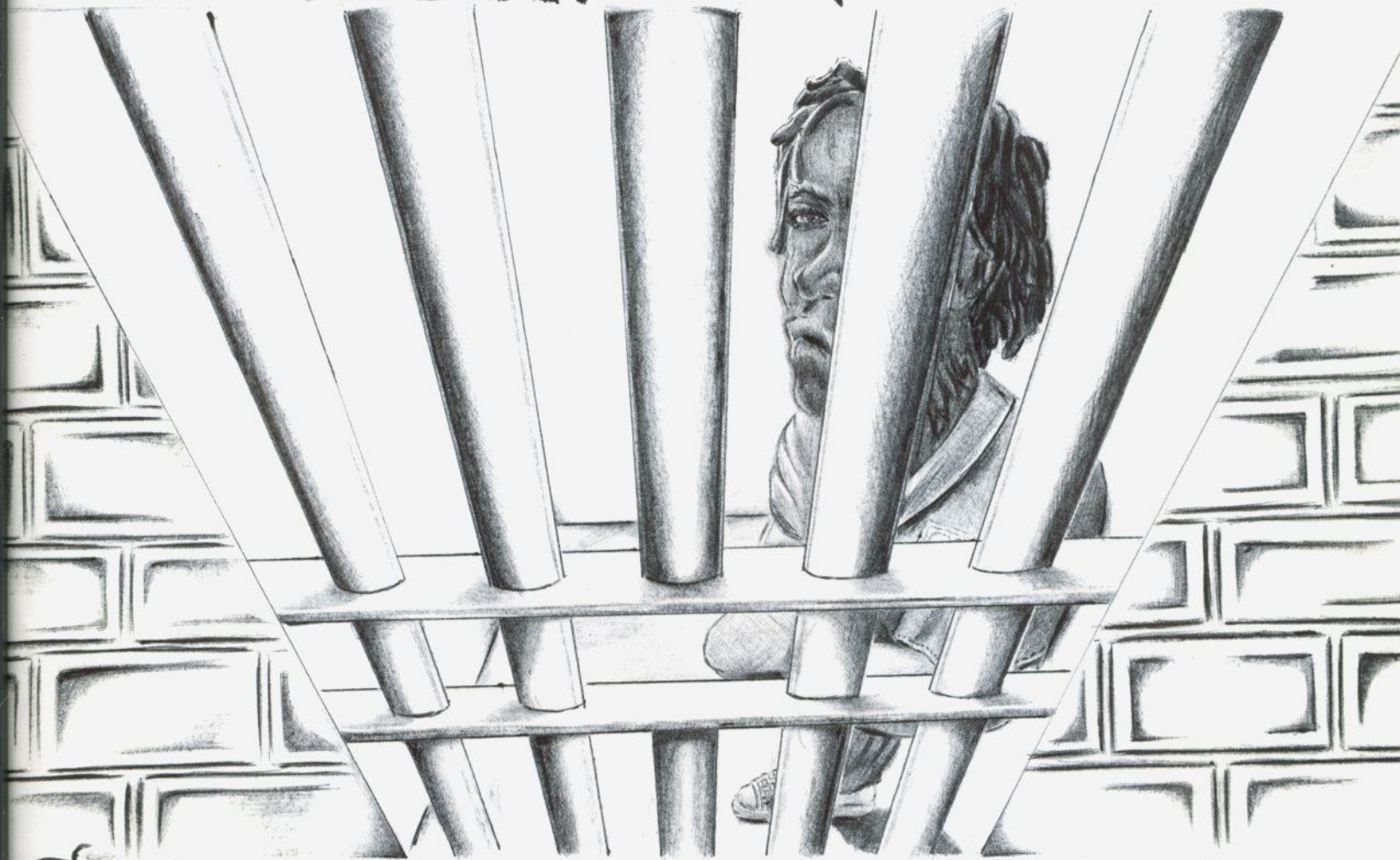




THOUGHTS of A



Incarcerated Brothers

POETRY BY  
PAH PAH

Date: January 3, 2019

## Information:

### prison address:

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## Summary

This book of poems was written while I was housed on Segregation (Long term) and going thru different moods. I lost close friends, family members to death or to the Justice system. There are different emotions in this book, that I touched on from being abandoned by my family and friends to having my heart broken, to police brutality. Change will only come if we stand together and take steps in it's directions.

