

Incarcerated:  
Spoken Words by The Artist Po

By

The Artist Po  
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Incarcerated is an anthology of poems (Spoken word pieces) based on topics ranging from analytical thinking on Mens Poa, to being abandoned by loved ones while incarcerated, and so on, all connected and reflective of the thoughts, feelings, and experiences experienced by a condemned prisoner during incarceration.

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## Introduction

On June 26, 2009 I, Asherdon Holloway, was apprehended by law enforcers for murder, assault & battery w/intent to kill (ABWIK), attempted armed robbery, and possession of a weapon during a violent crime. I was held in the Sumter County jail (South Carolina) amongst other detainees whom had similiar charges, but what made my particular case so high profile, was the fact that a one year old child was killed. The memory of it still haunts me to this day nine years later.

I was only eighteen years old when it happened. Being responsible for the death of an infant this way was a haard pill to swallow at eighteen years old. Pidden with the burden of guilt for almost two months (the period between the crime and my apprehension) I was so depressed over the incident, that by the time law enforcers caught up with me I was ready to get it all off my chest. Needless to say, I wrote a detailed confession surrendering myself to authorities and putting myself up for punishment.

I asked for a thirty year sentence (the mandatory minimum for murder in the state of South Carolina) because I felt it would been the appropriate punishment for my crime. After all, I was young, a first offender accepting responsibility for his crime, and as quiet as it is kept, the father of the child pulled his baby in front of

him, in the midst of me shooting at him.

Sure we can say the child would not have gotten shot if I had not been shooting. But how can we disregard the fact the child would not have gotten shot if the father hadn't run all the way into another room, grabbing and pulling him in front of himself, as if he intended for his child to get hit? Until then the baby was NEVER in the line of fire.

First the story was that the father of the child was at home "rocking his baby" when I knocked on the door. He answered the door, already holding his baby, when I started shooting. But then the story changed to, "He ran to the room and grabbed his baby, presumably to get him out of danger," which is a load of bull that shows they are trying to hide something.

Let's be clear about one thing: I don't want anyone to think I am not accepting responsibility for my actions. I know I should have never went to this man's home. I should never fired a single shot. But at the end of the day, this man still pulled his child in front of him. And I can't rest on that.

I was given a sixty-two year sentence instead of the mandatory minimum of thirty that I was asking for. Though thirty years would have been appropriate, the judge elected to impose a more deterrent punishment. Another very hard pill to swallow.

I never thought I would be writing and reciting

spoken words, but it has proven to be therapeutic for me while I'm dealing with what I'm dealing with. This is an anthology of spoken words based on some of my experiences during my incarceration, and some of the thoughts and feelings I transition through on a daily basis.

It is all really performance art rather than poetry, and I don't expect these pieces to be as impactful without the energy and physical expressions of the performer, given during recitation of them. Nevertheless they must be put out for the world to view.

From analytical thinking in pieces like *Mens Rea* (a legal term which means, a guilty mind, or criminal intent) to expressing heartbreak while incarcerated, in pieces like *Ridiculous*, and speaking truth to power in pieces like *Truth to Power*, I want to show the world that I am human, just like you. I love; I hate; I stress; I make mistakes; I feel pain; I regret; I learn; I grow.

## Mens Pea

If you hit a man  
Later you can apologize  
And the swelling on his eye  
Will go down after a while  
If you steal from a man  
You can acknowledge your wrong  
And give him back sevenfold  
When you return what you stole  
But what if you, rape a woman,  
Or, molest a child?  
Kill someone in cold blood,  
Execution style?  
Should you expect to be forgiven,  
If you sincerely repented?  
What if you were the victim?  
Would you really BE forgiving?  
Does time truly heal all wounds?  
Or are there some matters  
That just can't be undone?  
I ask because  
There are traumatic affects of certain crimes  
That people just don't come back from  
The death of a loved one,  
Witnessed by a young one  
And when the perp runs

After he's done  
The child is too stunned  
To call 911  
What about the child who's been defiled?  
The young boy sodomized  
The young girl who cried  
As a grown man tore up her insides  
She may never be able  
To bear a child  
Would it be a time to jail-  
Or a time to kill?  
How much time would heal  
The psychological ill  
Inflicted upon that little girl?  
And she was your daughter  
She was only ten  
Still a baby  
God's gift, your little angel  
Upon her crown you saw a halo  
And when she smiled  
Oh how she just glowed  
Now you're looking at her  
Face battered and bruised  
Blood stains in her clothes  
Due from forced entry into a womb  
That was not yet ready to know no man  
She's telling you, that she screamed for you

