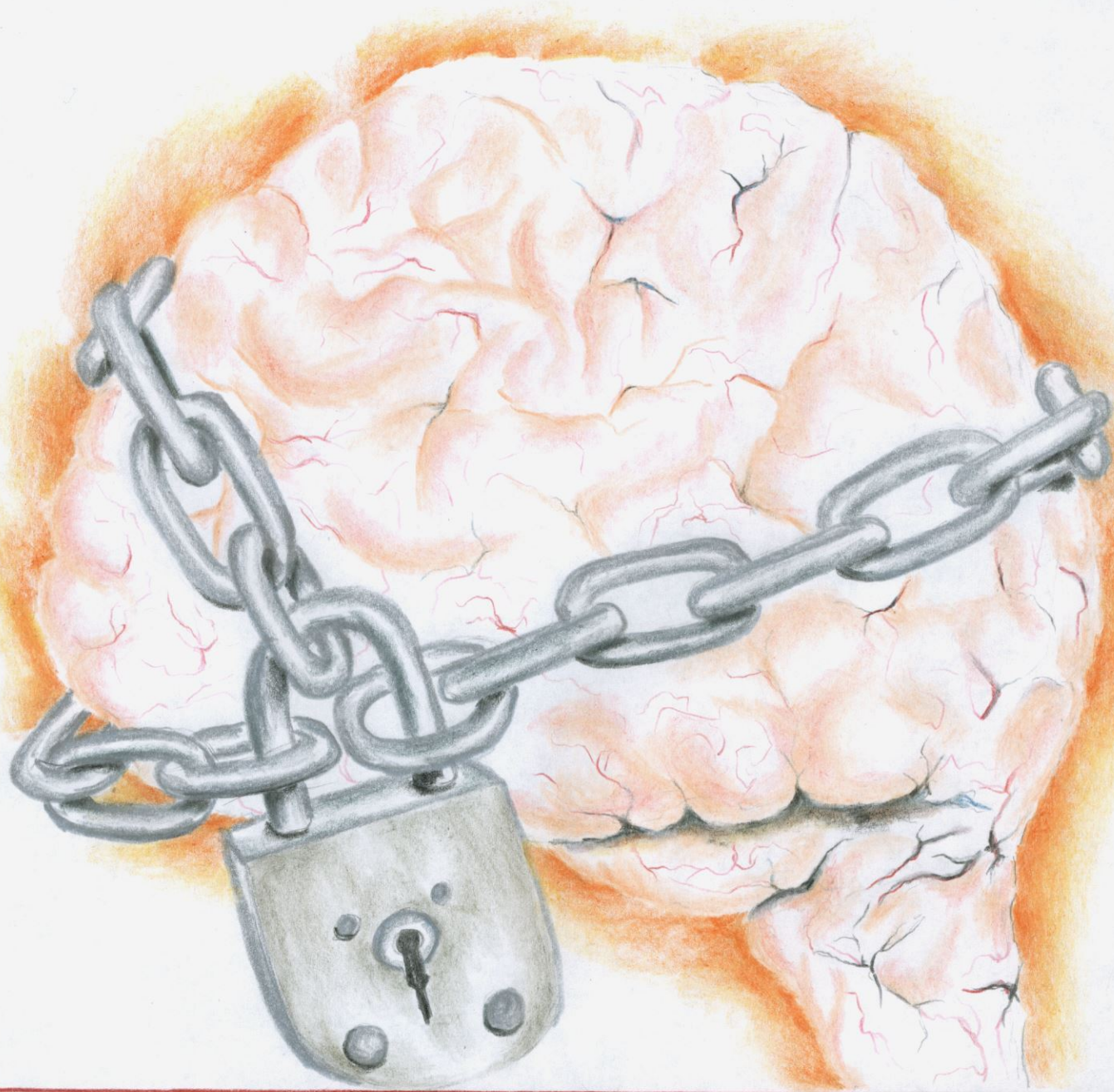

A BRAIN



IN CHAINS

PENITENTIARY ~ POEMS

AND ~ DREAMS

RHYME ~ SCHEMES

AND

THING'S.

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IT SHALL BE BY HIS GRACE
 ONE DAY I SHALL LEAVE THIS PLACE
 HOLD MY HEAD HIGH
 AS SO MUCH TIME HAS GONE BY

IT SHALL BE BY HIS GRACE
 ONE DAY LOOK MY LOVED ONES IN
 THE FACE
 EXPLAIN TO THEM THAT I STILL CARE
 EVEN THOUGH I WAS NOT THERE

IT SHALL BE BY HIS GRACE
 THEY SHALL GAZE UPON MY FACE
 AND SEE THAT I HAVE PAID THE COST
 FOR THE LIFE THAT WAS LOST

FOR THIS WILL BE THEIR SIGN
 LETTING THEM KNOW I AM NO
 LONGER BLIND
 BY ALL THAT GLITTER'S AND SHINES

HIS GRACE HAS BROUGHT ME
 A MIGHTY LONG WAY
 AND HIS GRACE WILL SEE ME
 THROUGH THESE DAYS

I'LL STAND STRAIGHT WITHIN
 THAT GRACE SHINING FROM ABOVE
 FINALLY REALIZING
 IT IS NOT SO MUCH THE GRACE
 AS THE LOVE.