## Dedications

Frist and foremost I would like to thank the staff at Prisoner Foundation for allowing prisoners voices to be heard. I would also like to thank bangout for drawing the cover for me (Good look bro) and Ann for helping me when my loved ones didn't believe I could do it. So thank you so much Ann because if it wasn't for you I probably would have gave up. Hope you all enjoy. Thank you.

Rah-Rah

# LIFE

A joyful life, it was suppose to be.

Fun, Lovable and full of treats.

Family, Friends and those who are close.

Knows your hart.

God bless your soul.

Love, Live, Life.

You did, I'm glad to say,

I was one of your friends.

## WHAT MATTER'S

What really matter's?

It's hard to say,

Free my people,

Is all I think.

The Justice system,

Is cruel and unusual.

Form to trap, The black youth.

They harm and kill.

They even lock up, Those who stand,

And won't shut up.

What really matter's?

It's hard to say,

Black is beautiful.

Is all I think.

# NEW

It's a new day,

It's a new month,

It's a new year,

It's a new you.

Good bye to the old,

Hello to the new.

It's time for a change.

Now what will you do?

change your path, Direct your future.

What will it hold?

It's all up to you.

## THINKING

I'm thinking of you,  
Not myself.  
Hoping you safe.  
All by yourself.  
Times have changed.  
And so have you,  
For better or worse.  
I Love you.  
I think alot.  
Sometimes to much.  
I am your child.  
The baby of the bunch.

## FORGIVE

They say to forgive,

Hope to forget.

Don't hold a grudge,

OR you'll be sick.

It may be too late,

To say those three words.

I Love you, or I miss you.

I hope you are safe.

Forgive me now,

Before it's too late.



## REGRETS

Regret should be a feeling, of the past.

you learn as you grow, and grow as you learn.

Something that makes you stronger.

Wiser and smarter than you know.

Have no regrets,

But face the temptations head on.

Some good, some bad.

But who will ever know.

Worry not!

Those may say.

If the shoe was on the other foot.

And they were in your place.

Smile and stand strong.

For today is a new day.

# HOPE

Hope for a better way,  
And pray for a better day.  
Those who break the law,  
Should see how it feels,  
To be in our place.  
They took an oath  
To serve and protect.  
But murder was committed,  
And no one was sentenced.  
They're always black,  
And perceived to be the bad guy,  
That did nothing wrong.  
But work and go home.  
It's a shame.  
That black folks may not make it home.

## HAPPY

Today is a new day.

There's no more yesterday.

It's a thing of the past.

You should be happy to say,

There's no more regrets,

OR no more hard feelings.

Only blessings to come.

So prepare for the feelings,

OF hugs and kisses,

That will come.

The day you're released.

Just have some fun,

With family and friends.

Who are there to greet.

It's a family affair.

So enjoy the feast.

Happy to be,

Happy to see,

You should be,

That you're finally free.

# ALONE

I Sit and wonder.

How this come to be?

My life is a gamble.

Fun for some to see.

I have no one who's here,

To support and comfort me,

Just me, myself and I.

Alone and discomfort.

Someday I hope,

They would finally see,

OR realize I'm gone,

And it wasn't me.

But until that day.

I pray and hope.

Somebody would write,

OR come to see,

Their loved one.

Who's been gone.

And out of sight.

Until they do.

I'm all I've got.

# LOVE

It's a word.

That's easy to say.

But have true meaning,

I would say.

I'm confused and lost,

Some may wonder why?

My family and friends,

Are not here.

They say that they love me.

But show me differently.

To love is to care,

And show affection.

Not to abandoned.

Leave or forget.

But to hold, and cherish.

Also to feel a passion.

Devotion and more.

That's why now,

If I say,

I love someone.

I say it because I mean it.

Not because it's a word,

To say.

Love those, who love you.

So they say.

# FRIEND

A friend,

IS someone you can talk to.

A friend,

IS someone you can trust.

