

POEM'S
ABOUT
MY LIFE
IN PRISON

By: ANTHONY

LESLIE



Poems About My Life

In Prison

Date:

Poems about my life in prison is pretty much what it say's Inside I tell you about different situations that I've been through since I've been in prison. I've had good times and bad, I just hope my pen can allow you to feel me on my struggles. Also I'd like to shout out Aaron Smith # 1264245 for my great cover.

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By: Anthony Leslie

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By: Anthony Leslie

II

Poem About My Poem's ①

As I sit an think about this book,
I'm calling poem's about my life in prison.
All I can do is smile,
An be happy I made my decision.

To dedicate my time to my work,
Cause I know my thought's are deep.
So with my pen an word's,
The world I plan to reach.

The topic's I speak on,
I hope will allow you to see.
The thing's I go through,
And how they effect me.

Prison can be very negative,
As some of my poem's will say.
Yet if you only use your mind,
You can grow from it as I also display.

There is many things that can be done,
From behind these brick's an walls.
Only if you will stand up,
Believe in yourself an get up when you fall.

By: Anthony Leslie

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Poem About My Poem's ②

Take it from me I'm in prison,
And I have a life sentence.
But I decided to strive for change,
And I really meant it.

Even when I've slipped an Fall,
I've got up an tried again.
I've less many times in my life,
Yet this time I'm determined to win.

So with my new found strength,
I allow my thought's to flow through my pen.
To allow ye'll the chance to see,
How Prison allowed my life to begin again.

For those of you that told me I could do it,
Ye'll are the reason I do what I do.
As for my mom, sister an TX,
I want to dedicate this book of poem's to you.

By: Anthony Leslie

RIP Thug ①

I want to tell you a story,
So please sit back an listen.
I dont want you to miss anything,
So please pay close Attention.

It started out as a regular day,
Like any other in the NC Dop.
Little did we all know,
It would soon get real crazy.

A officer is relaxing sitting in a booth,
Thinking that today was such a bore.
He leans forward an presses a button,
Which opens up a cell block door.

A inmate goes inside,
And the door slowly close's back.
From that moment the world would change
That is a stone cold fact.

A altercation soon break's out,
Between three inmate's.
One has only his bare fist's,
While the other two have 12 inch shank's.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

RIP Thug ②

The one does the only thing he knows,
He fights with all of his heart.
But against two 12 inch steel shanks,
He is at a disadvantage from the start.

The officer's will soon come,
So he must give it his all.
Little does he know,
Today will be his downfall.

The officer in the booth,
Sit's watching in pure shock.
As he fights while getting stabbed,
And the officer never opens the door to the block.

Which has officer's at the door looking in,
Watching has the one give's it his best.
But all of a sudden,
He get's hit in the side of the chest.

Now the door finally come's open,
But it's already to late.
Cause the blade has hit his heart,
So death is his only fate.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

RIP Thug ③

That is not the only part,
One day in comes the SBI.
You may not believe what I say,
But the officer's all begin to lie.

One of the prison official's,
Even hide's the murder weapon in the roof.
Just to try an cover up thing's
And not reveal the truth.

Shit like this will not ever stop,
Unless y'all will lend us a hand.
We may have all made mistake's,
Yet we are all still man.

So now I'm asking you all,
To help bring this to a cease.
As for you Thug,
May you Rest In Peace!

WE Love & Miss You
Brah!

By: Anthony Leslie

The Prison System ①

Prison is suppose to help change our way's,

But honestly Facing what we Face how can we change?

When the prison violate's our right's everyday,

Forcing us to stay the same.

When a situation come's up,

The prison handle's it by putting us behind a door,

Which doesn't help a thing,

It only build's up pressure more an more.

When someone is put behind the door,

It is for just one problem,

But the way the walls an door can effect a man,

Will have him leaving with so many problem's so he can't solve em.

Your in a small cell block,

With a total of 16 inmates inside.

Temper's will flare,

And emotion's will run high.

You come to lock up with one problem,

Yet you leave with so many more.

That is why long term,

Should be looked at as a revolving door.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

The Prison System (2)

The prison officials know what they do,
By placing us in a cell for long stint's of time.
They do it purposefully,
To try an make us lose our mind.

Some activist group's have begun to see,
The truth about all of this segregation.
Why do you think the prison system,
Has for so long been hesitating.

To stop all of this long term,
They have been putting us through.
If they can't use long term to make us suffer,
They are out of a unburnone act they like to do.

America make's money off of this prison system,
They don't want us free, they want us to come back.
By us being inside of these prison's,
We keep the government's bank account's fat.

The prison system is made to be a revolving door,
That is why they tell the public we're all menace's.
Just so they can collect big check's,
Why do you think they hand out such long prison sentence's.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

The Prison System ③

They are called the Department of public safety,

But I must ask how is that so?

I get sentenced to life,

Yet they let rapist an child molester's go!

Does any of that make any sense,

To any of you out there?

I want you to take a moment an ask yourself,

How is any of that fair?

