

Prison Whine

and Other
Collected Thought

By William (Bill) Andrews

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— Poetry —

Some thoughts in poetic form written
while serving time in Texas State
Prison.

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By Bill Andrews

10-17-11

Prison Whine

Hey!! There's a cockroach in my beans!
Wait a minute!! These "clean sheets" aint clean!
Hold On!! Is that all the mail!??
I thought we could still smoke in this jail.—

Man, the time sure is passing slow....
Guess I can forget about my favorite show...
Damn!! Steel toilet stays cold as ice!
I never thought prison was supposed to be nice.—

Once a month I'm allowed sunshine,
My sanity teeters on a blue paper line,
My body is thinner but that I'll survive,
So tired of hearing all their shuck and 'jive.—

Years from now, this too shall pass,
And I'll step away... ahead of this class.
A whole lot stronger, though shorter of time,
Never again to share, ... this prison whine.—

To Live

By Bill Andrews
10-9-12

I'm waiting for the sun to rise,
knowing the time will come.

To see again, through different eyes,
awake anew,.. and greet the sun.

But no time is promised, to any man,
for each day may be the last.

Such a treasure, to understand,
to grasp the present, having held the past.

A gift it is,.. to live each day...
no matter where our time is dwelt,

Though rain may fall, along lifes highway,
it's to live,.. when each drop is felt. —————

Inured

I now wear my skin like leather,
with scars and etchings of yore.
Still my soul will shine forever,
while Karma slowly settles the score. —
My eyes may dance with fervor,
having dared, what others have not.
Walking alone... and without succor,
still seeing what others have forgot. —
Each tear that may fall holds meaning,
memory formed of angst and ought.
Released a warm liquid gleaming,
to harden... a cold crystal of salt. —
Every breath that leaves my being...
drags me further from my first.
Chasing a wind ever fleeing,
seeking life with an endless thirst. —
And a footstep taken today...
may lead to sorrow the next,
Let tomorrow hail where it may,
for I'm inured, ... no longer vexed. —

If You Were

By Bill Andrews

12-21-12

If you were...

a star in the sky,
so far away, in the cold unknown.
Never knowing... the warmth of another,
barely thought of, ... shining alone. —

If you were....

a message in a bottle,
floating upon the big blue sea,
ever drifting, ... pulled by unseen forces,
always moving, ... yet never free. —

If you were...

lost in a desert,
thirsty for just a drop of dew,
wasting away, ... as you search every mile,
left with only faith, to hold on to. —

Then you'll know...

just how I feel...

As I wait, to one day find you. —

By Bill Andrews

1-2-13

Clean

I comb my hair like Johnny Cash,
My skin's stained like Mr. Coes'...
Got some scars like Ol' Hank Jr....
Enjoy the same smoke Willy blows.

With nimble hands like Waylon Jennings,
It's an outlaw soul I own...
With a heart strong as Mr. Haggards'...
And a thirst like No Show Jones.

My eyes have seen the darkness,
that all these men have seen,
Yet still received the mercy,
that can wash a spirit clean. —

By Bill Andrews

1-11-14

Because

Because you shared a little attention,
at a time I needed it most,
I feel like a brand new invention,
rather than a forgotten old ghost.—

Because you delivered with ease,
a letter of much thought and taste,
My desire to share and please,
now burns with fervor and haste.—

So thank you for taking the time,
as friends I hope we will be,
For I found both reason and rhyme,
with the kindness you bestowed on me!—

Lookin' to Score

By Bill Andrews
10-8-11

I was sitting alone, with little to do...
Not really happy, not really blue...
When two lonely chicks, approached my door,
Lookin' as if, they were lookin' to score,
With dark innocent eyes, searching to find,
Something to ease, the hunger on their minds,
But what they wanted, I just did not hold,
It may have been silver, it may have been gold,
They still took time, for we had it to share,
With quiet amusement, not having a care,
Then they left without warning, clear from sight.
Not to be heard from, for another day and night,
So I managed to score, something they'd like,
When next time they came, it'd be gold they'd strike.
Again they found me, and headed my way....
To eat the cornbread, I had saved from my tray...
Now those two little birds, they show little fear....
It's how us Jailbirds, survive around here. —

By Bill Andrews
5-29-13

Tattered

I hold this moment in my hand,
like a window to the past.

Tattered edges make a weathered frame,
around a life we lived too fast. —

As I held you next to me,
in your eyes, I thought I shined.
But your lips having kissed the bottle,
promised dreams I'd never find. —

That moments now long gone...
like my freedom.... and your love.

Leaving me just with a memory,
and a photo of the time,
before life became so unkind,
dividing what was you and me. —

By Bill Andrews

6-19-12

Dad

You left no long after the call...
A deed unseen... which shocked us all...
A broken life... with a missing link...
A spot now empty, a heart left to sink...
Had life been kinder, you would've seen anew...
Another day ahead... much still to do.

