

Kern Valley State Prison
Facility B, Building 8

PAGES

of a

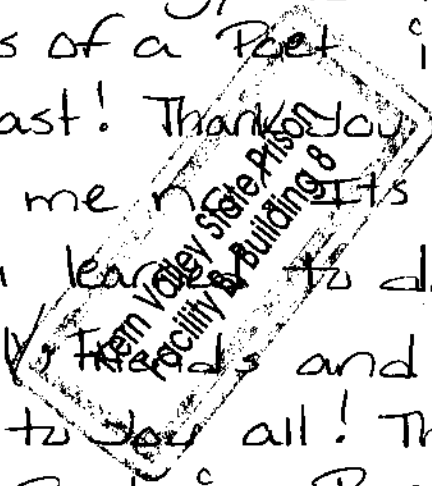
Poet

BY: RAYVAUGHN THOMAS

Introduction

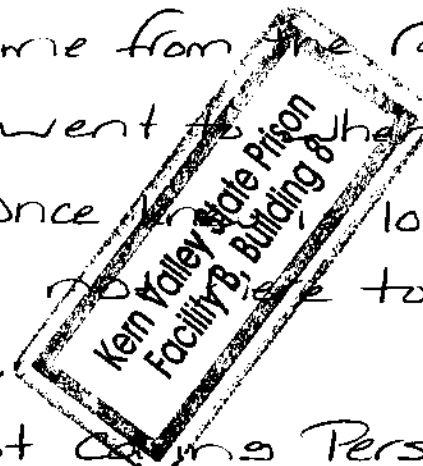
They say if you want to hide something from a person put it in a book, because they won't look. I opened one up to shatter that perception into a million tiny pieces - I wrote one to reverse the cycle! To the creator of my soul I give thanks for giving me the creative energy to produce my first book Pages of a Poet 'inside the Belly of the beast! Thank you to the person who told me no because of you that I learned to do it on my own! Family, Friends and homies I send my love to you all! This one for Jamil and Dot Rest in Peace to my real ones!

Never give up. the only thing I say to the individual going through it - you live in you learn...



Life As I Once Knew

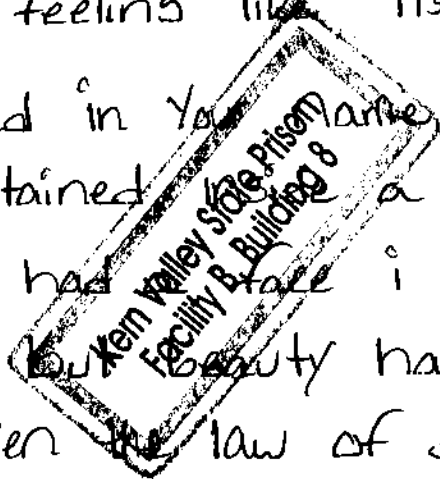
I could do no wrong in your eyes although at times I was as wrong as two left shoes but still in all you loved me. Anytime I needed someone to talk to you were always there to give me sound advice. You were the umbrella that sheltered me from the rain and the source of comfort I went to when I was feeling pain. Life as I once knew is long gone, because you're no longer here to blanket me with your warmth. You're the most calming person. You taught me that it's not about what we go through in life that matters - But what we overcome. So I'll always keep a smile on my face when I'm going through trials because when God call me home I know I will see your face again.
Rest in Peace Grandma . . .



