

Voices Of The Oppressed

By Tanner George Cummings

Tanner George Cummings

Book title: Voices of the Oppressed  
Book Category: Nonfiction/poetry  
Author/Compiler: Tanner George Cummings  
Author's Current Unit Of Assignment & Address:  
Darrington Unit  
59 Darrington Rd.  
Rosharon, TX 77583  
Author's DOC/ID #: 1413924  
Author's other title's: The Cell Chef Published By FreeBird Publishers  
Publishers website: [www.FreeBirdPublishers.com](http://www.FreeBirdPublishers.com)  
Coming soon: The Cell Chef 2  
Date: August, 28th, 2018, Tuesday

Voices of the Oppressed is a nonfiction collective of poems that express every thought of feelings from love to yearning anger self hate destruction loss and so much more. Dive off into their world and discover that prisoners are still humans caught up in satans snares encouraged by our government. Be carefull you could too one day be in their position or worse if your not carefull.

THE ECHO is a criminal justice publication produced by the publisher and staff for use by TDCJ offenders. Permission is granted to inmates for the reproduction of non-copyrighted materials, provided credit is given to the author and publication.

Annual subscriptions to THE ECHO can be purchased for \$12. Money orders or personal checks must be made out to: THE ECHO/WSD. Correspondence must be addressed to The Echo, P.O. Box 40, Huntsville, TX 77342-0040.

Offenders can write The Echo by Truck Mail.

The Echo, has been in publication since 1928.

Commissary day  
By Jeremy Brock

Tom petty sings, "The waiting is the hardest part!"  
Who says food and drink isn't a lost art?  
The proof is in the pudding, so they say, and  
the clock goes tick-tock as you wait on commissary day.

The line is long, and tensions run high,  
scanning the out list makes me sigh.  
Bags ready in their hands,  
slips filled out with master plans.

Everyone has their commissary dreams,  
mine starts with chili, no beans.  
Multiple pints of cookies and cream,  
brain freezes so powerful they'll make you scream.  
If the money is there,  
there will be a lot of fruit to share.  
When the card swipes zero,  
there will be no heroes.

Back they come one by one,  
carrying those treasures  
That will bring them untold pleasures,  
but still kept in check with limited measures.

The day is now over,  
the commissary window is closed down.  
Most people in the dorm are celebrating,  
like a night on the town.

Another commissary day is in the books,  
as supplies are packed away in their nooks.  
With cookies and soups galore,  
the night ends with a familiar roar.

Angel baby perfume

By Steven Borgess

Early one summer morning, an angel came to me.  
She enlightened me on my future,  
saying her name was Cheyenne B.  
She took a seat right beside me,  
and I saw the hurt in her eyes.  
She tries to hide her pain like I do,  
but I know that it's just a disguise.

He fell from the heavens, with dark brown hair,  
big brown eyes and a trance-like stare.  
A secret like spring time in full April blooms,  
I remember his scent, an angel's baby perfume.

A few weeks later she broke the news,  
"I'm to have your baby, in October he's due."  
She hung her head and shed her tears,  
and in my arms, I cast away her fears.

He fell from the heavens with dark brown hair,  
big brown eyes and a trance-like stare.  
A secret like spring time in full April blooms  
I remember his scent, an angel's baby perfume.

The time it came when she conceived,  
my baby son who was the world to be,  
he had his Daddy's nose and his Daddy's hair,  
his Mommy's eyes and her trance-like stare.  
They were all that I wanted, all wrapped up in love.

That's why I ask myself why was love not enough,  
I took to the sky and I ask myself why.  
I choke on my tears as they fall from my eyes.  
I hang my head in shame because...

The family I lost for the man I was,  
My angel, my baby forever assumed.  
Is now just a scent of angel baby perfume.

Watching the world through razor wire

By Lauren Aycock

Watching the world through razor wire  
trying to accept this way of life.  
My heart is here behind these bars,  
while everyone I love is away too far.  
Life goes on and I am stuck here,  
facing my greatest fears.  
My son is growing up without a mom or dad  
and I long for my husband's touch so bad.  
They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
but the void in my life causes me to sit here and ponder.  
How did things get this distorted?  
Now I have got all my problems sorted.  
I am so ready to get out and make a difference  
now that I know my purpose,  
no day is easy, but the lessons I have learned are well worth it.  
A new person I have become, changed with head held high,  
for once in my life I am going to do the right thing to get by.  
Proud is what my son and family will be,  
for now there nothing stopping me.  
Failure is not even an option, there is no looking back,  
I have finally got my life back on track.  
I no longer want to be surrounded by grief,  
all I can do is pray the judge grants me relief.  
I want to go home,  
I am so tired of being alone.  
I miss the night and day,  
everyone has drifted so far away.

Life is ever changing and here I am,  
not missing who I was, happy to be who I've become.  
Ready to break these chains,  
I have got the whole world to gain: I'm tired of all this pain.  
God, please open these doors,  
I don't want to be in prison anymore.

My Life

By John E. Green

In my life I have paid the ultimate cost,  
from mistakes I have made to all the time I have lost.  
Memories of me are forgotten with dreams left ~~Unborn~~,  
with no strength to keep fighting I am broken and torn.  
In a world wrapped in barbed wire, I am surrounded by hate,  
so if this life that I'm living, then my life is a mistake.  
But how can I change when no one's got my back?  
Full of heartache and pain, I keep falling off track.  
So I look to the path that I've walked all these years,  
I see regrets. I see ~~failures~~. I see loneliness and tears.  
The biggest fear in my life is being left all alone,  
but I must accept it 'cause that's the seed that I've sown.  
So today I will stand and I will break off these chains.  
I will defeat all my fears and put away all my pain.  
Holding close to this strength I've been given to fight,  
I will destroy these mistakes I've been living all my life.



Wondering

By Alejandro Garcia

As I wait here for the night to pass  
I keep tossing and turning remembering the past.  
In this lonely room I feel so worried and alone  
knowing my son needs me home.  
I have not seen him in more than a year  
and the more I think of him I come to tears.  
I always wonder if he's out there thinking about his daddy  
or if he's out there playing with his toys without me.  
He was my life and joy: he was my world-I told him that before,  
but his mom grabbed him and walked out the door.  
Now not knowing anything about him,  
with no mail or even a word  
my heart weeps as if stabbed with a sword.  
If I could just see him and hold him tight  
I know his love will make everything alright.  
All the hurt and sorrow would be gone  
I would like to let him know that I'll be home.  
I think of him each and every day  
then I wonder why I had to leave him this way.

Tormented

By William Hill

My soul is tormented; my mind is demented  
While my emotions are conflicted from wounds self-inflicted.  
There are things dragging me down, spinning me around and around.  
My feet can't find solid ground, everywhere quicksand abounds.

Do I stay or do I go, do I even want to know?

Do I fight the undertow or just go with the flow?

What is wrong with me; why can't I see?

Why not just flee where I can just be?

My soul is tormented, while my mind is demented.

While my emotions are conflicted, from wounds self-inflicted.

There are things dragging me down, spinning me around and around.

My feet can't find solid ground, everywhere quicksand abounds.

Decay

By Rainee Burton

Trust, faith, love, hope,

all disappear when you use dope.

Fighting, anger, hurt, pain,

substances are what's to blame.

Heroin, alcohol, crack, speed,

when consumed, it will stop your dreams.

Brain cells, blackouts, memory loss,

a temporary high, and what's the cost?

Parents, siblings, and even your kids,

will disappear with your will to live.

Insanity, paranoia, delusions, fears,

they will take over your mind in your drug years.

Pipes in your mouth and needled in your veins.

Let the devil inside, and he'll return.

Probation, jail, prison and parole,

The devil got in and stole your soul.

Overdose, murder, coma, or death,

are the final results. You've paid your debit.

Trust, faith, love, hope,

All disappear when you use dope.