A friend,

IS someone who believe's in you.

A friend,

IS someone who tells you never to give up.

A friend,

IS someone who tells you to take a chance.

A friend,

IS someone who stands by you.

A friend,

IS someone who's loving and caring.

A friend,

I hope you are.

## AMONGST OTHER'S

You laugh, You Joke, and you talk amongst other's.

You judge and put down,

Those who aren't in your circle.

A troubled past, and a unhappy life.

Another black man.

Who considers himself white.

You hate your own race.

So you judge and make fun.

until the shoe is on the other foot.

And it's a raising in the sun.

Your skin tone is black,

OR brown you may say.

Why not be happy?

And proud to say, I'm a black man.

Who made it to see another day.

No more hangings, or people getting stoned today.

Your mother's a Queen, your father a King.

You a prince, And the life to dream.

But you hang with these, who hate and dislike.

They quick to say,

Nigger, Monkey, or Ape,

You join in the fun, Never feeling out of place.

You should look in the mirror.

Think hard and clear, Why your people disrespect you.

And it should be clear.

## COLOR

Why Judge or hate?

Because of the color of my skin.

I'm dark or I'm brown.

So they judge and assume.

I'm this or I'm that,

He's a thug or a goon.

They stop, they stare.

hear whisper's of hate.

Even tho we are one.

And made the same.

Some smart,

Some Not.

It's different levels you see.

A nigger is a person,

Who's ignorant and weak.

That could be you.

OR it could be me.

Not because I'm black.

Now can you see.



## BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL

Intelligent and Ambitious,

A survivor they where.

Dedicated to free,

And fight the war.

That one day we will stand,

Together as one.

My sister,

My mother,

My father,

My brother,

All black and beautiful.

United we stand.

Generation to Generation,

Hope is our plan.

That we can be free:

From hate not love.

Judged only by one.

And,

That's the man above.

## BLESSING

A blessing you are.

To family and friends.

A joyful heart,

And,

Love within.

A wonderful woman,

And,

Anyone's aunt.

You feed the world.

So precious you were.

Saddening this day.

That you so far away.

The lord and savior,

Took you away.

No pain and suffering.

It's a joyful day.

# SORRY

Sorry for the pain I caused.

The things I said.

And the hearts I broke.

Sorry for being selfish,

When times were hard.

And not understanding,

That you were doing your part.

I hope it's not too late,

To forgive and forget.

Wish it was face to face.

Only thing is,

You're in a better place.

## REMEMBER

I remember your voice.

I remember your laugh.

Hate when you cried, and loved when you smiled.

I remember the time.

We had Thanksgiving.

2009,

Was more than giving.

You gave me the chance.

To make dessert, I made you proud.

So why does it hurt?

# AUNTIE

Someone I grew to know.

From a Infant,

To a boy,

To a young adult.

A woman whose,

Strong, black and beautiful,

And filled with joy.

Threw pain and suffering.

You stood strong as an ox.

My auntie,

My auntie,

The love will never stop.

## GONE

It's hard to believe.

That you are gone,  
To a better place.

That's now your new home.

The heavenly gates,  
you entered that day.  
When you saw the light,  
The lord led you away.

No more pain,

OR suffering.

Eternal life,

you live tonight.

## IN LOVING MEMORY

I remember the good,  
And the bad.

The happy times,  
And the sad.

The times we shared,  
The times we had.

The times we cried,  
The times we laughed.

In loving memory,  
you will always be.

My favorite aunt,  
Now,

Rest in peace.

# LABEL

They label me a thug.

They label me a hoodlum.

They label me a murderer,

With life coming soon.

Because of the color of my skin.

They quick to assume,

He just like them.

Let's lock him in a room.

Why judge or hate,

Why lie or steal.

They label us all,

If we don't look like them.



## ACCUSED

Beating, bloody and scared up.

You file a report,

False and untrue.

You say it was him.

Even tho you never spoke to him.

You accused him of being the person,

Who attacked you.

What were your intentions,

OR state of mind.

To destroy one's life.

Because your at rock bottom.

Accused and charged,

Then convicted.

Another black man,

In penitentiary.

