

A Voice

Buried Alive

A Melodic, And Melodramatic  
Collection of Poems

By Edrick Williams, Jr.

# Dedication

I dedicate this whole project to my two beautiful daughters, I'Armani and I'AKirya. I'AKirya and I'Armani, my two lucky pennies. My two anaxetic beauties. My two daughters of Venus (Nora). I'Armani and I'AKirya, brains and beauty, beauty and brains. What more could a father ask for? Than the two of u. These mere words are the rhyme and rhythm of my heart. All my love and heart belong to the two of u. I'AKirya and I'Armani.

A Voice Buried Alive: A Collection of Melodic  
And Melodramatic Poems

By Edrick Williams, Jr.

## About The Author/Poet

My name is, Edrick Williams, Jr. I'm (35) thirty-five years of age. I am the proud father of (2) two beautiful daughters. I'm not married, I have no girlfriend nor significant other. Unfortunately, I'm currently incarcerated, and have been for the pass (14) fourteen years. I'm serving an (80) eighty do (40) forty year bid for a felony murder and (2) two first degree robberies in this state of Indiana, with a life-sentence awaiting me in my home state of Alabama for capital murder, attempt murder, and (1) one first degree robbery. I hail from the Heart of Dixie; Birmingham/Bessemer, Jefferson Co. Alabama. The Magic City.

I've been writing poetry now for the pass (10) ten years. I picked up the pen as a way to express myself and the struggle I'm going through. As well as I see it as a way for me to provide for myself in prison. I am a self-taught person in this art form. By way of my dear love for music, I am a true hip-hop head but, I love all genres of music. Hence, my new found affection for writing poetry. Over the years of my incarceration, I've crafted a number of poems. Although, I don't consider my form of writing poetry. At least not in the traditional sense of iambs, couplets, and sonnets. Nevertheless, I am read in the traditional sense of poetry. In order for me to learn and fully appreciate the art form. I do, nonetheless consider my writing to be a form of poetry.

This is my introduction to the literary world as a poet. I hope my work is understood and received well by the masses and/or public. Because there is much more to come from me. I'm just getting started. And to anyone that may want to come in contact with me, my mailing info:

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A Voice Buried Alive: A Collection Of  
Melodic And Melodramatic Poems

# His Voice Buried Alive

## Bias Systemic Racism

Take a look around; everybody standin' round  
In a state of disbelief with tears fallin' down  
Because there's another lifeless body on the ground  
And the police is no where 2 be found  
Unless, they are the reason fo' the body found  
Layin' face down on the concrete  
Dead by the hands of the police  
But, this was just today  
Just yesterday, it was by the hands of u and me  
Either way, by the hands of u and me or the police  
We are killin' each other  
I say we <sup>are</sup> in the race of humanity  
See, 2 me this killin' of each other  
Is bigger than black and white  
Not 2 say, nor take away from the fact  
That it's black bein' killed unjustly  
By the hands of the police  
But I'd be speakin' and writein' hypocritically  
If I didn't speak and write with honesty  
When it's a fact that it's black killin' black  
Substantially and mo' abundantly  
Not that it make it right  
Fo' black 2 be killed by white police  
Abundantly, everyday  
Substantially, everyday  
And honestly, it is what it is  
Bias systemic racism; sadly

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(1)

A Voice Buried Alive

Time (Prison Life)

I been doin' time  
Time on top of time  
And sadly  
The penitentiary raised me  
Steel and concrete define me  
I been doin' time  
Time on top of time  
And sadly  
The penitentiary raised me  
I long 2 turn back the hands of time  
So I can get back half of my lifetime  
A time-span wasted in a jail-cell  
A place that's a livein' hell  
So it shouldn't be no wonder why  
I inhale; I get high  
Flyin' paper planes; no drains and no trains  
I fly paper planes  
I get high just 2 get by  
Cause from day 2 day  
I really want 2 die  
Only thing is I can't bring myself  
2 kill myself  
But, I'll be the first 2 kill somebody else  
If I feel they're a threat 2 my helath  
As I do this time  
Time on top of time  
I been doin' time  
And sadly  
The penitentiary raised me  
All I know is time  
In this prison life I live