Dear Freedom

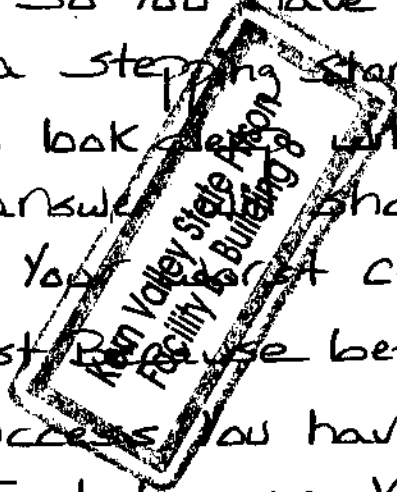
Did You Know that Slavery is Sadistic i am speaking, because as a child i fell under a a statistic: that say one out of three of us is locked away. Dear Freedom, can't you see that i want you next to me? the distance between us got me feeling like its a hex on me.

many have died in your name, some can't picture you contained in a frame such a shame. If you had a face i know you would be beautiful, beauty has a mysterious twin, that even the law of gravity couldn't hold down her ugly grin rising up to make a smile i notice a deceptive wink. I can't cry no more you left me, so now my anger protects me. Freedom you know that theres a war in the world so inside my mind, i try to find Peace, because outside freedom is deceased rest in Peace Freedom.



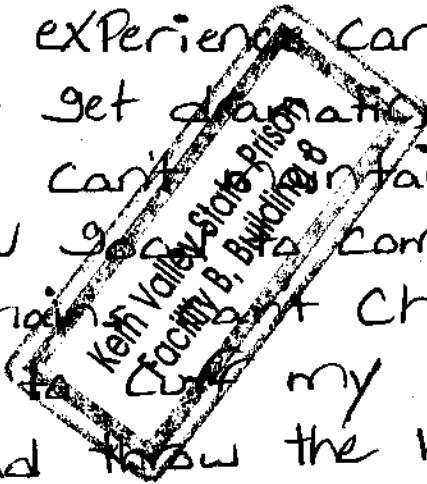
Stay focus

My only intention is to motivate you to be better than what others think of you. No matter what never give up or lose focus! Trials and error isn't the end of the world, so you have to use every situation as a stepping stone. If you take the time to look within yourself; intuitively the answer will show itself. Don't be just your own harshest critic, but also your best friend. Use before you attain true success you have to feel successful. Just because you in a cell don't mean you failed. Your cell is your crown, so wear it because this is where you became aware of being a king!



Chains can't change me

Even though the experience can be traumatic i won't get dramatic, it'll break you if you can't contain, so it does you know go complain i said these chains can't change me they seek to ~~change~~ my destiny up, and know the key but how so when my state of mind is free...



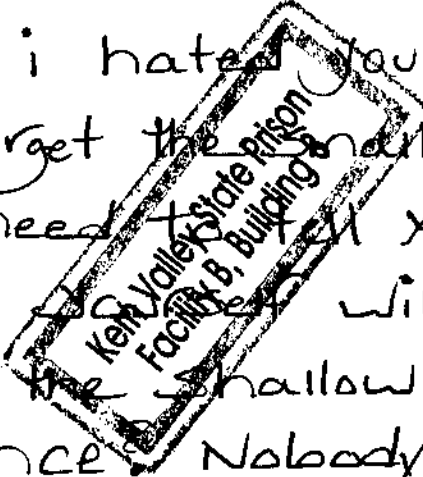
Get up

What is death to someone who has already died. What is tears to someone who has already cried. A failure can only be beat if you try. What is Pain to a Person that suffered the most?

What is Poverty to a man that's Piss Poor, they say it rains it Pour. My time to Shine my time to Shine my time to Shine my time to Shine up! I've been down for so long that's all I see is up. A failure can only be beat if you try don't cry just try...

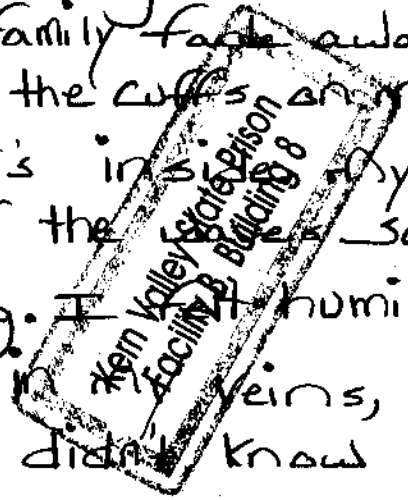
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Ray Vaughn v.s Ray Vaughn

Its you again! The one staring back
at me in the mirror. The one i face
even when my eyes are closed; my
eyes are closed i think back
to the days i hated you! I don't
know why. Forget the small talk this
is what i need to tell you: who
else beside  will Pull
you out of the shallow grave
of ignorance. Nobody! So we
have to use knowledge as a shovel
Ray! How many nights i spent away
from home? To many...

