

☆
28 Phases
of the Moon

By: JOA'DANUS

JEROME OLIVAS 2-9-93

POETRY

DATE: 3-1-15

We can pretend the woman has no purpose and she
has no effect on man. We can pretend that there
is no shortage of men, putting the woman in place
of the man in our communities. We can pretend
that this doesn't cause a problem. Now pretend
that these 28 pages aren't relevant to a woman's
work. She has a lot on her plate, and a lot of work
cut out for her, so many phases she goes through.
This book here is history, inspiration, admonition,
Love.

Prison
Address:

J. OLIVAS #AE9127
CSP - P.O. Box - 5004
Calipatria, CA. 92233

Home
Address:

2860 Pacific Ave.
Long Beach, CA. 90806

THE SEARCH

Her hands, her palms, the reoccurring bleeding, the reactivated once healed scars caused by her shoveling; excavating. She never gives them enough time to heal because the job: her dedication, is taken very serious she has no time to rest.

This blood from the scars on her palms gushes upon each grasp of her tool of choice: the shovel; the blood gushes then it drips from clenched fists onto the soil: She digs. Her painstaking minutes hours days weeks months of life is continuous, and it seems as if there isn't an inch of earth she hasn't searched already because this is technically the basis of her job a search.

A search for something in particular no one knows what for, seemingly her appearance, her purpose looks as if she's on the verge of insanity. Well insane if she doesn't find what she's seeking. Questions surround her work "Did she ever posses this object?" "Is it an idol?" "perhaps it's a figment of her imagination, or someone else's?" "Did someone give her a map?"

She can hear but chooses not to listen, close to tears her eyes they listen, she's gone so far and almost quit many times fuck it out to continue. "What's my other purpose?" she questions on the borderline of weeping. Clink, Clink, Clink,! what's this her shovel has come across? A very solid object. Could it be what she imagined every day of her adult life, or could it just be a rock for the windteth time? Clink, Clink! Oh how close she is.

She's down on hands and knees she digs with her hands unearthing the last of it finally she uncovers the object. Oh it is just some gold, at that moment she shrieks, she collapse's, she give's up; Hoptess and then all of a sudden someone pick's her up and carries her in strong arms, and when she looks up. 'Now a real man!'

THE TREASURE

So I reached down to grab a hold of her and then I lifted her in my arms with so much ease, she was as light as a feather. Upon examination I could observe blood on both palms of her hands: wounds. Upon closer examination the leaking not as drastic as could be, because of the mixture of dirt, the dirt from the soil that I watched her dig at on hands and knees unearthing some located object, so determined she was, it appeared for the hours I watched her, that her desperation said, without this mysterious object she couldn't exist; her total existence was for what she dug for, it was the basis of her life. And then finally at last, the object was uncovered I could tell by her body language I sat off at a distance of my camp site. She let out a shriek "AHHH!!" and then she collapsed on her face, shrieking like a death shrill in the night like an impetus of war sounded in an Indian village attacked by a neighboring village. So peculiar was this site, I arrived to her aid, the first thing I noticed before I lifted her up was the object that she dug for and it was 'GOLD'. My eyes widened this would have caused me to pass out also, maybe including the loud shriek especially living in poverty like this. So then I carried her to my camp site and sat her down in my only chair; I located a cloth and dipped in water, I dabbed at her forehead and face I patiently waited for her to gain back consciousness. About 30 minutes elapsed and then finally she came to. I introduced myself in a professional manner and then explained to her what occurred, she observed her wrapped hands, I had to bandage them, what a gruesome site, they appeared as if they took years in the making. Never anytime to heal, constantly reactivated. I could tell she was somewhat self-conscious of them. Her eye lashes fluttered, oh what beautiful eyes she had, a dark beautiful complexion of her skin, and lengthy hair she was an attractive woman. I then showed her the gold I collected for her wrapped in a towel I then extended it to her she stopped me. I was puzzled how strange, then she said, "I wasn't looking for gold?" even more puzzled I was now, maybe the rumors were true, was she insane? I anticipated her exit I then asked "then what were you searching for?" "You, a real man."

B.I.T.C.H

Bold was my approach when I spoke poetry escaping at ease from my lips, entering your ears, causing such an intoxication, blinding those eyes of yours from detecting this ~~Baby~~.