## GUILTY

Convicted before I could,  
Crawl or walk,  
Speak or understand,  
That I would be guilty,  
For being a black man.  
They say we are innocent,  
Until proven guilty.  
But reality is,  
We're guilty until proven innocent.  
No more shall I hate.  
Nor shed tears.  
But understand,  
The plan to come.  
Guilty was just the beginning.  
The verdict has yet to come.

## A BLACK WOMAN

There's nothing more precious,  
Loving or caring,  
Then a strong black woman,  
Who's willing to marry,  
One of her own.  
Black beautiful and strong.  
Together they stand.  
They conquer it all.  
A black woman you are,  
A role model to many.  
There's nothing more precious.  
Black Love Needs Plenty.

# SUPERWOMAN

At a time when things were hard,  
You stepped up and played a part,  
Although your children are grown,  
You made sure we had a place,  
To call home.

I know it wasn't easy,  
But you always stayed strong,  
Even when trouble came,  
You acted the same.  
You're my Superwoman,  
Who never changed.

## SOUL FOOD

Today we gather,  
Together as one.  
We talk and we laugh,  
Have nothing but fun.  
As we feast,  
With family and friends.  
Threw tears of joy,  
Threw life of sins.  
We all hold hands  
To bless the food.  
Young and old,  
Love soul food.

## WHY

Why lie or cheat?

When we have something unique.

Who cooks and cleans.

Only ask you to rub her feet.

Long days at work,

She stressed and tired.

Only want one thing.

That's all on her mind.

She wants to cuddle,

Talk a little,

Maybe spend sometime.

Why get mad,

And blame her because your blind.

ANN

A woman of knowledge.

A woman with power.

With a heart of gold.

A woman named ANN.

New friendship, that I am proud to claim,

Never one to discourage or disappoint,

Nice to many not just a few.

Her name is ANN.

Number one supporter.

Never naughty only nice.

Now her name.

ANN.

PAM

Pretty as you can be.

An amazine woman that's clear to see.

Major temptations stand in your way.

Price's you pay when you play.

African American your proud to be.

Minor setbacks that many can see.

Probably the debt you have to pay.

Against all odds, still to this day.

Mother of four, A daughter to two.

P.S. mom,

I Love You.



## FAMILY FIRST

Down and out,  
With nowhere to go,  
And no one to call.  
You try on your own.  
Then realize your wrong.  
You swallow your pride,  
And ask for help.  
Family is there,  
Regardless the problem.  
They help and they help,  
Until it's no more needed.  
Showered with love,  
From your people.  
Family First.  
Forever and more.  
Love and peace.  
Until there's no more.

## SPECIAL

A special day to all who cared.  
2008,  
African Americans shared,  
A special day of making history.  
OBAMA,  
changed the lives of many.  
Eight years of running,  
The U.S.A.,  
OBAMA care,  
What's more to say.  
Thank you mr. and mrs. OBAMA,  
For the time and run,  
That helped single women.  
A special day.  
Now and forever.  
The OBAMA era.  
Who can do it better?

## FOR BETTER OR WORSE

For better or worse,  
Some may say.  
On a lonely night.  
You go out and play.  
Tear's are fallen,  
A heart is broken.  
And a family destroyed.  
Until death do us apart.  
Where the words you spoke.  
The vows you made,  
On your special day.  
In front of family and friends.  
You showed your love.  
Stand and fight,  
For what's rightfully yours.  
You can leave and let the next man in.  
And claim what's rightfully yours.  
For better or worse,  
Remember your vows.  
Communication is key.  
Now claim what's yours.

## STILL I STAND

Knocked down and beating.  
But still I stand.  
Took multiple loses,  
But here I Am,  
Can't seem to Win.  
Never did I complain.  
My day will come.  
From pain to success.  
No more losing.  
OR accepting defeat.  
Today's a new day.  
Keep pounding I may,  
Only looking forward.  
Forgetting the past.  
Still I stand.  
Through thick and thin.  
When times got tough.  
I held my own.  
The heart of a lion.  
May I say.

## EIGHT BY TEN

Eight by Ten.

A very discomfort place to be.

Small but big for two,

With cement floors,

Steel toilets,

And dirty paint.

