

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD

(When I was placed in purgatory)

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date: 2-8-15 POETRY BOOK

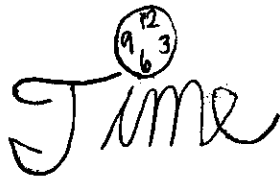
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Born 2-9-93 raised by God. at the raw age of 12 The author was an orphan running the streets of Compton with no hope for 4 years. at 16 he received an adult sentence. with a 5th grade education its surprising of his science of writing and his talent this is a gift from god. Now enter.

WELCOME TO MY WORLD

Your world is just that, and for all I know you are non-existent. I live maybe a street over or two from you, I may even pass you some days, but for all you know, my dwelling is the distance between two galaxies and my galaxy is non-existent. There are strange noises heard through walls; my walls glow with light from the beam of a helicopter; the couch that I sleep on has a lingering smell of urine, I don't know who it belongs to? I place a chair behind the door to assure that it's locked I'm unsure what's on the other side and I'm not volunteering to find out. I'm 13 years old but you may think I'm much older. My father lives planets away I'm yet to be introduced, my mother? she's apart of a different species, lets say I'm more so of vt out and vm. I guess she's like a goose, she fly's here and there I know when she's home because she squawks a lot. She's laid so many eggs I've lost count; the hatchlings are located everywhere I'm like the only one left in her care. School is so far away I cross the street and I'm there it's as if they speak some foreign language shit I don't even care; England, Spain, Portugal, Latin America, Britain, shit they never speak about my world so in between classes I gravitate toward similiar entities and we share the same dialect. Sometimes we are chased by flying objects overhead; we run through various locations; we must be careful which areas we walk through if these black and white vehicles don't want us down and kill us or kidnap us then it could be men in these different areas. Well you can say I'm from a different planet but please oh please don't label me an alien.



 Time

Oh its my money you want? here take it you can have it go ahead rob me, but please dont rob me for my time, because in time I will accumulate twice that and in time your ass will be mine.

You speak about this image I've created and you wish to be me go ahead snatch it take it, but please dont steal my time because with time I'd forget about this all and in time I'd find who I truly was.

Why do you care about the stones they throw? okay go ahead retaliate the vain words waste your time. But just know: that time could have been utilized for your rise you could have risen twice, thrice times above their blows.

But please be careful with my heart though because I love very hard, but if you choose to break it humpf alright here go ahead well with time it'll heal again and in time I'd forget about you....

MY FLOWER



Yes you're a flower with so many different petals I don't know
which one to choose

IT seems as if you blossom a new one everyday I'm so confused
You change with the season's purple red sometimes blue.

Petals have fallen off you have me so lost sometimes I
want to hold you like a rose but then I stop.

You have so many thorns, but other times you're like a sunflower
you're just so open, and those days the sun just glows.

But other days like a flower on a cactus you sometimes closed
You confuse me I stand by and wait for you to open.

I love to smell you when you do you cause such an emotion.

Now the season is changing and the leaves on the trees are fallen
winter is almost ~~near~~ and I can feel you will soon be going
and it's unsure when you will return but before you leave
hopefully you are a new flower next spring.



The perpetual glow of your "AURA" and the sporadic movement of your hips; the unpredicted timing of your hands; they reach here and there. They start high and at times end low. Your hands move as if you're guiding an orchestra the symphony plays at the pace set by your hands. But your feet give it away you're legs say you're dancing, your eyes are mysterious they reveal nothing they are so ever calm, your face so ever intriguing are you even breathing? The limelight is on you you're center stage curtains pulled back where am I? I can't find myself I'm so lost oh there I go me perspiring brought back the feeling in my body your seduction does that, take away the feeling in a mans body it'll take away the pain in a heart. Standing on your toes now your movement reaches higher intensity I can not keep up and I'm just a spectator. You would swear I was right on stage with you, do you feel these eyes watching your body, this devious stare? You are a morning star. How does a star know that it is a star? Does the star even care? or does it just exist and hear from others "You are a star"! IS it lonely so high up in the air? I'm so lost in your performance but you are quick to correct me "I was just power walking silly"



"Spinnin' spinnin' in circles"

"I am spinnin' spinnin'"

"Spinnin, spinnin in circles" "oh oh spinnin, spinnin"
 "oh oh I'm spinnin in circles!" The accent was Jamaican I guess or maybe Haitian. It was raining and all was gray up above, the man was singing somewhere off in the distance and I was walking along side the beach so caught up in my reverie I didn't see the woman up ahead I'm assuming she didn't see me either because we both walked into each other.