Parole

By Reagan Watson

He's been up since long before the sunrise,  
communing with the relative silence,  
cleansing his relative thoughts  
--struggling to comprehend.

At last the intercom garbles his name--  
stripping even that  
of total understanding..

The slip slides through his fingers  
and he lets it lie where it-- leaving  
lost what he can't retrieve behind him.

As he approaches the visitation yard  
he sees his daughter sitting at her  
favorite table with his four-year old  
granddaughter perched in her lap. She  
has her head down paying motherly  
attention as the child chatters  
her daughterly condition.

When the guard grabs the gate,  
the distinctive mechanical clank brings their heads up as one-  
searching to breathe between them. The child wiggles wildly  
and the mother accommodates-pencil legs pumping like  
pistons, arms flung straight in the air-she vibrates in

his direction. "Bapa! Papa!" she announces  
as he kneels to form a berth for their embrace.  
"Give Papa a kiss," he whispers while  
picking her; true to their ritual, noses touch.

"Papa? Did you know that the purse you made for me  
is just like Momma's?" He pretends to be surprised  
by this. "She sleeps with it," his daughter announces,  
rising and moving toward them. She always seems  
to know just what he needs to hear. "Hey, baby  
girl," he sings, softly slicing the sorrow they've  
shared. She closes the gap in a rush and buries  
her head in his shoulder.

FULL DISCLOSURE

By Rafael Estrada

With these eyes I have seen it all  
and with this mind I have perceived it all.  
From the moment of divine birth  
through every waking moment on this earth,  
I have known love and I have known hate  
I've been to war twice,  
repeatedly testing fate.

I have known poverty, and I have known wealth  
and through it all I've been blessed with constant health.

I have known true freedom  
and I've known incarceration.

In only 27 years  
I've indulged in almost every temptation.

Joy and pain, I know too well,  
regardless of success I continue to fail.

Failure is the best teacher I've come to know.  
Through her I've expanded my mind and will to grow.

My thirst for knowledge is at an all time high.

The more I learn the more I ask why.

I've learned that the global stage has been set by a few,  
while the rest are psychologically enslaved to TV orwhats new.

The sadness of it all is that deep down we know  
yet we continue to do nothing as we watch the world go.

War has become a business and peace is but a dream  
and prohibitions have done nothing but increase crime and  
violence, perpetuating the drug ~~scene~~.

War rages all over,  
but the one in our minds  
should matter most  
because for now we are just  
parasites and the earths our host.

The symptoms of our sickness  
are as clear as can be  
but from here  
we must truly open up our eyes and see.

But our lack of true knowledge  
and habit to accept what is  
we've surrendered our will  
and power to that or this

We lack the ability to govern our own mind,  
thus leading us to follow whoever  
and whatever as if we were blind.

We must no longer look  
outward for our translation,  
we can only look  
inward to find our salvation.

It's time to bring truth to light  
within this hidden knowledge  
we can regain our might.

We must keep our minds open  
and take into account,  
we owe it to ourselves,  
and every one of us count.

If we do this  
we will bring  
real change in time  
and maybe get to see  
a day with no more crime.

I hope these words have struck deep,  
'cause at this point it will take a big leap,

If mankind can come together on this,  
we may eventually find our true bliss.



Wanting Eyes

By Spencer D. Myers

Looking out the second story window the snow starts to fall.  
This grey dreary day my mind is in a stall.  
She looks up with wanting eyes,  
wondering why her knight has told her lies.

Why does every good thing in her life come to an end,  
as if only I could've stopped this downward trend.  
The lies have tried to be covered and untold,  
inevitably they continue to unfold.

True words shall never be,  
is a thought in her mind the words that come from me.  
No matter how I explain or try to mend,  
actions speak louder than words which is what I want to send.

Breaking the covenant of our holy vows,  
only thinking to live in the here and now.  
Three angels with white wings and red hair,  
I only wonder how they shall fare.

As she walks away loosening the tie,  
her long red hair from worry all awry.  
From the one that hurt her and told her lies,  
No more will she have to look up with wanting eyes.

Sweet San Antonio

By Alexandra Galan

I miss my city, I miss my hood,  
walking through downtown  
if only I could.

The Riverwalk so gorgeous,  
with all it's greenery,  
an image stuck in my mind  
of beautiful scenery.

A bunch of crazy streets one way,  
brand new tourists  
each and everyday.

on our way to get,  
a giant snow cone,  
I like mine with seven flavors,  
I call it the "cyclone."  
call up the homies,

"Let's hit up a spurs game,  
win or lose,  
we'll always love them the same."

From the Alamo to the Alamodome,  
you'd know the difference  
if you're from where I'm from.

To the dome, the tone,  
Sweet San Antonio  
call it what you like,  
there's only one name I know.  
Home Sweet Home!

ADAGE

By Lance "Armstrong" Neal

They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder;  
and love is truly blind.

If I could go back to the beginning;  
I promise I would be more kind.  
I'd value your beautiful smile  
and cherish your loving presence.

If I could go back to the beginning,  
I promise I would worship your essence..  
They say you don't know what you have  
until it's gone and that time heals all.

If I could go back to the beginning,  
I promise I wouldn't let us fall.  
I'd treat you with more tenderness,  
and be a man you would be proud of.

If I could go back to the beginning,  
I promise it would be true love.

They say what comes back is truly yours,  
and that we all have a soulmate.

If I could go back to the beginning,  
I promise I would have love in my heart, not hate.

I'd praise your ambitions,  
and honor your goals.

If I could go back to the beginning,  
I promise I would unite our souls.

It's better to have loved and lost than to have loved ~~at all~~;  
opposites do indeed attract.

If I could go back to the very beginning, then you  
would still be mine, and that is a fact.

Lost and Found  
By LeAnne Lawrence

I'm missing you with all my heart,  
It's hurting me being this far apart.  
My days are going by pretty fast,  
and this will soon be a memory of my past.

I just don't know if I'm going to make it.  
It's not that I'm going to give up or quit.  
It's just harder to do this time alone,  
Gosh, Daddy, we aren't even in the same time zone.

I'm missing and needing you bad,  
trying to stay strong and not be sad.  
But my feelings and my heart can't lie,  
so I stay awake most nights and cry.

This is the hardest time I've ever done.  
I pray you never go through this, it's no fun.  
You miss out on so many things,  
and the hurt you feel is deep... it stings.

I can't understand why I keep coming back,  
is it strength, responsibility, or something else that I lack?  
is there something in me that like this place  
or is it ~~truth~~ and reality I don't want to face?

I sit back and I cry and pray.  
Just to take this craziness and pain away.  
I ask Him daily to walk by my side,  
to hold my hand thru another prison ride.

And as He does I think of you and me,  
And what it's going to be like when I'm free.  
Because I'm going to be different all the way around,  
It's finally happened- I've been found!



as these feelings pass by.

The tears are falling

heavy and are

hard to maintain.

Tears of joy,

tears of pain.

Tear drops falling

like the rain.

Who's to Blame?

By Travis Cichon

I'm not my fault,  
so who is to blame?  
My father who beat me,  
and sent me to school in shame?  
My mother whom I love,  
yet she let him  
treat me that way!  
But he treated her the same,  
so who am I to say?  
"I love You" were words  
never spoken in our house.  
Most days I trembled in fear  
and was quiet as a mouse.  
Maybe it was my teacher,  
who didn't take time for me,  
If she could've looked inside,  
would there have been  
anything to see.  
What about my coach!  
Who thought I was okay!  
But it was me on the bench  
when it came time to play.  
I can blame it on the drugs;  
they really screwed up my life.  
No I'll blame all the women,  
especially my ex-wife.  
So who is there to blame?  
Let me look deep inside and see,  
It's time I finally admitted it:  
the one to blame is Me!