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(2)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Consequences

With my pen I give u a birds-eye view  
Of a life full of sin  
And in a life of sin, one do what He got 2 do  
Some people choose 2 get a job  
And some people choose 2 kill and rob  
Life is ill when u have a hunger  
Fo' somethan' u've never even had befo'  
The hunger pains won't let u utter  
What u won't do; cause u go have 2 do  
Some things u've never even done befo'  
Just 2 obtain and maintain  
What u've never even had befo'  
But, fo' whatever u do, u got 2 accept the consequences  
There are consequences fo' every action  
And fo' every action there's a reaction  
Consequences, consequences  
U gain by doin' ya own thang, and stayin' in ya own lain  
While prayin' u make it through, what u are spinn' through  
Without executin' the thought of executin' yasef  
At a time when u have nothan' left  
In this life 2 look forward 2 but death  
What else is there 2 look forward 2  
When u are servin' an 80 to 40 year sentence in one state  
With a life-sentence awaitin' u in another state  
With these kind of consequences  
U often ask yasef: is this my life  
Really, this can't be life  
Not when u are alive, and brimmin' with life, but not able 2 thrive  
U are only allowed 2 exist within a grim realm of life  
While u watch life pass u by  
With a river of emotion comin' from ya eye

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(3)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Race Relations In America (Part 1)

Obviously, my President is black  
And due to this fact  
They have the audacity to say  
That race is not an issue in America today  
It's 2016  
But, what do that mean  
When race is very much an issue in America today  
As much as it was yesterday  
The American race relations from yesterday  
Is very much the American race relations of today  
When the police is white  
And a 12 year old black kid, is killed by the police in broad  
day light  
It's sad to say  
But this is any given day, in America  
No matter what said black man and/or kid  
Didn't do, or did  
A case of guilty before any judge or jury decided a verdict  
Whether guilty or not-guilty  
This is America  
Where u are presumed innocent until prove in' guilty  
But, if u are black in America  
U are automatically guilty  
Racial profile in'  
Racial profile in'  
If this ain't racial profile in'  
Then I don't know what is  
But this is the race relations of America

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(4)

## A Voice Buried Alive

### Race Relations In America (Part 2) I Can't Breathe

I can't breathe  
The last words of another diein' black man  
By the hands of another white man, a policeman  
I can't breathe  
These chokein' words of that diein' black man  
Provoked a movement across America  
After the breakin' news of another black man, in America  
The land of liberty  
Being unjustly killed by the long arm of the law  
The exact same people that swore to uphold and enforce the law  
Are the exact same people breakin' the law  
Without any charges, being charged nor an indictment  
As if they're, Steven Seagal "Above The Law"  
America, how did we as a country get in this predicament  
Where black life is insignificant  
And white people are the only people innocent  
We as a country have a systemic headache with law enforcement  
Pulsatein' with the heart of the city  
Throughout the country  
From Staten Island, New York to Ohio, Cincinnati  
And on out to California, L.A.  
A place where the lost angels pray  
And cry out: I can't Breathe  
I can't Breathe

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(5)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Don't Ask Me

They have the audacity to question our value of life  
Savin' we show no appreciation for human life  
Are they serious  
They can't possibly be serious  
Have they not took a look around lately,  
We live in poverty-stricken communities  
There are no jobs  
And the minimum wage is below the poverty line  
So don't ask me why we kill each other  
Ask me how u of substantial means, affluence and opulence  
Can assist me  
I don't want u to give me nothin'  
I may be a have not, and I come from nothin'  
But, I'm not ya charity case  
Thank-u, but no-thank-u  
I'm allergic to a hand-out  
Therefo', I get up and get out  
Doin' what I got to do & survive  
So don't ask me why we kill each other  
When u wouldn't question why nor how a rose grew  
From concrete without mangled petals  
No, u wouldn't  
Totally the opposite  
I would adore it's mind to touch the sky  
& grow against the odds  
So, don't ask me why we kill each other  
When we are that rose strugglin' & grow from the ghetto  
And these mere words are the mangled petals.