WHERE COULD ALL THE HERO'S BE
 EVERY MORNING I LOOK IN THE MIRROR
 WHO DO I SEE?
 IS THAT WHERE THE HERO'S BE

I DONT SALE DOPE ARE DRIVE CADILLAC'S
 NO LONGER DO I HAVE THE WEED SACKS
 NO WOMAN WITH LONG NAIL'S ARE
 FRESH PERM'S
 WITH MY LIFE I AM A BIT MORE
 CONCERNED

AT 53 YEARS OLD FOR 7 YEARS
 I WAS DENIED PAROLE
 WHICH MEAN'S I'LL GO BACK AT 60
 AT THAT AGE THING'S CAN
 GET TRICKY

DONT KNOW IF I CAN MAKE IT THAT LONG
 DONE GOT TIRED OF STAYING STRONG
 SEEN TO MANY OF MY PEOPLE DIE
 WHILE I JUST STAND BY

TALKING ABOUT "WHAT'S FOR CHOW"?
 CAN I EAT IT?
 I DONT SEE HOW

DONT KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER
I CAN MAKE IT
GOT TIRED OF TRYING TO FAKE IT

GOING TO THE LAW LIBRARY
WAITING ON THE COURT
THEY WONT EVEN CUT THAT
WAIT SHORT

THEY'LL MAKE YOU WAIT A YEAR
FOR A ONE PAGE DENIAL
ASK YOU "WHY DIDNT YOU
BRING THAT UP IN TRIAL"?

KNOWING IGNORANCE OF THE LAW
IS NO EXCUSE
SO THEY CAN CONTINUE WITH
THE LEGAL ABUSE

THEN THEY COME AT YOU WITH
THE ANTI-TERRORIST ACT
WE ALL KNOW THAT'S ANOTHER FACT
THEY MADE WITH THE DEVIL

SO THEY CAN SEND YOU TO GROUP
TELL YOU "KEEP YOUR HEAD
LEVEL

WHAT IF THE SKIES WERE NOT BLUE
COULD WE FIND A LOVE THAT IS TRUE
WITH OUT WHICH WOULD YOU STILL BE YOU

WHAT IF THE BIRD'S DID NOT SING
AND THE WINTER'S DID NOT TURN TO SPRING

WHAT IF THE SUN DID NOT SHINE
MAKING ALL OUR DAY'S EVER SO BLIND
WHAT IF THERE WAS NO MORE CRIME
A SOCIETY WHERE WE ALL SEEM TO SHINE

EVEN IF THERE WERE NO MOB WAR'S
WHAT WOULD WE FIND TO FIGHT FOR
WHO WOULD BE OUR ENEMY
HANGING AROUND JUST TO SEE

WHAT IF THERE WERE NO MORE POLITICIAN'S
PREACHING LOVE WHILE PROPAGATING MEL-NETURITION

WHAT IF A NEW WORLD ORDER
STRUCK DOWN IMMIGRATION
AND SPREAD ACROSS THE NATION

WHAT IF PEOPLE WERE NO LONGER
DIVIDED BY THE LANGUAGE THEY SPOKE
OR BY THE BOOK'S THEY WROTE

WHAT IF THERE WAS ONLY THE
ONE GOD WHO DIDN'T HAVE BLONDE HAIR
WOULD YOU EVEN CARE

ALL THESE WHAT IF'S ARE POSSIBILITIES
AS LONG AS WE STRIDE WE CAN
MAKE THEM REALITIES

IT'S SUN DOWN AND I WALK
THE TRACK

TIMES LIKE THESE MY
MIND SLIP'S BACK

IT SLIPS BACK TO TIMES
PAST

MOMENTS LIKE THESE SEEM
TO LAST

SLIPPING BACK TO PEOPLE
THAT ARE GONE

THE VERY PEOPLE I THOUGHT
SO STRONG

THESE PEOPLE I CONSIDER
KEPT ME GOING
FOR THEY WERE NO
QUITTER

IT IS FOR THIS VERY REASON
I WALK THIS TRACK

NO MATTER WHERE I START
I ALWAYS WALK
BACK

THE TRACK GOES AROUND AND AROUND
ONE OFTEN WONDER'S

IF HIS THOUGHT'S ARE
SOUND

TO THE POINT ONE CAN BE
THOUGHT CRAZY

ACKNOWLEDGING THE FACT
OVER TIME MEMORIES
GET HAZY

I HAVE THIS FLOWER
I CALL MY LITTLE LOTUS
IT HAS A BEAUTY THAT
ONLY I NOTICE

FOR IT CAME UP THRU THE MURK
AND THE MIRE
BUT IT IS THE ONE MY HEART DESIRE
THE PEDDLES DONT STAND TALL
IN FACT IT APPEARS SMALL

IF THRU THE POND YOU COULD SEE
JUST HOW DEEP THE ROOTS BE
YOU'D SEE THE PEDDLES REACHING
FOR THE SUN
YOU'D SEE THE ROOTS AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE POND