Everlasting Love

By Chavon Morrison

When I woke up this morning the clouds were gray,  
and rain was coming my way.  
I prayed that the Lord  
would help me through this day;  
a day of feeling worthless.  
A day of my lover's abuse  
mentally, physically, emotionally.  
I look into his eyes wanting to know,  
Why? Why you find the sway  
of another woman so tantalizing  
that you miss the love in my eyes?  
Why do you find fault in everything I do,  
and belittle me with no remorse?  
Why is loving me so hard?  
Now I lay down,  
my pillow drenched in tears  
falling asleep crying about the burdens  
of yesterday and today.  
I woke up this morning  
with the sun, shining bright  
and the sounds of birds chirping.  
All my gray clouds and rain went away  
when I told him, "Pack your bags, You cannot stay."  
No more feeling worthless  
Because God woke me up this morning  
saying, "I'm forever here,  
because I'm your, true lover!"

Daily Struggle

By Jacqueline Tovar

Take one look at me  
Tell me what do you see?  
Someone trapped or someone free?  
I'm behind bars,  
but it's worse than that:  
It feels I can never kick  
the demon on my back.  
Even now that we're apart  
His feeling of "I'm watching"  
is hard to dart  
when my veins crave him,  
he curses me,  
but how I wish that  
I could just be free.  
Have you ever loved someone,  
that you know is bad?  
Who will eventually strip you  
of every emotion that  
you've ever had?  
Who will take you away  
from family and friends?  
Who will keep pushing and  
pushing until your  
strong soul bends?  
Can you help it? No, he's too strong.  
I never should have  
encouraged this bond  
I knew it all along  
before I stuck him in my arms  
That his main objective  
was to cause me harm.  
I still cannot say why!

I continued to be a junkie,  
Maybe it's because I'm so unlucky.  
This brown liquid is a controller,  
a liar and a deceiver.  
I am a fool, a victim and a believer...  
Will it always be this way?  
Well as of now I can honestly say,  
I'm done!, I'm through!  
I no longer get sick over you!  
I will do whatever it takes,  
To dodge your wicked embrace!  
So as of now,  
do not believe  
what you see  
I may appear trapped,  
but in reality I am FREE!

Dear Moma

By: Francisco Brietto

Today your face was so vivid, your voice so clear;  
A plausible moment in times quickly interrupted by  
the abrupt sound of keys rattling and steel doors slamming.  
Waking me back to my daily reality behind these concrete  
walls;

Only to rudely discover that you were only in a dream.

It's been 13 years since we last spoke- the memory of your,  
Angry voice breaking up on the other end of the phone still lingers.

Mourning your companion of 46 years as your anemic legs,  
collapse beneath you, sending you crashing upon the kitchen  
floor;

Distresses my soul all over again.

Looking backwards, I now see just how wrong,  
I'd been about several things...

Wishing I could go back and undo the mistakes of our past,

The Grandson:

You never got to know or enjoy is me all over again-

Would you even try?

He's everything I'm not nor ever was and everything you ever  
wished I'd been;

Leaving me a martyr of your ideologies. Can you,  
believe it's been 20 years already?

All of your warnings and predictions have come true;

As I quietly ponder upon my future while gazing through,  
these glass fenced windows wishing I had told you things,  
which I never dared, simply because I thought you didn't care.

Gangsta's Cry

By Rene Castoreno

Under the moonlight of this dark and lonely night,  
I hear the sounds of a gangsta's cry.  
He's tossing and turning, reminiscing on some painful memories,  
some that he's blocked out for so long.  
On this night he can't help it and takes a stroll,  
down memory lane,  
soon these memories become more than he can bear.  
He tries hard to block them out but he can't.  
They play out in his mind over and over again.  
They're memories of the lost love of his children and all  
his loved ones. These are memories he once cherished but now  
These are memories he once cherished but now  
come with too much pain.  
For so long, many have called him a gangsta  
or a cold-hearted person,  
So somewhere along the way he puts on a mask or front,  
as others would say.  
He acts as if he has no heart or no feelings anymore,  
but on this night he is unable to hide behind  
the mask he's worn for so long.  
Tears escape his eyes and stream down his face.  
He makes no sound but the tears sound like  
tidal waves as they fall on his mattress.  
I try hard to block out all the pain. I hear  
coming from the gangsta's lonely heart,  
unable to block it all out, I sit up and realize...  
I realize all those sounds were coming from  
within my cell and within my soul,  
as I was dreaming and reminiscing on the  
sweet memories of yesterday.

When tomorrow starts without me

By Luis Medina

When tomorrow starts without me  
and I'm not there to see.  
If the sun should rise  
and find your eyes  
all filled with tears for me.  
I wish so much you wouldn't cry  
the way you do each day,  
while thinking of the many things  
we didn't get to say.  
I know how much you love me,  
as much as I love you,  
and each time that  
you think of me  
please know I miss you, Too!-  
But when tomorrow starts without me,  
please try to understand  
that an angel came  
and called my name  
and took me by the hand.  
The angel said, "A place was ready for you."  
"A place was ready in heaven up above, and  
that I have to leave behind  
all that I truly love."  
I had so much to live for,  
so much yet to do.  
It seems almost impossible  
that I was leaving you.  
So, my love, When tomorrow starts without me,  
don't think for a minute  
we are far apart,  
for every time you think of me,  
I'm right here in your heart!

Mother I never had

By Jessica Yates

I always wondered where you were,  
when I needed you the most.  
Wishing you were here,  
but instead you're like a ghost.  
Haunting me and taunting me  
as the days go by  
steadily getting high  
and making me want to cry.  
Telling me you'll be here  
and that you're gonna change  
I've heard it all before-  
now it just sounds strange.  
wishing for a mother  
to correct me when I'm bad  
Instead you're never here  
You're the mother I never had.  
As I became older  
and became a mother to my own  
I wish I would have listened to myself  
instead of throwing stones.  
Because my kids are older  
they are asking me the same things.  
You'll never know what'll happen  
or what the future might bring.  
Now my kids are telling me:  
we always wondered where you were  
when we needed you most  
we wish you were here  
but instead you're like a ghost,  
haunting and taunting us  
as the days go by  
steady getting high  
and making us want to cry.

You told us you'd be here  
and that you're gonna change  
but we've heard it all before,  
to us it all sounds strange.  
We wish we had a mother  
to correct us when we were bad,  
instead you're never here  
You're the mother we never had.



A Troubled Friend

By Jose Salinas Jr.

A troubled mind with thoughts of a broken home,  
two lost souls learning to deal with life alone.  
Four hearts of children wanting Daddy to come home,  
all I want is a place to belong.  
What I get is time and no sleep,  
tears and no peace,  
more heartache and the pain never seems to cease.  
My mind wanders to the lives of those I left behind,  
and how they are being left in a bind.  
Full of laughter and life,  
how I loved my children  
and adored my beautiful wife.  
Now I'm locked away,  
forgotten and all alone,  
awaiting resolution and the day I go home.  
The hours are eternal  
and the days never end,  
I try to be patient  
but I feel alone with no friends.  
I see peoples' fake smiles  
but I see what's behind their eyes,  
I read through their gimmicks  
and see the truth behind their lies.  
They say they feel my pain  
and know how I feel.

yet they question my strength  
and wonder if I'm being real.  
I'm as real as they come  
'cause there ain't no shame to my game,  
I got no reason to fake it  
cause in lies there's no gain.  
These tears don't make me weak  
or even less of a man,  
they don't know what we've been through,  
so they will never understand.  
I could try to explain  
but the truth might not make sense,  
'cause my eyes were clouded  
and my mind full of nonsense.  
I made plenty of mistakes  
but that does not mean I didn't care.  
No one knows what I was going through;  
to understand you had to be there.  
As I sit here and write  
my eyes are wet with tears,  
my mind is still troubled  
and my heart still filled with fear.  
The time will come  
when all of this will be behind me  
and I'll be free,  
no more separations;  
no more bars.

and you will always be with me.  
Just keep yourself together,  
and hold your head high,  
don't ever forget about me,  
'cause without you I'd die.  
Just know that I Love You!,  
and my love will always stand true.  
They cannot keep me forever,  
and soon I'll be there with you.

