

*** CHOICES * IT'S
* YOUR *
* LINE ***

by
DON W. JOHNSON



The information and poetry in which I have put together in this book, is for the people in communities everywhere. The people who wish to be apart of making a difference. Not just in themselves but in others as well, young and old.

We are a great nation of people and we have many needs, many wants and great desires. But we seem to lack the one great thing that keeps a nation together, and that is, doing for each other. Together we can build and raise our nation, so that we may once again open the doors that would help guide ourselves, our children and who so ever in a good life.

We are families in many communities throughout the cities in the U.S.of.A, where most of us don't realizes that it takes a whole community to raise a child and care for the elderly and sick. It takes a community of good hearted people to be able to forgive and show some love, for love and caring is as real as life itself.

May God help us, too come together and repair our problems, so that we may live in one great harmony, one great spirit and one great togetherness with love. We can do anything we want, if we just put our minds together and move forward, hand and hand, man to woman and child.

WE THANK YOU FOR READING THIS BOOK

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CHOICES IT'S YOUR LIFE

BY

DON W. JOHNSON

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" WELCOME FROM THE INSIDE "

If you are holding this book and really going to read it, then you have just made a very responsible decision in your life.

I sincerely respect and commend you for that. You can now show the positive side of yourself, you can show that you really do care, and that you are able to think. You are making a choice totally on your own, that others wish they had made in their lives before going out and exploring the dying, dark unknown.

You may not think so right now, but later when you think back to the past, on all the terrible things which took place and you weren't apart of that violent risk factor, you will smile. When you look back and you are healthy, free from; (DISEASES, AN AGENT OF DESTRUCTION, ABUSE, FRUSTRATION, SHAME, GUILT, PITY, MADNESS EMBARRASSMENT and MOST IMPORTANTLY, NOT DYING YOUNG.) Then and only then will you THANK GOD that someone do love and care for you.

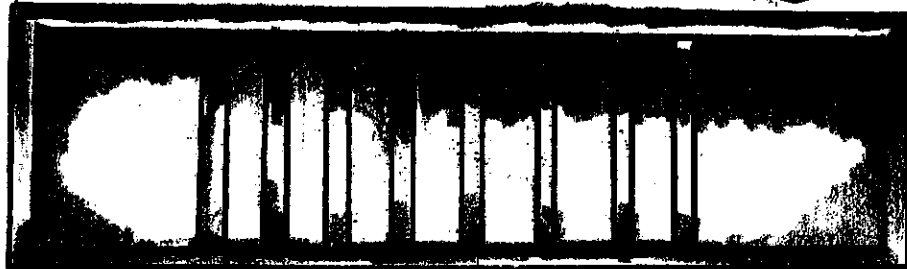
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YOU ARE THE FUTURE

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YOU ARE LOVED.

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CELL BLOCK D



COME WITH ME

Come with me on this journey into a world
of real reality.

A reality where life shares itself between
the light and darkness.

A reality where screams are the lulls of pain
and sadness stands long after happiness.

A reality that is so real
it
kills.



NOW

Who are you?

What are you?

Where have you been?

Where are you going?

Are you really who you think you are?

Are you going anywhere?

Who are you?

What are you thinking?

Are you the person that you pretend you are?

**You may have some answers for these questions,
but are you being truthful to yourself?**

**You may reply yes, but,
you know that you're lying, or not.
Just look deep down inside yourself**

and

find the real you.

PERSONALITY

What is our true personality? Our true personality is what we see in ourselves, as well as in others. From the time in which we were born, we were born into a great fulfilling state of learning consciousness and awareness ourselves. Our personality shows the different kinds of people we are, but, this is not truly us, for we are not our personalities.

Let us look into the word,

PERSONALITY.

The definition of personality is as followed.

The quality or fact of being a particular person.

An individual as expressed by physical and mental activities and attitudes.

Personality is so described by our characteristics, behavior and thinking. We show this by our daily actions and deeds. We choose words to illustrate personalities such as, he or she is the bomb, he or she is a nut, a tack head or even a pain in the butt. We describe how someone acts and don't act or what someone believes or disbelieves. Yes, this is how we illustrate someone's true or even hidden personality. We don't realize our true inner self. We must understand and recognize that this is the most important aspects of our personalities. Remember, personality is not a person, it's a type of person and our consciousness knows this. This is why we know and feel when we are in an unhappy or happy state of mind. Immediately you and I go through an experienced condition of sadness

or of content. Apart of our personality is unhappiness, and it is also part happiness. Our personalities depends on how we feel and what we are thinking. What we think shows off in our actions and reactions, this is a natural conditioning, which sometimes is a good thing.