But no one seems to care.

Whether we live or die.

Fight or stab each other to death.

It's very unsafe.

You should stay in your place.

And worry only about you.

Tomorrow is not promised.

Not,

The next second,

Minute,

Hour,

Day,

OR Month.

So stay ten toes down.

While surviving the worst.

Prison to prison,

Cell to cell.

Eight by ten.

It's all hell.

# RISE

A broken home.

A fatherless child.

A single mother.

But yet I rise.

Abandoned by many.

And cared for by few,

Supported by none.

But yet I rise.

Dedication and determination.

Created and opened more opportunities,

Take full advantage,

And live your life.

Today you rise.

Positive thoughts,

Positive energy,

And supportive loved ones,

Surrounds you at all times.

Today you rise.

Negative surroundings,

Bad energy,

Which leads to peer pressure.

What will you do?

The choice is yours.

Rise above and beyond all odds.

Today you will rise.

# SIMPLE

It's the thought that counts.  
Which makes the simple things matter.  
Like cooking dinner,  
Attending to the kids,  
OR during the chor's.  
Things that you just don't do.

Simple.

AS writting a loved one a letter,  
OR Sending him or her a card,  
Letting them know,  
Hey you crossed my mind,  
OR I love and miss you.

Simple.

AS being the bigger person.  
And letting things go.  
Not knowing the ending outcome.  
OR the next few seconds.  
Which could be life or death.

It's all simple.

But hard to do.

Work on the small.  
And become a better you.

Simple.

## CARELESS

Careless and cold hearted,

From a man who claims,

He love's and cares for everyone.

His plan is to make America great again.

So he says.

So careless is he.

He quick to judge and put down,

only blacks and browns.

He turn's smiles into frowns,

And destroying America more.

So careless is he.

What is plan B?

Why build a wall?

When Mexico is not our enemy.

So careless is he.



# Donald Trump

Why Donald Trump?

Who is selfish and Inconsiderate,  
With the mind of a reptile.  
He's only out for himself.  
And refuse to help

Those of color.

His only focus,  
IS building a wall.

What will that change?  
OR what will he gain?

Questions,  
Has he lied before?

Yes.

Has he cheated before?

Yes.

Has he hidden anything before?

Yes.

Who would benefit from Trump's decisions?

Him and him only.

Should he be re-elected?

Has he done anything that's beneficial to all?

No.

Making America great again,

Means none,

Donald Trump

## REST, IN, PEACE

So many years have past,  
But I can not let go of the past.  
Memories of you flood my mind,  
It's been nights I cried myself to sleep.  
Wishing you where still here,  
But know you are near.  
Losing you has hurt many,  
And broke plenty.  
Death,  
Will eventually happen to us all.  
For some they where too small.  
Even thoe you are gone.  
Family and Friends will remain strong,  
Remembering the good and funny times,  
While laughing at the bad times.  
In some eye's you did no wrong,  
Hope you are pain free after so long.  
During the holiday's your place remains empty.  
But I am glad I have my memories.  
Now as you lay in a better place.  
Peace, freedom and Justice for some,  
May you all,  
Rest, In, Peace.

## THOUGHTS BY A BROTHER

I am found guilty because the color of my skin.  
There was no evidence placing me at the scene of the crime.  
But still I was found guilty,  
By a jury of twelve,  
One of whom became the head jury,  
Had contact with the D.A.  
Now a verdict was reached.  
Nine and a half to eleven and a half years.  
I was wrongfully sentenced.  
Over 1,018 untested evidence,  
That North Carolina Know's will free many.  
There are so many wrongfully imprisoned cases,  
And yet nothing has changed.  
For blacks and browns the sentence are longer.  
While whites get a slap on the wrist.  
Prison is the modern day slavery for blacks.  
While rehab is prison for the lighter complexion.  
Why blacks, browns and whites can't get along?  
Because you have people in high places.  
Who was raised to hate darker faces.  
Now some wish they could trade places.  
For 2019,  
I wish it would all change.  
From wrongfully imprisoned  
And wrongfully death by the hands of the police

To thinking before we act.

And loving all as our own.

My thoughts,

Thank you all.