Mending Hearts

By Mindy H.

I can't stand the fact  
that I've hurt the hearts I cherish most.  
I'm so sorry for making  
those cry that I hold so close.

The things I've done  
to get a quick high,  
and the lies I've told people,  
just to get by.

I've walked the streets to  
chase some dope at night,  
dang, I was stupid, not too bright.

It's a wonder that I'm  
still breathing and alive,  
for all the drugs I've done  
should have taken my life.

I can't believe I wasn't in  
prison a long time ago.  
How I've made it this far,  
I'll never know.

My conscience bugs me  
from time to time.

Oh! How the things I've  
done mess with my mind.

I've caused so many tears, so much pain  
to my loved one's hearts,  
and that has torn me  
completely apart.

I don't understand how I let the  
dope game get the best of me,  
but most of all,  
how I've hurt my family.

So now I'm truly doing time  
because of how I was  
addicted and blind.

Now I'm surrounded by razor wire  
Because the Good Lord knew  
I was getting tired.

Now I get to put the  
past behind me  
because it's time to open  
my eyes so I can see.

I get to go home in a  
few months on parole,  
so I can be a wife and mother  
and watch my family grow.  
I've paid my dues and the cost,  
now I get to restore  
all the love I lost.

I'm sorry for the things  
I've done wrong  
I shouldn't have been  
Where I didn't belong.

To the loving family  
I miss so much,  
to feel their touch.

Toxic Clouds

By Kretta Johnson

Toxic clouds around your head,  
blocking your vision.  
People crowding you,  
demanding from you;  
wanting to kill you  
is the devils intention.

Fame and fortune  
is only for a minute...  
a few little tastes, snorts, or drags,  
and you are caught up in it.  
Loss of privacy, family,  
hopes and dreams.  
Chasing the demons that  
financially and physically  
have you on a declining slope.

A snap of a finger, and it's all gone.  
No one around to help you hold on  
or be emotionally strong.  
Everyone you thought was  
your homey, lover or friend  
has shown their true colors.

Toxic clouds are now a must,  
You've fallen so far off  
and have no more trust.  
The free ride is over!  
Parties have ceased!  
No more fancy clothes.  
Your pants are no longer creased.

Cars, jewelry, fancy foods,  
name brands coats and shoes  
now you only have

a few to choose from  
and you don't have to think twice.

Lawyer's giving you the,  
"I need more money," blues.

People treating you  
like yesterday's news.

Trying hard to get back on your feet,  
toxic clouds still riding you deep.

Body craving the toxic waste...  
Prison sentence offered in haste.  
You are at the bitter end,  
What are you to do, my friend?

Bow down or fold;  
Yours is the next story to be told.  
A new beginning or tragic end,  
the choice is yours to comprehend.



GOODBYE WORLD

By Randy Drago

As I recline here in my bed all alone,  
with concrete and steel,  
I now call home.  
A little thing called drugs,  
has ruined my life and taken away my hope.  
So many years have slipped away,  
so much time has passed,  
it looks like the justice system  
has got me this time forever.  
The pain runs deep down inside  
not even my wife or son is still by my side.  
All my family and friends  
they have started to roam,  
now it's just me by myself  
in this place I call home.  
The nights are lonely and the days are so long,  
I'll pay with my life  
for the things I did wrong.  
I just wish that they could understand,  
that without love and support  
I am no longer a man.  
I am now like a rat that's trapped in a cage,  
just another day in my life  
so just turn the page.  
Three meals a day and a cold steel cot,  
that's where my life went,  
now that's all I've got.  
Every day I grow older,  
my hair turning gray,  
I look deep inside for some other way.  
As I turn to God and start to pray,  
for another chance at life,  
just one more day.  
Time slips away,  
and people start to forget,

but the pain in my heart will never quit.  
I try to be strong or even pretend,  
that the pain's not there or my heart will soon mend.  
But the scars run deep,  
deep down inside and as I look in the mirror,  
I can now see that I've started to die...  
So from my heart to the world I say,  
GOODBYE WORLD!

Best Of Friends

By Sabrina Salazar

Your arms go limp, your head grows heavy,  
This is my power, I have infected many.  
No more stress, your problems fade away.  
Just you remember, they'll be back one day.

You may just snort me, smoke, or inject,  
But I'll always come back for the effect.  
I come in different colors: white, black, brown;  
All are guaranteed to drag you way, way down.

I know that times are rough and you need a new friend,  
I'll take care of you: Hi, I'm Heroin.  
So warm and beautiful; you wish this feeling would last,  
I'll take away all those memories of your gruesome past.

All of the anger and sorrow you feel,  
I'll make it disappear, but first let's seal the deal.  
You must keep me with you every day and every night,  
and if you screw it up, be expecting a fight.

I'll give you the chills and sweats- you can't sleep,  
You'll keep throwing up, unable to eat.  
Your body convulses, you need to get high,  
As long as you're not with me, you wish you'd just die.

You'll sell your own body and steal from your neighbor,  
Never in your life have you portrayed these behaviors.  
In doing these things and I promise you will-  
Your spirit will rot, as if it were from Hell.

But all that's OK, because you have the next shot,  
Fire it up, load the rig, who says happiness can't be bought?  
In this vicious cycle, round and round we go,  
I'll be your friend, as well as your greatest foe.

So come on now, let's go for a ride,  
I'll kill all those feelings you've been keeping inside.  
Just a fair warning, and I'll try not to laugh,  
My power is great, you'll remain in my grasp.

You're labeled a whore, a liar, a thief  
Your family can't look at you: they cry in disbelief.  
You may turn your back on me, weeks or months at a time,  
But I'll always find my way back, because remember: you're mine.

Nine months sober, huh? Now what will you do?  
It'll be alright, what's the worst that will happen to you?  
Appealing as a warm blanket, dangerous as a loaded gun,  
Old friends reunite, come on, let's have some fun.

You fill your syringe and you don't know your own limit  
Go on, grab your tourniquet, now, where to hit it?  
The foot, the bicep, the hand, or the neck?  
It doesn't matter, just get me quick.

You tie me off your arm, yeah, there's a good vein,  
Just you remember, I'm taking away your pain.  
Register, release, push in, lay back,  
You close your eyes forever, you'll never come back.

Your parents, your siblings, or even your child,  
They find you this way, their minds will run wild.  
They scream and bawl and rip out their hair,  
Why would you do this? It just isn't fair.

Blurry-eyed they grab your last gram,  
Now it is their turn to walk with me hand in hand.  
Don't you worry about a thing, I'll watch'em till the end....  
You should know this best, for we were best friends.

Searching For Victory!

By Tanner George Cummings

I've been there, done it all;  
Seen the greats fall;  
been around,  
lost and found.  
Looked like a clown,  
though I've seen it all and heard it all,  
still I ignored my call.  
Thought I could do it on my own,  
and still where did that get me?  
Empty and all alone!

So here I am,  
down on my knees,  
I'm tired of this emptiness,  
don't want to be alone anymore.  
I'm broken down  
detested and rejected;  
So I know I'm worthless on my own...  
now I'm asking for forgiveness,  
come into my life,  
I'm throwin' off these chains and bonds,  
to seek out the freedom.  
To which only you can give me:  
Here I, forsake it all,  
even unto you I will live or I will die,  
but no longer will I be at satans' beck and call!

