm terribly incompetent!

A place where hatred and violence thrives,
Where prison and death claim too many black lives.
So now it's too many black women who can say that they're mothers,
but can't say that they're wives!

Where drama is so embedded in the mind, it can't be erased,
So when I came up state, I was too focused on beef
to even fight my case!
Now I want to shed tears for the years I waste!!

- Jerry Curry
Invited by: Shulburt Williams
POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—

Who am I...
I am misunderstood by most
though my existence been encrypted in proverbs and quotes
parables and metaphors wise men once spoke
neglected by the masses they silly asses passed it for a joke
see I'm that long lost and forgotten fruit
that was left in the garden to rotten at youth
who through disobedience doubted the truth
cause the only wisdom I had was found in my tooth
poof!
from Paradise to this world of lies
where right before my own eyes my whole demise was
disguised
now under the skies disguised in lies
I'm breached because my knowledge of self is compromised
Who am I...
predicators preaching teachers teaching
my whole hood is false so falsehood is peaking
he a gangsta he a thug she sell pussy he sell drugs
he want sex but she want love wow it is what it is —
it was what it was
Who am I...
perhaps I'm the voice of one crying in the wilderness
you know! the father of civilization
trying to keep this shit away from where the children is
cause they see life-threatening situations as
something to have fun with
like back when the gun hit and they thought that was
something to run with
now they wanna talk church new man new form
yea, out with the old in with the new norm
good versus evil most of us are too torn
poet bless your name and make the truth born
I am who I am...

FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?

Where I'm from is unknown to many
but I'll take the time to tell you about it if you
take the time
to hear me
first things first we gotta go way back —
back before we started
dying by the gun
before we hustled on the corners and
ended up behind bars
hell, before we even got on the run
we gotta go back before we got the game
handed down to us
by the pimps and the hookers and the bums
before we thought it was cute to lay claim
to these run down neighborhoods
in our ghettos and in our slums
you know! before the daughter could witness
the mother turning tricks for a dollar
or the son could witness the father smoking dope
in his Impala
before it hit the big screen and this
motion picture became a model
before a whole generation became drunks
and started searching for answers in a bottle
long before we strayed from our ways
and made this life just that much harder
I'm talking about before the word became flesh
and man got retarded
yea we almost there now we almost
where it started
remember where darkness covered the face
of the deep and spirit hovered the water
Paradise was created for a purpose
and so was the lake of fire
but dig this ... when God said "let us make man"
I came from that desire
from where have you came...

- JEVELL WILLIAMS
Invited by: Shulburt Williams
Submission guidelines:

— Your submission must be no longer than one (1) regular typed page.

— The first writing prompt, "POET, BLESS YOUR NAME—" must be at the beginning; and the 2nd prompt, "FROM WHERE HAVE YOU CAME?", must be included in the middle of the poem. There are no restrictions as to content, form or style, so please feel free to be as creative as you like.

— You must be invited by a Poet who is already a part of this collaboration. For all who have received a hardcopy or an electronic copy of this then please accept this as a formal invitation by the host, Jevon Jackson, to contribute.

— Find Jevon's current contact info at his webpage:

 www.prisoninmates.com/JevonJackson299078