It happened so fast the effect of the poetry, it's shinning, glittering, sparkling caused you to jump to conclusion "GOLD!!" No No **Infantile**.

To your demise you jumped, to my gain I grasped, my fist they clenched, your breast similar to a teething Toddler.

Couldn't you see this? The destruction? You didn't use your womans sense and distinguish I was just a **Calf**.

How didn't you hear the hypocrisy in those lines I recited to you, how can you even tolerate me adressing you as bitch? Well I guess you are no different than me a **Baby Infantile Toddler Calf Hatchling** all I see is your nipples for nursing or regurgitation of food for this young **Hatchling**.

BITCH

THE SNIPPING SCISSORS

I take the scissors and snip away at this hair that falls below my shoulders, the beautiful hair the natural locks that curl upon drenches of water.

I snip away at all I have left of being a natural woman, this is all that I was left with everything else was stolen. The breast that he snatched at when I tried to pull away from him, scratches left upon my flesh my face still grinces at the memory.

I snip away "Snap, snap!" is the sound of these scissors in my hand and then he slung me he grabbed ahold of me when I ran. He then slammed me onto the wooden floor at granny's house like I was a man! He stripped away he stripped away, he stripped away! He stripped away my shirt!! He stripped away my scarf!! He stripped away my pants!!

So I snip away at these long pretty locks my mother gave me. Her skin the color of sand, slight traces of brown in these beautiful locks, the lonely strands I hold in my hand.

I promised myself I wouldn't cry. How could I? Shit he didn't cry, he grunted, he humped, he smiled, his mouth opened wide he didn't cry. He drooled the drool dripping in a long strand landing on my left cheek bone, I look off to the side into the distance, beyond the moving blinds and opened window it's so bright out, but he he didn't cry, he snipped away. He snipped away every inch of woman I had left he stole from me, similar to me with these scissors, stroke by stroke, I snip away.

YOU are the TRUTH

Stay focused, you have an important purpose and you've come to far to stop now. I can see the ending result now, you reached the top of the mountain and they were the ones to fall down.

Stay focused, your potential is beyond those gloomy clouds that threaten to drip, go even further beyond what you reached for go ahead die before you ever quit.

Stay motivated, use their onslaught's, use their fury, use their pessimism use their stares. Because at the end of all of your struggles you're going to appreciate the motivators and the ones who truly cared.

Stay awake, when they sleep you stand, when they stand you jump. There are children who are counting on you, there are people who are giving you their trust.

Stay calm, stay ahead, but this is the part of the tree that counts: The last ten feet, be careful coming down.

1st (Singing
Chorus):
prelude:

Paradise is, fantasised its, not too far from here /
and we can fly over, waters and, we'll arrive within hours /
you'll be, paralyzed when, we arrive and, you'll scream and cry, ooooH /
But you can lie and make it, seem like, You dont want to go with neeee /

2nd singing
chorus
toned
down:

You should run away with me, run away with me, run away with me, come and stay with me,
fly away with me, float away with me. drift away with neeeeeee /

rapping
verse:

She has so much pain what a shame I could see it from the start / she lit a
flame in my chest you should've seen it when it sparked / This isn't game this
is pain this shit came from the heart I been writting all these pages staving
up passed dark / how could you remain in that position it really hurts when we talk /
them nigeaz ride you like a train when truthfully you a star / Fuck! /
Let's pass the clouds in the plane, escape pass the atlantic / Get lost in the burmuda
triangle but baby please don't panic / train scar's on ya heart I'm way pass the questions
that only leads to the past I'm from land you to heaven / Your complexion leave
impressions I want to lick you untill eleven / I want to start at 10:00 o'clock, can
I get another session? / I know you confused because we call each other
best friends / but every plant was a seed untill it developed

2nd
chorus
toned
down: _____

1st
chorus
prelude: _____

end

Jordan Jerome olivas

MOTHER

Mother if I didn't know any better I could've sworn I heard sobs through the wall the wall that separates us. It was late maybe I was dreaming, but it began with laughter, then strange sounds, then arguing, then bangs, and then screaming, it ended with sobs, sobs through this wall that separates us.

On my side of the wall there is a lot of laughter, games, discoveries you know the average 7 year olds world. On your side there's a lot of strange men. a lot of fun laughter and drugs.