The Man I Need to Be

By : Mack "Boxcar" Capps

To God, I would like to apologize,  
For the gifts He gave that I didn't realize.  
All of these years I took them for granted,  
It seems my view on life has been slanted.  
To my Mom,  
there were so many things I wanted to say,  
to let her know I loved her,  
before she passed away.  
I wish now there was some way  
I could make her see,  
how sorry I am,  
for not turning out like she wanted me to be.  
I'm glad my dad can't see me now,  
not that my life mattered to him anyhow.  
He divorced my mom,  
while I was still at an early age,  
I guess in some ways it helped set the stage.  
The type of man I turned out to be,  
I didn't realize how much it affected me.  
My ex-wife's love was one of God's given gifts,  
I was such a fool for not making the most of it.  
For not being the husband she needed me to be,  
I hope she doesn't think too poorly of me.  
Just as surely as there's a God above,  
I regret that I took for granted  
her unselfish love.  
For my son, I'm sorry I missed out  
on some of your life as a kid,  
I know you don't hate me,  
but I couldn't blame you if you did.  
I hope you don't do the things that I've done,  
I want you to know you're an awesome son.  
I'm begging for forgiveness,  
I'm down on bended knee,  
praying that I can become the man  
That I need to be.

My Eternal Beloved

By Frank Trejose

There was once a beautiful woman  
who won my heart and soul.

She makes my human and  
she makes me whole.

She's striking and wondrous  
with a gaze that makes your heartskip a beat.  
She was an omen so glorious,  
a hint of promise-something sweet.

I was blessed with her presence,  
yes, once upon a time.  
Now I'm wishing for her essence,  
for she's more than just divine.

We all have insecurities,  
so make no mistake.  
They're our weaknesses,  
filling us with heartache.

But now she's happy with another,  
and I wish her the best.  
I won't be a bother,  
not even a jest.

If you ever meet someone whose love is true,  
value them well and give them their due.

Whisper

By Lisa L. Coppedge

Cocaine, cocaine keeps calling my name,  
come on down let's play the game.

As ghosts float down their glass-lined halls,  
come clowns, come fools, come one and all.

The flames will dance upon my sweet lips  
and fall into her dark evil grips.

Cocaine, caine stop calling my name,  
for here I sit in all my shame.

I beg my lawyers for a second chance,  
but the judge withdrew with one hard glance.

If I let you back on the streets again,  
will you continue to live your life of sin?

Will you destroy your life and sell your soul?  
Do you really believe that story you told?

Cocaine, cocaine don't whisper my name.  
For my love for you, cannot tame.

I'll look for the feeling despite the cost,  
even when I'm cold and lost.

So have mercy, mercy will you please,  
for now you have me on my knees.

looking for that one last high,  
before that final kiss good-bye.



Is This Real?

By George Escamilla

I pinch myself to see if this is real.  
Where are my senses? I need to feel.  
I feel my life passing and I beg it to stay,  
but I am rather helpless so my soul drifts away.  
As I lay down, my eyes start to close.  
I next ponder if my spirit rose.  
As I spoke my words started to fade,  
passing by me, the life I once made.  
"I'm sorry, God," I started to cry.  
It was too late as I lay down to die.  
When I woke up, I started to scream.  
I then realized it was only a dream.  
Now I notice and stare at the walls of my cell  
and understand this cage is my self made hell.

Esthetics

By Brandon Black

Here's from the heart the only peace I can find,  
my body is stuck in prison, yet I live inside my mind.  
My imagination run wild: it helps me hang on  
'til another tomorrow that soon will be gone.  
Dreaming of ways to pay mt children back, no matter the cost,  
that I'm their knight in shining armor, back from the lost  
We'll put the pieces back together and start over anew,  
see the whole world over from another point of view.  
These thoughts and dreams are mine, with me everyday.  
You can lock me in a cell, but you can't take them away.  
My best friend in prison and I'm proud to say,  
is the man in the mirror: me, myself, and I, all the way.  
My dad is still my hero, forever by my side,  
he takes care of my kids and he can really say he tried.  
Tried with success and not soon forgotten,  
he even did it with style as he does so often.  
When they release me, no matter where in the state,  
he'll be right there to pick me up at the gate.  
My family all loves me: for my return they cannot wait.  
I might gripe over mail, but my life is truly great.  
My food locker stays full: books and magazines wall to wall.  
Anything I need, my dad quikly covers it all.  
He's true blue loyal, defines security,  
the gold standard, poster boy for paternity.  
Learn to love yourself; spread the joy and have some fun,  
Rome wasn't built in a day, but it can be destroyed in one.  
I hope that in the process you find someone above,  
He helped me forgive myself,  
that's something I could never have done.  
Even in prison you can take life in different fashion,  
I just hope while doing so! you find your inner passion.

The Perfect High

By Ninety-Nine

Life passed you by in search of the  
perfect high

All you found was a lie  
To ease the pain, with a needle  
Pierce your vein  
Shame drives you insane  
and I'm to blame.

Heroin in my name  
Sister morphine, cousin cocaine  
we are all the same  
crystal paranoia is our game.

Acid is a trip  
sweet herb gives its word  
to lay you down to sleep,  
pray the Lord your soul to keep

Before you die,  
Find the perfect high,  
It lies before your eyes  
In order to be whole  
you must look within your soul.

How Can I Walk?:

By Angela Streater

Lying underneath  
society's rush of sin,  
looking up beyond  
the devil's tempting grin,  
I crawl beneath  
the surface of addiction.  
The glass of numbing high  
holds the need for acceptance inside.  
How can I walk?  
I wrap myself in a blanket of guilt.  
I want to stop hurting  
but where is my will?  
The light has called home the ones  
that would die for thrill.  
A life for a hit.  
A life for a pill  
How can I walk?  
Shattered tears  
in the eyes of my creation.  
This is where the glass is broken  
and I break from temptation  
I walk away.

STAY

By Ralston V. Fromen

Though we're apart,  
you're not far away.  
For it is inside my heart,  
where you stay.

It's there that I find you,  
in my times of trials.  
Your love giving me strength,  
as I go all these miles

When I close my eyes,  
and dream through the night.  
You come from my heart,  
and are once again in my sight.

When I wake up I'm smiling,  
and all I can say is,  
"Thank You Sweet Angel,  
for blessing my day."

Though we're apart,  
I'm not far away.  
I play in your heart,  
is where I shall stay.

The Man In Waiting  
By Bernard Wroblewski

On the outside you can see  
A man of serenity and composure.  
He looks to be anchored  
A calm against the storm.

But if you look in his eyes  
upon the lonely shores,  
you'll see beyond his lies  
A man completely torn.

He listens to the thunder boom  
And watches the lightening crash.  
As cries for a love lost  
And yearns for memories past.

He's transfixed by life's mysteries,  
like sudden death and cancer.  
Lost in his own misery  
searching for answers.

He calls for his Father  
to mend his heart that's mangled  
And waits for that beautiful day  
He'll ride on the wings of an angel.

The End?  
By Kristy Roe

The place is so cold  
I feel so alone.  
If I could only go back  
To the place I called home.  
"Why wasn't it enough?"  
I ask myself at times.  
Now I can see  
I was just blind.  
I think about loved ones,  
Family and all those "so called" friends'  
Why couldn't I see,  
it all coming to an end!  
Tied up in the game  
while wrapped up in myself.  
Th|ough it all  
I've got nothing left.  
Starting over in all these relationships,  
that I left for a high.  
Thinking of the tears and sadness,  
I saw in my girl's and mother's eye's.  
Now I have another chance  
to be a mom,  
daughter, lover and friend  
I Thank God everybay it wasn't the end.

Price to Pay  
By Jon Miranda

A barren waste of time well spent.  
The walls have thoughts my mind is blank.  
I stare at cracks and tattered paint.  
I'm deep in slumber; why can't I wake?  
There's rage behind this smiling face.  
I wear a mask to hide my shame.  
I fought the law and lost the game.  
So now I'm held behind the gate.  
I'm haunted now by past mistakes.  
These ghouls torment all night and day.  
I curse my God but I'm to blame.  
The fault is mine and mine to take.  
I've done these wrongs and sealed my fate.  
I want my freedom but it's just too late.  
I've seen the judge he had this to say:  
For all my crimes, there's a price to pay.