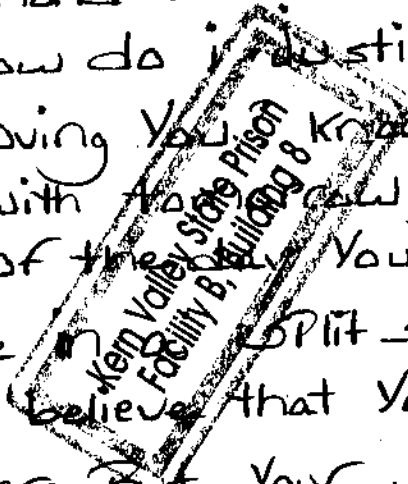
Waves

Free us all i keep hearing the street call,
Distant cries of family fade away. The
day the Police Put the cuffs on me i
felt my ancestor's in my blood
dancing on top of the waves screaming
a forgotten song. I felt humiliation. I
felt vibrations in my veins, and the
truth was that i didn't know what i
was up against. The Waves and sound
of the mystic humming hunts me. could it
be a sign of disgrace or encouragement?



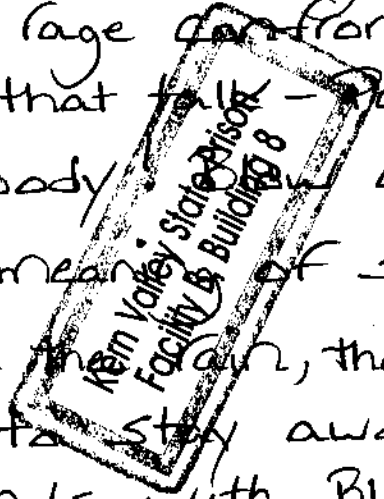
In love with the day

The thought of you I examine like an
exquisite diamond no other eyes
have seen, how do I justify the
reason for loving you knowing
you'll leave with you now, because
at the end of the day you're just
a day. Love is split second.
I foolishly believe that you will
always be here, but you're just a
day. Twenty-four hours filled with
pleasant illusions...



Ignorance

My intimacy with you gave birth to
Confusion the insanity of a Black
man caught up in the system trying
to reverse the cycle my nights
are filled with rage confronting the
concrete wall that talk - pouncing
my knuckles bloody - after blow,
what is the meaning of self inflicted
Pain? I love the sun, the shadows
i once tried to stay away from i
became friends with. Black is beautiful,
but my eyes were closed from years
of miseducation...

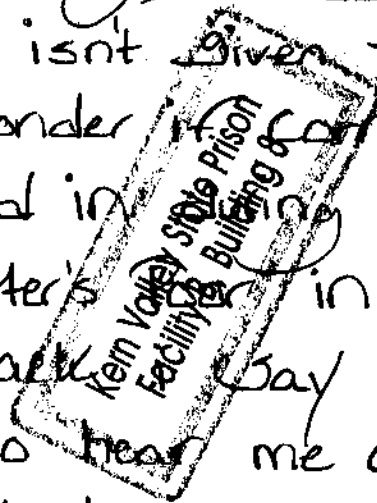


9.