Everything I tell you goes on each day,

I wish I could tell you it was all a joke,

But I can't tell you such a thing,

Cause the truth is, I'm the prison's scapegoat.

For all of the activist group's out there,

That do all that they can do,

On be half of all North Carolina inmates,

I would like to say Thank you!

It is only with your help,

That we get any respect for our rights.

And it is only with your help,

We have the strength to fight.

By: Anthony Leslie

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The Prison System ④

No matter what I may face,
Or the number of times I fall.
With my new found strength,
I will always give it my all.

The prison system may see me as a animal,
But I know my life does have meaning.
So with the life that I have,
I'll tell the world we inmate's are human being's!

By: Anthony Leslie

How They Wrong Us ①

Pert team, Pert team,

Get up their in the corridor.

Hearing those words,

I jump up on run to the door.

Sure enough their 40 to 50 deep,

I begin to sit my stuff out in the open.

Hoping they won't fuck up my shit,

But honestly who am I joking.

Soon enough here they are,

They look like their ready to tear up some shit.

Now two are in front of my door,

They automatically tell me to strip.

I do as they demand me to do,

Next I'm told to lift up my balls.

Then I'm told to turn around

So I can squat on coughs.

I put on just my boxer's,

As step up to get cuffed.

Now it's their time to shine,

Just to fuck my shit up.

Continued →

By: Anthony Leslie

How They Wrong US ②

They waste no time at all,

As I stand on watch from outside my cell.

Just watching on shaking my head,

Thinking to myself "what the hell."

Their now putting my shit in bags,

Which has me kinda throwed.

But I just continue to watch,

Then what I see has me blowed.

They are taking everything out,

Leaving nothing in my cell.

Except a pillow an mattress,

Which has me thinking "what the hell."

When my room is totally empty,

I don't have sheets or even a blanket.

I'm at a loss for words,

Tryng to guess what the hell their thinking.

Little do I know this is only the start,

Of being in a empty cell with no heat.

An to make thing's even worse,

These condition's would last for a week.

By: Anthony Leslie.

Continued →

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How They Wrong Us (3)

What the fuck I didn't do shit,
They did this just for spite.
So all 16 of us in my block,
Decide to go on a hunger strike.

We want our stuff back,
So we don't drink or eat.
For six days,
Which has us dead on our feet.

Seven days later,
They finally decide to return our stuff,
But now half of our shit is missing,
Are you serious? What the fuck.

I had things I can't get back,
Like family pictures and much more.
I can't do a thing about it,
So I shake my head and wonder what it's all for?

Shit like this goes on like it's nothing,
These officer's don't care or respect our rights
They always do whatever they want to,
As to them what they choose to do is alright.

By: Anthony Leslie

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How They Wrong us ④

What can we do to stop it?

Honestly from in here nothing.

So I'm writing this to the world,

To ask you to please do something.

Please don't listen to the prison officials,

I promise they will only tell you lies.

All of us inmate's are human also,

So I ask you to hear our cries.

All we want is justice,

Just to help make the wrong's right.

That is all we ask of you,

In this fight.

All of us inmate's have made mistake's.

But should we be forced into what we're seeing?

I ask you all to look simply at this,

Each of us is still a human being.

By: Anthony Leslie

Life Inside The NC DOP ①

This is my life in the NC DOP,

So allow me to say,

How it really is like being,

Locked down 23 hours a day,

You can't do anything,

So you must rely on someone else,

Even when the situation at hand,

May be about my health.

When the officer's pay you no mind,

What must you do.

Just to get their attention,

Is act like a damn fool.

Set a fire or hold the trap,

It's time to buck.

Just to get medical attention,

Which has the officer's suiting up.

They come 7 deep to my cell door,

Staring hatefully in my face.

Now they are carrying a shock shield,

And a big ass can of mace.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued

Life Inside The NC Dop ②

First they spray me with mace,
Then pop open my door.
Then they shock me with 50 thousand volts,
And slam me down to the floor.

They put on the shackles on handcuffs,
And continue yelling stop resisting.
I'm on the ground not even moving,
Yet they are still punching and kicking.

Someone sends a kick to my head,
Which has me seeing stars.
I only wanted to see a nurse,
Now I am going to the ER.

A place to rehabilitate us,
Is what it is suppose to be.
It is so far from it,
If only any of you could see.

Can any of you feel my pain,
You would if you could only see.
What it is really like,
Living inside the NC Dop!

By: Anthony Leslie

Our Medical Staff ①

It's March 18th 2015,

I just went to see the nurse,

Asking to see the eye Dr for new glasses,

So that my eye sight wouldn't get worse.

I was told that I'd be placed on the list,

I should see him sometime in may.

The funny thing about it is,

I've now been waiting 229 days.

Here I am still waiting,

And it is almost the end of november.

The bad part about it is,

I'm not on the list even in december.

Does that make a bit of sense,

I would like to say I don't believe so.

But to be totally honest with you,

Here at Laneisboro that's just how it goes.

Medical staff at this prison is beyond bad,

By all sense's of the words.

To say their even of a little bit of use,

Is honestly totally absurd.