Book Eclipse

By Quincy Patterson

Books of books most wonderful,  
enchanting the mind of the beloved.  
Engulfed in a story  
facing joys, fears, sorrow, and love.  
Sheets of paper lure you into a different world,  
intimate with chapters' movement,  
seeing tears, smiles and laughter  
as you become the pupil of a character.  
Your heart merges with the heart of the character,  
Call it what you will, I call it book love-eclipsing...

The Truth Hurts  
By Emily Jaramiello

I lie here awake wondering what to do,  
against my better judgment I'm still in love with you.  
Tears fill my eyes as I'm reminded of a time,  
long, long ago when you were still mine.  
The memory of your love is still in my heart and soul,  
for some strange reason, I can't let you go.  
Maybe you've moved on, maybe this is the end,  
but I want you to know that you were my very best friend.  
There were times that were good and times that were bad,  
sometimes we were happy and sometimes I was sad.  
Letting you go is so very hard to do,  
so "Cowboys and Angels" I dedicate to you.  
Physical reminders that you were once here,  
holding me close, keeping me near.  
Now you're gone so very far away,  
maybe I'll see you again someday.  
And if that day comes and you're not sure what to do,  
remember just one thing...I will always love you.

Sunday Through Monday

By Nikki Cooley

Sunday through Monday through Sunday again,  
from county to county and finally the pen.  
The days turn into weeks,  
which turn into months,  
the months turn into years  
and the years seem like too much.

I'm working my calender one day at a time.  
When will it be over,  
this payment of mine?  
My memeories are missed;  
my freedom is lost,  
I took forgranted  
and I wish I had not.

As time goes by  
ticking on a clock I can't see,  
I'll spend my time  
thinking on how to be a better me.  
Now Sunday through Monday through Sunday again,  
soon it will be that one day  
that this journey will end.

The Little Red Wagon

By Ray R. Powell

He'll fix your little red wagon  
and mend the broken wheel.  
Sooner or later you're going to pay  
for the things you had to steal.  
It's not alright to put bad things  
on life's big merry-go-round,  
when you least expect it, here it  
comes, and it's you that's going down.  
You think that you're a big shot with  
that fancy car you drive,  
and you think you are above the ones  
you secretly connive.  
No matter how high you go,  
you can always fall.  
When that happens, the blame as  
usual in never yours at all.  
The lies you tell might protect you  
for a short amount of time,  
before you know it, they turn on you  
and expose your evil crime.  
He'll fix your little red wagon  
to go where you desire,  
yet it's up to you to drive it  
into heaven or into fire.

You Are...

By Tom Henry

You are my drink,  
You are my thirst.  
You are my last,  
You are my first.

You are my heart,  
You are my soul.  
You are the half  
that makes me whole.

You are sweet dreams  
that come in the night.  
You are my weakness,  
You are my might.

You're every love song  
that I sing.  
You are my all  
my everything.

You are Noah's  
returning dove.  
You are my wife,  
You are my love.

It's Now Too Late  
By Robert Lee Camarillo

Wasted days and wasted nights,  
now blinded by the flashing lights.  
Please remain silent don't say a word,  
you never listened to a word you heard.  
You now have reached your destination,  
you finally get a long vacation.  
The judge has read your final sentence,  
you now have time for your repentance.  
All your life you lived with greed,  
this isn't what you want,  
it's what you need.  
Your family is crying, your kids are sad,  
and all they keep asking is,  
"Where's my dad?"  
You're locked away without a key,  
your time is here, you cannot flee.  
You took the worm that was bait,  
no time for sorry-it's now too late.

My Greatest Gift

By Aaron Noderer

I lay in bed each and every night  
dreaming of your precious face,  
thoughts of you are all I have  
while I'm stuck in this place.  
I'll never forget the day  
our eyes first met,  
when I was handed a angel,  
my daughter, my greatest gift.

I wish there was a way  
to right all of my wrongs,  
so I could be there with you  
where I belong.  
Hopes and dreams  
are what gets me through,  
for now the thoughts I have  
will just have to do.

They can lock me up  
and strip me of my pride,  
but my love for you they cannot hide.  
Until the day comes  
when they set me free,  
please know my sweet my sweet angel  
In my heart you will be.

Heart to Mom  
By Cassidy Welch

From the very start  
you've given me all of your heart  
No matter where I'm at,  
you've always had my back.  
You showed me how to live  
and gave all you had to give.  
You taught me all that you knew,  
as I just grew and grew.  
I've made mistakes along the way,  
and you still love me to this day.  
There is no sum for how much I owe,  
not even the best gift  
with a shiny bow.  
No card, nor words,  
diamonds or Ferrari,  
can show how much mean to me.  
Even though I've been a wayward son,  
hopefully one day when all is done,  
even though I let you down  
from time to time,  
you'll rest assured with this rhyme.  
That from the very start,  
you've also had all of my heart.



Evil Ways

By Collin R. Belder

I saw the devil for the first time  
when I was 20 years old  
A couple of months later  
he had me sleeping  
outside in the cold,  
My father kept asking,  
'Son, why won't you listen  
to what we say?'  
Then I was picking  
dirty needles up off of the freeway!  
It's by the grace of God  
I didn't catch any diseases,  
I was even sharing points  
when I was craving those releases.  
This is real life,  
and I was gambling  
with my last breath,  
And I know that  
the wage of a  
sinner's ways is death,  
so I ask,  
"Lord, please cure  
me of my evil ways,  
before the time comes that  
I have to live in satan's evil days."

Unbroken

By Paul D. Riley

Don't weep for yesterday,  
for yesterday has gone.  
A new day has dawned,  
for you to build upon.  
Look beyond the clouds,  
to where the sun is shining still.  
When they have passed on by,  
your dreams will be fulfilled.  
Life is like a tapestry,  
being woven everyday.  
Weaving all that happens,  
as you walk along its way.  
So even if clouds descend,  
you'll find they soon will be gone.  
And joy, and happiness,  
are lifes path that you'll walk upon.

Cowboy Dreams

By Tommy 'Cowboy' Johnson

Riding through life on horseback only in my mind.  
with a .45 Peacemaker strapped  
to my hip, going back in time!  
I feel like the Lone Ranger or  
maybe even someone's hero.  
Or just a crazy Cowboy, riding  
 Broncos' in some rodeo!  
I wear a dusty blacks hat  
and spurs on my boots.  
Riding through the hills  
looking for bad guys to shoot.  
This may be just a wild fanasy  
but what does it hurt?  
Because every man dreams of ways  
to one day plove his worth!  
So look inside my dreams and  
let your mind take you far, far away.  
Until they set me free again  
on the back of a horse  
is where I'll stay!

Tears I've Cried  
By Lisa L. Coppedge

I carry the scars  
from the lessons I've learned,  
tears I've cried, cheeks that I've turned.  
The suffering is written on the pages I've lived,  
joy is sculpted through the love I can give.  
So I navigate through life at a careless high speed,  
tossing aside the guidance I would need.  
Hold on, sit tight, and open your eyes,  
'cause the devil is tempting with his sweet lies.  
His demon was sitting shotgun again,  
I think they called him Sir Heroin.  
My love for him rose like a hooded beast,  
with his basket of promises spread out like a feast.  
So I fed on the lies and the pain it would cause,  
gulping them down with not even a pause.  
Good intentions led me to a highway in hell,  
but who was left now, who could I tell?  
The ones I've loved were no longer there,  
for the lies that I've told had left them all bare.  
Now sitting in prison, behind walls that I've built,  
from the pain and suffering then coated in guilt.  
So I fell to my knees with my hands to the sky,  
can you forgive me, will you please try?  
I'll carry these scars from these lessons I've learned  
through the tears I will cry... and cheeks  
I will turn.