Pages of a Poet

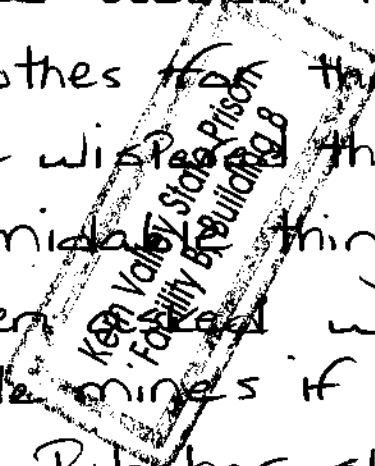
Boxed in

who hasn't felt boxed in at some time
are another? In Prison, it's like the walls
close in on you, seldom does anyone
escape the formidable jaws of 'injustice',
it chewed me up, and spit me inside
California Penitentiary's freedom cries
and knock but isn't given the slightest
attention. I wonder if George
George felt boxed in during his time of
incarceration. Letter's in slow, and
when I write back I say to myself,
nobody wants to hear me cry my lullies
so I felized at that moment that
I had to box back, for to remain
passive is unacceptable to my soul.
It's only when you look outside the box
that you become free, and no longer
boxed in...



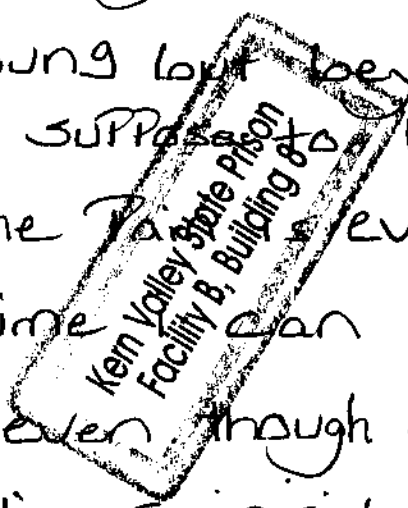
Naked Poetry

she stands in front of my mind eye
in complete nudity rubbing up against
my curiosity Placing her finger on my
lips to silence any attempts at describing
her naked beauty, if she was in the
Garden of Eden, God wouldn't have ask
her to Put on clothes for the truth her
body exposed. she whispered the most
Pleasant and formidable things one
could hear, and then kept with captivating
eyes looking inside mines if i had
what it took to Put her story in a book
and i looked her dead in the eyes,
and said i do, Promising to tell the myteries
with unscripted truth...

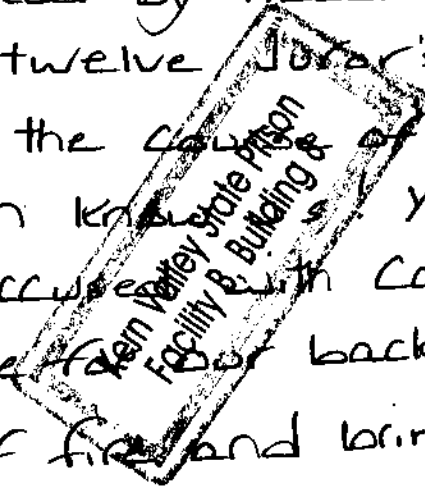


11.

I remember when we were sent to Juvenile halls only way we were able to talk was by making beats on the wall. coming up with rhymes to pass time, D.T make a beat on the wall, and i listen while he spit a flow talkin about how the game so cynical: "Lost my money in a dice game im just tryin to get my Paper back". We was young but beyond our age, D.T You was supposed to be on the stage i tell You the Paper is everlasting, wish one more time i can hear my bro laughing and even though You gone i keep the good times inside the Pockets of my memory we all miss Jo energy. I'll never forget getting sent to the halls and being next door to You i can still hear You making beats on the wall no struggle was to much, and no matter how far away You still stayed in touch...