But a darkness befell, and tore us apart
Forever to leave us... to fend off the dark.
The burn of whiskey... the look in your eyes...
remind me of days... under younger skies...
when you were still here... our only Dad,
the time seemed so short, but you...

we still had. —

9-11-12

No Place

No place to be....
is where you'll find me.

Where kindness is weak.....
and hate is the norm.

Slang is the speak....
little chance of reform.

A smirk is a smile...

A snicker is the laugh....

Sneaky is the style....

All truth cut in half.

Gossip by the ton, eyes always glaring....

Your misery's their fun, ... ever comparing.

Then time starts to abrade, dulling your shine....

Mistakes that you've made, now etched on your
mind... Lessons learned hard...

You measure your moves...

Don't show your next card... lessen your dues.

It's no place to be....

here doing time.

But, since you can't see....

I hope you learn from this
Rhyme!!

Treasure

By Bill Andrews

6-25-11

A dog without a bone, a lock with no key....
that's what I'm like, when you're not by me.

A sky with no sun,.. a candle with no flame...
without your touch, life isn't the same.

A clock with no hands, a poem without rhyme,..
both seem as non-sense, a waste of time.

But for you I have, love with endless measure,
and the time we share, will forever be a treasure.

By Bill Andrews
12-10-13

Scoundrel

The scoundrel you once knew has died...
a slow.... yet definite death.
Induced by the extraction of pride,
and removal of all sophist breath. —
There will be no mourning or grief,
no pyre to vanquish his shame.
No longer a beggar or thief.
No number to follow his name. —

To forget is a lofty request.
To forgive may make you a saint.
For good will prevail.... manifest,
overcoming all yesterdays taint. —

The scoundrel you once knew has died.
In place now stands the new man.
With the Comforter now by his side,
and His will now part of the plan. —

By Bill Andrews

4.16.14

To be Continued...

We are born with amnesia of
our prior life,

hidden from our conscious is the wisdom
of sages long gone...

To the surface, an occasional bubble
will rise....

Containing the aether of memory....

awakening the original mind,...

formed in the days of dinosaur and prophet. —

Treasure

Written by Bill Andrews

12-15-12

The planet is flying like a bullet through space,
but still I feel mirad to this cold place,
where the wind cant blow, and the sun wont shine,
where grass cant grow, a heart can turn blind. —
As the world unravels, outside of these walls,
I'm stitching together the wounds of my fall.
Gleaning what's left, from a mess made,
reaping the lessons, ...while my debt becomes paid. —
Shedding the skin, that once smothered my soul,
to welcome the Spirit, which now makes me whole,
so as I seem dormant, to the eyes of your world,
a seed has been planted, like sand to a peart. —
Each layer, over time, now grows great treasure,
manifesting strength, which no man can measure,
But the day will soon come, and truth will be spread,
sharing the promise, of the words He has said. —

By
Bill

By Bill Andrews
4-16-14

Interference

I hear an interference on the line,
a clog is restricting my flow, ...
feel a snag in the fabric of time,
there's a short in the wire, I know. —

There's an unseen kink in the hose,
a jagged tear in the lace ...
another hand in the jar, I suppose,
another man now taking my place. —

Steppin' on my toes,
Short stoppin' my words,
Stealing the show,
Scaring away my birds!

10-26-12
by Bill Andrews

Outcast

Seems I've lost my welcome here,
in this dried up oil town.

These streets hold ghost from yester year,
still haunted and wandering around.—

Where others laugh, I feel only gloom,
their cups full of cheer and drink.

Can't shake this sense of impending doom,
as I dread for the sun to sink.—

Now made a stranger, to this place,
suspicious glances, they stab my way,...

As if I were branded, upon my face,
and my body reeked decay.—

All love was lost.. and buried deep,
but my crimes live on forever...

Their bitter roots... are sure to creep,
and strangle all I endeavor

Outcast from all... alone I stand...
forever my fate is laid.

As the proverbial "Branded Man",
With a past,.. that dares to fade—

12-9-11

Bittersweet

Never as it seems, when recalling shattered dreams,
Worship of venom, unfairly dealt...we punish the
flesh, our pain twice felt.

The memory as potter, and ego as clay,
molding the soul, we harbor today.

A puzzle kept,.. yet left undone,
searching for pieces, that time has won.

The ugly facts, form into fairytale,
Keep looking twice, and the truth will pale.

Until we are numb and the sting is gone.

Now bittersweet enough, to let us carry on. —

Know

We will know, when our eyes open, ...
rising from the slumber of death.

We will know, ... that the promise,
has not been forgotten.

We will know, ... when the universe
shares its eternal breath.