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(6)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Children Of Politics

Politics as usual  
But this ain't the usual politics  
Not when our children are the usual suspects  
Livin' their life in a divisive political age  
Where the politics trap them in a cage  
Now try 2 fathom their rage  
to rage political policies will never even acknowledge

Politics as usual  
But this ain't the usual politics  
Not when our children are the usual suspects  
Payin' a political obligation unbeknownst 2 them  
Yet, they pittance with their allowance of innocence  
Somethan' that'll never even exist in politics

Politics as usual  
But this ain't the usual politics  
Not when our children are the usual suspects  
Their virtuous wont allow them 2 communicate  
In this divisive age of politics for themselves  
They dont understand the helter-skelter political language  
Therefo' its upon u and me 2 broadcast  
And take the detrimental political steps for them  
After all, these are our children of flawed politics

Edrick Williams, Sr.  
(7)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## A Father's Prayer

The epitome of angelic beauty  
Are a splittin' images of me  
They're the keys of my legacy  
I pray and hope they go on & be  
Of higher quality in life than me  
Because I'm a born loser in life; sadly  
I was a baby havin' babies  
I didn't know-how & be a daddy  
Nor did I know-how & be the Father  
My daughters needed me & be  
So sincerely, my apology  
To my 2 angelic beauties  
I forsaken u & fo' the streets  
And the backwash fo' me  
Presently restin' my feet in the penitentiary  
Prayin' 2 God fo' a better way  
Fo' a better day & succeed tomorrow  
In spite of knowin' tomorrow  
Hurt promised & me today  
Yet and still I look fo'ward 2 the fresh dew  
Of a new day  
As I pray my daughters don't spit upon me  
Not literally, but figuratively  
Hopefully they'll accept my apology  
Fo' me turnin' out & be a deadbeat  
A truthfulness u didn't fo'see comin' from me  
Nevertheless, I've got 2 express authenticity  
After all, this is my poetic life story  
And God knows it got 2 depict integrity

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(8)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## A Right 2 Passage (Freedom)

We been prayin' and hopein'...  
We been cryin' for freedom.  
Freedom from captivity...  
Freedom from injustice...  
Freedom from oppression...  
And freedom from poverty.  
Liberty is so difficult 2 obtain.  
Yet, it's so easy 2 give away.  
And so easy 2 take away.  
I sit and reminisce on yestaday.  
When my people; Black people, use 2 fight and die for liberty.  
Our freedom as a people.  
Our right 2 passage.  
Now look at us today.  
So quick 2 say "We're so proud of this and that."  
Yet, we squander our freedom away everyday.  
After yearnin' for so long 2 truly be free.  
Physically, mentally, and emotionally.  
Free 2 be as a yellowhammer flyin' in the sky.  
Without a care in the world.  
Now I could've been born anywhere in the world.  
But, I was born here - in America - with hate in my heart  
And innocent blood in my eyes.  
I'm a Soledad comrade confined 2 this so called land of the  
free, and the home of the brave.  
But for me and my people; Black people, aint nothin' free.  
Not in this country.  
The motto should be; the land of a thief and the home of a  
slave.  
A slave that's searchin' for His/Her right 2 passage.

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(9)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Under Lock And Key

Imagine bein' brimful of life  
But not able 2 live life  
U only exist within a bastille world  
That's located inside of a free-world  
Belivein' memories from ya pass, u now wish u had  
Sad, cause all u have now is a melancholy morrow  
With nothin' but sorrow under lock and key  
U wander aimlessly around a steel and concret jungle  
Where only the gutsy and mighty survive  
Whether it be physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually  
The weak become quarry, 2 many of predators  
It's dog eat dog under lock and key  
The mighty and shaky have only one thing in common  
Self-preservation  
Survival by any means necessary  
In a world where nothin' eved vary  
And the world of the free pass away

Edrick Williams, Sr.  
(10)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## A Caste System (Liberty)