Over and over, yet you NEVER come  
You, you, you begin to lose it  
You, you don't know what to do  
Forget keeping your cool  
You keeping that tool  
You know in twenty-four hours or less  
You gone be on that news  
And you don't just want to kill the perp either  
Nah, nah, you want to torture  
Gag his mouth, kidnap and toss him  
Into a trunk  
Drive him to an undisclosed location  
Tie him up to a chair  
Turn him around  
Look in his eyes with the wickedest smile  
Right before you skin him alive  
Impale him, cut him in pieces  
Bury him in his own excretions  
Set him on fire  
Cause you want him to burn  
You want him to hurt  
You pray to your lord sweet Jesus  
Please don't let the LAW get to him first!  
See in the old testament it was eye for an eye  
Tooth for a tooth  
They took your life for the life you took  
They took your life for the one you defiled



There was no second chance  
For rapists and pedophiles  
Now they ask is there justice without mercy?  
You would think the punishment  
For committing a crime  
Would deter the mind entertaining the thought  
Being far from divine  
Only to find, that time after time  
The thoughts take over  
Converting to acts, which are way out of line  
But you don't want to try  
Understanding the why  
When the big bottom line is...  
People need help  
I'm talking psychiatric help  
What we think, manifests itself in what we do  
Sometimes we don't understand why we do what we do  
This is our subconsciousness manifesting itself  
Maybe if we penetrate these different realms of our conscience  
We can begin to understand what produces the sick mind  
Of the man who forces himself upon a woman,  
The relentless mind of the one who strips people  
Of their possessions, and even their lives  
Maybe with psychiatric help these minds could be corrected  
And in other minds these sicknesses can be prevented

## Baby Miller

May 8<sup>th</sup>, 2009, a crime was committed  
A discharging of a firearm  
And a robbery attempted  
Six to seven shots were fired  
And two bodies fell as victims  
To a frustrated youth  
Who had no business with a pistol  
He was drunk and unstable  
And things got out of hand  
Well somebody called the cops  
And this little boy ran  
Running, running, running  
He was rushing across the highway  
Passed a couple squad cars  
Hit his homies' driveway  
As the sirens sounded off  
He was drowning in his thoughts  
The neighborhood was wakened up  
Erupting into chaos  
Homies piling in the yard  
Passing through back and forth  
Everybody scared to death  
Everybody paranoid  
To see the nurse across the town  
The boy had to take a trip

He shot himself in the hand,  
Was wounded from the incident  
It was a night that ended crazy  
Yes, the tragedy of a lifetime  
That night the boy shot a baby  
And it was weighing heavily on his mind  
Now let's pause for a moment  
And bring it back  
Because this here is more than a spoken word  
Or a rap  
This here is far more  
Than just a simple song  
I'm going back to the beginning  
To try and figure where it went wrong  
Now I know that some of you may say  
That sixty years is not a bid  
When you almost shot a man to death  
And killed his little kid  
There's no excuse or explanation  
That can justify what I did  
And though there's two sides to a story  
And I have one, you don't want to hear it  
I was young and dumb and immature  
Unhappy as a broke nigga  
Mustered up the nerve  
To go and rob myself a dope dealer  
Went to his home, knocked on the door

He answered, we were face to face  
He eyed me with suspicion  
He was sensing that it wasn't safe  
I planned to shoot him in the stomach once  
So he would be afraid. I thought that if I shot him he would  
He turned and started racing buckle down to his knees  
So I chased him, trying to break him down  
He made it to his bedroom,  
Grabbed his baby, then he turned around  
You'd think a man who was in danger  
Would divert the danger from his child  
So that even though he was in danger  
His child would be safe and sound  
It happened in a flash  
Way too fast for me to stop in time  
But it was the last shot  
The after shock left flashes in my mind  
I prayed I didn't hit the baby,  
Prayed I didn't kill a baby  
When I returned from the hospital  
They told me I had hit the baby  
I drank till I passed out  
I passed out still praying  
I prayed day after day  
The baby died days later  
The father was in a coma  
What have I done?!

I awoke in cold sweats  
For the next few months  
The homies avoided me  
Only few would support me  
I couldn't talk to my mother  
She would be so disappointed  
Police retrieved me from school  
Interrogated me once  
I made it out, graduated,  
And skipped to Georgia with unc  
My victim woke from a coma  
And my picture he saw  
In a six man line-up  
My mother gave me a call...