Unbound

By Bernard Packard

Poetic words come and go.  
Deep parts of your soul  
wanting to flow  
Like a dammed river, unleashed.  
A sad soul demands to speak...  
Oh! Heartache, Oh! Spiritual pain,  
I fight you daily with only myself to blame...  
My mind wants attention.  
My heart seeks fame, But my troubled soul craves freedom...  
Freedom to find my inner child,  
Wipe away the tears he cries,  
Take away the lies you were told.  
Your spirit is free...  
Not even these bars that hold me can take  
away the peace I've found...  
As my soulful river has been unbound.

Safe Distance

By Danny Sosa

Keep your distance  
And build your fences.  
Block me from your sight  
keep me out of your life.

Remember the pain I caused  
All of the cost.  
Hate me for who I was  
And for who I am.

Save yourself from my deception  
Look at my ugly reflection.  
And lack of redemption  
Cry so it hurts.

Remember the word I said  
That caused you  
to feel so much pain.  
Don't forget the things I did.  
So many times  
over and over agsin.

Run so far away  
You never hear me call your name.  
Wallow in your sorrow.  
Never say you love me again  
Because I don't think  
I can handle the pain  
If you find it in your heart  
to forgive me  
I'll only abue you once again.  
So keep your distance.

Leaving  
By Corey Dunn

I missed up time and time again, yeah I know.  
But that really was no reason for you to go.  
You left me, and I don't blame you for leaving  
because the things I was doing.

I guess I was the only one I was deceiving.  
I thought since I would constantly call you  
and say I love you on the phone  
I could pull stunt after stunt, treat you bad  
and you would never leave home.

Man, was I wrong! And, to my surprise,  
you said, "that's it, no more!

I'm tired of your lies."

You left the house and didn't take nothing  
but the kids.

You were serious. This time, you were sick  
of my tricks.

I was walking on thin ice,  
yet I kept smoking like a  
deranged fool.

Not knowing that I would lose you  
to some other dude.

Man, I get so sick of laying in this p||ison  
bunk all alone.

When, I should be holding you  
in the comfort of our own home.

Sometimes, it's so hard for me to believe.

You finally said, "enough is enough" and  
had the audacity to leave.

I sit here looking stupid,  
wearing a phony smile.

Not believing, I can't get over you; I'm  
stuck in denial.

Who am I kidding? I need to stop

fooling myself.  
You are really going; you're over me;

you said it yourself.

Everyday I sit thinking and literally get sick  
of how I messed up my kids and wife  
behind that dope, such nonsense.

You may think this is aimed to sound good,  
but really I'm mad.

But for my sake, I try to use logic,  
because the situation is sad.

You begged me to stop;

you ~~pr~~ayed and you cried.

I ~~pr~~omised you I would.

Even though I tried,

I guess I lied.

I wish you would come back to me for  
whatever reason.

I will do whatever it takes, even begging  
and pleading.

I have sat here and watched  
the years go by.

And keep asking myself,  
why, Corey, why?

You are the love of my life!

I just can't understand.

How could I be so stupid and let you slip  
out of the palm of my hands?

I was a husband and father, the one you  
guys believed in.

I lost my morals and values.

Now I see why you are leaving.



Commissary Day  
By Lydia M. Mejia

Commissary day is making out a list of all  
the things we crave.  
Even though most of them  
will take us to the grave.  
Commissary day is listening  
will they call it by  
numbers, rows or bunks?  
Who knows? We just want to  
go get our junk!  
Commissary day, we wait  
and wait until we hear  
the call!  
You will need speed,  
cause there will be a  
stampede down the hall.  
While standing in line, be sure  
to watch out for your toes,  
because as I look down the way, I see here  
comes Jo.  
Commissary day is to hear inmates curse,  
because they didn't get the chance to make  
it out first. We want our Big Bang Chips.  
Even though we know they go  
straight to our hips.  
Commissary day is finally  
reaching the window  
to see Ms. Woodall.  
Soon we will know if we have  
any money at all.  
She scans your card as you  
await your fate.  
Then she looks up and says, "No  
Big Bangs for you today, inmate."  
Commissary day is having to do  
the walk of shame,

because without your money,  
you can't play that game.

Life Goes On

By Mario A. Garcia

Life is crazy reminiscing on the past.

There is no stopping the grains of sand falling through  
the hourglass.

I am speechless sitting here looking at pictures from before  
as the tears rolling down my face hit the penitentiary floor.

Those days are gone; now in my heart, pain has been  
built up. Because, I remember the love.

even though, times were often rough.

Then, I remember the laughs, all the jokes and smiles.

Our hearts broke like glass through tribulations and trials.

We don't speak anymore; although, the pictures speak a  
thousand words, and that means a lot.

I just want you to know, until the day I go,

I'll love you body, heart and soul.

Yeah, life is crazy reminiscing on the past.

There is no stopping the grains of sand,  
falling through the hourglass...

Life goes on.

Tears of Regret  
By Casandra Lopez

Lost in a system  
Of a prison doing time,  
It takes all I can  
to keep peace of mind.  
A moment of weakness  
can come at great cost.  
Much gained respect  
so quickly can be lost.  
We learn to cope and  
deal with each passing year.  
On the outside we may  
appear hard, but  
inside we shed our tears.  
We try to stand strong and  
always be true.  
With each passing day,  
it's harder to do.  
Living the prison life  
that I would love to forget,  
I will always be holding  
back tears,  
tears of regret.

A Broken Heart  
By Bryan Berryman

We silently stare in disbelief  
as our world falls apart.  
We wonder how it came to this.  
We, men with broken hearts.  
Oh, we can laugh like others.  
Like you, we had our start.  
But, somehow life turned bad for us.  
We, men with broken hearts.  
This world can be a lonely place.  
Our sun gave way to dark,  
to show only shadows of our past.  
We, men with broken hearts.  
If there is a God in heaven,  
when I'm done with my life's part,  
I hope his mercy brings relief  
to the men with broken hearts.

If You Should Think of Me

By John M. Donohue

The stars were bright at the dimming of the day  
The moon was a beacon to guide us on our way  
The hills were in silhouette, silence all around  
As we watched our shadows walking beside us on the ground.  
We took the winding gravel road to our place on the hill  
Where the old bridge spans the river and the current's always still.  
We sat on the bank and skipped stones across the water  
We talked of things that must be said between a grandpa and granddaughter.

I think of how things should have been  
When I allow my mind's eye to see  
I hope your memory's always happy  
Should you ever think of me.

I'll return, that's for certain  
I just don't know when that will be  
I hope and pray when that day comes  
You'll still remember me.

All the wrongs I'll make right  
In that you can believe  
And know I love you now and always  
should you ever think of me.

In The Name Of Love & Friendship

By Tanner George Cummings

In the name of Love & Friendship,  
I ask that you hear me out,  
There is alot that I must tell you,  
but not enough time to get it all out,  
so I'll keep this short & sweet.

In the name of Love & Friendship,  
I took ~~what~~ we had forgranted,  
underestimated it's true value,  
not realizing the cost  
of All that can be lost.

In the name of Love & Friendship,  
What I thought I was doing...  
I didn't realize that I was hurting you,  
I was too blind to see,  
that what I thought was good,  
would be the destruction of me.

So in the name of Love & Friendship,  
I'm asking, 'Can you ever find it in your heart  
to Forgive me for my sins & tresspasses  
against you?'

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr. Cummings is currently serving a non aggravated twenty year sentence, to which he has completed 11 years and 6 months of as of August 2018, He is also the author of two other books published by Freebird Publishers Po Box 541 North Dighton MA 02764, also online at [www.FreebirdPublishers.com](http://www.FreebirdPublishers.com) and on [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com) and [BarnsandNobles website](http://BarnsandNobles.com).