THRU THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS
IT HAS COME
WE CAN ONLY APPRECIATE THE JOB
NATURE HAS DONE

IN ORDER TO APPRECIATE IT IN IT'S
TRUE GLORY
YOU WOULD HAVE TO KNOW
THE WHOLE STORY

ON TOP OF THE POND
IT HAS A BEAUTY FOR
OUR EYES TO BEHOLD

ON THE BOTTOM OF THE POND
OUT OF THE MURK AND MIRE
IT GROWS

IN MY MIND I BUILT THIS WALL
IT SEPERATES ME FROM YAU
YOU DONT SEE ME, AND I DONT SEE YOU
BUT I KNOW THIS AINT TRUE
KEEP TELLING MYSELF IT DONT MATTER
WHAT I DO
AS LONG AS I DONT BOTHER YOU
BUT THIS ALSO AINT TRUE
BECAUSE IT DOES MATTER WHAT I DO
MY VERY THOUGHT'S COULD EFFECT YOU
EVEN THOUGHT'S HAS POWER
COULD MANIFEST AT ANY HOUR
GOT TO TRY TO KEEP MY MIND CLEAN
STOP LOOKING SO MEAN
THAT COULD BRING TROUBLE
SOME BODY COULD BURST YOUR BUBBLE
BACK TO THE POINT
I AINT TRYING TO STAY IN THIS JOINT
I GOT TO TEAR DOWN THAT WALL
I GOT TO TALK TO YAU
NOT TO EVERY BODY
THAT WOULD MAKE ME KIND OF SHODDY
I CAN PICK MY PEOPLE
DONT HAVE TO YELL FROM THE TALLEST STEEPLE
DOING TIME IT'S EASIER TO GET ALONG
GET YOUR MIND TIGHT BODY STRONG
TO GET OUT OF THIS JOINT I GOT TO WRK
ON MY WEAK - POINT'S
EXCUSE ME I GOT TO PAUSE FOR A COMMERCIAL
THIS IS STARTING TO SOUND LIKE A
PAROLE BOARD REHEARSAL

SOME TIMES I WISH I HAD DONE
MORE TO MARK MY PASSING
BUT THE RATE I WAS GOING THERE
WAS NO LASTING

ONE DAY DENEVER THE NEXT DETROIT
MY WHOLE LIFE PRETT MUCH
NULL AND VOID

NO STRINGS, NO TIES, WHEN THE
GOING GOT TOUGH
I BROKE WIDE

NOW I AM GETTING OLD MY LIFE STORY
I WONT TOLD

BUT THERE IS NOBODY AROUND THAT
SAW THE MOVIE
AT MY AGE THAT AINT GROOVY

WHAT WAS HIPPED HAS NOW BECOME
SQUARE
IF I NEED HELP AINT NOBODY THERE

BUT I WONT CRY AND DAMN SURE
WONT BEG
I'LL STAY STRONG ON THIS JOURNEY
DOWN TO THE VERY LAST
LEG

THE NEXT POEM I'LL WRITE
I'LL WRITE FOR THE BLIND
WHO HAVE NO SIGHT
HOPING THESE WORDS
WILL BE THEIR LIGHT

I'LL WRITE FOR THE TIMES
PEOPLE SIMPLY LOST THEIR MINDS
MAYBE FOR THE HOMELESS
IN NEED OF SHELTER
THINKING THIS SHOPPING CART
MAKES THING'S HEALTHIER

OR MAYBE JUST TO FILL A NEED
I'LL WRITE FOR OUR LEADER'S
WHO ARE LOST IN GREED

MAYBE FOR THE CRACK ADDICTED
MOTHER
WITH TO MANY MOUTH'S TO FEED
KNOWING THESE YOUNG ONE'S
ARE HER SEED

I'LL WRITE FOR THE GUN
WITH THE FOOL BEHIND THE TRIGGER
OR MAYBE FOR THE SOUL IT WILL
MAKE NO BIGGER

2013

HOW ABOUT THE DOPHINE
WHO NEEDS ANOTHER HIT
MAYBE HIS VICTIM THAT
CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER LICK

WHAT ABOUT THE BABY
THAT WAS BORN HIGH
OR MAYBE HIS MOTHER
TO SOBER UP SHE DIDN'T
EVEN TRY

I GUESS I'LL KEEP WRITTING
UNTIL MY TIME HAS COME
KEEP WRITTING UNTIL I
WONT SEE ANOTHER
SUN

HERE I GO AT IT AGAIN WRITING
 POEMS FROM THIS PEN
 HAD TOLD MYSELF I WOULD STOP
 BUT LIKE DOING A LIFE
 SENTENCE
 THEY WONT EVERY DROP

I WORK FACILITY 4 YARD CREW
 BUT PICKING UP PAPER
 AINT ALL I DO

AT ABOUT 6:30 IS WHEN I START
 I DONT WORK LONG AND IT
 SURE AINT HARD

AFTER I EAT BREAKFAST I'LL PICK
 UP THE PAPER OFF THE
 YARD
 I NEVER FEEL LIKE IT BUT
 IT'S HOW I START

THEN I HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE
 CHOW HALL TO CLOSE
 WAITING ON THE C/O'S I START
 TO DOZE

SO OFTEN I ASK "FOR A SHOT OF COFFEE"
 IT'S NOT UNUSUAL FOR THEM
 TO DENY ME

GO BACK TO MY CART FIND A SEAT
WHILE I WAIT FOR THEM TO
MEET AND GREET

THEY ACT LIKE THEY AINT SEEN
EACH OTHER BEFORE
AS THEY TALK IN FRONT OF
THE DOOR

THEY KNOW I AM WAITING ON TOOLS
BUT THEY LOOK AT ME LIKE
I AM THE FOOL

IT AINT A WHOLE LOT I CAN SAY
GO BACK TO MY CELL AND
CALL IT "A DAY"

LEVON DAVIS

TIRED OF WRITING HOME WITH NO RESPONSE
MY NAME BACK THERE IS JUST A HAUNT
THE OLD NEIGHOR HOOD I AM THINKING
I'LL STOP WRITING
MY NAME BACK THERE THEY JUST AINT
BITTING

WHEN MAMA WAS ALIVE I'D WRITE
ONCE A WEEK
JUST TO LET HER KNOW MY OUT LOOK
WAS NOT SO BLEAK
SHE'D WRITE BACK SOME TIME'S
BE THE FIRST TO LET ME KNOW IF
I PUSHED A LINE

WHEN A FAMILY MEMBER DIE MY
BROTHER WILL SEND AN OBITUARY
OR PICTURES OF A FUNERAL
BUT THAT IS WORSE THAN THE DRUG
ABUTARIAL