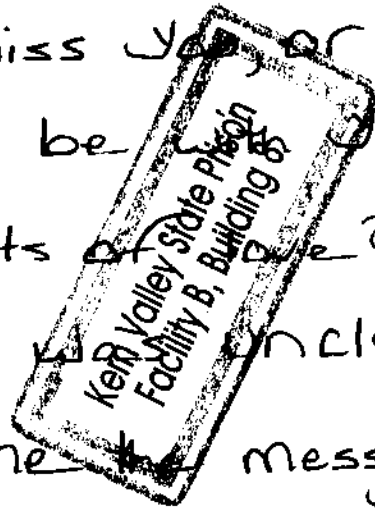


Eyes of Contempt masked behind Judicial duty, it never occurred to him that we are Prejudged and Stigmatized since birth. He Probable never step foot in our world to scared, and blocked by Preconceived notions. You Place twelve Juror's in Position to decide the ~~country~~ of our destiny, and they don't even know us. You Peer into the eyes of the accused with Condescension showing no remorse. ~~For~~ Our background that is a horizon of fire and brimstone the hell on earth! Your People intergate our dreams, so before you Slam the Gavel take a look at our life without being blinded by Contempt...



The ones on lock, Men and Women.

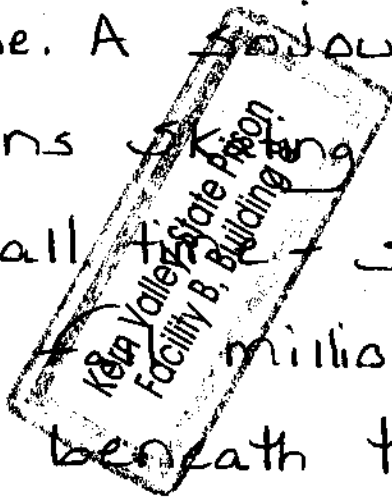
Who told you that your inner beauty wasn't worth being seen? Who told you that your smile didn't break chains, I got love for you, because we all caught up in the system. Who told you that when the days march ahead that you would be forgotten? Who told you that, your kids didn't miss you, or don't want to hug and just be you in the unconfined moments of life? Who told you that, the pain was unclear in your eyes, because to me the message is clear you are all victims in a foreign land, But children of the most high! I want to tell you something love doesn't die, so whoever said you not worth anything is a lie...



14.

Pages of a Poet

A sojourner

A sojourner in the land of misery
suffering a silent Pain - suffering through
seasons of sunshine and rain a sojourner
since sixteen, i been knew the system
was against me. A sojourner journeying
through institutions  on top of
frozen ice i call ~~to~~ skating slipping
Catch me if i millions have felt
this slippery ice beneath their feet
entering my veins flowing like the blood
of life, inside me since birth i was
destined to be a sojourner...

15.

Pages of a Poet

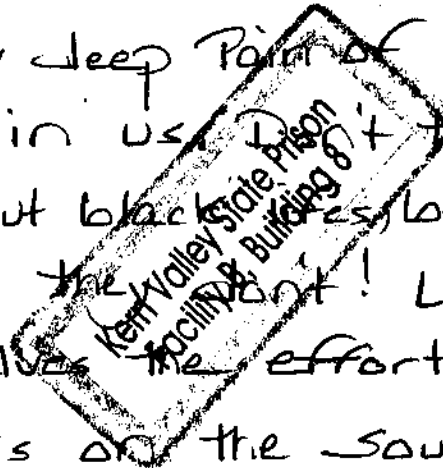
where i'm at

The distance between today and tomorrow
how far away is my destiny, because
where i'm at they try to break your soul
like ice at the threshold of a conversation.
where i'm at, the people thought loved you
fade away like shadows when the sun
goes down. Tell me, where do you find
your strength? when the pain seem to never
lessen.

16.

Black lives matter

shot down in the middle of the street,
blood stains dried as the sun came
up, they wonder why deep Pains of
mistrust they see in us. Don't think
that they care about blacks, because
the truth is that they don't! Let us
care about ourselves the effort
stitching up scars on the soul
reopening at the thought of a sick
system not adverse!

