

## Stormy Waters

Entrapped within never ceasing waves of my  
distant past, my perceptions are carried by  
shore less waters. Within this dark lake  
my mind becomes dull, and without  
any new flow of inspiration,  
my hopes and dreams will never be fulfilled,  
but whenever some long forgotten wave of  
dreams manifest bad memories, my  
mind's vessel is cast upon the wavy sea.

Shadowing the moon's movement,  
I sail ever around,  
conceptualizing my mind is free  
but as the clock of time  
ticks and ticks  
the starry sky above me  
begins to fade.

Dark story thoughts form hurricanes,  
fueled by anger and fear, and the  
quietness within the mind's  
eye of the storm  
becomes a hopeless mirage  
with no safe port in the horizon,  
I've looked the pit of deception  
for signs of hidden treasures, just  
a glimmer of hope that one of my golden dreams  
may one day come true.

hopefully, there will come a moment  
while sailing with this present  
state of mind that I will have  
a desire to return to that placid  
pool in which I once dwelled.

Mr. Shane

## **You know who you are**

I love you ... playing with you  
and watching you grow.  
You are pleasing to me  
and so good to know.

I have never thought of you in this way before,  
As my lover,  
But I now realize, it is you who unlocked the door.

Wide open is my soul to you, never ever to another.

You tickle me, and make me sway  
So I'll never be fickle  
I'll love you forever and a day.

I know, you love me too,  
And want me to be happy.  
Why else would you share yourself with me?  
And give me you the way you do??

You want me to reathe  
Like waters of a clear clean spring

Thank you, thank you for what you bring!

Please,  
Tell me what you want me to do  
How you want me to act?  
This suffering I have,  
The years to please.

Ah forget it  
You are my everything  
I adore your words, writing I love you  
Poetry ... Thank you!

Mr. Wheeler  
June 8, 2007

## WHERE I AM FROM

I'm from Pot Roast,  
In a reclining chair,  
that even when new  
Seemed old,  
I'm from Salt and Peanuts hollered by  
The air filled jaws of the bent trumpeter  
I'm from Thelonious Monk  
While climbing into my bunk.  
From the fragrant aroma of Ganja,  
And a tall glass of cognac, as a kid,  
did brother really have my back?  
I'm from power, the color Red;  
Heart pumping good, never fearing dread.  
I'm from silk smooth, soft  
And made for my head,  
I yearned for a comfortable bed.  
I am from Motor Mouth, the  
beautiful angelic chatter  
that kemp me from feeling blue.  
I'm from a Moped that was never very fast  
But always got me there  
in class.  
I'm from Salty Dogs and High Balls  
They never made me feel contrite  
I'm from vice grips, wrenches and  
Scewdrivers, they did the job,  
Just right.  
I'm from fishing rods and hunting rifles  
And a Doberman Pincher named Lump.  
I'm from Daddy Walter and being called "Snooks"  
Uncle Heavy and "half print", they believed in me  
And pushed, hoping I would make it, all right.  
I'm from Coffee, strong and black, but with a  
Bark, if only she hadn't run in front of that car.  
Who knows, maybe my life would be,  
Out of sight.

Mr. Wheeler  
June 8, 2007

## DEAR BROTHER

The worst pain I could ever imagine,  
Doesn't come close to say,  
How deeply I was saddened,  
That day you went away.  
No one knew me like you,  
Just as no one you like  
To the world we looked as two,  
But we grew as one inside.  
Seems I've forgotten where I was going,  
I'd stopped to ponder some things,  
Like when or how to continue knowing  
The sorrow tomorrow brings.  
What hurts the most is how very close  
We came to living our dreams.  
It just goes to show how little we know  
About life and what it means.  
These burdens I carry, too much to bury,  
There's not I wouldn't do,  
To ease this worry and say I'm sorry  
And spend just one more day with you.