"Spinnin spinnin in circles! why do I know not any other way, got me spinnin' in circles!!" "Spinnin spinnin spinnin spinnin spinnin in circles." The man crooned as the woman and I both stumbled off balance. I looked into the eyes of karma this woman followed me into this life I know, or maybe I followed her, her eyes never changes. They are always the same the hue of her skin her height, her bone structure alters but never her eyes. I am not suppose to be in her vicinity because of what some calls fatal attraction she's been the cause of my demise many times.

Just as the fly and the opened flower awaiting my enter attracted by the ~~her~~ smell then trapped inside her center, her walls are so sticky then her petals close at the last moment.

"Why do I know not any other way, some people say, they say they say young man only way is to pray." "pray, pray, pray, oh hey! I'm spinnin in circles got me spinnin in circles spinnin spinnin in circles."

So I choose what I trust my trust is in my heart, my heart throbs in this womans hands as she gently carresses.

Why do I always choose her? Hmmp I guess I'll never know I've done this before over and over and over and over....

THUGGS 50 SKILLS

MESMERIZED by the fantasy that exist's in my mind that I allow. A bunch of thugs their glory after their painstaking life, all smiles. Closed eyes during my reverie, these visualizations I create in an attempt to shape my destiny, the moment is spent in torment torn skin above my toes so many miles marched forward this life is so cold. Yet and still the smile never leaves my third eye, in the mist of all these hisses and blows and cries the souls torn in this struggle before me, I'm fortunate to carry on shaping this reality for those who share this same name. The heart where this soul sits bears love and passion and pain. what a mixture. No more questions are asked regarding to where do we fit. who will accept this person with these same differences as me, or most importantly who will trip? I open my eyes the torment continues.

NOT A CURSE 139 words = divine

1. cursed is my progeny is the misconception they need me to perceive
 then my perception regurgitated and then fed to the seeds in a
 recurring cycle in a constant motion 1190 feet per second travels
 the pitch of my voice rising and lowering it just depends on
 the operator of the I-pod this the only time the seeds
 pause to listen to wisdom, of course this is my own perception
 I'm a seed myself at just 21 years of age with the knowledge
 as my weapon that destroys all fed misconceptions so that adds
 about at the least 8 years to my years therefore all trick knowledge
 is destroyed, we can build so much my beautiful family if we
 just take our time, our divinity is only imminent if we
 purify. we are not cursed its something else you know.....



I cry inside whenever my eyes witness your eyes I wonder if you will ever know?

My hands sell you dope while inside your hands is an exchange a trans action you pay me your soul.

Tears in my eyes if you look closer looking in your eyes you see nothing, not a thing a ghost.

It began with this man then half a man then this quarter man then no man at all.

You say: "This whole gram, this half a gram, a quarter gram, then no gram at all.

So now look at what I hold in my hands a bunch of gold and stars.

while you dont have any hands at all no heart just two feet with no shoes and you bear scars.

I cry onto this page, the ink its glitches, its smears, it bleeds onto this page I bought with the money I received from you.


The CANVASS

RELAX in COMFORT as I view your beauty from this distance in between us, I wish to paint your beauty on a canvass I know the precision of this is near impossible but this is what was said about the great pyramid of GIZA.

Your wetness down below flows upward like the Nile River when you lay in that position. You laying on your side now, the sun cast's your shadow backwards I only see half of your ebony body, "SIT UPRIGHT" "yeah like that just as so". Spread your knees so I can see heaven in between them. Oh that's what heaven looks like? I've never tasted heaven until now, I look up into the eyes of yours surrounded by skin that's like the night sky, I'm supposed to be painting here.....





THE WEATHER


EMOTIONS are the rain, we try our best not to get wet keeping a calm composure like an umbrella we keep it wherever we go, sometimes it just wont open sometimes we choose to keep it closed. Sometimes it feels so good at times its as if the sun just glows 

But other times it just feels so cold we pretend as if we aren't effected we mask the chattering of the teeth some of us has this so perfected, and yet other ~~times~~ remain protected by covering our bodies with proper clothes.

But the best of us persevere the weather and know that the current weather is just momentarily, the storm will pass so therefore we move along.