We will know, ... we have truly
been saved, ... begotten. —

8-27-13

Revealed

A hungry bird...

Outside lookin' in...

sees only the good a man has to give. —

A condemned man...

Inside lookin' out...

sees only the freedom he'll never live. —

His light is on...

Though he seems darkened...
by lore and documents sealed. —

A light is on....

shining through a glass darkly...

good and evil not so freely revealed. —

By Bill Andrews

10-31-13

On Eagle Pond

Breaking through the glassy divide
Sleek, painted Chelonian periscopes
Peering curious into the aether

Finding sanctuary in quantum leaps -

Once here, now there, ... now gone from memory
Like daydreams of yester-year long faded
The ripples ebb, roll upon the surface
Her chinked carapace now safely mired -

Comfort found upon green velvety algae
Patient, still and aware, waiting to heal
Saved by an unfamiliar saviour
Abandoned among the familiar

A brackish Eden to oviparate

left fertilized from a season past

Her lone young strive to fend, guided by grok.
Leaving legacy to a kindness past. —

Some Things

Some things are better... left alone,
unattended,... on their own.

Some things are better... touched and loved,
smiled upon;... given a home.

Some things are better... pushed aside,
put in their place... sent to hide.

Some things are better... to give away,
share with others... to spread around.

Some things are better... ground to dust,
returned to earth... dissolved to rust.

Few things will remain the same,
they will always grow better or worse,
It's our choice how they remain....
and our perspective can change the course.

By Bill Andrews
12.30.12

Before

I've been let down before,
been pushed out the door,
left standing... on the shoulder,
... of lifes highway. —

I've been passed by before,
been left broken and poor,
left standing... in the shadows,
... of brighter days. —

I've been a raging fire before...
yearning to even the score,
left burning... all the bridges,
... from yesterday. —

But now I know what forgiveness is for...
now kneeling... for the Lord,
... to whom I pray. —

By Bill Andrews
10-20-13

Nectar

Cold machinations.. of hate, scorn, and fear..
evaporate like dew meeting the sun.

Spiteful thoughts forged... of vengeance and
hurt pride....

drift away, lazily... on cool water, beneath
an ivied bridge, shadowed by trout.

Threats and lies,.. treasured up in 'jealous
hearts....

melt from the warmth of loves soft
remembrance.

A gust of violence... now a dark stain...
cleansed by nectar of peaceful intent.

Found in scions of better days ahead,
nurturing growth, with these moments
well spent, guarding the gate of ones
mind vigilant....

Crossing the bridge to repent. —

By Bill Andrews
6-19-12

Undone

Far flung is the gossips tongue...
Rumors spread, from a two-faced head...
Fun-house mirrors, are the liars eyes...
Trusted friends, become double spies...
Twisting fact into fairtale...
Rinsing the truth, till it's sickly pale...
The deck is stacked against your fate...
Shuffled and scattered, until it's too late...
They trip and tangle, all honest plans...
Just to grease, their greedy hands...
So heed trust put into another,
be it foe, friend, or brother,
Nothing is sure in this world you see,
Illusions curtain can smother thee,
Now a dark cloud, hides all my sun,
Alone again, ... I'm left undone. —

By Bill Andrews
6-12-11

Was

A three letter word, for "isn't anymore",
The lonely echo heard, from a slamming door,
A promise never kept, a visit never made,
A tear never wept, for the path that was laid,
Down for the count, over is the thrill.
Though I had my doubts, I gave my trust still,
Now it's said and done, hurt as it does,
Because you were the only one,.....
that there really was. —

12-30-12

Sad Songs

Yeah, I'm still writin' those sad songs,
They somehow cleanse my heart,
I try not to make them too long,
gotta leave room for another start. —

But, I'm no longer livin' those sad songs,
gotta leave room to smile too,
Can't keep starin' at all the wrongs,
so it's time I stopped lookin' at you. —

I don't hurt listening to those sad songs,
to remind me of where I went wrong,
A way to keep us moving along,
to stop us from getting stuck again. —

Clues

1-6-13

I guess I was just following the clues...
of who I was to be....

molded.. much like the "Play-doh" of youth....

the craving for "Candy Cigarettes", with their
little puffs of powdered sugar smoke....

toting a cap gun, blasting with the smell of
red "Paper Caps" in the air, or just using a rock
to bang them to life...

Pounding out a win with "Rock Em' Sock Em' Robots",
trying to knock his block off.....

"Smash 'Em Up Derbys".. cars whose hoods and doors
would fly up in the air on impact...

and the ever brave "Evel Knievel", the two-wheeled
dare devil ready to make the 'jump...

As I reflect, I see the traces of each one
of these things in my life, the addictions,
the attitudes, and what I was learned to
see as the norm... just following the clues
I had at hand, what to be, what to believe,...

