

My Soul Is In My Hand

The Troubled Genius

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INTRODUCTION

Knowledge, wisdom, and understanding the poet imparts to the reader through his many experiences showing how he's defeated the cell, overcome many obstacles and pitfalls set by the system. Allowing all to grasp the fact that our purpose drives us to crossroads in life where we're able to make critical decisions leading to our glory or detriment. My soul is in my hand the author says is a work they don't show, and society doesn't know, and even if you've been there you could fail to unmask and see the beauty beyond the beast. Through cunning wordplay, using such wizardry his hands speak volume, a voice you can't help but hear, read, then reread, then tell someone they're people alive inside. Young and old, gifted visionaries and seers, so readers don't just read, but dig deep for the truth, unearthing jewels that even if looked upon would heal people, teach people, alert, educate, cast out all fears and doubt. Williams portrays this book of poetry as stepping inside of a portal that may take you to the past, or future. One thing is for sure you're sure to be changed. All one needs is the courage and the insight will be given on how to defeat TIME.

6-1-16 My Soul Is In my hand! Poems

written by: Charles Williams 1220492

Address: 59 Darrington Rd
Rosharon TX, 77583

Home Address: PoBox 166
West Columbia TX, 77486

Acknowledgements

No disrespect to yours nor mine But,

I want to acknowledge Mrs. Sims. If you had to choose between sexy and fine, you'd say Both. Oh yeah, and pretty. Thanks for always encouraging me to keep writing. You inspired this gift. Maybe one day I can take you to a book signing. I just appreciate the support. Latiff (Halfbreed) Thanks for the typewriter. I owe you. Steven James, thanks for the intense work, you're truly a good friend. P.A., Mexican Joe, Billy Ray, Hill, T-Dawg--keep hurting they game. My cuzins Roderick. Thanks for all the pics, Kevin, Lil' Bro, D-baby, Yogi, Tristen, Javon, yall know whats up. Betty from Set Us Free Ministries, Officer Brown--thanks for the real talk. My brother-n-law Jerome, what's up? J-Dawg what that boxing do, Bam, the other Bam, work clean, sho'nuff I can't say enuff about you. It's really real. T-Black, gods in the earth, stay right and exact. All the teachers and preachers I had -n- my life. God bless you all. Josh, what's up, I still owe you a move, Hood Brother from another mother. Hope you feel me. Love always. Aunts, uncles, these are shout-outs, not, not my obituary. If I left you out, forgive me. Maybe the next time when we cross it'll be a moment to be remembered.

Texas repping, Knocking Doors Down. **R.I.P. PIMP.C.**

P.S., Thanks to Prison Foundation.org for opening doors for us in the underworld.

Charles Williams

Dedications

To Mary Williams, whose passing away taught me honor, a special way to represent. You implanted a bomb in the earth. I truly miss you. I know you're watching over me. I feel your presence still guiding me. See you when I get there. The realist woman I've ever known. LOVE YOU, Moma.

To my queen, Mrs. Taronda. When I wrote your name I smiled. Only we know what we've been through, the tests, trials, and struggles. You taught me love through your actions, staying the course, believing in me when I didn't believe in myself. Yes, I dedicate this to you. The world deserves to know there is good people in this world, and upon encountering them, it'll bring out their best. Thank you for everything--not for what you do, but the reason you do it. Love always.

Promise, my only begotten son, guess you can say I see how God felt. I dedicate this to you. Stay focused. Nothing can stop you but you.

My other mother, Betty, you know I had to dedicate this to you, my confidant, spiritual advisor, moma. Thank you for giving me your most precious gift-- a daughter. We have so much in common. Can't wait to eat those crawfish. I love you, moma. Stay -n- the fight. I hear your voice every time I encounter a problem. You said God help me. Thanks again for empowering me.

Charles Williams

Listen! As my voice speaks volume and my hand makes known
the jewels hidden in my soul,
Sent to live amongst a peculiar people with a history untold, if
the world knew, it would freeze cold.
Hands covered mouths and heads dropped when I told them, "I hear the
blood of the innocents crying out from the ground."
They told me I was hearing voices because there's no way that
silence can sound,
Open your mouth, lift, lift, turn, spread, raise your feet, things I'd never
tell my family I had to perform,
It got to the point we did it with a smile and friendly conversation
like it was the norm,
I'm conscious of this surgical procedure, to give me a brain transplant
and a new mind of same kind,
One of passiveness, a male with female ways, a male with a mind
the can forever bind,
See, it's only right that I tell it all, I guess they were afraid I'd
say these things so I never got my one call,
Threatened by how they'd retaliate if I established a bond with a
female guard by putting a picture on a wall.
Sorry for venting, my soul telling guess I'm a snitch It's funny this
story everybody want to tell.
Rather they're -n- hell or jail these programs keep pushing at my ankles
when I'm trying to climb out of this well.
A peculiar people living -n- a world within a world,
A place where out early morning war cry,
Shoutout to that underworld!