Americas liberty comes with a penalty  
My fault, Lady Liberty  
I need u as much as I need clemency  
We need u, Lady Liberty as much as we need mercy  
Here, in this country built on slavery  
Yet, its constituted on liberty  
The hypocrisy of this country  
The bigotry of u, Lady Liberty  
The mockery of liberty in this country  
When there's over 2 million in the penitentiary  
And/or on correction of the community  
Sorry; I mean community correction  
Americas liberty comes with a penalty  
Mass incarceration  
The penal; criminal justice system  
Is a system within a system  
The legal creation of a caste system  
Where no matter how much u  
Pay ya legal debt 2 society  
U are considered a second class citizen  
Not a citizen of, Lady Liberties society  
But a citizen of a mass incarcerated society  
A caste system within liberty

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Poetry Is My Life

In my darkest hour  
The circumstances I faced gave me the substance  
I write my truth & power  
On the heels of every wrong there's a consequence  
And for me there was no difference  
I was taken cage-bird chances  
Vital obstacles that buried me alive  
Within a realm of grim circumstances  
A situation where I'm not able to thrive  
And the powers that be  
Demand for me a cover  
Instead of seein' me fight  
Until the end of my plight  
So I defy the powers that be  
And fight with these words I write  
Eloquently depictin' my pivotal struggles  
With the pulse of my tru-2-life rhyme  
I compose into poetic riddles my troubles  
In the event of my mortal demise  
My conflicted spirit will rise  
Until the end of time  
I'm immortal in and between these lines  
Meantime in between time  
Fathertime ain't no friend of mine  
So let's walk and talk for a while  
And get lost in today, tomorrow can wait  
These words tend to take on a life of their own  
Makin' my poetic images timeless  
The dusk of life they'll never even see  
Through my every word life is endless  
The texture of my poetic life story  
Is infinity  
So let's wine and dine in style  
And get lost in this moment of fate

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(12)

# A Voice Buried Alive

From Boys & Men

Man, grow up and stop playin'  
This is real life, obviously  
And obviously this ain't a PlayStation game  
We, men got & let go of that mind frame  
Cause these people ain't playin'  
For them this ain't a game  
They have a, Windex clear plain  
And they are executin' it all day  
Everyday they are executin' their plain  
Just take a look at where u stay  
Now tell me whose missin'  
And I'll bet u we'll find them in prison  
Or they've relocated & the cemetery  
The prison or the cemetery  
Is where u can find the missin' Black Man  
Breakin' News: Breakin' News  
In the absence of the black man  
Young black boys pretend & be men  
Meanwhile, grown men play with extravagant toys  
And there lay the puzzlement  
Of whose the man, and whose the child  
Children and women  
Pitch hissy-fits about this and that  
Tryin' & get that and this  
Not seasoned, fully grown men  
Again, boys pretend & be men  
But it's grown men playin' with extravagant toys  
From boys & men  
Or is it immature men bein' boys  
Pretendin' & be mature men playin' PlayStation games  
Stuck in a boys mind frame  
Goin' & prison or layin' in a cemetery  
Either way, this is the Mans plain  
And it's very horror movie scary  
Is it should be; terrifyin'  
To sakein' our community of its power structure  
The Black Man, decimatein' the black community

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(13)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## My Becomin'

I was born right there  
In a place where my survival hung on a dare  
I was created right there  
On the verge of eternal life  
And on the edge of everlastin' life  
Standin' on my own as my own man  
In my right hand, I hold principles, morals, and values  
Principles, morals, and values instilled by my Mother  
And Great-grandmother  
In my other hand I cluch a lonely void  
The lonely void of my missin' father  
And that missin' father is who I became  
A father I never even had  
It's sad, but my Mother was my Mother and my Dad  
Meanin' I was raised by a uniquely, iron-willed woman  
She just couldn't teach, not show me how to be a man  
That I figured out the troublesome way, on my own  
By way of the streets with a gun  
A gun that shot me to the penitentiary  
And fortunately for me, I didn't conceive a son  
I became what I became  
A missin' father

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(24)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Lessons Never Learned

I continue to make the same mistakes.  
And everyday of my life I live with them.  
They seem to be the story of my life.  
A story of unlearned lessons from life.  
I could never even learn my lesson from them.  
Life lessons disguised by my life mistakes.  
After my life made me a martyr of them.  
I realized I was a victim of my life.  
Continuein' I make the same mistakes.  
Yet, I never even seem to learn my lesson from them.  
Lessons of right and wrong, mistakes made in life.