I awake at about 7:00 a.m around the time you go to sleep. I go to sleep at about 7:00 p.m. around the time you awake. You awake to marijuana I awake and then pray I say bless my mother kiss her beautiful face.

I would pray with you every night and morning, but I'm not allowed on the other side of the wall, but it's as if I'm over there already I can hear everything that goes on.

Why am I kept away from over there? when I turn 14 in 7 years I'm going to come on your side of the wall, and then I'll be a big boy.

Dear Deandre,

Hope this letter reach you baby excuse my writing the pills I took have me see'n in doubles. plus the beer ^{st.ives} of course my favorite I picked up this liking from anthony ^{I drank}
 your daddy. Oh yeah bobby aint yo real daddy by the way
 sorry you have to find out this way and anthony died 2 years ago on the same day I was going let you know. guess it wasn't meant it's crazy how that played out sorry 'deandre'

well I was writin you to tell you I do love you, and yo sista's and brothas. threw these rough years I know thats the first time you heard that from me I should have told you this the first day you came to this world. I beat you every day of your infant life and part of your teens untill you turned around one day and broke my nose. 😊 no hard feelin's

I smoke crack every chance I had. thats the reason we lived in dirt and always got evicted I used the money for other reasons.

well you don't know much about me well when I was 13 my life change and thats when I started to get abused and started smokin shern then 2 years later I got pregnant wit you. you was my first. D so I had to let you know I sent another letter to the youngest Cynthia But before I hung my self I wanted to say I love you D.

PROJECT WOMAN

Your apartment in those projects is a palace upon entering there's a glare everything shines in the mist of marijuana smoke what's that purple Kush? the walls glitter the pictures are in gold frames, the wooden tables glow as if freshly wiped, the diamond piercing on your nose I kiss your lips in an attempt to remove the chocolate placed on them oh those are just your lips.

I grip hips and ass holding on for dear life holding the world doesn't end. I smell melon, marijuana, chicken, my mouth waters, I follow you into the backroom you walk like the Queen Sheba fuck if I'm Solomon I'm really on the wrong side of the Red Sea I'm not supposed to be in these projects in this territory they'll shoot if I'm identified, you ignore me. Just as I said you walk like the Queen Sheba I am Solomon I don't have to worry your blood is very dominant in this section just the thought of this causes an erection.

You are ^{dark} as night as I observe you inside this two bedroom apartment that gives me the impression of a castle. Two sessions of swapping saliva and sweat ends with the breeze of an air conditioner I feel like a King fanned with palm tree branches I'm in the tropics as the Isley Brothers: ATLANTIS sounds in the room "Set sail with me, to a paradise out beyond the sea ATLANTIS!" who would have thought looking from the outside in that this project home could be so big that this woman that holds onto me oh so tight could be so exotic the tattoos they climb up her legs in circles, vines leading to her garden stop an inch or two before. cross that inch or two you'll be in the Nile you're so wet and even though we are not husband and wife I'll be back, MY PROJECT WOMAN

GRIMEY POETRY

Your smile ends with dimples your teeth are crisp white
 you use them similar to me and this pistol flash it men shiver.

Your breast's are with you always even in the shower similar
 to me and this vest it doesn't leave my chest.

These are my protection, and yours are for seduction its
 now we both live it's how we both survive

well me I live anticipating bullets, and you well you anticipate
 wallets only difference between you and I they pay you, me I have
 to rob them.

when you enter you're the center of attention you cause erections
 and chills, well I'm observed for other reasons hate, envy, also just
 the onlooking whores, bitches, they always want to chill.

see I can understand your grimey, its more so out of force not
 by nature and the little heart you have left you keep it protected like
 hidden treasure, you're still a woman so sometimes wonder about love
 me uh well uh in my world there's no such thing, and I don't search

My fist, your hips, your hips, my knife, there's similarity's in a
 similar case cops pull one of us over we may be facing time.
 your eyes show no sign of loyalty in them neither tears, in my eyes
 they say "Look in the opposite direction!" they show no fear. there's very
 little difference between us.