## Incarcerated

I missed the birth day  
Of my first nephew  
I missed his first chew  
After the growth of his first tooth  
I missed his first words, first steps  
And his first day of school  
I couldn't burp or babysit him  
Couldn't play peek-a-boo  
But I caught Barak's inauguration  
Made it to my graduation  
Then Mrs. Tracey died of cancer  
Only three weeks later  
She was the church's first lady  
Being married to the pastor  
Such a virtuous woman  
She was like my grandmother  
I knew I messed up  
And I knew the state was coming  
Finally they caught up  
And there went my summer  
No Anderson College,  
Military as an option  
Only future I would have  
Is to deal with the Karma  
And the Karma came strong

I had two incidents  
The second one I got lynched  
And almost beat to death  
Couldn't stay in population  
They put me on P.C.  
To keep those who had a vengeance  
From getting at me  
I've been through a couple phases  
Gave my life to the Lord  
Accepted Christ as my Saviour  
Till I read Niggas to Gods

★ (I have to back track a little bit and put this thing into proper sequence. I left out some very important detail.)

The Karma came strong  
I had two incidents  
The second one I got lynched  
And almost beat to death  
Couldn't stay in population  
They put me on P.C.  
To keep those who had a vengeance  
From getting at me  
Apologies are not enough  
So how do I right my wrong?  
The family is not touched  
Their little one is still gone

To see the overflowing tears  
My first appearance in a court  
To know that I had brought the pain  
It just hurts me to my heart  
Cameras flashing in my face  
It's the man who killed the baby  
Judge is looking at me crazy  
But they must have me mistaken  
I'm no killer, cold-hearted  
No regard for human life  
I have a heart, I care about  
What happened on that dreadful night  
Heading back to my cell  
My life flashed before my eyes  
When I got back to my cell  
I just broke down and cried  
It was a very low point  
But I was lifted by a light  
I heard the voice of God  
He said he had a plan for my life

★(The revelation hit hard because it was something Mrs. Tracey always told me. I was starting to believe she knew something I didn't.)

Then came my transformation  
And the death of Mrs. Tracey



Then my strive as a christian  
Singing songs in the sermon  
Had my first altercation  
Then a subsequent lynching  
Then I read Niggas to Gods  
Changed perspective on religion  
My nephew had been born on February 20<sup>th</sup>  
Then two years had gone by  
And the judge gave me my sentence  
Now I'm sitting here in prison  
With a sentence so extensive  
That I constantly be stressing  
Heading into a depression  
Missing funerals and weddings, graduations, school dances  
I can barely get a picture  
Of the moments most precious  
My connections are disconnecting  
No ones writing any letters  
Barely answering the phone  
Few are making any effort  
I said I missed the most beautiful of weddings  
Brother married his baby mother  
Cousin married her baby father  
Aunty married a truck driver  
I missed some funeral receptions  
Aunty died from heart attack  
Homey died from heart attack

A couple others shot to death  
My closest homies left me hanging  
I will soon be forgotten  
I'm just stating what's apparant  
Being lost in this system  
Nobody really cares it's not them doing the time  
What I must go through in here  
It's not an issue on their minds  
Plus it goes without saying  
What they really want to say is  
I'm the one who made this bed  
So I just need to lay in it  
It's not their fault I walk around  
With so much stress up on my chest  
Constantly locked down behind the institution B.S.  
My manhood's under attack  
Because I can't be with a woman  
And I'm not gay  
So I can't turn to men to substitute them  
How could you preclude the union?  
It's our natural right as human  
It's a form of genocide  
It keeps us from reproducing  
The Holy books tell us persecution's worst than slaughter  
And I'm feeling persecuted  
This experience is torture  
In life without parole

Life as we know becomes a memory

• It's just as bad, if not then worse

Than the death penalty

I'm sitting in the dark having suicidal thoughts

Only thing holding me back

Is that I'm holding on to hope

This can't be where it ends for me

## The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness

Am I supposed to be complacent  
With being placed in this undercaste  
Of institutional annihilation  
Known as mass incarceration?  
Marginalized from society  
Looked upon as being  
The scum of the earth  
For a lack of propriety  
Okay him without sin  
You can cast the first stone  
I bet if we use that method  
Not a rock would be thrown  
Please pardon my mistakes  
Yes I know I've done wrong  
But have a heart for an inmate  
I'm striving to move on  
I know the impact of my crime  
And the lives that it changed  
It had an impact on mine  
I have never been the same  
I'm overwhelmed with regret  
Everytime I reflect  
I fall deeper into stress  
Because I can't take it back  
I know it's hard to forgive