The title of book one is The Cell Chef it's \$13.99 plus \$5 S/H. It is a cookbook and the recipes can be made at your home too, you will have to get the equivalent of the items. Book two is The Cell Chef 2 and at the time of the publication of this anthology it is being typed up and graphics are being done, it will be available soon so please keep your eyes peeled for it. If you buy a copy of and/or both books I want to Thank You in Advance. Your purchase of any and all of my books current and future will help to develop a stable future for me for when I get paroled or discharge (2027).

Mr. Cummings was born on March 5th, 1987, in Dallas, Tx. he is an hispanic male single, never been married nor does he have children. He is willing to try and correspond with anyone and is open minded. He asks that if you are to JPAY.com him letters please include your address so that he can try to give you a response.

Mr. Cummings has a few other projects that he would like to get published, but so far no publisher is interested in them, so he will eventually self-publish them as he saves up enough money to pay for the services. He wishes to self-publish them through Freebird Publishers. Two books are puzzle books one book is an arts & crafts book, another book is another anthology book of poems 300-999 poems, another book is of short stories. If you want to contribute to his cause you can go through JPAY.com, eCommDirect.com, WesternUnion and or send a money order to Tanner George Cummings, TDC# 1413924, Inmate Trust Fund PO Box 60 Huntsville, TEXAS 77342-0060. Again Mr. Cummings, would like To Thank You in Advance for buying his book(s) and or the contributions and or donations that you might give from your Heart.

May you be blessed in all that you do and find peace and Happiness!

Sincerely,

Tanner George Cummings



Works Cited

- Capps, Mack "Boxcar", "The man I need to be," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 2 March 2017, page 46
- Brock, Jeremy, "Commissary Day," The Echo, Vol. 9, Nov. 2017, page 3.
- Black, Brandon, "Esthetics," The Echo, Vol. 89, Sept. 2017, page 50.
- Borgess, Steven, "Angel Baby Perfume," The Echo, Vol. 89, Sept. 2017, page 4.
- Trejose, Frank, "My Eternal Beloved," The Echo, Vol. 89, Nov. 2017, page 47.
- Coppedge, Lisa L., "Whisper," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 6, July/August 2016, page 48.
- Escamilla, George, "Is This Real?", The Echo, Vol. 87, Dec, 2015/Jan. 2016 page 49.
- Ninety-Nine, "The Perfect High," The Echo, April 2015, page 51.
- Streater, Angela, "How can I walk?", The Echo, April 2015, page 52.
- Froman, Ralston V., "Stay" The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 9, Nov. 2016, page 53.
- Wroblewski, Bernard, "The man in waiting," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 1, Feb. 2016, page 54
- Roe, Kristy, "The End?", The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 9, Nov. 2016, page 55.
- Miranda, Jon, "Price to Pay," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 8, Oct. 2016, page 56.
- Salinas Jr., Jose, "A Troubled Friend," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 4, May 2016, page 33.
- H., Mindy, "Mending Hearts," The Echo, Vol. 8, Oct. 2015, page 36.
- Johnson, Kreta, "Toxic Clouds." The Echo, Vol. 87, April 2015, page 39.
- Dragoo, Kandy, "Goodbye World," The Echo, Dec. 2015/Jan. 2016, page 41.
- Salazar, Sabrina, "Best of Friends," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 9, Nov. 2017, page 43.
- Cummings, Tanner George, "Searching For Victory," added from personal writing collection.
- Patterson, Quincy, "Book Eclipse," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 4, May 2016, page 57.
- Jaramello, Emily, "The Truth Hurts," The Echo, Vol. 4, May 2016, page 58.
- Cooly, Nikki, "Sunday Through Monday," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 8, Oct. 2016, page 59.
- Powell, Ray R., "The Little Red Wagon" The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 8, Oct. 2016, page 60.
- Henry, Tom, "You are...", "The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 2, March 2017, page 61.
- Camrillo, Robert Lee, "It's now too late," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 2, March 2017, page 62.

- Noderer, Aaron, "My Greatest Gift," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 2, March 2017, page 63.
- Welch, Cassidy, "Heart to Mom," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 2, March 2017, page 64.
- Belder, Collin R., "Evil Ways," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 1, Feb. 2017, page 65.
- Riley, Paul D., "Unbroken," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 1, Feb. 2017, page 66.
- Johnson, Tommy "Cowboy", "Cowboy Dreams," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 1, Feb. 2017, page 67.
- Coppedge, Lisa L., "Tears I've Cried," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 1, Feb. 2017, page 68.
- Packard, Bernard, "Unbound," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 1, Feb. 2017, page 69.
- Estrada, Rafael, "Full Disclosure," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 7, Sept. 2016, page 14.
- Myers, Spencer D., "Wanting Eyes," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 7, Sept. 2016, page 17.
- Galan, Alexandra, "Sweet, San Antonio," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 9, Nov. 2016, page 18.
- Neal, Lance "Armstrong", "Adage," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 8, Oct. 2016, page 19.
- Lawrence, Leanne, "Lost and Found," The Echo, Vol. 87, Dec. 2015/Jan. 2016, page 20.
- Houston, Tamara, "Tear Drops Falling Like Rain," The Echo, Vol. 87, No. 8, Oct. 2015, page 22.
- Cichon, Travis, "Who's to Blame?", "The Echo," Vol. 87, No. 8, Oct. 2015, page 24.
- Morrison, Chavon, "Everlasting Love," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 1, Feb. 2016, page 25.
- Tovar, Jacqueline, "Daily Struggle," The Echo, Vol. 87, No. 8, Oct. 2015, page 26.
- Prieto, Francisco, "Dear Moma," The Echo, Vol. 87, No. 11/12, Dec. 2015/Jan. 2016, page 28.
- Castoreno, Rene, "Gangsta's Cry," The Echo, Vol. 87, No. 11/12, Dec. 2015/Jan. 2016, page 29.
- Medina, Luis, "When Tomorrow Starts Without Me," The Echo, Vol. 87, No. 8, Oct. 2015, page 30.
- Yates, Jessica, "Mother I Never Had," The Echo, Vol. 88, No. 1, Feb. 2016, page 31.

Sosa, Danny, "Safe Distance," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 1, Feb. 2017, page 70.  
Dunn, Corey, "Leaving," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 3 April 2017, page 71.  
Mejia, Lydia M., "Commissary Day," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 3, April 2017,  
page 73.

Garcia, Mario A., "Life Goes On," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 3, April 2017 page  
75.

Lopez, Casandra, "Tears of Regret," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 3, April 2017  
page 76.

Berryman, Bryan, "A Broken Heart," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 3, April 2017,  
page 77.

Donohue, John M., "If You Should Think of Me," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 3,  
April 2017, page 78.

Aycock, Lauren, "Watching The World Through Razor Wire," The Echo, Vol. 89,  
No. 8, Oct. 2017, page 6.

Green, John E. "My Life," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 8, Oct. 2017, page 8.

Garcia, Alejandro, "Wondering," The Echo, Vol. 89, No. 8, Oct. 2017, page 9.

Hill, William, "Tormented," The Echo, Vol. 90, No. 2, March 2018, page 10.

Burton, Rainee, "Decay," The Echo, Vol. 90, No. 2, 2018, page 11.

Watson, Reagan, "Parole," The Echo, Vol. 90, No. 2, March 2018, page 12.

NOTE: How to read this Works Cited Sheets; First is the name of the person  
whom wrote or submitted the poem; next comes the title of the poem; then comes  
the source from where the work first appeared; then its the volume, number and  
the year in which the poem appeared; and the page refers to the page in which  
book where the poem can be found.