GET'S YOU DIZZY BUT NOT HIGH
MAKES WONT TO END THIS POEM
STRAIGHT GOOD BYE

I THOUGHT YOU COULD USE SOME
CHEERING UP
LIFE FOR YOU RIGHT NOW MIGHT
BE KIND OF ROUGH

KNOWING RIGHT NOW YOU ARE
PACKING AND MOVING
AND SUCH

THE NEIGHBORHOOD WILL MISS YOU
EVER SO MUCH

RIGHT NOW THERE IS A LOT
ON YOUR MIND

AFTER LIVING IN THE SAME SPOT
FOR 30 YEAR'S

MOVING CAN ALMOST BRING YOU
TO TEARS

IT'S HARD TO STAY IN ONE SPOT
FOR SO LONG

AND ONE DAY REALIZE YOUR GONE

BUT PEOPLE LIKE YOU, WITH A GOOD HEART
CAN GO ANY WHERE AND MAKE A
NEW START

TAKE THAT FROM SOME ONE WHO CARES
SEARCH INSIDE YOUR HEART
YOU'LL FIND ME THERE

YOU TOLD ME YOU LIKED MY POEM'S
I THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU HOW
THEY ARE FORMED

FOR THEY ALWAYS START WITH
A THOUGHT

A THOUGHT WHICH YOUR NICE
LETTER BROUGHT

THINKING OF YOU AS A COOL
SUMMER BREEZE
BLOWING THROUGH MY HAIR
SITS MY MIND AT
EASE

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM
IN MY MIND I ALWAYS
LEAVE ROOM

THE SIMPLE SONG OF A BIRD
COULD BE YOUR VOICE
I HEARD

LIKE YOU THEY MOTIVATE
ME TO WRITE

FOR THIS HELPS ME MAKE THROUGH
THE LONG HOT NIGHT'S

OVER

YOU ARE THE WIND BENEATH
MY SAIL'S
MY SALVATION WHEN ALL
ELSE FAIL'S

SITTING HERE THINKING OF A
POEM FOR YOU TO WRITE
NOTHING SPECIAL JUST TO
MAKE YOU FACE A LIGHT

JUST A POEM TO HELP ME
SEAL OUR DEAL
A POEM TO LET YOU KNOW
THESE FEELINGS ARE REAL

FOR YOU SEEM TO LIKE MY POEMS
I HAVE TO LET YOU KNOW HOW THEY ARE FORMED
IT TAKES A PERSON LIKE YOU TO MAKE ME START
GOING FROM THERE THE REST AINT HARD

FOR YOU ARE MY SOURCE MY MOTIVATION
BUT THE REST IS UP TO ME PURE CONTEMPLATION
AS LONG AS WE HAVE BEEN WRITTING THIS
AINT HARD
BUT WRITING UNTIL YOU PLACE ME IN
YOUR HEART

A GROWN MAN WALKED INTO AN
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
COMPLETELY IGNORED ALL SOCIETIES
RULES

FOR WHEN HE LEFT THRU OUT THE
WORLD MUCH WAS SAID
BECAUSE HE LEFT 26 DEAD

20 CHILDREN 6 ADULTS
WE ARE LEFT WONDERING WHO
IS AT FAULT

GUN CONTROL, CHANGE THE LAW
THIS DONT CHANGE WHAT
WE SAW

KILLED HIS OWN MOTHER BEFORE
HE EVEN GOT TO SCHOOL
MAKES ONE THINK "THIS IS NO
ORDINARY FOOL"

20 ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILDREN
HAS PARTED
THEIR LIVES OVER BEFORE
THEY EVEN GOT STARTED

REALIZING YOUR HOME ALONE
I THOUGHT I MIGHT SEND
THIS POEM

ALSO ADDED THIS CARD
TO SHOW YOU WHERE
IS MY HEART

WHEN THE THOUGHT HIT ME
I HAD TO CONSIDER
THIS TIME OF THE YEAR
YOU MIGHT BE BITTER

YOUR LAST LETTER I RE-READ
THINKING SOME THINGS
NEED'S TO BE SAID

YOU HAVE IMPRESSED UPON ME
IN MANY A FASHION
STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS
IS YOUR REAL PASSION

IN THIS AREA I'D LIKE TO HELP
BUT ALL I CAN ADD IS
MYSELF

MAILING THIS CARD IS A SIMPLE ACT
JUST AN INDICATION OF WHERE
MY HEART IS AT

FOR IT IS THAT TIME OF YEAR
WE REACH OUT TO THE ONES
WE HOLD DEAR

WHEN I STARTED THIS POEM I
SAID IT WOULDN'T BE
LONG

AS YOU CAN SEE I WAS
WRONG

THIS POEM HAS TURNED INTO
A LETTER
AT LEAST I HOPE IT MAKES
YOU FEEL BETTER

IF I COULD WRITE A POEM
SOME THING THAT WOULD
BE NICE
ONCE THE THOUGHT HIT ME
I DIDNT THINK
TWICE

I PICKED UP SOME PAPER
AND FOUND A PEN
THOUGHT OF SOME WORD'S FOR
YOU TO SEND

IT ALL STARTED AT WORK TO DAY
NAH! I COULD GO BACK
FURTHER IT BE SAFE
TO SAY

FOR I'VE SEEN YOU COME
AND GO BEFORE
YOUR STYLE OF DRESS I
EVEN STARTED TO
ADHORE

GOT UP SOME NERVE TO
COMMENT
KNOWING IT'S AGAINST
THE RULES
BUT I AM NOT A YOUNG MAN
AND THIS AINT HIGH
SCHOOL

SO I STARTED CALLING YOU
"SNAPPY DRESSER"
YOUR SMILE LET ME KNOW
I COULD ADDRESS
YAH!