And sometimes harder to forget  
When you're the victim of a crime  
And have been trespassed against  
Believe me I feel your pain  
I've been a victim myself  
Of every crime from burglary,  
Assault and battery, and theft  
I know brothers who were messed with  
And molested as a child  
You never know what type of experiences  
Have turned a brother out  
You never know what kind of roll models  
They had up in the house  
Drunks, drug addicts, and pedophiles  
Upon the couch  
Predators who prey on  
The innocence of a child  
But this is not the type of issue  
That you want to talk about  
You just want to point the finger  
Get attention off yourself  
Knowing good and well  
Some of yall have done a lot worse  
But I know it's not about yall  
It's about those of us in prison  
Whom got caught for our crimes  
And subsequently got convicted

With a criminalized image  
There will be no outcry from the public  
When you decide to have your way with us  
You're justified in handing down  
A mandatory sentence  
We're denied relief  
Even with technicalities presented  
Technicalities omitted  
Violations are permitted, and defended  
By judges with their consenting opinions  
Now who becomes the victim?  
I probably would've gotten acquitted  
If I had enough money  
To afford effective assistance  
When the judge dropped the gavel  
I just knew that I was finished  
Off the lies that were told  
And the facts that were twisted  
What happened to exculpatory evidence?  
You know, the type that tends to prove innocence  
Or reduce a sentence  
And what happened to Due Process?  
If it's not applied how can I  
Exercise my 14th amendment?  
I agree with my conviction  
And that's why I plead guilty  
Only problem that I have

It is ~~with~~ with the way that you sentenced me  
For a system that boasts sincerity  
For its citizens' security  
Claiming to render justice  
That's justice before victory  
You offered me no sympathy  
Taking away my liberty  
I just have to ask the question  
Where is your integrity?

## Ridiculous

How ridiculous to think  
That I could woo you with my words  
That we could really mix  
When we exist in different worlds  
How ridiculous was I  
Thought I could charm you with my smile  
See you walking up the aisle  
Think that you would have my child  
I thought that we were similiar  
And really speaking from the heart  
No thought could be more sillier  
Than I ever thought  
Yes I was so ridiculous  
I was such an idiot  
I thought I read you well  
I guess I was illiterate  
To think you would be here for me  
To write me and to visit me  
To answer every time I call  
Excited just to hear from me  
To be more than a fantasy  
To be my new reality  
To be there for me mentally  
consistent, not sporadically  
I thought that you were into me



I was really into you  
I could feel your energy  
It felt so incredible  
But I was so ridiculous  
I was such an idiot  
I thought I read you well  
But I was so illiterate  
I said I wasn't vulnerable  
Said I wasn't desperate  
That was just me talking tough  
And that much was evident  
But you are way too beautiful  
And way too intelligent  
To be dealing with criminals  
You have your life ahead of you  
But talking to you daily  
Was the way that I made my escape  
From the harsh realities  
I have to deal with everyday  
Superwoman you put on your cape  
And then we'd fly away  
I put my trust into you  
Let you lead me to a safer place  
I know I must get over you  
But you left an impression on me  
Conversation, wonderful  
I thought we had so much in common

Your voice was so musical  
Yes I just loved to listen to you  
That is just one attribute  
Remarkable I miss about you  
Told you if I had the vocals  
I would love to sing to you  
I was hoping  
That there was a joy that I could bring to you  
You stayed on my mind  
I didn't have to sleep to dream of you  
This is past infatuation  
Really had a thing for you  
I was gonna open up  
More and more everytime  
Never holding Nothing back  
Never telling you a lie  
I was gonna share my feelings  
Thought I could really make you mind  
Who was I kidding?  
It would never work long as I have this time  
Shouldn't have ever said I loved you  
Really should've held it in  
Caught in the delusion  
Of the heaven that you put me in  
You disappeared without a trace  
And it started sinking in  
I set myself up



I wasn't looking for a ghost  
But I was looking for a boo  
A woman who would be there  
And to help me make it through  
I was seeking happiness  
So tired of feeling blue  
I just shouldn't have thought  
That I could have that happiness with you  
Damn. I was so ridiculous  
I was such an idiot  
I thought I read you well  
Turns out I was illiterate