1st
(Singing
chorus):

What a lonely world it is living this gangster life, where the only
friends there is is this mine/ There's one thing I KNOW / IS they
KNOW / I'll GO / ^{take}_{down} There's no, place inside my, heart for her/
she cries, and she tries, to open up, the doors/ I'm hearing her, knock
on it, knock on it, knock on it, knock on it./

Rapping
verse:

Her hands bruised from the knocking she picture love being sore/
Gangsta attraction is what happens now that's a skin for war/
She traces my scars after sex a skin questions galore/
That only leads to more question's when I exit her door/
She undresses when I'm absent imagining more/
got her a skin what is cash if I aint up in world/
You knows she's attractive/ got them crashing their cars/
up in traffic/ while she racin to my place now she knocking on doors/

Her fantasies is having a family and wedding ring fingers/
while my reality is hearing maggots scream and nine millimeters/
I'm out of breath no bullets left, I'm knocking on her door she let me
in and put up the tech/ looking checking for bullet holes in my flesh, then
her nipples get erect/ then the tears I ask why she like nigga
You A vet/

1st
Singing
chorus:

singing
Bridge:

purple hearts, on my chest/ Red scars on my flesh/
she see the bulge in my pants and ask if I'm happy to see her?
I'm like come closer/ she feel the metal she like ooooh so cold,
Your tattoos are so bold! / ^{under} And my diamonds lit up her skin (pause)
And that's when her crying began / (pause)
And for a while I couldn't understand her words / (pause)
And then she finally replied it's your gangster, I Love your gangster
oh yeah, oh yeah I love your gangster oh yeah.

1st
Singing
chorus:

2: NISHA 4RM: MS

Why are your eyes so moist? The small crack in your voice/never went undetected it feels like a crack in my small heart, when ever your voice sounds/ out please be quiet.

I don't want my eyes to work any more so I don't have to see yours. I wish I was blind to the moistness in your eyes/but how can I pretend when I told you I loved you? I said so many things that I truly meant in the moment.

But now that moment has passed similar to water on a glass, the water evaporated once the sun set. The sun: my true love.

Maybe we can still be friends/maybe we can still coexist with no feelings attached? ...

maybe we can still see each other and lie if any one asks?

But no I couldn't do that, maybe I'll see you in another life.
Peace.

QUEEN JALIN #2

Why cant I see you right now, my heart sheds tears,
the tears build up inside my lungs and now I can not breath.

I would commit suicide but each time I picture you,
the knowing eyes, the pitch black skin, the gap between your teeth.
why cant I see you this exact moment, now the tears are in my
eyes. They flow down my face in between blinks, my tongue tastes
salt, there is salt on this page; I wipe at the sheet.

I love you like a thorn on a rose, if they touch you they touch
me. ~~AT~~

I want to smell you again, I love your natural black smell.
I could imagine the taste of you, why do I suffer in hell?

Why aren't I there with you now so I can be where I'm meant
to be: Heaven.

I sail on this boat I inch closer and closer, and closer and
closer.

AT SEA.

I'm watching you from across this ocean. My boat is inching closer and closer. All is so perfect. The weather I mean I don't expect a storm, but I'm well prepared. I've been at sea so long already I am no longer scared. I know it's a constant battle a constant shifting of the sail. Can you hear me Alendalen as I get closer the ringing bell? I'm almost home, INSHALLAH. Have some food waiting for me, I'm almost there. Closer and closer and closer and.....

SHE SAYS SHE'S SPINNING
AROUND ME. HER WORDS:

Frozen I become if I drift too far away, I burn when
ever we embrace, or when ever we are close.

Looking into your face I'm blinded; your smile of radiance;
your disappearance brings about the night.


My flowers grow in an attempt to reach you,

you melt the snow the birds chirp when they see you,

I don't care about the others you have attracted,

the others can orbit you also, because I know I'm your
number one planet.

Counting all my blessings ignoring every loss
or at least I pretend to when inside it feels so hot.
In search of a higher purpose surrounded by those who live so low
stagnated by my environment but still I yearn to grow
I wonder if she shares this same love that I hold for her,
or maybe even a little more,
Thinking of the true things I can never change even if they were
paid for.

ANTHONY 
 (Time flies before your eyes)

Our introduction began on the brink of blows exchanged but luckily we exchanged names. Looking at one another's right hand wondering if we would ever shake hands, and then I extended mine your hand shake was firm the eye contact was brief and then we parted ways only to meet the reoccurring day which continued through out the years. When ever we met I always revealed a strategy which you would examine, ridding it of all unneeded pieces that could cause mistakes and then we would come to a mutual agreement and by that evening we would have succeeded what we carried out to do.