(1)

Charles Williams

TDC has cameras they use to convict,
But when I need them to prove my innocence its nah, what a bunch of sxxt.
They have walking cameras that record 24/7.
The Captain even know the date and time my dice stopped on 11.
I watch it as it watches me Its right in front of my cell,
Its funny it didnt catch the day that old man slipped and fell,
I can't even look at a magazine in private to relieve my stress,
Here comes a female camera peeping at me while I undress,
Cameras watching cameras but I cant have a cellphone,
Afraid I might expose the corruption and all being done wrong.
I covered my cell front, here they come, what are you doing?
I threw my hands up full of vaseline and said, yall invading my privacy, I'm suing!
The gatekeepers break the rules, I saw the camera turn a blind eye,
We've been yelling man down an hour, how long does it take for one to die,
Since the sitting camera cant hear the walking cameras tell the story,
I lost my line class, the Cpt refused to let the camera restore me,
Everyones on camera pretending no one's being who they really are,
I guess we'll have to wait to view the one camera watching from afar.

"Only One True Camera."

I didn't want to take the shots for fear of implanted chips,
I didn't want to drink the juices for it staining my lips,
I didn't want to have surgery for second hand doctors experimenting on my hips,
I didn't want to ride that bluebird -n- the winter for all the times it flips,
I didn't want to believe in a place where a woman lost all respect for a man,
I didn't want to believe in a place where the beaches were full of black sand,
I didn't want to believe in a place where my mouth would be turned into my hand,
I didn't want to believe these bars would have such power over my wedding band,
I didn't want to believe there was a place I'd be told where to stand or sit,
I didn't want to believe I'd be told where to eat, sleep, and sxxt,
I didn't want to believe where animals were more important than people,
I didn't want to believe that homosexuals would be kissing inside the steeple,
I didn't want to believe that doctors and nurses treat us different than the free,
I didn't want to believe they'd prescribe ibuprophen that cost \$100 fee,
I didn't want to believe I'd watch so many grow old and do so much time,
I didn't believe the prosecutor would have the nerve to say "sign the dotted line"
I didn't want to believe that our peers subjected us to this type of treatment,
But they don't know, and when I told them.

They Couldn't Believe.

They gave one 5, another 20, another 50, the last on an L,
The one went to the camp, another went to the deepest parts of hell,
We tried to unify the camp guys wouldn't come out of the cell,
It's crazy no one even spoke up when we didn't get out mail,
Im in the fields fading the sun, my blackness being tried and true,
I asked the master's boy to write a grievance, he said,
"There's nothing he could do."

UNLOVED

INDIVIDUALS

DIVIDED

ALIVE

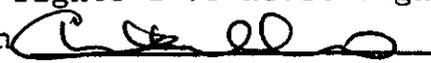
CONFINED

FEARED

SEPERATED

Friend, brother, I know you're going home but what about those asleep,
Don't you know that sacrifices is what keep us with a heartbeat,
Commissary, rec, and other perks, is that why you crawfish and tuck your tail,
The future will be lost if we don't leave our trail,
But I see, it wont change, weve been too long

DIVIDED.

Whose the leader of this so called peaceful protest,
Silence your right to speak has been taken as well,
Your right to privacy violated also so hurry and undress,
Prison politics, yeah right you know you cant vote from jail,
Excuse me officer I'm trying to pray, so what I dont care its count time,
I thought of my weapon but realized I had no right to have a nine,
I need legal representation my rights are being violated but Im out of money,
When I asked about my phone call the warden laughed like it was funny,
I lost the right to travel its strange I never left the state,
Lost the right to reproduce but conjugal visits other places that dont regulate,
Rights as a citizen, to own my own, go where I want, and buy what I want,
Talk to who I want, they've taken rights I've never signed over,
I need my rights back, here I sign 

Dúress

I woke up to rats and roaches crawling on me,
with the access they have they'd rather be here than be free,
birds fly in through the windows I'm thinking "how crazy could they be."
Cats lounging enjoying the breeze, enough to make me envy,
People come in to see us like animals on display,
Assembled like horses, Traffic moving like a Runway or Relay,
Dog Boyz run from dogs practicing seek and destroy,
Stealing eggs from chickens so they be ready for deploy,
Out East or West to smell a skunkbut nothing to see a possum in a tree trunk,
I could never catch the spider that wrap my bunk, just dead carcasses they've shrunk,
Killing hogs, skin turned to pork skins that their company bake,
The worst sight I ever seen is mankind sharing space with a snake.

"FARM HOUSE"

I watched the flag swagger and sway and felt such disrespect.
The Constitution reflects the thinking of the fathers, some they'd love and some neglect,
I saw justice played out-n-court facial expressions and gestures, stances at degrees,
At a point where all molecular motion stopped -32 such things freeze,
I heard a mother scream through the phone,
I saw his tears freeze when he told her how long he'd be gone,
Mine tasted salty as I sampled my own,
What is the standard to use to see if a man is folly grown,
10,20,30 years, how much is enuff or does the State just retaliate,
Ive met many changed men whose actions would silence the hate,
Justice isnt lock 'em up and throw away the key,
Then give a woman 10 yrs for killing a convicted felon as he did laundry,
Lady Justice dont just look, but do a second look at It twice,
Cant you see that you've froze the world to

J U S T--I C E

The chaplain called him with some bad news,
For a minute he sung the blues but kept getting up tieing his shoes,
Soon his wife couldn't take it and she left,
I'll be blessed with a better one, he fully believed it-n-himself,
No visits no mail still walked around with a smile,
Singing trouble don't last always, only a little while,
His weapons were hope, faith, and a vision he beheld,
With perseverance you couldn't buy and courage he wouldn't sell,
Years of broken promises it seems as if nothing shook him,
When the unexpected happened it's as if surprise never took him,
Blessed those that came and went and always had something to give,
Beggars couldn't understand the principles by which he lived,
Brought thoughts captive quickly letting nothing negative linger,
Shh to his mind like one would do his mouth with his Index finger,
It's something about the fighter who lives through pain and overcomes,
Facing things that most would only think to run,
Who trained this soldier to know that Greatness would make him remembered.