## Lost Love

Why do I torture myself  
Looking at your pics?  
A smile no longer meant for me  
Lips I can't even kiss  
Eyes locked in time,  
But not locked on mine  
To see that I still exist  
You are so far from my grip  
All I can do is reminisce  
Trapped in a time  
I wish that I can forget  
You have become a distant memory  
Who doesn't remember me  
Yet I sit here remembering  
What I thought was  
What I thought was love,  
But was never that  
All the times I said I loved you  
And you never said it back  
All the times I said I loved you  
Wish that I can take them back  
But I can't. Because I meant it  
And now I feel like a damn fool  
What I did I did for you  
You were starting to outgrow me

To frown upon me, leave me lonely  
And it was all my fault  
I was becoming an alcoholic  
Kept no money in the wallet  
Unproductive and undesirable  
You started to abhor it  
I was done with the talking  
A dealer became the target  
If the hit went successful  
Could~~be~~ made a major profit  
And I figure my prize would've been you  
Damn. I never took you on a date  
I should've took you to the prom  
We never spent the day  
We never had our private time  
I should've brought you to my mom  
I never brought it like a Don  
I didn't have what it took  
Soon you started catching on  
And you started moving on  
I couldn't take it  
My heart was breaking  
I started pacing  
Back and forth, feeling frustrated  
Growing impatient  
The lack of progress I was making  
Getting wasted

I'm gulping down bottles  
And getting drunk  
And you know what?  
Enough was enough  
This wouldn't have happened  
If it wasn't for love  
But we weren't in love  
I was just a sucker for love  
I couldn't show you the way I told you  
And that point had been proven  
I guess I had the right idea  
But a poor execution  
Now look at me  
Sitting in prison looking stupid  
You're states away in college  
With a much brighter future  
No old flings checking in  
To see how I am doing  
No old flings worrying about  
The time that I am doing  
But I don't stress for old flings  
I never lost my cool  
You're the only one that mattered  
Girl, my greatest lost was you  
Now this is not a cry to get you back  
In fact, I can never get back  
What I never really had

I just want to show you  
Where my heart was at  
How I felt for you and failed with you  
All those years back  
Staring at beautiful eyes  
And a beautiful smile  
Reading your status  
It says you're in a relationship now  
It makes me so proud  
To see you at your best  
I know you'll only do better,  
My Lost Love. God bless  
Take care



## Dear Mama

Dear Mama

Never have I ever  
Met a woman so strong  
As a child being raised  
In a single parent home  
The things you've endured  
And the ways you have grown  
And the way you'd transformed  
And became supermom  
You were dependent on the farm  
Then dependent on a man  
But grew independent, and  
You gave yourself a chance  
To try your own hand  
To try your own luck  
Yeah we've been to the shelter  
But we made it through that struggle  
No lights, no gas,  
~~No water, no beds~~  
No knife, no spoon,  
cereal in a glass  
You didn't have a car  
Barely money for a cab  
So we walked everywhere  
And we toted grocery bags

coming back from the store  
One couch to relax  
Used to hate it that we didn't have what our friends had  
But it was never that bad  
Because we always had you  
You were all we ever needed  
We would always make it through  
And you were used and abused  
Abused and re-used  
But no one could break your spirit  
You would heal from the bruise  
That's bruise after bruise  
During the abuse  
You would fight for your life  
So determined not to lose  
The day threw that gas  
Everyone could smell the fumes  
No he didn't light the match  
But it still wasn't cool  
A few acts after that  
And you really had to choose  
Between life over death  
You chose life and we moved  
You were a mama and a daddy  
Babysitter and a nanny  
Used to break your back for us  
Just to try and keep us happy

I need to apologize  
For every night I didn't make curfew  
For smoking inside even though you told me not to  
You used to always tell me  
That, "Your friends ain't your friends"  
And that one day  
I would wish I was listenin'  
I need to apologize  
That at the time I didn't care  
Skipping school having you believe I was there  
But you pushed hard  
And I'm so glad you were patient  
If I didn't have you pushing  
Probably wouldn't have graduated  
I need to apologize  
For stashing dope in the room  
Could've gotten evicted  
If the cops raided our home  
And it didn't help  
I also had guns in the dresser  
Hot from a heist  
That could've really brought some heat to us  
I need to apologize  
I told lie after lie about not being high  
But you could smell it in my clothes  
You could see it in my eyes  
With liquor on my breath