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(15)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Perseverance

I rise out of the ashes that surround me  
With the spirit of a Phoenix, I'm bold  
Shynein' brilliantly fo' all I see  
A light of hope beamin' from my soul  
In the face of life cruel circumstances  
I haven't flinched one inch  
Nor have I cried aloud  
I stand superior over the world of chance  
And as a man I endured, and stand unbowed  
In a place of persistent sorrow and tears  
The gory horror of life lay in the shade  
Patiently waitin', evolvein' over the years  
Only I find me ready and unafraid  
Mistakes don't matter befo' the gate  
Only life consequences within the scroll  
I hold the destiny of my fate  
But He is the captain of my soul

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(16)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Unjust Justice

The command of man I couldn't abide  
The law of the land I couldn't abide by  
So here I reside, in this human storage facility  
A very shady immoral zoo  
A human zoo  
Where u are deprived of all humanity  
And with no empathy for ya family  
U are condemned & die  
Whether it be a natural death or u kill yasef  
No matter; u die  
For society that's what matter  
Because u are condemned & die  
As if u are a rabid hound; u are put down  
With no regard for the years of sincere tears  
That fall for u from ya families eye  
As long as u die  
This is what society call justice  
This is what we, the people of society  
Call justice  
Lock-up the unjust, scandalous criminal  
And throw away the key  
This villainous animal is not just for society  
But, this scandalous criminal, this villainous animal  
Is somebodys father, sista, brother, mother  
With a carein' and luv'in' family  
So I think we (the people of society)  
Need & rethink what we consider & be justice  
Because obviously this approach & justice  
Is not workin'  
This broken system of unjust justice  
Is really not workin'

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(17)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## I Write My Wrongs

The chain reaction of my actions  
Are stronger than gravity it self  
The severity of my actions  
Wasnt comprehensible 2 me  
Until I was literally  
Keepin' an eye open for death  
It's a benediction for me  
2 be breathein' today  
33 and black, I could've easily been, Freddie Gray  
All because I'm young and black  
They perceive me 2 be a Menace 2 Society  
As if all young black men be packin'  
statin' as if we don't know how 2 act  
Everyday I open my eyes I count my blessin's  
Then I crack the books of my costly life lessons  
Taught 2 me by my impulsive actions  
The cause and effect of all my wrongs  
Compel me 2 write my wrongs in my poems  
The only venue for me 2 attempt 2 right my wrongs  
Is here in and between the lines of a poem  
Where I elegantly depict the misery of my life  
Life  
A brief melancholy lull  
Embrace my frame of mind  
See, the severity of my situation is drivin' me  
Down 2 one-way, the wrong way insane  
So endure with me  
My pain in each and every line  
Near my life blues in the sound of the rain

# A Voice Buried Alive

## U (Diamonds & Pearls)

my & pretty and precious girls in the world  
my diamonds and pearls  
i catch a view of u & in everythang i do  
every time i eye the mirror all i see is u  
i hate the day i did what i did  
and decided & leave the & of u  
in lieu of me doin' what men do  
what a man wouldve did  
but i wasnt a man; i was just a kid  
no where near man enough & face my faults  
and bear the brunt of my hooligan faults  
diamonds and pearls  
my & daughters are diamonds and pearls  
my & pretty and precious girls in the world  
every time i close my eyes  
i only see the & of u  
words solely could never even depict  
& the & of u how much i miss u  
every dawn-&-dark im not with the & of u  
i die from the shame and guilt  
of me neglectin' the & of u  
when the & of u deserve the world  
and i truly wish i could give it & u  
my & angelic girls are worth no' than  
diamonds and pearls  
the & of u are too precious and way no'  
special than mere diamonds and pearls

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(19)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Forever In A Day