"SOLDIER"

Electrical fence vibrating so fast creating a cylinder
touching the heaven,
Thoughts suppressed unable to penetrate the dome only
focused energy can make it to 7,
Small planes fly over emitting fumes that make us lazy
and some sad or sleepy,
A sluggard mistaken for a drunken with an attitude
that's way past creepy,
Biological warfare gas of different types burning my
skin for many days,
My water is cut off and haven't been outside to
enjoy any sunrays.
You tell me how it's possible for a woman or male to control
masses of people with a can of gas,
And get hardened criminals to submit and bow
down so fast,
Induced birth to chickens many of them die, but their in such
a hurry to feed,
Psych patients running around with buck wide eyes suicide
moving at hyperspeed,
This is my documentation of the experimentation.

EXPERIMENTATION

She saw different colors, builds, shapes and sizes,
So much forbidden fruit unable to control the passion as it rises,
Like a young girl with a Barbie, she had to have her Ken
Warned by the Administration about sin, and what would happen when and then,
Yet still pulled the string on TEddyrugspin he said Take me home with you,
Promises to live ever after, occupying space inside of a shoe,
Old cars versus the new ones she tried and tested them all,
She missed her toys when they were apart so made a way so they could call,
What's a queen living in a kingless castle, seem to be unfortified,
With the fun she was having she thought the Administration must have lied,
It came to a point she didn't want to leave her toys but put in overtime,
Thinking if she volunteered to work no one would pay it any mind,
Suddenly someone noticed a scarecrow toy grew a heart,
Jelousy filled it and declided he tear her world apart,
He told her employer of her favorite Toy and how she plan to take him away,
They made sure neither of them left but both kept for stay.

HER TOYS

I looked through my folders and saw all that I'd accomplished
on the journey,
College degrees, courses, classes, church programs but my most important
plack is having to learn ME,
All that I've done wasn't required that I do, I did because the Gifts
felt the need to express,
I guess being free I was moving so fast they felt suppressed and
now they have my attention I'm at rest,
Lying to myself I won't do, It's true that the visual can have
an effect on the vision,
Some knives I encounter make me sharp, some so dull make it hard
to strike with precision,
I'll give an helping hand or two but going backwards or standing
still waiting on kids to grow up,
I'd rather give 'em a book jump back in my spaceship
And let Scotty beam me up,
What do I owe you? Respect well give me no reason
to be suspect,
Each one teach one take in all that's truth *Along with* unbelief
and peer pressure reject,
It's my duty to be true to myself Do justice shine in on
Injust world,
Not just to myself but be true to every man,boy, woman
or Girl.

THE DUTY OF MAN

Lord, I'm so brand new and ready to leave this place,
My mind, body, and soul has gotten too big to occupy such a small space,
State so unforgiving it's hard to keep a confident face,
Fought oppression so much my head is grey, this case I can never embrace,
Skip a line before I rhyme Back and forth such a sad routine,
Mail call helps me expand till there's nothing around me except pure light,
Haven't flashed a smile -n- a long while they've crushed my diamonds that bling,
i'm not racist but the walls even my attire I wear is nothing but white,
I see us all on the stairs just on a different step,
Why is my mail being readbeing sure the secrets dont get out that's being kept,
Inspired to do a lot so far the pen and pad are my weapons of choice,
I'm hoarse from yelling for help, maybe these pages will resonate
the feeling of my voice,
Come look, come see I've defeated the cell, I'm productive because...
I choose to be, I now know me
I'm an Asset and not a liability.

I went got an haircut today and said one against the grain,
To see my Aura radiate and seeping off my brain,
victory and glory is all the sands of time behold,
While the spider weaves a web and watches her desires unfold,
Although no snowflake is alike no warrior warfares the same,
Who can endure the shame of going against the grain,
All the **goats** came out when Billy's tooth went missing,
Assuming that a pretty smile is what kept the girls kissing,
I looked deep in the mirror and roared like a Beast,
Saw no other soul like mine, no not one in the least,
Shaking the head east and west means no, or it's a shame,
Shaking it north and south, see how fast confidence come,
I'm a salmon currents allow electricity to swim upstream,
Polar opposites fire and water unified make the ultimate team,
I'm Neo, the one going against the rain.

Against the Grain

Some bad news in the mail,
Just don't feel like working for free today,
You cant barely push up or pull yourself out the bed,

My Brother let me help you.

Your sick of repeating your number,
So tired of the flashlight flashing in my eyes,
Tired of eating out of trays, so elementary school,

My Brother let me help you.

I'm tired of waiting on my escort to take me to and fro',
Sick of sleeping fully dressed for no windowpane in the window,
Hate getting naked for males feeling inferior,

My Brother let me help you.

Today I just want to go off and deal with the consequences later,
How about extreme laughing, yelling, or crying,
It feels good to look up and see a Hand and Voice saying,

My Brother let me help you.