A lie is a pill one swallows for the first time, like an upper it has you up the whole night 

First exhilaration then paranoia or vice versa, then the next day so ever mello regretting the act 



Then time goes by but the pills are still around somewhere, you've been tempted to go back 

Because the truth is just too hard to swallow you are praying that no one asks.

And then they ask what do you do? you know if you pop one pill then you'll have to pop two.

Because one lie is equal to two lies, because one covers the other so that means you're going to be too high 

So all together that's four, remember the first? But you swore not to pop anymore because it will only get worst

 so the bottle is in front of you and also the truth 

that's two pills four pills six pills but there's only one truth

So you just sit and ponder  it felt like a whole week  for like one minute but then you chose.....

Damn you O.D.!!!



stop popping a lie its a hard pill to swallow

my wife [♥] QUEENDALEN one and only

Now that we both are held hostage in these steel cages so many miles away from home it seems as if there's no hope for our love to grow into a great pine tree; your skin is deep chocolate hued like a pine cone. The distance that is between us is filled with dreams, wishes, and images. I think of you you think of me. why are we in cells like this?

Why a beautiful black princess with a treasure like yours? why are you so far away from your dynasty why a pharaoh like myself chained similar like a captured lion so many continents away from its pride I can only imagine those almonds for eyes tears shed. I can only envision the pictures in your heart the thirsting of your soul over and over again. why is Dyllen all alone? I hold her pictures eyes on them and I can see the woman she's bound to be. Her serious eyes, that seem as if she's determined to solve the puzzle she needs pure love. why do I sense you so close to me before I close my eyes to sleep? why do I envision you in my dreams why do I awake with you on my mind? I wonder if you can envision the pictures in my heart, I'm desperate to know if you can receive these signals of love I try to send out when all is quiet around here, I wonder if this is real this life I mean, will you follow my spirit to paradise? will our bodies clutch one another's in pure desperation before we take our last breaths. Will we die together?

Love is the acceptance of someone or something because of the understanding you have of this person or thing. This understanding is gained through experience this experience is gained through patience. This patience is given selflessly. So experience another's self and develop understanding of who this person's self is or what is this person or thing is about, what drives this person or thing what is its needs or what does it not need. How can you assist? Love will cause your assistance.

Love is what will keep you around this person or thing outside of your self, wanting to be apart of them or if sharing a bond that cannot be broken only by destruction or great tragedy. You and this other have beliefs you share, Love is selfless not selfish in all aspects. Having a bond automatically sets boundaries that you or the other knows not to cross for instance one thing may benefit you but may be detrimental to the person or thing you Love out of Love of course you will not act, because of Love you always take into consideration how this will affect the whole or bond. But we all know we shouldn't attempt to Love another until we grow to Love one's self first.

LOVE

I can affect your memory for a lifetime with just a few words formed by the passion of my soul, my mind, my heart

"Four fingers separate's the true and the false," now place four fingers between your ear and eye, now pick which is which.

callused palms from carrying all that I have, I take it every where I journey everywhere I venture "I have nothing in this life".

We are insatiable by nature since birth there was greed, unsatisfaction look at us and how we breath, unsatisfaction, never enough.

why do you want something you really really really deep inside know you don't need? yet this is a thing you constantly speak or seek!

why are you amazed by a few catchy phrases here written by someone you will never know even if you tried?

why do you lie and await to get eaten, why are you prey?

why do you say tomorrow then once again you say tomorrow and so on when really this shit's to be handled today?!

why are you still reading here why do we waste our time, why is the sky such and such color, why does the wind blow, why is there even questions? Die!

or maybe just maybe everything is backwards. maybe just maybe what's up is truthfully down, maybe's labeled crazy is truly onto something.

"maybe the one who's always in the corner and quiet could read my mind".

You're no one until you have opposition. You're someone when able to incorporate learned moves in confrontation. forget all that I forgot shit.

But we know we don't need anyone or need to look for the truth too much in others or book's or any object, we experience for ourselves, and of course I affect your memory for a lifetime because this is everything you already knew I'm just a reminder.