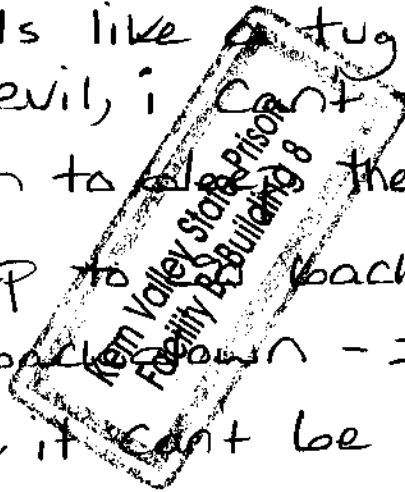


17.

Pages of a Poet

The Game

When I look inside your eyes I see Paradise
Guarded by the gates of Hell - Angelic cries
in the distant the sun turned red while the
birds flying in the sky fell then the moon
appeared beside the sun, and its color was
black my soul feels like a tug of war
between good and evil, I can't turn my
back, because I'm in to take the hill I
Climbed is to steep to back down my
Pride won't let me back down - I see dark
figures ascending up, it can't be real but it is
the hands I see reaching out to me are bones
No! It can't end this way - but sadly it
just might...

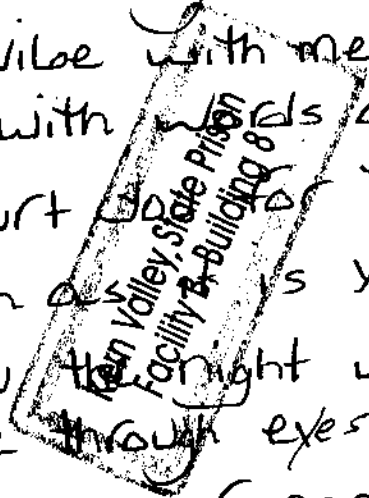


Hypothetically Speaking

Who says we can't play with the hypothetical?
Never take being who you are for something
that's meaningless. If you were me, then the
love you have for your family is real.
Females stay pulling at your belt loop -
seriously. Unfortunately, you've spent many
years inside cell blocks. When you call
home to your homies you tell them it isn't shit -
But it really is. So if a shoe fit wear it,
but remember it won't be easy, because you
from the streets that's filled with steezy
people! If you were me, you would want
the best for yo lolo - If you have one.
If you were me your life changed when
D.T and Jamil got killed. You use to have
a warm heart, But each year it gets
colder. If you could, i would love to see
you walk a mile in mine. But this is only
me playing with the hypothetical...

Vibe with me

Sharing creative thought, we clicked the first time we talk Past filled with Pain, i sense deep repressed emotion when listening to you tell me the story of your life, vibe with me and see another side of a convict with time that'll break the strongest spirit, but i refuse to give up, vibe with me as i sooth your brain with words of encouragement never seeking to hurt you as you can't run me off i felt you through eyes of loneliness that you are a hopeless romantic you love hard, but the men you attract to you in the Past couldn't see your true worth nor cherish it, vibe with me and see the difference in my approach...



Heartfelt

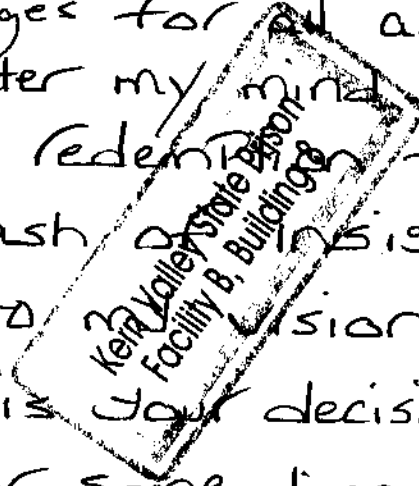
How is your heart? Its beat i
haven't felt in ages it seem. How
is your heart? Positioned on your
left side thumping with rhythm, i
will put myself there, so many
nights i remember speaking to it
while your soul rest in the
serenity of love. How is your heart?
It meet with mine one night under
the moonlight faithful draw if placed
inside my hands, would you trust me
with it? If you fear me letting go -
Just remember i gave you mine along
time ago...