Continued →

By: Anthony Leslie

Our Medical Staff ②

Some of the nurse's here are good,
But they can only do but so much.
When their supervisor is the problem,
An it is them that don't give a fuck.

It's sad to admit what we face,
And to what extreme's we must go to.
Just to get proper medical attention,
You would be shocked at what we must go through.

I've seen people declare a medical emergency,
Which demand's direct attention.
But by the staff's response,
You would think that it honestly didn't.

I've heard a man tell a officer once,
That he felt sick an needed to see the nurse,
Only to have the officer come back an tell him,
The nurse said inform her only if he get's worse.

Once a guy was waiting to see a nurse,
She was suppose to come check his stat's.
When she came to see him,
She looked at him and said he was fine so that was that.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

Our Medical Staff ③

The inmate was mad cause nothing was done,
The supervisor could only tell him that they tried.
He told the supervisor the nurse had't did a thing,
When the nurse was questioned you know she lied.

The nurse said she did all she could,
But this time justice would prevail.
Unfortunately there is many times,
Where justice does nothing other than fail.

Is this proper medical attention?
To be honest it's only a joke.
But without the public's help to change it,
Do we honestly have any hope?

I would say that we don't,
So proper medical attention is what we demand.
In this very important matter,
I'd like to ask the public to please lead us ahead.

By: Anthony Leslie

We Are Our Own Problem ①

I wake up with a yawn and stretch,
Then I swing my feet down to the floor.
Only to put my feet in toilet water,
Which has me asking now what did someone flood for.

What the hell has happened now,
Was the only thought I could think.
Due to the fact,
I just got toilet water on my feet.

Why is my room flooded out?

Is what I'd like to know.

But honestly who am I asking,

This is just how it goes.

People do dumb shit,

It seems all the time.

But I can't worry about their problems,

I can only worry about mine.

At times I wonder why grown men,

Do the stupid shit that they do.

They get mad when their treated like animals,

Yet they act as if to prove the statement true.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

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We Are Our Own Problem (2)

I understand that we're in prison,
And our life can become real hard.
Yet should we act like animals,
That should be put behind bars.

A lot of the problems that we face,
We bring on ourself.
With all the dumb shit we get into,
Which by no means are of any help.

Just like the man that flooded,
OK he flooded out the block.
But honestly do you think,
Any of his problems will stop?

All he did was make shit worse,
Not just for himself but also for me.
Cause now my room is flooded out,
With water mixed with shit or pee.

What did I do wrong?
Other than sleeping in this cell.
All because he acted like a clown,
The officer's will try to make my life hell.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

We Are Our Own Problem ③

We like to always try to point the finger,
And be quick to say we're innocent.
Yet when all the problems come up,
How do any of us try to prevent it.

None of us do anything but sit and watch,
Just like we always do.
That is why officers violate our rights,
And will continue to do.

If we refuse to grow up,
And begin to strive for more.
I must ask you all,
What's the point in living life for.

We're the keys to our own growth,
Yet most of us fail to see that.
That is why most of us fail to succeed,
That is a god honest fact.

If we hold ourselves to higher standards,
We could begin to see things differently.
Just start striving to better yourself,
And soon you will begin to see.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

We Are Our Own Problem (9)

Only then can we finally stand united,
And try to fight and make a change,
Until we realize we're part to blame,
None of our problems will begin to change.

With this piece of insight and knowledge,
I ask you to forget your past hate and sorrow,
So we can begin to strive,
To help create a better tomorrow.

By: Anthony Leslie

My Present Life ①

When I was sentenced to life,
I felt like my life had come to a end.
Little did I know,
That my life would really just begin again.

I know I've made many mistakes,
And alot of dumb thing's.
But what I didn't see,
Was a way prison could help me change.

When I first got here,
I was still up to my same old self.
Running around doing alot of stupid shit,
An none of it was good for my health.

I was still using drugs,
And getting alot of tattoo's.
If it was about breaking any rule's,
Then it was something I was down to do.

I had no care's in the world,
Hell I had life without parole.
So I could honestly care less,
So I could just not get out or let go.

By: Anthony Leslie

continued →

My Present Life ②

I was placed on long term one,
I was forced to do 3 long year's.
In that time I lost my grandma an dad,
Which caused me to shed many tear's.

When I was released,
I thought I had learned my lesson.
But the rule's an guide line's,
I was still testing.

I was once more placed on long term,
Which has led me to this point now.
Now to see what I'm doing,
And where my mind is I can only say wow.

Now I've begin to try an make a change,
I'm all about trying to help myself.
I'm striving purposefully for growth,
In order to help change myself.

I've now took time to write a book,
Hoping an praying it will open up a door.
I'm now writing my third poetry book,
And I'm striving to do so much more.

By: Anthony Leslie

Continued →

My Present Life ⑤

True I have life without parole,

But I must ask what does it all mean.

I might be inside of this prison,

But I still do have a dream.

For those of you that have my back,

Yes I'm speaking bout you TX, mam an lil sis.

I want you to know I love you,

And your the reason why I do this.

By: Anthony Leslie