Mr. Gibbs

### **A horse called destiny**

Beneath me a horse called destiny,  
I trot off into the night.  
Please Lord continue blessing me,  
As I travel this road called life.  
With only a few tools from a town called youth  
and prosperity in my sights,  
Off toward the city of fate I move,  
Searing for new heights.  
When faced with obstacles unknown,  
I often wish sometimes I might,  
Somehow return to the place I once called home,  
And history rewrite,  
when choice somehow gets the best of me,  
Ambition becomes my guide.  
And I leave chance to destiny,  
I grip her reins and ride.

Mr. Gibbs

**My momma was a baby,**

And she didn't have the skills it would ever take to raise  
me.

I'm from a father that jumped shop and left us doing bad,  
I pretty much blame him for everything I never had.

I'm from a strict family that was for the most part broken,  
I'm from pill popping, and marijuana smoking.  
I'm from, living life on the run and having no fun,  
I'm use to last place but I'm destined for number one.

I'm from, not knowing whether or not I deserve to live,  
Or am I gonna burn in Hell for all the things I did.

I'm from feeling so solo,  
I came into this world dough-low,  
And that's the way I'm gonna go yo.

Mr. Shireman

## Where I'm from

I'm from; you don't know how my life is,  
You ain't never had to live like this,  
Here's a poem about my life and it goes like this.

I'm from Government Assistance, Section Eight, and welfare,  
I'm from the Salvation Army; I received all my clothing from  
there.

I come from poverty, you call it projects, and I call it  
slums,

Do you really wanna know where I come from?

I'm from public school, and public housing,  
Being from both required delousing.

I'm from coming up without a pot to piss in,  
I'm from a family that would hear me, but I just wouldn't  
Listen.

I'm from off brand, and no name high tops,  
My people can't afford Nike, and Reebok.

I'm from being born a bastard.

Mr. Shireman

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Mr. Shane

## Satisfying Meal

Eating poetry conjures up memories.  
The words take on strength  
that sustains the immediate  
answers unspoken in every treatment.  
Poetry is the ingredients I use to create a meal.  
I invite you in  
to stimulate intellectually, sexually,  
using words to caress your imagination.  
Poetry dances on the taste buds like a ballerina wearing sugar coated shoes.  
Poetry is our chef the waiter and the floorshow.  
Poetry brings out the best,  
tells the story better than the rest.  
Poetry is our vehicle,  
fears are laid to rest,  
doors are opened inside the mind,  
verses and lyrics chime,  
heart and mind welded by rhythm.  
Poetry is an inspirational testimony.  
It validates, it refutes myths and facilitates a journey into my world  
spoken of, yet unseen  
Poetry, Delectable Cuisine.

Mr. Thornton

## Where I'm From

I'm from 30<sup>th</sup> St.  
The heart of the beat.  
I'm from where the white horse plays  
amid stop lights, cock fights  
and the bustle of a city that never sleeps.

I'm from a family of eight  
without an estate.  
I'm from I hope it's not too lat.

I'm from sorry said but never seen.  
I'm from a long line of pimps,  
players and dope fiends.

I'm from good stock  
that brought a fair price at the block.  
I'm from knowing how to go  
but not how to stop.

I'm from everywhere and nowhere.  
I'm from awake.  
I'm from asleep.

I'm from Stacy Adams shoes,  
oxtail stew and three-piece suits.  
I'm from Westpoint, Mississippi  
amid the cotton bush shoots.

I'm from afro hair do's  
abortion rights and women's lib to boot.

I'm from Vietnam, Cambodia  
and North Korea I fear.  
I'm from heartache, divorce  
and crocodile tears.

I'm from where the wind don't blow.  
I'm from Proctor & Gamble  
and the Jerry Lewis show.

I'm from anarchy, war  
and political strife.  
I'm from a state where the  
death penalty is alright.

I'm from I'm going now  
and I won't be back.  
I'm from where the truth has  
been shot in the back.

Mr. Thornton

## **The End of Days**

No more sunshine, this is the end of days.  
The time has come, to pay for our evil ways!

No more running from your past.  
Take a deep breath, for it may be your last!

We have witnessed death and pain.  
Done stupid things from which we had nothing to gain!