And then we both received tattoos and made an oath if I die you die, if you die I die too. and I'm surprised we're still alive, remember your father and all of his warnings? Time flies we were in and out of juvenile detention centers, camps, placements and then that's when you began to change, I took notice of your eyes one night "You cool foolie?" was the question I asked, your eyes were as dark as the sky. "I'm straight" was all you said as you perspired the sweat dripping off your nose.

As I said time flies and that's what continued to occur just as your body weight fluctuated. You used to be muscular and walk around without a shirt. Then you began walking around with the same shirt for days in a row and at times you would just bleed from the nose. I'd ask "where is all the money you had, didn't we just come up?" You'd reply "Man that was just 2,000 dollars I bought some clothes."

As I said time flies and that's what constantly occurred and now I'm hearing all sort's of rumors about you bro and I've been hesitant on asking you because as well as I know and as you know if someone says the wrong thing to you, you're wick to blast the fool, but fuck all that "AY BRO DO YOU DO DRUGS?!!!"

SOLDIER

I knew how to left right, left right, left right, upon exiting the cradle. Mother pushed and said boy you better stand tall soldier dont you cry "Yes MA'AM" they cut the umbilical fuck damn my navel!

My mother used to cut my head bald I wasn't just able to walk the block without a laugh I kept my composure regardless.

She tied a string around all my loose teeth and told me not to look and then she barked I saw drips of blood and wasn't even shook.

I squared corners at 9 all I ever heard were shouts and commands. Locked outside of home so militant camped out in a van. When ever I entered homebase I always saluted, my siblings just kept arriving my mother called this recruitment "son salute them!"

We stayed on the move changing camp after camp, there were certain calls that I was not to answer, and if so I was to say "oh wrong number!" or it could be disaster. We were always aware of spies, trust was non-existent. Especially since my pops got in some action then went missing.

When this life comes to a close, all of the lost comrades (my aborted siblings) the ones who were shipped to different bases (foster homes) the medals and stripes I earned I will die proud and content my mother raised a soldier.

Las Padriñas Juvenile Hall

You're a coward a speck of a man, actually you're not a man at all. You have two X chromosomes no Y at all. After you hit my mother I ran and grabbed two knives what you thought I didn't know? I can hear you through the wall I ran in the room swinging away at your neck and face missing you by inches; you dove out of the way. I hate you my nigga you're an infidel an atom of a man in actuality you're not a man at all.

If my father wasn't locked up he'd. run your head through the wall. And after you dove out of the way my mother jumped up to your rescue yelling "Joe put the knives down please!" pleading for you you scream "my nigga I'ma bang you! mama let me at him!"

I'm only 12 what is you 3 times my senior? and the the blood on my mamas face almost caused me a seizure, when I seen her.

Yall both smoke crack and when the crack is gone the both of you fuss and fight waking us up. Me and my other two siblings trying to sleep keep it down!! is what I scream we can hear it when gall fuck.

I hate you're a coward and we can never be friends. You're a proton of a man true shit you're not a man at all, I'm glad I cut you now I'm 12 years old in Los Padriñas Juvenile Hall, you're not a man.

16 and know it all

Look mom this is the truth, I choose this Thug lifestyle over basketball and college I'm done with school. To begin with school is a waste of time, it's alot I could be doing besides going to school I could be making money. making money how? I could sell cars, invest my money in used cars and then fix them up and sell them for more, well actually this is what I'm doing now. where did I get start up money? Women. Yeah older women. No I don't sell drugs No I don't steal well maybe once or twice but that wasn't my style. Yes mom older women I'm 6'2 225 Tall dark handsome my look's aren't wasted. well to be truthful I'm already a thug, shoot how the police treat me I'm already looked at as a thug, shit they just shot Trayvon the other day and like 10 other niggaz, I mean negroes. Plus I have love for my brothers they show me true love it's all sort of racial tension around here it's so many of them crossing the border left and right this neighborhood is changing MAMA. Yes MAMA you did raise me well, but it's people otvetling I can't turn a blind eye on them and I can't support the ones who have the funds to save us but choose not too. who? the corporations, the government, somebody, so I'm done with school. go to jail? are you serious I'ma die before they do me like my father.