He attest a real life contest of solitaire  
Where after a calendar there's another calendar  
Life is a dare  
Dare u do this, dare u say that  
It's a darein' test each and everyday, all day  
He's servein' all-day  
Doin' numbers of the NBA  
It's a darein' test each and everyday  
So use ya crest for mo' than a hat-rack  
And survive this real life contest of chest  
In a place where ya next move got 2 be ya best move  
Or embrace ya final rest  
Forever in a day  
Servein' all-day  
Doin' numbers of the NBA  
Forever in a day  
His birth name is no longer his name  
1-5-9-6-9-9 is now his name  
When it come 2 doin' time  
We are striped of ya humanity  
We are state property  
No mo' than a commodity  
As if u have been bought and sold  
Forever in a day

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(20)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Cecil The Lion (Set Free)

Cecil The Lion is trapped spiritually and emotionally  
Inside a man made wilderness of concrete and steel  
He's been domesticated, yet he's very much untamed  
But the powers-that-be think they've captured  
All of his rage and rampage  
Unbeknownst to them, they could never even capture  
All of his rage and rampage  
Not when these passionate words  
Set Cecil The Lion free  
Rodin' & life free from a water front of thoughts  
& roam the heart and mental jungles of Black Men  
The hardwood hearts and minds of at risk Black Men  
That's in need of a source of hope  
And light at the end of a dark tunnel  
Where there once was a source of virtue  
But all there is now is a misunderstood pride  
That's full of rage and rampage  
Behind all the unjust killings of other Cecil The Lions  
Which seem to be daily in the streets  
The concrete jungle of America  
If they're (Cecil The Lion) bein' trapped in a cage  
They'll be set free mentally and physically

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(21)

Stand Alone

A life of crime  
Go hand in hand with doin' time  
There's no way 2 separate the 2  
In a life of crime  
The impendin' is doin' time  
There's no honor in the company of thieves  
It's only self-preservation  
Out the window go tru-blue dedication  
Please believe  
Trust and loyalty blow with the leaves  
I have 2 be an oak tree  
And stand as a man or woman  
By ya lonely  
Be ya own man or woman  
Be yaself, and stand steadfast by yaself  
On ya own  
Because when it come time  
2 pay the piper  
I stand all alone  
By yaself  
There is no sphere  
I face death on ya own  
By yaself  
Life's swan song  
I die on ya own  
By yaself  
And this swan song 2 life  
I understand  
So I stand alone  
On my own, as a man

# A Voice Buried Alive

## The Lawless

In a world of the lawless,  
Life exist in a hollow shadow of death,  
In a place where souls are sold,  
And everybody is out for them self,  
The hearts of men are bitterly cold,  
In the company of thieves there's no honor,  
U can only try 2 die standin' as a man,  
And not cowerin' on ya knees resemblein' a madcow,  
Even the weak manifest evil while exhibitin' fear,  
When the strong is evil with nothin' 2 fear,  
They live each and everyday as if it's their last,  
With nothin' 2 profit, and nothin' 2 fo'feit,  
To them there's no future 2 look forward 2,  
There's only mental souvenirs from the past,  
That gets lived and relived over and over again,  
While they are drownin' in an abyss of sin,  
They pray for a redeemin' rain,  
Hopin' it wash away the ominous pain,  
That come from a life of doom,  
From the womb 2 a tomb,  
In this world of the lawless,

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(23)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## What's Right & Wrong

As a man or woman  
If u won't stand fo' somethang  
I'll land face first fo' anythang  
So stand strong; Herculean strong  
Stand vehemently by what u believe  
And what u hold & be right  
Whom is & declare & u  
That u are wrong  
When what they view & be wrong  
I see it & be right  
So stand strong; Herculean strong  
Stand vehemently by what u believe  
And what u hold & be right  
Don't take kindly & nobody  
Suggestin' u are wrong  
When u consider and believe yaself & be right  
As a man or woman  
Never; ever  
Lack confidence in self  
Fo' the utterance of someone else  
Always  
Always stand resolute  
By what u believe in  
And what u hold & be tru

Edrick Williams, Sr.  
(24)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Fathertime