BUT NOT ALWAYS'S SOME TIMES
YOU SEEM KIND OF
MAD
THOSE DAYS COULD BE ALL
BAD

WELL IT'S ANOTHER NIGHT AND
 I CAN'T SLEEP
 VISION'S OF DARKNESS DON'T
 EVEN CREEP

I TURN THE T.V. ON AND I TURN
 THE T.V. OFF
 MY THOUGHT'S ARE TO A LOFT

I LAY IN THE DARK LOOKING OUT
 THE WINDOW
 WATCHING THE GRASS AS THE
 WIND BLOW

LISTENING TO THE RADIO
 IT STAY'S ON THE OLDIES
 STATION

THE OLD SONG'S SEEM TO FIT MY
 SITUATION

NEVER NO FUTURE ALWAYS
 LIVING IN THE PAST
 JUST HOW LONG CAN THIS
 SYSTEM LAST

EVERY DAY THIS SYSTEM GETS
 A LITTLE CLOSER TO
 BROKE

IN THESE THOUGHT'S US LIFERS
 FIND HOPE

EVERY DAY IT GET'S TOUGHER
TO HIDE
THE NUMBER'S JUST AINT ON
THEIR SIDE

BUT TO MANY OF US HAVE
ALREADY DIED
WAITING FOR THE PAROLE BOARD
TO DECIDE

ARE WE SUITABLE OR JUST
SEND US BACK TO OUR
CUBICLE
WITH ANOTHER DENIAL
IRREGARDLESS OF WHAT
THE JUDGE SENTENCED
US TO DURING
TRIAL

MEN OR MONSTER I'LL LET YOU
DECIDE

HOW CAN A MAN TAKE SO MANY
YOUNG LIVES

FROM COLUMBINE TO FRANKENSTEIN
FROM SANDY HOOK TO
LEARNING TO READ A BOOK

FROM VIRGINIA TECH TO
CONNECTICUT

HOW MUCH WORSE CAN THE
PUBLICITY GET

CAN SOME BODY TELL ME WHERE ARE
WE GOING

OUR HUMNITY REALLY AINT SHOWING

OVER WHO IS RIGHT WE SQUABBLE
AND FIGHT

BUT DURING OUR STRUGGLE WE
LOST THE LIGHT

IF YOU HAVE TO WONDER WHAT
LIGHT I REFURR

THEN YOU TO ARE BEING DETURRED

RIGHT NOW WE ARE KILLING OUR KID'S
THIS IS SOME THING WE NEVER
DID

AT LEAST IN THIS CASE HE KNEW
HE NEEDED HELP
FOR HE TURNED HIS GUN ON
HIMSELF

IT'S LATE AT NIGHT
BUT MY MIND IS
SHINNING BRIGHT

TO ME IT'S NOT REALLY
CLEAR
AS TO WHAT I AM DOING
HERE

LYING HERE IN MY BUNK
MEMORIES MY MIND
THEY HAUNT
VISIONS OF THE PAST, GLIMPSE
OF THE FUTURE
TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER
LIKE A SURGEON AND
A SUTURA

KEEP LOOKING INSIDE MYSELF
TRYING TO FIND THE GOOD
JUST TO MANY THINGS MISUNDERSTOOD

WHO IS A BAD GUY, WHO IS A
GOOD GUY
WHO AM I TO JUDGE
TO MANY PEOPLE SIMPLY NEED
A HUG

WE ALL MAKE CHOICES WE ALL
CALL SHOTS
SOMETIMES THEY RESULT TO
A LOCK AND A SOCK
JUST THOUGHTS RUNNING THROUGH
MY HEAD

AS I LAY SILENTLY IN MY
BED

SITTING ON MY BUNK
 MARKING TIME
 TRYING TO FIGURE OUT
 MY OWN MIND

I'VE PRAYED, PREACHED AND MEDITATED
 TRYING TO CONVINCE MYSELF
 IT WAS NOT ME I HATED

25 YEARS IN PRISON SOME THING'S I
 HAVE FIGURED OUT
 THE WAY I LIVED OUT THERE
 I MUST HAVE HAD DOUBTS

I SLEPT WITH MONEY, DOPE AND GUNS
 DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE WITH NO WOMAN
 THAT WOULD SPOIL MY FUN

BANGEN, SLANGEN, AND PEEPING GAME
 NOT ALWAYS FOR MONEY, SOME TIMES
 MATERIAL THANG'S

LIKE THE NIGHT MARVIN GAYE
 BIT THE SAND
 PEOPLE CAME BY TRYING TO SALE
 HIS BABY GRAND

OVER

I SAW YOU TODAY THE FIRST
TIME IN A WHILE
I HAD ALL BUT FORGOTTEN
THE WAY OF YOUR
SMILE

IT PROMPTED ME TO WRITE
THIS VERY POEM
KNOWING I CAN'T GIVE IT
TO YOU OR EVEN
LET YOU READ
YOU'D GIVE IT TO THE POLICE
WITH GOD SPEED

NO NO THIS WILL NEVER BE
THE CASE
SO WITH THESE FEW WORDS
YOU WILL NEVER
BE LACED

WITH THAT THOUGHT IN MIND
I FIGURED I COULD
COME UP WITH
SOME LINES

I AM TRYING TO REMEMBER
HOW I GOT ON YOUR
LINE
I'VE BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE
I'VE BEEN HERE SOME TIME