My Brother Let Me Help You

We, Backwards is place this in Everything
,receive to supposed we're nothing receive
closed windows, arsons with compromise They
,breathe barely can I, burning fire a with
Went quickly maam, sir, with asked I
,mind out of sight of out
an such in face friendly A
,find to hard so is place unfamiliar
wrote getting aggies with rocks breaking
,cut my getting not for up
a on out turn to sense no make It
,gut my in diminished quickly ,johnny
right the but everything for fight we
,Be that powers the fearing ,thing
the had he lost team favorite his because
,TV the unplug to nerve
,Jackass a creates mule a and Horse A
Walk one makes fear of sense A

BACKWARDS

BACKWARDS

1 The soothsayer, one wink and my soups went missing
Confused and lost you leave will hands his with talking 2
3 Say bro' you hungry, just let me get that same Snickers back,
Act really can actors here but Hollywood to been never 4
5 Praise the Lord, thank you Jesus my friend said at church sitting high,
cry me made that story a with up came psych the see to went 6
7 I got you let me talk to the Rank about your case,
place 1st the in it write SGT the made that one the was he knowing not 8
9 Just listen girl, they told you not to but dont I look like a bag of money,
,tighter mines but haircut a, whiter are mines but whites on got I 10
11 Cant you see me out there with you, top dropped and everything sunny,
,brighter shined it because grill ya see me let Daddy smile said she 12
13 My hands made her look up and down she heard none of what I said,
,bed her was mattress the, it knew she time the By 14
15 I got some oceanfront property Ill sell you in Arizona Real Talk,
Chalk of full thats lips like dry desert the knowing 16
17 This and that, that and this you know what Im saying, with my hands out,
true be to good to sound it brother good Im 18
19 Your gift of gab got me twisted with your words

Twisted Words

The 3 different type of prisoners, is an inmate, offender, or convict,
The tiniest infraction ranging from most lenient to the strictest of strict,
Inmates just go to and fro' Adapting and Adjusting being Robotic,
Offenders keep on offending they try to medicate them and label as being psychotic,
Convicts master craftsmen swaying the opera in my presence was a violin,
Try'ng to spread my aura through thinking like the black monk of Shaolin,
Inmates unconsc'ous they're in transition to becoming an offender,
And wake up every morning to do all the things that hinder,
There's no telling when the offender will make the change to be a convict,
The tiniest infraction ranging from most lenient to the strictest of strict,
Convicts institutionalized although I hate the shucking and jiving for position,
It's easy to lead an inmate to believe -n- a spook God of superstition,
Offenders, bad actors keep the system in an uproar, freedom fighters would be proud,
Convicts don't talk too loud and inmates still chase the crowd,
Sometimes I act like an inmate, offender, and a convict,
The tiniest infraction ranging from most lenient to the strictest of strict.

Three Different Types

I watch 'em as they come in, I holla fresh fish
or either new House,
Its just a way of letting them know your seasoned
and think like a Boss,
They flock to their races, belief systems and classify themselves
according to ther comfortability,
From my sights and judgments no one can maintain the strength
of their cloak of invisibility,
Masks come off your known like as if you were in the spirit,
or lived beyond the veil
Some of them out of season not believing we see them for who they
are they go out looking for quail,
Trying to take refuge in church, amongst gangs others walk alone
so to speak, Antisocial unable to communicate,
You can actually tell how people were raised hoping their power
you would underestimate,
I saw them young I remembered my old self, I saw the old
and saw my future, and those as i am now,
I came to grips with the not knowing the If's and when's
but's and the how.

Inmate:

Offender:

That's not my name c.o.

Just left the Academy they still don't know what to do,
Criminologist unable to predict such behavior and personalities brand new,
I wonder if we quit working could they perform or would they quit,
Lockdowns feel good to watch them sweat and throw a sissy fit,
Some cant count, cant bend, sweep, elders who find it hard to remember,
Administration accepting no excuses, hearts cold as the weather -n- December,
We take 'em -n- trying to school them, finding ways to win their trust,
They come to see, their just pawns and treated no different than us,
I saved one a write up yesterday, he forgot to close a cell,
He looked for an opportunity to even the score saying he wouldn't tell,
One said Dont tell me how to do my job Inmate, offender,
I watched as a lock and key punished his patience, he asked for help in surrender,
We hate the renegade type that steal our secrets and cant honor their word,
Our officers knowing better than to repeat all they've heard,
For their every year weve got 5 because we live here,
Its better they be transparent since we see them so clear,
On the Job Training, we say: Look out QJT!
Im a product of this environment its no need of you training me.

Training Officers

Bricks in apartment complexes free lunches served on trays
from one institution to the next,
Yellow school busses to Bluebirds was like graduating to a more
advanced book of text,
Concrete -n- the streets stained with blood like the pavement I now
trod on still undefeated,
from the block to the block seeming like a journey that
had to be completed,
fighting, getting tough my uncles used to say, "Boy I'm getting
you ready for the pen,"
I watched as they hit weights and chest boxed knowing they were
ready to go back in,
I thought that's what made a man a man, a reputation stomping
with the big Dogs in the yard,
As I practiced my toughest poses in the mirror finding what makes
me look hard,
What homies would i go with, what crime would we commit so we could all
come home around the same time,
Gotta be something carrying 2-10 cant let 'em have all the years
of my prime,
Bunk beds i was used to seniority, always got the bottom youngsters
jumped up on top,
Whoever hit the streets after repping the hardest came off as the
cream of the crop,
No wonder i wasn't afraid It was just like the hood where we played
together, fought, and learned the game,
Like daybreaking we was up early All molded the same.