With every 2 steps I take forward  
It's as if I've taken a few steps backwards  
At times I don't know if I'm goin' or comin'  
This may give the impression of my mental decay  
So it's safe 2 say I'm losin' my mind  
Existin' within this abnormality of life  
Where u only get three hotus and a cot  
From a man made cage; 2 rec  
Just 2 release a bit of rage  
From a normal way of life  
That's submerged in an abnormality of life  
Where u are committed  
Yet, not so committed  
2 a vow of, "until death do u part"  
An unholy matrimony between Fathertime and me  
Confined 2 this world inside a world  
I endure this life of time  
Where Fathertime is killin' me slowly  
While I Rolex-watch time pass me by  
Due 2 the choices I made in the blink of an eye  
If only I could turn back the hands of time  
I'd stop for a few ticks of the minute hand  
And give some thought 2 my troubled life choices  
Life choices I wish I never ever made  
But, what's done is done  
No matter how much I wish  
I can't undo what I've done  
I can't turn back the hands of time  
I can only stand man 2 man  
And face 2 face with Fathertime  
As I find myself taken a few steps backwards  
With every 2 steps I take forward

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(25)

A Voice Buried Alive

I Welcome The Rain

I often find myself pacein'  
Backwards and forwards  
Within an isolated space of my mind  
Tryin' my damndest not 2 go insane  
From all the madness that's plaquein' my brain  
As the pitter-patter of the rain  
Against my cell-bar windowpane  
Slowly but surely drive me insane  
Straight 2 the madhouse  
But it's a cell-house  
I find myself standin' outside of  
In a straight-jacket in the pourin' rain  
Oh, how I pray and hope it wash away my pain  
From all the sin I do  
Just 2 maintain my sanity  
Within this steel and concrete world  
A world inside a world of shame and blame  
With nothin' else 2 do  
I welcome the rain.

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(26)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## The American Dream (Part-1)

The American dream is history  
Black history  
And black history is a leadin' role  
In the American dream  
But, the American dream  
Was never ever been my dream  
How could it be my dream  
When they don't even see me as, American  
As if the American-United States-ain't my place of origin  
On account of my stained skin  
Yeah, I'm African-American  
But, I've never ever been 2 Africa  
Nadever, I am very unapologetically black  
I'm just not from, Africa  
I'm from, America  
Born and raised American  
And I'm proud 2 be black  
Without a doubt Africa is my ancestry  
Therefore, I'm only seen as a commodity  
In this state of the Union country  
Where it's politics on top of social-politics  
In a country that was structured on slavery  
So, no  
The American dream has never ever been my dream  
2 be continued...x

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(27)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## The American Dream (Black History) Part-2

Oh no, the American dream has never even been my dream  
But, fortunately for me and my people: Black People  
He, King, had a dream for us in this country  
A dream of u and me: ordinary people, my people  
Black people, doin' ordinary things  
Just to achieve extraordinary things  
At a point when stayin' alive; for a black man was no give  
In the life span of 1965  
Black people pound the pavement  
Showerin' blood across the Edmund Pettus bridge  
That Sunday of blood march through my veins  
Pavein' the way to our right to vote, and our Civil Rights  
Where to no mo' Black Only: White Only signs  
Across the water fountain  
Through the eyes of King, we saw the top of the mountain  
And His dream is my American dream  
Where each and every man  
Is truly equal and judged by the contents  
Of His and Her character (Frame of mind and kind)  
Not by the pigment of their skin  
An evanescent swan song: Standin' on the shoulders of my  
Birthright history  
Make it possible for me to see  
I live and I breathe the glory of liberty  
What was once said to be impossible  
But through years of tears  
We made it possible  
In the face of, Jim Crow, yesterday  
Although, today the industrialization of the American  
Penitentiary is the present day, Jim Crow  
So, the struggle continues...