YOU WALKED BY AS I WAS
CUTTING WEEDS

I WANTED TO SPEAK JUST
TO FILL A NEED

YOU STOPPED AND SAID
"HELLO"

THEN YOU TURNED AND
STARTED TO GO

I REALIZED WITH YOUR NAME
I COULD MAKE A JOKE
NOTHING SPECIAL A SMILE TO
PUT ON YOUR FACE I
WOULD HOPE

SO I CAME BY ABOUT NOON
AND DROPPED IT ON YOU
FROM ACROSS THE
ROOM

STRANGE LOOKS I GOT FROM
YOUR CO-WORKER'S

THEY ACTED LIKE IT WAS
A REAL TEAR JERKER

I COME OUT EVERY DAY AND
EXERCISE

DO 1000 PUSH UPS BUT MY
CHEST DONT GET
WIDE

I'LL DO 200 DIPS BUT
KIND OF SLOW
BUT MY ARMS JUST WONT
GROW

RUN THE TRACK FOR 30
MINUTES
EVEN THOUGH MY HEART JUST
AINT IN IT

USE TO DO PULL UPS ON A
MARINE CORP TRIP
BUT NOW DAY'S MY RIGHT HAND
JUST WONT GRIP

GETTING OLD JUST HATE TO
CONFESS IT

STILL I WONT SIT AROUND
AND STRESS IT

I GOT TO GO TO THE YARD AND
DO WHAT I DO
DONT WATCH ME AND I WONT
WATCH YOU

IT'S NOT THE WATCHING
THAT I REALLY DONT
MIND

BUT WHEN PEOPLE POST UP
DURING THIS TIME

EVEN THAT WOULDN'T BE
SO BA

IF THEY WOULDN'T COMMENT
I WOULD BE GLAD

YOU DONT GO DOWN FAR ENOUGH
YOU DONT COME UP ALL THE
WAY

NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO
THEY WILL HAVE SOME THING
TO SAY

I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO
LEARN
TO WORK THRU IT UNTIL I
FEEL BURN

AND WHEN I LOOK IN THE MIRROR
AT NIGHT

I'LL SLEEP BETTER KNOWING
I GOT IT TIGHT

HEARD YOU COULD USE SOME
CHEERING UP
THE GOING FOR YOU NOW MIGHT
BE KIND OF ROUGH
JUST A FEW LINES FOR THE LIFE
THAT WAS LOST
LIKE MOST DEATH'S THERE WAS
A COST

A MIS CARRIAGE FOR SOME
MAYBE NO BIG DEAL
BUT THE LOSS I KNOW YOU
FEEL

SPENDING SO MUCH TIME BUYING
BABY CLOTHES
EVEN CONSIDERING WIPPING
RUNNY NOSE

RIGHT NOW IS HARD LIVING
THRU THE LOST
ALMOST LIKE BEING DOUBLE
CROSSED

PINK FOR GIRLS BLUE IF
IT'S A BOY
THE BAD NEW'S WAS LIKE
STOLEN JOY

BUT LIFE MOVES ON AND
GOD IS ETERNAL
THE TIME WILL COME WHEN
YOU WILL BE MATERNAL

HERE IS A POEM ABOUT THANKS GIVING
 25 YEAR'S IN PRISON, THANKFUL I AM
 STILL LIVING

THIS TIME OF THE YEAR I AM REMINDED
 OF WHAT I SAW
 MAMA IS ALWAYS THE FIRST ON THE LIST
 THIS GOES WITH OUT A TWIST
 FOR SHE LOVED TO COOK AND BAKE
 THIS MADE THE HOLIDAY'S COME OUT GREAT

SHE WAS BORN ABOUT A WEEK BEFORE
 THANK'S GIVING
 ON HER BIRTH DAY SHE HAD THEM TURN
 THE MACHINE OFF!
 STRAIGHT TIRED OF LIVING

L O S T S I S T E R R O S E F E B U R A R Y T H E
 N E X T Y E A R
 A L L T H E C R Y I N G F O R M A M A I D I D ' N T
 H A V E A T E A R

A L L M O S T F O R G O T A B O U T M Y O L D E S T B R O T H E R
 H E W A S T H E F I R S T T O G O
 W H A T H E W A S D O I N G I N T H A T D O P E H O U S E
 I T H I N K W E A L L K N O W

THEN THERE WAS SISTER B.B
WHO DIED ABOUT HALLOWEEN/
IN HER MIND SHE WAS THE
4TH SUPREME

MAYBE I OUGHT TO WRITE HOME
AND WISH THOSE LEFT A HAPPY
THANKS GIVING
AND PRAY THEY ARE STILL LIVING

WE THE PEOPLE BLUER THAN BLUE
AINT TALKING BOUT ME
AINT TALKING BOUT YOU

A LOT OF SWEAT AND BARE HANDS
WE CLEARED AND LOWED THIS
LAND

WE DIDNT COME HERE AS A VOLUNTEER
LET ME MAKE THIS PERFECTLY
CLEAR

THEY CAME TO AFRICA WITH CROSS
AND BIBLE
THEY NEEDED FREE LABOR FOR THEIR
VERY SURVIVAL

WE WORKED FOR 4 GENERATIONS
THEY HAD US BUILD THIS VERY
NATION

ONE DAY JUST AS SURE AS WE'D COME
OUR WORK WAS FINALLY DONE

SOME CALL IT EMANCIPATION
PROCLAMATION
IS THAT WHAT THEY CALL IT
TO BUILD A NATION

FOR SURE I REALLY CANT DONT KNOW
AT ANY RATE WE WERE FREE
TO GO

BUT TO WHERE? I REALLY CANT SAY
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WE HAVE
TODAY