Molded Early

I shot my shot but the rebounder said, "No change,"
No take back you get nothing for such a close range,
All these ~~years~~^{years} and patience is yet to be aquired,
Mental powers focused and ~~my~~^{still} don't have all i desired,
I remember I used to go to stores and get my change from the cashier,
Now I have to fight and struggle for change in here,
I see people falling victim to the same things year after year,
The only thing I can see for no change is, fear,
I got a letter It's always we doing the same thang,
we looking for change thats happening before our very eyes,
It's like trying to watch a tree grow, It just pops up to our surprise,
The past like the present the show must go on,
No change! No change! Ah, the same ol' song.

N o C h a n g e

It still hasn't dawned on him that he has to do a life,
He doesn't realize the possibility of being without kids and wife,
Made this place home, no responsibility, bills, or any worldly cares,
Never asking himself, "What am I going to do about all of my affairs,"
Oh well, for now I'm at the zoo, or Water Park,
Jet skiing -n- deep waters Oh well if there's a shark,
They step on toes, no I'm sorry, excuse me, I realize they're asleep,
If a blind man did this, at his coming, off the sidewalk I would leap,
Sleep! Deep!
Deep! Sleep!
Unconscious, walking corpse, zombies waiting to be mummified,
They never been alive So how can one celebrate the day he died,
Sleepwalkers like J-walkers always walking the wrong way,
All I hear is officers asking for their I.D., and say "Where do you stay,"
How can you punish a blind man for appearing to be walking sleep,
Alpha, Beta, Theta, he's snoring, he's in very deep.

Sleep Walkers

I went to see my wife at visit today, she took my mind
to a place I used to know,
The way she stole the show and radiant smile made
my face glow,
She put on for me, moved and turned, I forgot my misery
and dungeon like dwelling place,
Such stains on my brain like a migraine no doctor or surgeon
could erase her face,
That time, that moment, nothing mattered, not the loud noise, handcuffs,
Nothing, I was on another plane,
Blinded by the purest of light, the darkest of night I couldn't see regardless,
I was on love's train,
Humbling my spirit becoming food for thought causing me to look
over small matters and stay focused,
Some people have no one to help them fight against the cankerworms
and locust,
Yes with her I can do this, fight another day,
I tore up the time sheet that hold sway, I might say,
Maybe tomorrow when I awake I'll remember where I am,
for now my love and I are tight as a clam,
I forgot my problems, I didn't escape, you broke me free,
Even if I didn't have you tomorrow, it'll always be you and me.

Taronda

I thought I saw freedom, but it was far and yonder,
Accomplishing this and that, what's left to do, I'd wonder,
If I rehabilitate myself would it be enough to get a look,
It seems as if they fear an educated crook getting off the hook,
Dominos, weights, volunteers coming in giving us a false hope,
Saying religion is the way to cope, while parole keeps saying Nope,
My body is dry, water escaped through tears, I'm dehydrated,
At the end of the day the bars let me know i'm ill-fated,
This a "MIRAGE" It cant be real how could the gifted not be uplifted,
Like the sands of time when will my grain through hourglass be sifted,
Christmas came we pretended like we were alive amongst the living,
I wrote a letter to my son and ask him please be forgiving,
This won't be real to me until I'm physically free from this cage,
Through this pen try to understand...MI-rage.

MI-RAGE

We awoke to a Johnnie Bag with 2 bolled eggs a peanut
butter sandwich which I hated,
After the first week of lockdown they passed out prunes for
those the butter constipated,
Those that had no food or substitute I watched as they
lost pound after pound,
If I could mint a picture I would have to say, the difference
between a lion and a greyhound
Boxers and pants fell off our waist and shirts draped us
like that of a gown,
Left not even a crumb for the rats or roaches they even feared
being ate when they came around,
I tried a pushup and pullup but my energy level being so low
I only got in one set,
The less fortunate gegan selling their appliances for whatever food
so their appetite would be wet,
Beards and hair overgrown unit on shutdown a silent period
to internalize,
We counts our weeks and days from the visible moon til
bright and early sunrise,
Roars and yells came about when the warden lifted the weights
and said yall up today,
Everyone tried to rejuvenate and get back what they lost,
The worst thing to hear is start over week one day one.

Week(1) Day (1)

They came with spacesuits, helmets, gas, batons, and shield,
5 of them in a ~~two~~ ^{few} ready to give you something to feel,
A camera that only caught the before and aftermath,
Like a tornado that destroyed all -n- its path,
Come out or we're coming in ready to ram, batter, and bruise,
No! No! twice, be ready on the 3rd time that you refuse,
Yesterday I talked like friends to an officer now he's dressed to kill,
I felt betrayed, how could it be he who's lifted up his heel,
Tomorrow he'll be all jokes and smiles telling me he's got kids to feed,
I'd say what wont you do for the right amount, for pennies you make me bleed,
Us against them their motto, at any moment they could be on the team,
I couldnt see myself doing a person this way, No! not -n- my wildest dream,
Who has the courage to fade the 5 man team and make the news,
Sheets and towels we wrap around ourselves is the only defense we use,
He couldn't look me in the eye today wondering if I recognize his build,
They come with spacesuits, helmets, gas, batons, and yes he had the shield.