21.

Pages of a Poet

Poetic

Poetical Giant stepping over clouds underneath
me salvage my Pages for all ages to come
drink from the water my mind spills out
deep thoughts of redemption for the
farest breed splash of insight don't
close your eyes to a vision to pick
it up or drop it is your decision, I left
you to ponder for some time. I left
you, but stayed near even in my
absense...

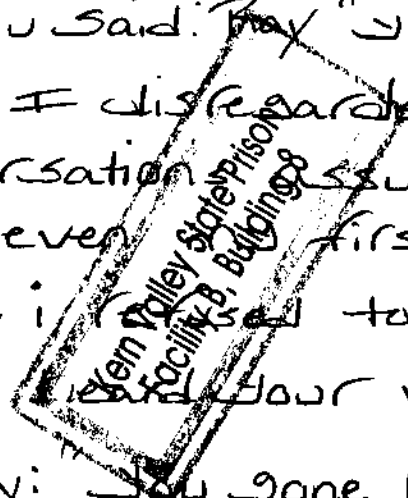


22.

Pages of a Poet

The hard way

suspended from school running the streets with fools, you look inside my eyes and warn me of what will come if i continue to walk this Path you said: Ray "you gone learn the hard way". I disregarded the heart to heart conversation assuming that, i knew it all even first trip to Juvenile Halls, i ~~heard~~ ~~your~~ ~~voice~~ to change. Inside that cold cell i ~~heard~~ ~~your~~ ~~voice~~ in my mind saying Ray: "you gone learn the hard way". The same cycle repeated, i got out not feeling defeated. I went back to the same crowd smoking my mind into a cloud distorted my visions, distorted my dreams...



Narrator

As the narrator of my life, i tell the story with no games or gimmicks; The bricks that i stack to make a house was placed on shaky foundations, My faith made me believe it would stand, my faith made me believe that the home was where my heart is bitter. It is what i would tell you if you ask about the content of this story. A young ghetto boy looking at a cup half full, but on the outside looking in you would see no cup. Invisibility.

A quality Perfected by only a few.

Paradoxical Perception Perpetuated by Past Shame in a nutshell; It was really game.

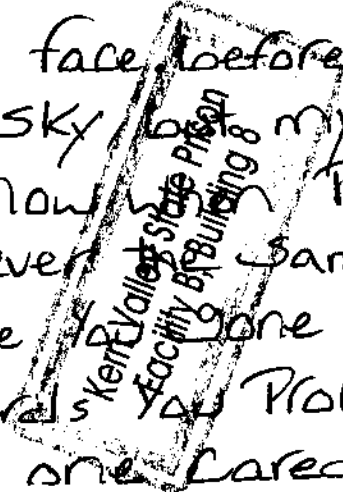
Its what really made my name, and gave me a story to tell...

24.

Pages of a Poet

Blank Pages

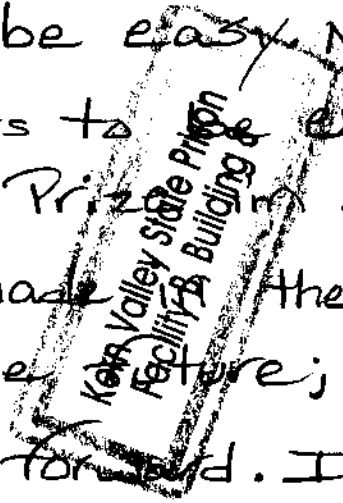
I see blank Pages as expressions of sorrow a little of your time i ask to borrow, i can't let your Potential go to waste, so i hope you don't mind me writting on your face before i came you were just a sky, by my words add rainbows and now people ask how are you its never the same blank look. How long have you gone without the warmth of words you probably seen many people, but no one cared to give you life and a reason to be read why are you hiding your face, I know that all the attention you get once I'm finish is going to go to your head, I'd rather it be that way then a blank stare Now you have a face, so smile at me!