HIS STORY + MY STORY = OUR STORY

MY brother in Ghana traded me for two rifles, to some french men in Senegal, from Senegal to Puerto Rico on a ship from Portugal but first we stopped at Cuba Spanish men yell "No, No, Hell no we don't want him he's a Wolof!" well that's the tribe I'm from technically I'm from Gambia not Ghana this is the year 1515 they don't want a Wolof because of their reputation also because supposedly they practice ISLAM.

MY brother in Compton exchanged a statement to bypass two life sentences to some Polish men I mean police men they shipped me to Los Angeles County Jail in a Sheriff bus, then off to New Delano Prison we stopped at Chino first Hispanic Correctional officer's yell "No, No, Hell no we don't want him he's a Blackstone!" that's the tribe I'm from technically I'm from the Crenshaw district I'm not from Compton. This is the year 2015 they don't want a Blackstone because of their reputation also because supposedly they practice ISLAM.

MY BROTHER #1

What a striking resemblance me and you share, we could've been blood related how they mistaken us for one another, I swear.

IS this the reason why I want to erase you off of the face of the planet? or make ~~you~~ suffer pain?

I wish you could feel how much I hate you inside out. I'm quite sure you feel the same.

If you choose blue I'll choose red, if you go left I'll go right, if it's up for you then of course it's down for me.

Do you see these twisted signs I make with my fingers, can't you read the message I'm trying to give.

Yeah I read what you're saying, what you saying is that you don't want to live.

How we walk the same speak the same language, I'm surprised we weren't raised under the same roof. Damn man why weren't you raised just a street over, we probably could've been cool.

Yeah they ranned your head against the car's hood and cuffed you? You know they did the same thing too to me. They charged you with murder? they got me too. Yeah first degree.

Last name Jackson, where is your family from originally? Shreveport Louisiana what a coincidence that's where my family's from.

So now we are first cousins we share the same blood. So what do we do now? I've shed blood you've shed blood. I've lost friends you've lost friends. Tell me if we are cool now will you ever cross me in the end? If you see me walking down the street will you seek revenge? I'm all by myself you are with a few friends? Could we ever hang out? could we ever know each other? or It's fuck me? Shouldn't we be brothers?

MY BROTHER

Infatuation

Walking down this path an infatuation with death, it is not explained.

Look: Blood like I wish for you to bleed. CRIP as if I wish for a disability in your limbs. NIGGA as if I put you under a spell BITCH as if I wish to chain you up and feed you sparingly.

FUCK YOU as if there isn't any Love between us. Instead of the peace symbol I forgot the index so now it's just a middle finger.

I used to drink grape juice but then I let it sit a little longer lets see how this tastes mmm a little bitter fuck it blame it for this twisted face I give you definition: UM HATE!

I'm surprised I'm still walking down this path an infatuation with death I'm surprised that I'm still walking down this path alive I mean I can't explain why the infatuation it used to be "Hey good brother" now it's "what up foolie?" I used to inhale good homecooking, now I just snort methamphetamine.

I walk between sanity and insanity I'm so nervous what is trust? what is Love? I know about lust.

I'm just walking down this path just so infatuated with death I was suppose to turn right, right SCRRRRR just because you said something at the last minute I turned left.

CRIPS and bloods beefing like HUTS and TUTS, its Rwanda. I'm to loose dont push me no farther.

Blame that on my infatuation with death

40 and experienced

Why are you cry'n? I thought you were thuggn', I thought you were a fearless grown man, at least that was what you were stressing to me. Those bullets burn huh son? Yes I've been shot before, no your mother isn't a square, yes I've been around I just speak like this and look like this I've come a long way.

Abortion? why are you trying to kill the seed you've planted? you should've used a rubber. what? Because you don't want the baby name drama? why did you tell that woman you love her? It's too late to hide your hand the brick was already thrown.

You say you're depressed? How can you be depressed I thought you wanted to be in this place. All the officers here beat you? mmm when I tried to whoop your ass you acted like you were going to man handle me, son I just can't believe you. This the last time I'm coming to visit you.

Now that reality is revealed to you I'm assuming you're going to change? Because this thugg stuff isn't working out for you.