The Team

Man Down! we yelled as he played dead We waited on
 Skirts and nurses to come through,
At the doors like battle stations each man the captain
 of his crew,
Three nurses as we whistled like weve been lost at sea and
 havent seen a woman -n- years,
Feeling jelous at the man down getting touches when all we
 could do is watch as they switched gears,
Checking his pulse and heart rate finding no symptoms one said theres
 Nothing wrong with him,
Hes faking so we can come down and pose and be eye candy
 Just look at the rest of them,
But I cant...Breathe he said as he inhaled deeply taking -n-
 all of the free world,
We watched them like cars passing by Bingo,Bingo and argued over
 who's was who's girl,
So grateful we were to the man down crying wolf bringing life to
 such a dull place,
Being so tired of the same smells and usual voices It felt good to
 see a friendly face,
Who's next to earn a soup or shot of coffee to lie still when the
 officers make their round,
The things that we do no one would believe til you seen
 a man down.

Straight Stuntin'

I got a letter that said I had money that was burning
my pocket to spend,
It's been awhile since I've been so no one better ask
me to lend,
I stayed up all night like it was Christmas trying to be in
that 1st shot with a sack,
Making sure I was well groomed with my shirt tucked in
so I wouldn't be sent back,
The one day we all followed the rules and let the officers have their
way, and say, don't talk -n- my line,
To each person that passed by and spoke I Stevie Wonder
like I was blind,
I hope nothing happens like a riot or messed-up count I'm
almost at the front,
Since I had the ends I offered a pint to skip you
know how ballers stunt,
25 men strong I'm -n- the first 10, 2 windows open once there I'd
say Goodmorning and grin from ear to ear,
This gotta be the Motherload It's tax time everybody get their
check at the beginning of the year,
I rolled up, Good morning, handed my card as it swiped and it went
flying like a frisby,
You don't have any money, I can't believe they played me like I
was a character at Walt Disney,
The longest walk ever as they all watched, I kept my head down just
wanting to hear them call an in,
I can't believe I'm enduring the walk of shame again.

Walk of Shame

As I raked -n- my commissary I looked at my celly and
saw such pain and despair,
Reminding me of when my friends would go out and I didnt have
mony for the affair,
Hey, you want a few soups, I know how it is, feeling like
nobody really care,
I couldn't help but to know -n- my heart it wasn't my fault
so why my burden to bare,
When supplies were running low I'd pick times alone to eat so I
didn't feel the need to share,
Thanking God alot these dayz for the spotted funds that fell
for me here and there,
Try'ng to remain humble since pride -n- the heart makes
one stale,
At times I'd wonder when my well would run dry but doubt
I would not dare,
If I can remain a cheerful giver maybe it'll keep the next
man from pulling out his hair,
Seeing the nobodys, so to speak, no mail, food, hygiene, appliances,
or friend reaching out from anywhere,
Am I somebody because of possessions and he nobody because of lack
of the things that are rare,
I'm looking for that one somebody to bless this Nobody with
something meaningful out of the air.

Somebody,Nobody

Hats, rags, and shades the SGT said, as we stood -n- a pair,
The sun showing no mercy as it did its draining,
As we eyed our rows ready to separate wheat from tare,
Each cloud that formed we wished it starting raining,
Head row, tail row as the extra man gave a push,
Keeping my head down, unable to look at the eye -n- the sky,
Horses on our trail as rider being sure we cleared every bush,
Like a long phone conversation I couldn't wait to say Goodbye,
Boss! We need some water the squad is moving slow,
Highrider watching the rabbit who outworked the rest,
Get your cut and I'll think about letting you put down that hoe,
Energized, jocking for position doing extra to impress at his best,
Tractor hauling trailers taking us deep left and right nothing but field,
We'd fight each raw vegetables, get dirty as hogs, becoming one color--RED
Knowing the limits of each man, and what makes the heart bold,
I watched as one faked passing out, the boss layed him -n- an antbed,
Some felt like a slave, others a way to get out, or paying their dues,
I'd encourage the lifers with cadence sounding similar to the blues,
Aggie high! 2 Step the riders want to see us go hard today,
Blistered hands, sore shoulders, and chafe -n- places I'd rather not say,
School or work my moma used to say, and left it broad,
I gotta find a way to get out of this field squad.

(Modern Day Slavery)

Field Squad

Solitude, no property or cellmate, nothing to distract me, just
me and my imaginative mind,
At first my thoughts would race as it seek a place to find
and unwind,
Family, my situation it dwelled upon but the pain too much, for
my body and desires in different places
Fears, doubts fighting against all the negative things that the
mind so easily embraces,
Bi-polar, my mind goes from one extreme to the next, battling the
3rd and final foe--the inner man,
Looking for a way of expression, in the mirror I can see
the hourglass and sand,
I walk around naked at times, talking to myself wondering how the
mind and imagination brings thoughts to pass,
Sad hours seen so long, because of not having that which makes it
move fast, instead it linger and last,
Plan, plot, and strategize aiming with precision from where I sit is
like shooting in the dark,
When I thought on the Justice System my wounds grew raw like a
tree stripped of its bark,
Read, read, pretend to breed, push-up, pull-up, pray, write, talk, Now
what I'm still here but the hours have grown,
Let me get dressed here comes my new cellmate disrupting my
TIME ALONE.