Never thinking that this day would come.  
But now we will pay for all that was done.

Why did I kill that man? I ask myself.  
For the money, power or the wealth?

Nothing seems to make any sense to me.  
The day has come for me to see!

To see why I must pay for all I have done  
even though I am Gods son!

He gives us plenty of time to open our eyes,  
helps us out and hears our cries!

But now it is too late and my time has run out.  
All I want to do is scream and shout!

Shout about why I waited so long  
to sit here today and sing this song!

For this is the end of all my days!  
The time to pay for all of our evil ways!

**By: Mr. Fogle**  
**August 17, 2007**  
**Indiana State Prison**  
**Michigan City**

## **R.E.M. with all of them?!**

I dreamed my future wife  
reminded me of my GOD fearin' mother.  
I dreamed a backstabber's knife  
want be from my "so-called" brother.  
I dreamed of years playin' monopoly wasn't in vain  
and I can own a lot of real estate by usin' my brain.  
I dreamed of eatin' a sundae on a Friday just because  
I'm on a tropical island with a natural buzz.  
I dreamed of a family tree without rotten fruit,  
and fallen soldier getting more than a 21 gun salute,  
bein' a pied piper with a mic instead of a flute,  
the bank sayin' my credit cards are handsome and my checkbook is cute.  
I dreamed of not bein' stingy with my loot  
plus bein' a gun collector and never havin' to shoot!  
I dreamed of bein' a big time entrepreneur  
and employin' a small town for sure.  
I dreamed of my grandkids eatin' off my schemes  
history books wrote about former crooks all aint what it seems.  
I dreamed that my passport couldn't hold another stamp.  
I dreamed that in my mother's eyes I'm still her champ.  
I dreamed growin' old loungin' in a rocking chair.  
I dreamed that I had turtles patience instead of the hare.  
I dreamed of lives changed from readin' my books.  
I dreamed of communities being changed from me convertin' crooks!  
I dreamed of vows I'll write and my wedding night  
makin' love to the woman of my dreams under the twilight.  
When I was young "I dreamed of Genie".  
Now I'm older I dream of Tocarra in a bikini.  
I dreamed for forgiveness for past sins.  
I dreamed that I'd find peace within.  
1<sup>st</sup> and foremost no need to second guess I dream of freedom  
and, yes, I dream to be blessed to enter "HIS" kingdom.

By Mr. Paint

## Cupid's plight

I believe in love at first sight  
Thank heavens above the 1<sup>st</sup> time I got it right  
When push comes to shove I'll dance in the moonlight  
A chance for romance with little finance is cupid's plight?  
I hear her past moans in my wet dreams  
Fear that her voice of reason will ruin my schemes  
She's there with love and care when my heart feels puzzled  
The skeleton keys when my soul is str-8 jacket and muzzled  
Last night I watched my soul-mate  
Gave me the wink and the nod  
As she was fashionably late  
Entering the room I thanked GOD  
Because trust just the smell of her perfume  
is so intoxicating it makes a thinking man assume  
Somewhere between springs and winters gloom  
That in his hearts desires there is still more room  
For purple haze, mildew bank notes and jet fumes.  
Blank passports visiting all 7 wonders of the world  
Feeling the kick in her tummy wondering is it a boy or a girl  
I can recall when my heart had little zest  
As if my arrows and cross bow were locked in a chest  
Wings hanging in the closet among my suits and vest  
Lonely was my nest on a mountain peak my soul couldn't rest  
Now her sweat taste like the ambrosia of your favorite dish  
That's steamed vegetables, brown rice and baked cat fish  
Some times sweeter than I off the meter sundae  
Some crimes are hotter than a wife beater on a 4<sup>th</sup> of July Monday  
But I digress-yup-oh yeah-yes, yes, yes  
Watch my movement as if playing chess  
My better half gets me beyond stress  
I mean trust I just love listening to her  
It calms me like hearing a pussy cat purr  
Yet with border line bitter sweet regret  
I bet I missed my chance for romance  
Maybe I haven't met her yet??

By: Mr. Paint