Swore I was getting by  
The illusion that accompanies intoxicated minds  
I tried to play you for a fool  
I kept breaking all the rules  
The nerve to eat up all the food  
Yeah that's what that weed'll do  
Didn't appreciate the fast  
All you wanted was the best  
In disagreement with your methods  
My protests were in effect  
I was young, I was dumb,  
Thought I was witty,  
I was foolish, I was silly,  
Please forgive me, I just really...  
Need to apologize. And I need to thank you  
Because to have you as my mother I am blessed  
For loving me  
And at the same time dealing with my mess  
It's with you I celebrate  
And dedicate this spoken word  
Saying Happy Mother's Day  
To the best mother in the world

\*(To Mom)

They say I'm scum  
You say I'm great  
They say I've done wrong

You say we all make mistakes  
They been gave up  
But you're still praying for me  
They been gave up  
But you're still waiting on me  
And last but not least  
You hold on to the belief  
That I am one of the brightest stars  
This universe could ever conceive  
You are my heart, my love, and my joy  
I love you mom)

## Black Knight

This young man is a knight  
In every sense of the word  
He's a friend to some  
And a helper to others  
And very intelligent with his words  
He gives good conversation  
and quality advice  
He has exceeded the average  
Young man of his time  
With knowledge, wisdom  
And the understanding he possesses  
This young man can put the average  
Older man through the tests  
He is a rare black knight  
Knowledge of self doesn't come easy  
It comes with years of learning  
This young man has a hunger  
And it's definitely for a higher learning!  
A knight is a symbol of power  
And the brains of a black man  
is like the twin towers,  
constantly rising to higher levels  
The black knight will definitely not drop  
Below zero level  
When you step to a black knight

And get on his level  
Best believe, my brother  
You have risen to a whole new level  
Brother Holloway has surpassed it all  
He possesses knowledge, wisdom  
And understanding that some so called knights  
won't conquer at all  
This is right  
He is a black knight!  
His destiny is coming,  
For him to be the new and improved black knight  
His destination is to enter supreme knowledge of self  
For he possesses knowledge, wisdom, and understanding  
He's getting all that's in sight  
He is a young black knight

★ (This build was written and given to me by a brother  
I met in lock up at the Sumter County jail. We  
shared dialogue about white supremacy, law, and black  
history. It was from him I received a copy of the  
book From Niggas to Gods by Akil.)

## Legacy

The lights are on  
But it's still pitch black  
My life prolongs  
But I can't relax  
I'm in a bad place mentally  
Locked in a cell sitting miserably  
Haunted by a memory  
I'm wishing that I'd done things differently  
Feeling like I threw my life away  
It's what's playing on my conscience  
Could've been a great writer  
Could've won a couple Oscars  
Could've been an icon  
Could've been a role model  
Could've been a trendsetter,  
Sex symbol, and a mogul  
I just want to leave a legacy  
I just want to be one of the greatest  
I just want you all to see the best of me  
I just want to achieve greatness  
Now, some are poets, some are rappers  
Some are singers, some are dancers  
Some are athletes, some are actors  
And some could tell jokes that keep us laughing  
Some are pastors, some are imams



And some are politicians  
Who sell their souls for riches  
And to be among the privileged  
With no sincerity of love  
For the ones they represent  
All these standards that they preach  
They have compromised against  
They are not the ones to admire  
Not the ones to follow  
These are the shepherds  
Who lead the sheep to the slaughter  
Not activists, but pacifists  
Bout lichers, apologists  
Bu lying and misguiding  
They commit the worst of robberies  
The people really 'bout action  
The ones who really standing  
Could share the same fate  
As the late Fred Hampton  
Infiltrated, assassinated  
Some even incarcerated  
Held back on false charges  
Fighting to be liberated  
With civil rights leaders  
And Black Power redeemers  
Slaves who raised revolts on the plantation  
Fighting for their freedom

We get stuck on the Lebrons  
And how they use their platforms  
And forget the legacy  
These visionaries left behind  
I'm talking true legacy  
Not the diluted version we've been given in grade school  
See, Martin Luther King was bigger than "I have a dream"  
Malcom X was bigger than "By Any Means"  
Marcus Garvey was bigger than "Back to Africa"  
And killing "pigs" wasn't the Panthers' greatest agenda  
These people were legendary, visionary, revolutionary  
Their legacies shall not be disrespected or discredited  
It's amazing how we can be so negative  
Be careful of what you say  
Before you make a statement  
And ask yourself what have you  
Done for anybody lately?  
Build a school or a steamship company?  
Provide a free breakfast program for your community?  
Would you really die for the people  
That you claim you're representing?  
Will a hundred cities riot over YOUR assassination?  
Who are you?  
Do you claim to be a child of God  
In the fight against Satan?  
Or a revolutionary in the fight against oppression?  
What would it take to kill your spirit