Time Alone

A kingpin -n- the free, respected and feared,
No visits or food nor mail, doesn't that seem kind of weird,
Oh I was a college student that worked and did right,
But unable to pass the GED you can't be that bright,
A playa, I had all the girls they liked my swag and how I talk,
I watched as each female boss he approached told him to walk,
Man I had BIG CARS when I would pass I'd get the right away,
Its a wonder your alive, he can't even walk on the right side of the hallway
I flew airplanes, Come on man theirs no way you'd be -n- jail,
Let me guess you parachuted and got swallowed by a whale,
My house was so big! pool, theatre, 3 car garage, yall know what I'm about
You mean to tell me you didn't give it all just so you could stay out,
One said boats and horses but neither of these fit -n- sentence together,
Another golf courses and clothing design with his name on the sweater,
Most famous among the youth I was a rapper that use to rock the crowd,
Ive heard and seen enuff of this smoke-filled cloud,
I just say oh yea, and go along to get along Be what you wanna B,
Hollywood has to come see these actors featured by TDC.

B All U Can B-n-TDC

I jumped out the bunk to head to the toilet but was tripped
by my cellies shoes, middle of the floor,
Its bad enuff he doesnt clean up, and tracks dirt in through
the front door,
Doesn't turn -n- his sheets and lays -n- bed after recreation
before taking a shower,
Being still and keeping his arms down trying not to arouse the smell
unleashing its toxic power,
Eat spreads leaving his bowl and spoon -n- the sink for the roaches
to do the dishes,
Hearing him throughout the night scratching,, you know after
awhile Dirt, it itches,
Shaving, leaving hair here, there, everywhere I swore I now see
how my woman felt,
Also my mother when I'd get -n- the tub and half-bathe and
she would go get the belt,
Staph infections, spider bites, scabies, we all know that
your not keeping clean,
A reputation precedes a one I should of been like he's not
coming in here, when he pulled up on the scene,
Our first thoughts were wonder what your house or room looks like
growing up as a child,
I could of seen King Hezekiah out of his mind with claws like a
chicken running throughout the wild,
Its sad to be -n- this place and have no home training.

No Home Training

I jumped from brick to brick remembering days of Hopscotch
But no house to where bricks lead,
Officer what be these things, he replied, you should know
better than disrespect the dead,
Looking down, names from times past some killed and some
died of old age,
Either no one cared to pick up their bodies or all the people
they'd known had already turned a page,
Inmate graveyard! I searched and found so many, a few with crosses
others the grass had overgrown,
I inquired about the wooden box inmates made, without
any regards for a headstone,
How could this be one's lot -n- life or resting place where no
one comes to show respect,
Even Joseph's bones were taken out of bondage as they overran
the halls of Molech,
I signed a paper that said In case of emergency who can we
contact or next to kin,
Being gone such a long time addresses and numbers didn't come to
mind, I just held the pen,
After that sight of bricks I thought long about who would come
but answers came hard,
For this reason I reached out to family and friends please, this
place has an Inmate Graveyard.

The Graveyard

Escorted with cuffs behind my back like a real killer,
I couldn't believe this much fame to a local dealer,
Face the wall the officer said, as they turned their back on me,
I'm -n- jail -n- jail and their walking about, look so free,
You alright one said, Nah send me something I'm doing bad,
Deja vu, Its so cliché to say Nah send me something I already had,
Just getting walked, stretching my legs showing girls my body build
Try'ng to leave a lasting impression so they wonder how hard I feel
Im just walking to visit, maybe the dentist or checkin the store list
Reporting news when I get back they didnt have this or that,that or this
Hope its a female that escorts so she can feel my arms when I flex,
Walking slow like a wedding I have nothing planned for next,
Remembering I walked about and faced the wall Now I am they,
I remember, send me something, I got you I would say,
The sad part is, when I was a kid, I use to have to face the wall.

Face the Wall

On the run I saw trash but was fished in like treasure,
People actually see worth -n- heaps, they dig with such pleasure,
Something to build, put together to sell to the street,
Hoping to give a heart to dead carcasses, putting them on their feet
Food stains, old letters, empty bags, magazines from way back then,
My neighbor fished -n- a cartridge hoping to refill his pen,
There went a line zipping by, who's that line for,
Im trying to get that cord, I have a multi-plug I think I can restore
The run, like the streets, potholes, street sweepers and things that crawl
Im careful with what I put -n- the street, if I put any at all,
I remember days of being on the run It's always looked the same,
Different people but it's the same ol' game.

On the Run

Upgrade or Downgrade I dreaded the decl'sion of the Committee,
The beginning of the week Im sure they'd show no pity,
1st victim came out with the report like it's Giants -n- the land,
They told me not to even sit down, it wouldn't take long so just stand,
I wondered about my chances and what the computer would recommend,
A letter to family and friends why no contact visit I'd hate to send,
I snuck to the back of the line trying to prolong the prosecution,
Maybe they'd be tired and have a lil mercy as I seeked a solution,
A panel of 5 women and a male, so I turned on my swag,
So far no one's pulled the rabbit out the hat or let the cat out the bag,
Whatever the case no isn't an option I have too much at stake,
To limit my movements and special bond that it'll break,
I stepped -n- spoke, as they allowed me to sit and watch pages flip,
As he closed it quickly grabbed his coffee mug and took a sip,
Sir can I speak, I want you to know all the good I've done as well,
Son your -n- a system whos only concern is putting a body -n- a cell,
When it's crowded -n- one place we make room, If not enuff we fill,
Don't take it personal It's just business that we learned to feel,
up or down?