27 who to become. —————

By Bill Andrews
5-11-11

Mail-less

This must be how Hank Sr. felt,
When he sang of that robin's song,
A depth of lonely, a man is dealt,
While paying for a lifetime of wrong. —

I believe Mr. Cash felt this too,
Like the pain that ol' train whistle brought.
The whole world's happy... all but you...
When you're nothing but a fading thought. —

And Ol' George surely knows the brutal sting,
Of being forgotten, with all joy set aside,
A name no longer spoken, no memory to ring,
Washed away like the cold ocean tide. —

Willy had it right, with "Blue Eyes Cryin'"
Wanting to stop the tears from their fall,
Still with all want, there's no use in tryin'
To dodge the sting of an empty mail call. —

10-10-12

Dreamer

As I tug her closer,

she'll vanish to thin air.
Yet still tempting, ... the jagged edge....
of my psychic snare.

So ethereal, ... yet earthly mired...
once familiar... now a stranger.

Perhaps, once a life, now centuries expired.
Still perfumed with a scent of danger.

Wispy, ... dreamy, tethers loosed,
from conscious morning thought....

Growing slowly towards obtuse,
with no ransom, can she be bought.
No vise can hold, nor talons grip...

her elusive midnight tryst.

So deftly away, does she slip,
but a fragment of her must suffice.

Until once more, ... when her path I'll meet,

As two ships upon a sea
Braced again ... to accept defeat...
calling to her escaping memory. —

8-2-11

Delete

Delete my name from your phone,

Delete my number too....

Out of touch, and all alone....

Unreachable... and missing you. —

The tallest tower won't find me now,

No more minutes, spent on my call.

All the time your phone will allow,

Still can't reach me behind these walls. —

Delete the text, I sent with love,
though the words still remain true.

Now instead, ..a signal from above,
is the prayer I send to you. —

On hold I will be, 'til another time,

When our eyes can one day meet....

Without use of tower or line,

In touch and truly complete. —

Cookie

Billy wants a cookie, ...
Billy wants some cake ...
But Billy's now in prison ...
for a drunken mistake. —

So Billy gets no cookie ...
and Billy gets no cake ...
So Billy learns to fast ...
to keep his want at stake. —

Now Bill wants not a cookie,
and Bill wants not any cake,
His mind has higher focus ...
with senses now wide awake. —

Bill gives his thought to prayer,
and awaits a greater treasure,
having learned to lose most want,
he's found the truest pleasure. —

By Bill Anderson

10-25-12

Promise

Wake me in December....

The sky's too blue right now,
My hands are tied....

And I'm all alone...
and my happiness, they won't allow.—

Tell me in December....

The things you used to say,
But be quiet now....

for it won't be fair.
I can't hear you anyway.—

Promise me a December....

When I'm free to walk away,
So far from here...

... yet still alone...
with the gift, of another day.—

8-3-12

Seen

I've seen the backside of a prison door...
in a place the sun shined no more,
for long enough... to dream of brighter shores. —

I've seen the frontside of a ten-year stretch...
ready to face all the hell to catch,
until my past faded into a drunken sketch. —

I've seen the bottom turn to rust...
fall apart, crumble to dust,
with no sure ground that I can trust. —

I've seen the top of every hour...
slowly sink, and lose its power,
to stagnate my mind, or my spirit sour. —

I've seen every angle, each facet honed...
with time I polished, until it shone,
each thought turned like a tumbled stone. —

But now I can't find, the man I was...
who was drowning and tossed,
as a shipwreck does,
Yet I'm not blind,
to the man I was. —

By Bill Adams
7-16-12

Faster

I had you in my clutches....

Your fate was mine to twist,...

Nowhere to run, our eyes were locked,

I could crush you with my fist. —

The trail you left, the damage done...

You cared not how I'd feel.

Took what you want, left a mess

While we're both in this trap of steel. —

With no way out, for you or I...

Until time or death sets us free

Is there pardon, for our sins?

Would you show mercy for me?

The more I looked into your eyes...

and realized our similar fate...

What kind of man can hypocritize,

And dole out such petty hate. —

So have another bite my friend..

May your path be safer than the last, sir..

For such a little mouse, in the scheme of things,

You're gonna have to be a little bit fast-er! —

By Bill L. L.

5-24-11

Again

When the Allman Brothers do a rap tune,
On the 32nd of every June,
Right after a cow jumps over the moon,
Hold your breath, it's all coming soon! —

The day there's free booze in every store,
When we figure out what the moons really for,
Right when it's O.K. to piss on the floor,
Hold your breath... I've got more....

About the time it's polite to steal,
When the media reports all that's real,
After the government has nothing to conceal,
Hold your breath, 'cause here's the deal....

That's when I want to see you again —



The Author is originally from the Maryland/DC area, and has spent 14 years behind bars in Texas.