Just to stop your insurrection?  
Could you be bought by the oppressor  
Is the million dollar question  
I will not be bought  
For no price will I be hired  
Nor shall I be silenced  
By a single threat of violence  
I am a legendary, visionary, revolutionary  
I shall not be defined by the crime I committed  
Nor shall my life be confined  
To the time I've been sentenced  
My mind goes beyond all your limits  
That's the mind of a genius  
Not the mind of a menace  
My strive has been progressive  
Since the guide has been present  
I don't need your assistance  
The Most High is sufficient  
I will not die before his plan for me is finished  
See they hate it when I talk like this  
It makes them want to do a background check  
They say, "This nigga thinks he has all the sense"  
"He's no George Jackson"  
"He's no Fred Hampton"  
Well I agree  
Compared to them I am weak  
But in my mind I am free

No longer blinded from the truth  
With my mind I can see  
No longer blinded from the truth  
In my mind I'm at peace  
I will die before I compromise against my strive  
Don't spare me and tell me  
I'm lucky to be alive  
I'm like Patrick Henry  
"Give me death or give me liberty"  
Willing to take it to the extent of death  
If you do not take me seriously  
602 years is what they sentenced me  
Most suspect that this sentence is the end of me  
But it's for a greater cause  
You all shall remember me  
This is not the end  
It's the beginning of a legacy

## Truth to Power

J. Edgar Hoover was a 33rd degree  
Mason and Shriner

One of his objectives through COINTEL

Was to stop the rise of a black messiah

One produced from a black nationalist group

Who could electrify us

The U.S. spent decades and dollars

To positively identify him

Identify him for what?

Electrify us for what?

What inspired the higher powers

To conspire on us?

The poor, rejected and despised

Persecuted and demised

A generation that could rise

Through the elevation of our minds

See cause, we were once considered

Gods and Goddesses, Kings and Queens

Rulers in the mother land

Until the other man intervened

Fast forward through slavery

Fast forward to the eighties

The ages of the Nixon

And Reagan administrations

When factories in black cities

Closed and left America  
Crack hit the scene and shattered dreams  
Broke families, disaster struck  
We became involved in a life of crime  
As the only way to make a living  
Ironically, making a killing  
Arrested, thrown into prison  
Crooked politicians  
Calling us thugs when we're not  
It's like the pot calling the kettle hot  
You kick the dog it'll bark  
Put in this condition  
By the real thugs and criminals  
To label us as such  
It's beyond hypocritical  
AIDS wasn't an accident  
Ebola wasn't an accident  
Criminal justice is corrupt  
It's the way they wash their hands with us  
What is to be produced  
When we face these disadvantages  
I'm walking with a sag  
Because I give the world my ass to kiss  
Black lives matter  
Don't tell me all lives matter  
I know all lives matter  
But the black life .

Was the first life  
And all other lives came after  
So when you speak of the black life  
It's the whole of the human family  
And it's the black life  
Out of all life  
That's in danger here in America  
Always have been and we still are  
I'm just speaking history  
I'm speaking statistically  
This is not a simple speech  
Mamas' hearts be skipping beats  
When we fall victim to these streets  
And as I speak it proceeds  
To increase with intensity  
Senseless violence, race profiling  
Incarcerated and deprived of  
Life and liberty  
Where's the justice?  
The scales are tipped  
They judge us blindly  
Shall the lawful captive be delivered?  
That's why you need to read the scriptures  
God promised he would save his people  
From the wicked men who saw this evil  
J. Edgar Hoover was a 33rd degree  
Mason and Shriner

One of his objectives through COINTEL  
Was to stop the rise of a black messiah  
One produced from a black nationalist group  
Who could electrify us  
The U.S. spent decades and dollars  
To positively identify him  
Well I testify that the FBI.  
Has identified the messiah  
I testify he's the same man  
Who anointed Elijah  
Raised him from the dead  
Reformed him with Islam  
Blessed him with a whole Nation  
And a helper in Farrakhan  
One who won't compromise  
Against lies he testifies  
Living proof of the truth  
That removes the scales from our eyes  
An extension of the messiah  
Under whose guidance I strive  
I stand here as a man  
This Messiah electrified  
Peace.