Upgrade or Downgrade

Chicken Wire! Am I a chicken,
Cages! Am I an animal,
Weapons! Am I a threat,
Yelling! Am I a child,
Instructions! Do I not understand,
Fences! Am I kidnapped,
Handcuffs! Am I hiding something,
Times up! Am I playing a game,
Gas! Am I not a living being,
Inmate! Am I not my mother's child,
Aggies! Am I still a slave,
Boy! Is my development arrested,
Dog! GOD, do I have a soul,
Predator! Why am I preyed upon,
Hurry! Why, when I will wait again,
Labor! Im forced to do for no pay,
Society! Can't define who I am.

I Am That I Am

Doctors and nurses downloaded with a virus that says, Don't
treat inmates well, we need 'em to run the farm,
In the free I've never went to a hospital where the staff
wanted to do such harm,
No smiles, just What! you know theirs nothing wrong with you
that's so unprofessional and unfair,
As a kid I'd hurt myself and get a whooping for it, showing me to
turn pain into anger so cry I'd dare,
Band aids over gashes, Ibuprophen for toothaches when a woman said
she'd rather have a baby,
To fall out in front of th^e unit's Audit you may get a wheel-
chair ride, and that's a maybe,
Florence Nightengale would hardly be proud to see such dishonor
to see compassion and kindness not displayed,
When we're all rejects but they've convinced themselves we deserve
this treatment for choices that we've made,
A nurse walking to a bloody scene, a doctor waiting when death
could be knocking on someone's door,
Onlookers giving them the blues for taking so long, making them
hate us the even more,
Medical overrides security, well why am I being handcuffed
while on a stretcher in route,
They should turn the camera so that evry TV and viewer can
see what TDC is all about,
I pray nothing goes wrong, all they do is pull and chop,
and experiment,
And it's all to my detriment.

Medical-Decimal

I found myself optimistic though I saw no way out,
I found myself believing and hoping for salvation without a doubt,
I found myself at a crossroad choices, the true mark of a man,
I found myself struggling to move, like being up to my neck in sand,
I found myself reading Shakespear and other that made me increase,,
I found myself seeking a way out, an early release,,
I found myself a reason to live Victor Frankyl giving me the how,,
I found myself renewed -n- mind and spirit, so what now,,
I found myself praying, speaking upright wanting to heal and be healed,
I found myself meditating and focusing my thoughts on what I willed,
I found myself a place of serenity far and beyond captivity and arrest,
I found myself going within given way to the beat deep within my chest,
I found myself a man, a teacher,, preacher, scholar, lover, brother & trusting
I found myself sitting beside nails that seem to be rusting,
I found myself defining me, my thoughts, actions showed my best thinking,
I found myself, truly I found me.

I found myself

1 Row pick it up, 2 Row get ready, 3 Row get it on ya mind,
An officer timing me as I ate and sat with friends to dine,
I ate in front of my wife she felt shame as I finished so quick,
I chowed down as he looked over my shoulder I braced for a lick,
Jumping from one table to the next was the norm to finish our food,
Eating with both hands seemed so animalistic and rude,
A rock -n- my beans nearly chipping my tooth, uncooked pork hard to tear,
Sitting -n- a place with no utensils nor silverware,
Yet the time is still ticking no talking just stuffing my face,
Watched as one was turned down eating, for his meal card he misplaced,
Long lines, some cut -n- groups feeling superior like they're too hungry to wait
Riots -n- the chow hall, imagine your worst possible date,
My birthday I get double portions hope it's chicken day,
I wish I was at home with a bowl instead of this 5-slotted tray
Many sweat as we ate, sick sneeze the worst company ever,
A place I had to go, I'm hungry, thirsty, I better hurry and get some
food -n- my locker

CHOW HALL

Locked inside a program where cells reproduce, All
combinations built by design,
Weighed the 6x8 taught nothing except precept upon precept
line upon line,
What's keeping me grounded is the dome as my mind shoots
for soft spots to pierce its armor,
Understanding laws of sowing and reaping each person is truly
their own Farmer,
I'm too big for this cage I refuse to stay bound when my purpose
is to help and heal,
As my spiritual forces increase like the levies that broke
nothing man made can conceal,
This! Just a chapter in my life in which I was stricken and
chestised by the rods of man,
I wish you could see the vision of how I would be delivered
by such a powerful hand,
Moses' face shone when he saw His glory I'm looking straight
into the sun,
Always loving the presence of the truth I say woe to
him that's undone,
What makes life worth living is living for each other It's the
way to put down selfishness and pride,
I walk this Earth with the heavenly Host by my side.
I been free!

BIOGRAPHY

The author, Charles E, Williams, has travelled far in such a little time. Bachelors from Shalom Bible College, working on thesis for his masters in nouthetic counseling. He's completed 10 speeches from Toastmasters International for his Competent Communicators Award. Co-authored Beauty In Chains, copywritten by Kenneth West. 6 credits from having his college degree. Well versed and rehearsed in many different topics and subjects. Has a non-profit organization called Way to Work Clean Foundation. And business plans that are ready for take off with the right connections and goal orientated individuals. His passion is our youth in which he incorporates boxing and counseling together teaching tools that show one how to be courageous and a critical thinker. The author can be reached, Charles Williams #1220492.