25.

Keep Pushing

Driven by tenacity swimming against the strongest tide never giving up! When i fail i get back up the race is never over. The critics never sleep i see success at the end of the tunnel, But i know getting there isn't going to be easy. Many distractions, but thats to be expected. My eyes are on the Prize so focus. Mistakes i made in the Past chase me into the future; but i'll never stop pushing forward. I will allways wear my crown, and not drag it on the ground, Because i'm a Natruval born winner!



26.

So Called flaws

Please take a look at my so called flaws,
and understand that this is what lead me to
Jail. A Perfect time for Perfection to take Place, it
can happen at any Place. Please take a look at
my so called flaws, and witness a man who
has change his world by altering his Perception
making the Pages a Poets asylum to be free.
Please take a look at my so called flaws;
I command your focus! I command you to
command yourself to be bold and not scared
of your so called flaws! Please take a look
at my so called flaws im calling all Jail!
Please take a look at my so called flaws i
dont mind the critique, and if you thought i
did your energy is weak - Please take a look
at my so called flaws ...

27.

Pages of a Poet

Love Essence

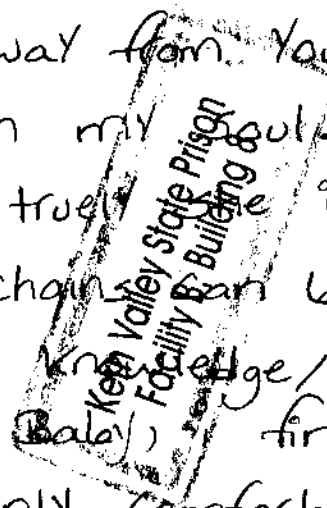
Lost hope and distorted dreams i
Crosspath with a lozenge vision
of her love essence. The Spoke, and
i gazed with waltz. Things inside
my mind i held back with thoughts -
of one day being able to match her
love...

28.

Pages of a Poet

Without You

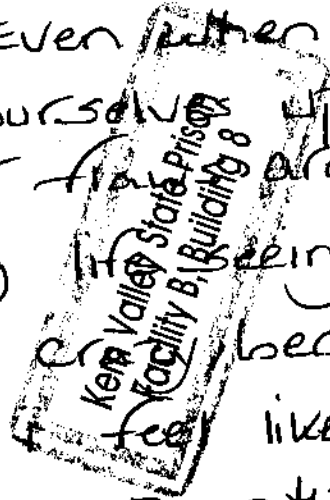
I recognize and appreciate your beauty much more when they took me away from you, being away from you made me feel like the world turned cold, and as i sit back and silently count my heartbeats it feel like the rhythm isn't the same, when away from you - Being away from you take a toll on my soul. A women completes a man so true love is his best friend. They think these chains can break me, but my natural design is knowledge and strength i shine like the sun! (Baby) find myself in a dark place the only comfort is seeing your face. I notice the way you take your time perfecting yourself for me the beauty is picturing you having my seed, and watching it grow baby being away from you is colder than snow...



Pages of a Poet

Poetic

I wrote this Poem about you because to be honest, everything about you is Poetic from your own unseen beauty-disguise as Pain I see beauty inside you. Even when mad or sad. We constantly beat ourselves up for feeling inadequate, but our flaws aren't really flaws imagine living in yourself? Its because im so close to you that I feel like im talking to myself at times. Everything about you is Poetic from the way you speak from the top of your head down to your pretty feet...



Lifes a Bitch?

They say life is a bitch, but were you listening when she asked why you call her one. Stareh at the sparkling freckles in the sky face wishing to see and her mysterious blush, They say a bitch but weren't you the one begging her to give back the stolen Promises of yesterday?

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