TIC TOC GOES THE CLOCK AS
HE SITS AND SILENTLY WATCH
TODAY IS HIS LAST DAY FOR HE
DID NOT GET THE STAY

TURNED DOWN THE BIG MEAL
FOR FOOD CAN NEVER
FILL

THE WHOLE OF A BROKEN SOUL
OF THE LIFE THEY ARE
ABOUT TO STEAL

HE'S BEEN SENTENCED TO DIE
BY A SYSTEM THAT DONT
TRY

TO DETERMINE HIS INNOCENCE
OR GUILT NEVER MATTERED

AS THE CROWD GATHERED FOR
IT IS A KILLING THEY
HAVE COME TO VIEW

AFTER HE IS DEAD MUCH WILL
BE SAID

AND THERE WILL BE LITTLE
LEFT TO DO

HIS LIFE IS OVER HIS FATE
SEALED

SHOULD GOD ONLY HAVE THE
RIGHT TO KILL

DURING THE COURSE OF OUR
HUMAN ENDEAVOR

WE DO THINGS WE THINK ARE
CLEVER

FROM RIDING OUR BIKES TO
B.B. GUNS

SHOOTING BIRDS JUST FOR
FUN

STEALING TOMATOES AND
FRESH FRUIT

NOT FOR FOOD BUT JUST FOR
THE LOOT

AS WE GROW OLDER WE REALIZE
LIFE IS MORE THAN TAKE
THE PRIZE

THE OLDER WE GET AND THE
MORE WE GROW
CERTAIN THINGS WE COME
TO KNOW

THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN
GETTING AWAY

WHEN THE DAMAGE IS DONE WHO
WILL PAY

APOLOGIES ARE NOT ALWAYS ENOUGH
FOR OUR WORD'S PEOPLE NO
LONGER TRUST

THERE ARE FEW SITUATIONS THAT
 I CAN CONCEIVE
 WHERE I CAN'T WRITE THE
 WORDS FOR YOU TO
 READ

FROM THE DARKEST NIGHT
 TO THE SUNNEST OF
 DAY'S

WRITING THE WORDS THAT
 DESCRIBE MY WAY'S

WRITING FOR THE TRAGEDIES OF
 OUR TIMES

WRITING FOR THE MOMENTS WE
 ARE TRULY BLIND

WRITING FOR THE MOMENTS SPENT
 QUIET AND FORGOTTEN
 MOSTLY FOR THE PEOPLE I
 THOUGHT SO ROTTEN

OR MAYBE FOR THE TIME I
 FELT MY MOST JOY
 LIKE WHEN I PLAYED WITH
 MY NEW BABY BOY

OVER

SOME TIMES I WRITE FOR
SOME THING TO DO
BUT MOSTLY FOR THE LOST LOVE
I THOUGHT WAS TRUE

SITTING IN THE LAW LIBRARY
KILLING TIME
NOT TRYING TO HURT NO BODY
JUST TRYING TO EASE
MY MIND

I BROUGHT ENOUGH MATERIAL
TO STUDY
THIS WAY I DON'T HAVE TO
TALK TO MY BODY

IT'S NOT THAT HE IS A BAD
DUDE
BUT TALKING IN THE LAW LIBRARY
COULD BE RUDE

MAY BE I COME HERE FOR THE
WRONG REASON
BECAUSE TRYING TO GET HOME
IS THE SEASON

I MEAN IT'S WHAT BRINGS ME
HERE

BUT MY SITUATION IS NOT
CLEAR

YOU SEE IN 09 I WENT TO
THE BOARD
LOOKING FOR A DATE TO GET
PAROLED

IS THE STORY I WONT
TOLD

THEY TOLD ME TO GET MORE
"SELF HELP"

FOR THERE ARE SECRET'S
I WONT KEPT

FOR 7 YEARS THEY GAVE ME
A DENIAL

SO I FILLED OUT THE PAPER WORK
TO TAKE THAT TO TRIAL

HOW CAN THEY DENY ME 7 YEARS
CALLING MY CRIME "ATROCIOUS"

I TRIED TO EXPLAIN IT, THEY
CALLED IT "BRAGGADOCTIOUS"

AT THIS POINT I HAVE TO LET THE
FEDERAL COURT'S DECIDE

IF I KEEP COMING TO THESE LAW
LIBRARIES OR WHEN CAN I
BREAK WIDE

SOME TIMES I WISH I HAD LEFT
MORE BEHIND

AS I LAY HERE DOING TIME
PLANT A TREE WRITE A BOOK
ANY THING TO MAKE PEOPLE
TAKE A LOOK

SO I WAS HERE THEY CAN KNOW
MORE THAN SOME PICTURE
SOME BODY WILL SHOW

SOME THING THAY WILL SAY
"I CONTRIBUTED WHILE
I WAS ALIVE"