Edrick Williams, Sr.  
(28)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## A State Of Oppression (Injustice)

In the face of justice  
I see mo' bias, injustice than justice  
The penal, criminal justice system is broken  
The school-houses are closed  
And the cell-house doors are open  
It's a school & prison pipe line  
Meantime in between time  
The same people that face this bias injustice  
Oppressed unjust justice  
Are the same people livein' in poverty  
We broke free from the chains on our feet  
Nevva, are we able & brake free from the chains mentally  
The mental state of oppression  
Now, with all due respect & Mr. Ed  
"dark horse" once said: "Poverty is a state of mind"  
But this way of thinkin' is as hard as, Waldo & Find  
When fo' most poverty is a state of oppression  
Definitely not a state of mind  
Contrary, dont nobody want & be stricken with poverty  
Everybody want an opportunity and prosperity  
Dont nobody want poverty  
Not nobody in their right frame of mind  
It's been said that freedom is a state of mind  
Suggestin' that one can be locked-up physically  
And at the same time be free mentally  
As well as one can be free  
And at the same time under lock and key mentally  
The life of the oppressed is a life  
similar & a person in the penitentiary  
By definition, prison life is oppression, suppression  
and repression  
Not only are u oppressed, but ya family ate, too  
See, when u are doin' time  
It may seem that u are doin' it by yaiself  
and in the physical sense u are by yaiself  
But in the emotional and spiritual sense  
Ya family and luv-ones are doin' time with u, too

Edrick Williams, Sr.  
(29)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## Blackball (Sports & Politics)

The Kickoff & the (taken of a knee) protest  
Wax social injustice, unjust justice  
Police brutality and inequality  
Hands up, don't shoot & the police  
With my hands up I run away from the police  
And yet and still I'm shot in the back (Killed) by the police  
I was runnin' away from u  
With my hands up, mind u  
There's no way I posed a threat & u  
I had no firearm on me & harm u  
But, u are the long arm  
And me bein' a Black Man  
Is all the reason for ya alarm  
Hands up, don't shoot & the police

America, we (Black Men) are bein' beat down  
and shot down, dead in the street  
All across the country  
from the Big Apple city  
& the city of lost angels  
There's a minority community cryin' for equality  
In the face of social injustice, unjust justice  
Police brutality and inequality  
I take a knee in protest with Kaepernick and others  
In the spirit of equality and solidarity  
Those are my sistas and brothers  
forty-five, u are so blatantly five  
As if u don't know the flag and National Anthem  
Afford the right & protest  
By way of the Constitution  
The first Amendment profess  
A freedom-of-speech  
Not that I'm tryin' & teach  
Although, each one teach one  
Now there are some that's tone deaf  
either willfully or naively  
& the tone (issues) of the protest

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(30)

continue

# A Voice Buried Alive

Because the protest is not about the flag  
Nor the National Anthem  
That knock-down of the protest  
Is nothin' mo' than a phantom  
They want 2 put their foot down on the protest  
Now I choose 2 protest and what I'm protestin'  
Social injustice, unjust justice  
Police brutality and inequality  
All because u can't cut-a-deal on the issues I'm protestin'  
Forty-five, choose 2 call playas protestin'  
Sons-of-bitches, for exercise in their fight 2 protest  
Med rather have them play their position  
By goin' along 2 get alone  
2 just play the game and don't draw attention  
With shame, take ya check and get gone  
But social injustice, unjust justice  
Police brutality and inequality  
Is worth bringin' attention 2  
Especially, when it concern me (A Black Man)  
And my just due in an unjust society  
Kaepernick and Ali  
Are both sports figures of political protest  
Bringin' needed attention 2 issues  
That need political attention drawn 2

Edrick Williams, Sr.  
(21)

# A Voice Buried Alive

## One Call

With his most recent call home  
everything between him and his momma went wrong  
he was tryin' 2 get his momma 2 see his viewpoint,  
but his point of view is of four walls, from behind a wall  
2 viewpoint she wasn't tryin' 2 see  
or better yet his point of view she didn't want 2 see  
and he couldn't blame her for feelin' the way she felt  
he could only blame himself  
for playin' the game the way he played the game  
with the hand he was dealt  
there was no other way for him 2 play the game  
at the same time in between time  
he was burned and she was heated  
she said some things  
and with waterfalls comin' from his eye  
he said some things back  
in reply he wish he could take back  
cause what he said he shouldn't have said  
but what's been said can't be retracted  
so in that split second of everything goin' wrong  
between him and his momma over the phone  
he threw the phone into one of the four walls  
that's enclosein' him behind a wall

Edrick Williams, Jr.  
(32)