## Outroduction

For a long time I looked for someone to blame for my crime. I blamed the White Man for creating an environment that cultivates criminal minds and encourages criminal behaviour.

I blamed my parents for birthing me in poverty, as if being born a black male in a white supremacist world wasn't challenging enough.

I blamed my father for allowing my mother to take me away from family, travelling over 600 miles to nothing because of her personal issues with them. As a jack of all trades (carpentry, plumbing, etc.) a master of art (having paintings the size of your wall) and musician, my father had more to cultivate within me as I came of age than my mother did.

I feel like I would've been a jack of all trades being raised under my father. I feel like I would not have just been capable, but very well able, to create a masterpiece the size of your wall using oil paint. And I feel like I would've been an excellent guitarist and pianist.

If you were to ask me, I would tell you my father took the easy way out of parenting by ridding himself of the responsibility of raising a child under him.

I wanted to blame my brother for catching a charge in New York one Summer vacation, which resulted in him having to stay for court, and forcing us to be split up again, as

I was to head down south to South Carolina alone. I feel like he wasn't concerned with what the split would do to our relationship, being able to strengthen our bond as brothers and creating more memories than we had. All he had to offer as comforting words during my departure was, "Make your name ring bells."

I wanted to blame my Right Hand Man, who became a big brother to me, by default of my biological older brother, for not stopping me from throwing my life away over this crime. If there was anybody that I would've listened to, it was him.

I also wanted to blame the dope dealer I attempted to rob, for pulling his child in front of him while I was shooting at him, which resulted in the child getting hit, and me being convicted of murder. The murder gave me an additional fifty years to run consecutive to the twelve years I was sentenced for the assault & battery with the intent to kill.

But when it was all said and done, I really couldn't blame anyone but myself.

Yes the White Man did create and perpetuate the volatile atmosphere in our disenfranchised communities, with the intention of cultivating criminal behaviour. But I had a loving mother who would break my neck if she knew that I was bringing drugs and guns into the house. She gave me curfew, would call, and would personally come and collect me from my friend's house to make sure I

wasn't out in the streets all times of night doing god knows what.

I most definitely would not have graduated from high school if it wasn't for my mother making sure I had it as priority. And even outside of her, I had teachers who recognized my potential and encouraged me to capitalize on it.

My father may have never sent the easel, canvases, and guitar he promised to send me down from New York, but every summer I went up to spend with him he would have me drawing or painting. The instruments and the art supplies were always available to me. And I had the option of joining my father at work and getting hands on experience in his field of carpentry, if I really wanted to learn it.

Yes, my brother did want to stay in New York, but his situation was nothing personal against me. And I really could've stayed, too. But I chose to return to the south. Because at this point, I had found a surrogate family consisting of brothers whom I wanted to have raise me to be just like.

My Right Hand Man could've stopped me from making the biggest mistake of my life. The truth is he had already stopped me so many times before. Yes, he did take advantage of my stupidity on several occasions. But the fact of the matter is that we were both alcoholics, becoming junkies. And you know how desperate, selfish, and inconsiderate

junkies can get. You know it was bad when we started bragging about having "stacks in our lungs" and "stacks in our stomachs" to account for the money we couldn't keep in our pockets because we were blowing it on weed and liquor.

And while I'll never be able to understand why this man pulled his baby into the line of fire, I should have never brought that type of heat to his home in the first place.

People wonder why I would write a statement on myself, closing the investigators' case for them. People wonder why I chose not to retaliate against the victims' family and friends' vengeful lynching of me. People just don't understand how the death of an infant by my hand had affected me.

My admission of guilt gave me closure. And I felt like I deserved the lynching.

The stress induced by the excessive sentence was part of my punishment. As was the missed opportunity to attend college; and every wedding, funeral, and special moment shared by my family and friends that I missed due to my incarceration.

I lost the chance to be with the girl who I thought was the love of my life. And whether it was my crime, sentence, or whatever else that ran a recent fling off, I experienced another heartbreak when she did. It was heartbreaking because she had me believing what we had was real. Yes, I was so ridiculous. But this, as well, was part of my punishment.

But my punishment could've been worse. I could've been killed! Instead, the Most High granted me a new beginning. Another chance to make my mother proud. It'll be no problem for me this time. Because now I'm doing what I'm supposed to be doing.

The Best Mom in the World