NOT JUST SOME BODY STANDING AROUND
TALKING JIVE

I DONT MEAN LIKE CLIMB THE
TALLEST MOUNTAIN
OR SAIL THE SEVEN SEA'S

BUT SOME THING FOR THE WORLD
TO SEE

THIS WAS ME

IT WOULD BE SOME THING IF
THE WORLD I COULD FEED
WIPE OUT FAMINE WITH A
SINGLE SEED

OR FROM A SINGLE GOAT
MAKE EVERYBODY A WARM
COAT

MAYBE SINGLE HANDED WITH OUT
A TOOL
MAKE LITTLE KID'S BRAND NEW
SHOE'S

ALL THAT MAY NOT BE THE LEGACY
I COULD LEAVE
IT COULD BE THESE FEW WORD'S
FOR YOU TO READ

A FRIEND IS SENDING
SOME PEOPLE MY WAY
ABOUT THIS THERE ARE
THINGS I'D LIKE TO SAY

EVEN THOUGH I'VE BEEN
LOCKED UP A WHILE
I COULD APPRECIATE
A GOOD SMILE

MY HOPES ARE TO FORGE
A RELATIONSHIP THAT WILL LAST
NOT JUST SOME THING FOR
TIME TO PASS

HAVING BEEN DOWN THIS ROAD
BEFORE
FULL OF HOPES AND PROMISES
WE BOTH ADHORE

BUT DO NOT MISUNDERSTAND ME
I BEG YOU PLEASE
FOR I AM NOT THE KIND OF MAN
WHO LET'S LIFE BRING HIM TO
HIS KNEE'S

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS
I'LL STILL STAND TALL
STANDING ON MY WORD'S
AND ALL

LOOK YOU IN YOUR EYE
WONT EVEN FLINCH
WALK A MILE BEFORE
I GIVE AN INCH

THERE IS SO MUCH I
WONT YOU TO KNOW
BUT UNTIL YOU GET HERE
I'LL WONDER IF YOUR FACE
STILL HAS THAT GLOW

ALL IS QUIET THRU THE NIGHT
AS HE LAY IN A STAGE OF FRIGHT
SOUNDS OF TABLES AND CHAIRS
IN THE NEXT ROOM

THESE ARE THE TOOLS
OF HIS DOOM
FROM HIS CELL HE COULD SEE
ON ONE TABLE LAYED AN I-VEE

IT STARTS TO GET KIND OF SCARY
AS HE THOUGHT ABOUT THE ITINERARY
ABOUT 12:00 O'CLOCK THEY WOULD COME
THINKING HIS TIME WAS FINALLY DONE

ABOUT 12:01 THEY CHECK THE CATHODE
TO MAKE SURE THE CHEMICALS FREELY FLOWED
ABOUT 12:02 MAKE SURE HIS HEART BEAT
IS STABLE
AS THEY STRAP HIM TO THE TABLE

HE DONT CRY HE DONT BEG
AS THEY STRAP DOWN HIS LEGS

HE MEANS THEM NO HARM
AS THEY STRAP DOWN HIS ARMS
HE DON'T BAT AN EYE DON'T
EVEN FLINCH
AS THEY INSERT THE NEEDLE
ABOUT AN INCH

TOWARD THE SPECTATOR'S HE ROLL'S
HIS EYE'S AS IF TO SAY
"ARE YOU A BETTER MAN TODAY"

ALL IS QUIET THIS NIGHT
 SO I GRAB MY PEN AND START
 TO WRITE
 THE PEN EXPLODES ACROSS THE
 PAPER
 LEAVING NO ROOM FOR EVE A
 VAPOR

IT SEEMS TO MOVE BY IT'S
 SELF
 FROM ME NEEDING LITTLE
 HELP

IT WRITES OF TIMES I
 FELT STRONG

IT WRITES OF NIGHTS SPENT
 COLD AND ALONE

IT WRITES OF TIMES PAST
 IT WRITES OF LOVE THAT
 DIDNT LAST

IT WRITE FOR THE FUTURE
 FOR TIMES YET TO COME

IT WRITES OF LIVES
 THAT HAVE COME UN DONE

THROUGH THE PASSAGE OF TIME
 IT WRITES

WHEN MY FUTURE DONT SEEM BRIGHT
IT WRITES

MY PEN WRITES OF BOOKS

I NEVER READ

IT WRITES OF WORDS NEVER SAID

THE PEN WRITES SO MUCH I

BECOME SCARD

I PUT THAT PEN DOWN AND

GO BACK TO BED

IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING
AND I AWAKEN TO THE
SCREAM'S

IS THIS REALITY OR JUST
ANOTHER DREAM

AT MY AGE IT GET'S HARD
TO TELL

SOME TIMES MY MIND
FAIL

SOUNDS OF BOOT'S AND KEY'S
UP AND DOWN THE
CORRIDOR

IS THAT A SIGN OF SOMETHING
I JUST AINT SURE

EVERY NOW AND AGAIN THE
FLICKER OF A
LIGHT

CAN SEE NO FACE IT AINT
THAT BRIGHT

LAY BACK DOWN TRY TO REST
GETTING BACK TO SLEEP
IS THE REAL TEST

IF I AM LUCKY I'LL PROBABLY
GET A NOD
ABOUT THE TIME THE
SCREAMS START

BUT MY MIND REELED
AS REALITY
REVEALED
ALL THE SHOUTS ALL THE
SCREAMS
JUST A PART OF ANOTHER
DREAM

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE I CAN
STOP FOLLOWING AND
START TO GUIDE

I WILL NO LONGER GET INTO
PEOPLE CAR AND START
TO RIDE

I CAN NOW SET THE PATH FOR
ALL TO FOLLOW
AND IT ALL STARTED FROM THIS
PRISON LIFE I THOUGHT
SO HOLLOW

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
I'LL BLAZE A TRAIL SO TRUE
IT WILL BE EASY TO FOLLOW
WITH A WOMAN LIKE YOU

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
I CAN TURN A MOUNTAIN INTO
A MOLE HILL

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
I CAN TAKE THE DEVIL TO HEAVEN
MAKE HIM SIGN A DEAL
NO MORE INNOCENT SOULS WILL
HE STEAL

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE
I'LL GO TO CONGRESS HAVE THE
SIGN A PACT
THEY WILL NO LONGER RUSH
INTO IRAQ