CDCR #: AE9727
PS: 88 LEVEL: IV
WG/PG: A1A EFF: 9/8/2012

NAME: OLIVAS
MEPD: 11/10/2050
NEXTCLASS: 12/2013


HOUSING: A2-147L
CUSTODY: CLO A
ASSIGNMENT: UNASSIGNED

CDC 128-G

ACTION: INITIAL REVIEW: RELEASE TO FACILITY A GP. ESTABLISH CLO A CUSTODY AND WG/PG A1A EFFECTIVE 9/8/2012. PLACE ON THE ABE III AND SUPPORT SERVICES WAITING LISTS. DOUBLE-CELL APPROVED. NO MDO, MHSDS, DDP OR DPP ISSUES NOTED.

Inmate Olivas made a personal appearance before Facility 'A' UCC for the purpose of an Initial Review. A CSRA score is not noted. GPL is 12.9. Olivas is a 20 year-old (DOB 2/9/1993), Black, first term. He was committed by Los Angeles County for the offense of Attempted Murder and non controlling Attempted Murder X4 for a total term of 44 years to life. He was received in CDCR as a Youthful offender on 12/8/2010 and transferred to CAL on 2/7/2013 from CSP SAC. Prior arrest history includes arrests for: Force/ ADW not firearm/ GBI Likely, Trespass/ SBI Threat, Carjacking, Burglary, Attempted Escape without Force/ Violence, Wear ID/ Impersonate Police, Attempted Murder, Parole Violation, Threaten Crime with Intent to Terrorize. Inmate is medically classified as vigorous activity. TB Alert Code is 22 per Health Assessment dated 4/23/2012. Confidential file is noted. CDC 812 is noted. Campanella Park Piru Bloods disruptive group with AKA "Lil Fray" and "Baby Yola" noted per POR page 13 dated 10/28/2010 and CDCR 128B dated 4/27/2011. Disciplinary history includes: Fighting, and while in DJJ: Fighting, Making Threats Towards Staff, and Behavior Requiring the Use of Chemical and/ or Physical Restraints. The inmate's arrest and conviction history was screened for the following factors which could exclude him from minimum custody: Arson: no arrest noted; however, per CYA Mental Health Assessment dated 12/8/2010, in January 2010 inmate set fire to his room; Escape: 7/5/2010 Escape Without Force / Violence LA PD, on 11/13/2010 the charge was dismissed in the furtherance of justice; Kidnapping: none; and Sex-related offenses: none. There are no holds or detainers noted. Inmate Olivas is not a FBN. Restitution has been ordered by the Courts in the amount of \$5000. Committee notes inmate is serving 44 years to life, was established CLO A custody on 7/14/2011, and will be eligible for custody reduction to CLO B after 8/14/2014. Committee also notes a minor victim, age 11, from inmate's commitment offense, per Los Angeles County POR page 4 dated 10/28/2010, and inmate is restricted to non contact visits with minors per CCR 3173.1. Refer to CDCR 128B dated 2/19/2013. After a review of all case factors, Committee elects to: release to facility A GP, establish CLO A custody and WG/PG A1A effective 9/8/2012, and place on the ABE III and Support Services waiting lists. His eligibility to earn behavior credits have been explained per PC 2930 and 2933. The inmate meets the 270-design criteria. Olivas is not eligible for MSF, CCRC, MCCF, CCF, Camp or Restitution Center due to: violence and time to serve. Inmate Olivas does not meet the initial MDO screening criteria. The inmate's case was reviewed for double cell housing. There was no pervasive pattern of in-cell violence or predatory behavior. The inmate is approved for double cell housing with no special restrictions. An IHP code of RE is noted. Inmate stated that he has no problem with being double celled or with his cellmate. CDC 840, 812, 127, 1882 and Minimum Custody Screening forms are current. Inmate Olivas was an active participant in this Committee and indicated he understood and agreed with all the actions taken. He stated that he wants a hardship transfer to be closer to his ill grandmother in the Los Angeles area. Committee advised inmate that transfers are addressed at Annual Reviews and hardship letters are to be sent in from the family member's doctor to the Counselor. Additionally, there are no level IV institutions in the Los Angeles area. The inmate was advised of his right to appeal and that this chrono will serve as his first level of appeal. His next Annual Review is scheduled for 12/2013.


M. Whitman, FC CHAIRPERSON


D. Variz, CCI RECORDER

Committee Members: M. Whitman, Facility Captain; J. Devenberg, CCI; D. Variz, CCI
cc: CCI, Inmate

Date: 2/19/2013

INITIAL CLASSIFICATION COMMITTEE

INST: CAL