CASE STUDY

Observance of the patient seated in the bolted chair with a protective suit on located in a white room. Observation conducted by the two men in white suits who observe through the one sided glass jotting down notes on pads, drool continuously dripped down the dark hued patient chin onto the protective suit that had him binded and limited his ability to move his hands crossed in front of his body, sporadic shouts from him "Lies, lies, international lies!!" sounded through his chapped lips which produced small drips of blood upon each shout. "Lies, lies, international lies!!"

The men, both of them European descent, continued their notes, occasionally muttering inaudible words that could only be heard between the two of them, their hand increased speed upon each shout produced by the patient. The patient's natural dread locked hair hung forward veiling his eyes somewhat when he wasn't shouting they moved back and forth similar to blinds on a window, but if you could see his eyes he was looking up ahead not down, his eyebrows raised, his nose flared, what a stoic face, so serious, and each time he shouted it was similar to the roar of a capture lion so far from his pride. "Lies, muthafuckas, you are liars!!" "All you muthafuckas!"

Finally the two men stopped their writing and began to exchange audible words. "This is a major problem" one began. The other "There is a threat there are more like him." "if there are more where he came from there could be major changes in their communities." The first man "This is a major sickness." They went back and forth for a while coming up with solutions to the problem at hand. Then some European woman entered she asked "what happened to him?" Both men replied "He found out the truth!" "Lies, Lies, international lies!!"

HATRED PROLIFERATION

Why do you hate me, are you even sure? Or do you need some time to reevaluate what motivates you to wage this war? I'm hungry I'm poor, shots outside my door; then you come to question me about something I didn't see you ask me to take a seat on the floor in handcuffs, the bones on my wrist's are sore. I don't want to be here anymore.

The hatred dug so deep in you, you almost forgot what for. But your nature doesn't allow this, you use intimidation through large numbers violence and force. screams!! far in the distance, shake my heart screams from sorrowful men untill hoarse "WAG, WAG, WAR!!"

My daughter is so traumatized, my son can not socialize, my wife can't even fantasize paradise because where we reside, all of the neighbors collide and we can't even answer why? Unless you take some time out of your day and calmly observe your hate. I don't even know why I'm your biggest concern. I'm the reason for your essential existence. I ignore you and socialize among those like me; my own kind. But your constant, persistent and now I hate my own kind. How did this begin? When in the beginning me and this man/woman who share the same resemblance were like kin. Did I learn this hate from you? Why does your individual hatred proliferates group/common hatred?

QAMARA AND HER WISDOM

The first few days you were hard to figure out
you were hidden from my sight you were so brand new.

finally I saw a small glimpse, uncovering your veil I could
see a small part of you that I was unaware of, and I
respect your modesty, your chasteness. The veil pulled back
further and further its "light" its as if you reflect every
thought I have, what I've only known you for 2 weeks now
you're just so full of light.

And then something strange occurred as the days began to
elapse the "light" I see in you begins to draw back. You showed
me a whole of you, then $\frac{3}{4}$ and now its only half.

I thought I had you all figured out but it seems I'm just
living in the past. It's as if I'm caught in some type of tides
or something just lost in water its as if you have a pull on me
I follow you further and further.

$\frac{1}{2}$ now I only see $\frac{1}{3}$ of you. oh $\frac{1}{4}$ why are you acting
so brand new? And then she say's "my nigga all I'm doing is
reflecting you".

To Whom it concerns

I apologize to you for the hurt I caused. For the pain and loss. For the absent room that probably won't ever be inhabited again, this absent room that when ever entered the memories are just too much to bear, so you exit this room and close the door and pretend as if your son never existed.

I apologize for the lingering smell of his favorite cologne that fills your nose when ever you're all alone, his laughter heard in the distant part of your mind that causes a brief smile on your face. Irony this is, because at the same time there are tears in your eyes.

I apologize for the phone call that you received on March 18 2003, you lacked belief "that can't be my son" but your prior belief contradicted now that you witness his dead body before your eyes I won't pretend and say I was remorseful at the time in fact I wasn't at the time I smiled

I wouldn't be surprised if you decide not to accept my apologize and also God, I couldn't even imagine my mother receiving this letter from your son saying that he apologizes for killing me. 