Now, sometimes we can't quite put our finger on the source of our unhappiness or actions. We know sometimes that our unhappiness is do to our negative way of thinking and feeling that others don't cooperate with us. We sometimes think that the world in which we live in isn't fair, and that the system which governs over us is tore up from the floor up.

But, personality is alive in us all, rather we except it or not. Now follow me, this don't make us untrustworthy, nor dose it corrupt our way of thinking or leave us confused.

We are people with moments of happiness and unhappiness, good or and bad. So let us make our lives and personalities good ones.

[WORDS OF WISDOM.]

I LOOKED DEEP INTO THE MIRROR, THE MIRROR
LOOKED DEEPER INTO ME, I WONDERED WHAT DID
THE MIRROR SEE, AS I THOUGHT IT LOOKED DEEPER
INTO MY ONE GREAT, PERSONALITY.

SLEEPWALKERS

The definition of sleepwalkers is as followed.

A person who sleepwalks, is unaware that they are walking in their sleep. They have no ideal, that they're walking about in the still blackness of night. They are unaware that they are headed into a unknown or perhaps unsafe territory.

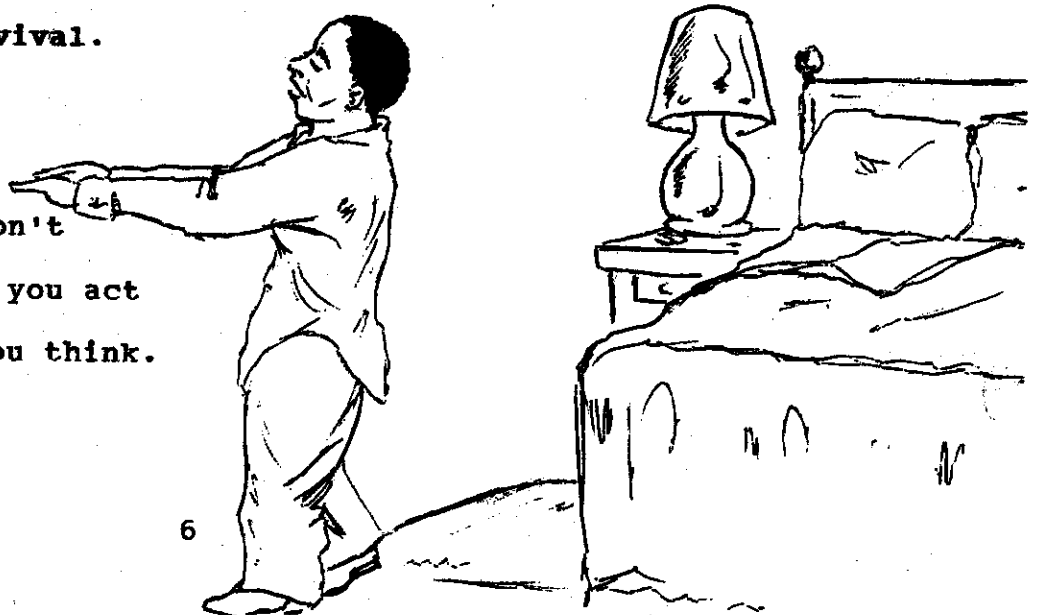
Sleepwalkers seems to have a very good sense of direction at home, somehow, sleepwalkers never walk into objects in their homes, though they do sometimes walk into a danger zone. Sound to sleep and blinded by the still gray darkness, they walk in many mixed directions. Sometimes they walk with their eyes wide open, though they can't see where they are headed. Nor are they aware of the on coming dangers that lies just ahead of them in the mist of their, night walking.

Like you and myself, we sleepwalk through life with our eyes wide open, moving in slow motion feeling around in the darkness of our minds for unseen illusions. We can not see where we are headed, nor can we understand what we're getting ourselves into when we blindly answer yes, to the wrong question. We see material things that we wish to possess. These things turns us on; a beautiful or handsome face, a well built body, clothing, jewelry and big cars. But these things can be taken away from us, even that pretty or handsome face can become an ugly horrible nightmare to look upon.

We sleepwalk through life, when we avoid thinking before making the right decisions. We outwardly ignore that which guides us in the right direction. This direction is our true soul salvation, our path in life, it's our true destiny with goals. We appear to welcome the wrong intentions of not trying to fulfill a better life, only to discover that later, we are sorry for our fast mind making decisions.

Here's a thought. There has always been two competitive force at work, life and death. I ask you, which one will win the powerful battle? Will we find our one true place to belong, or will we expect whatever we find, will we just give in and lay down to nothing. Will we turn our heads and ignore the reality that's a big part of our everyday lives and survival.

What we may find
maybe what we really don't
want. So think before you act
and don't act before you think.

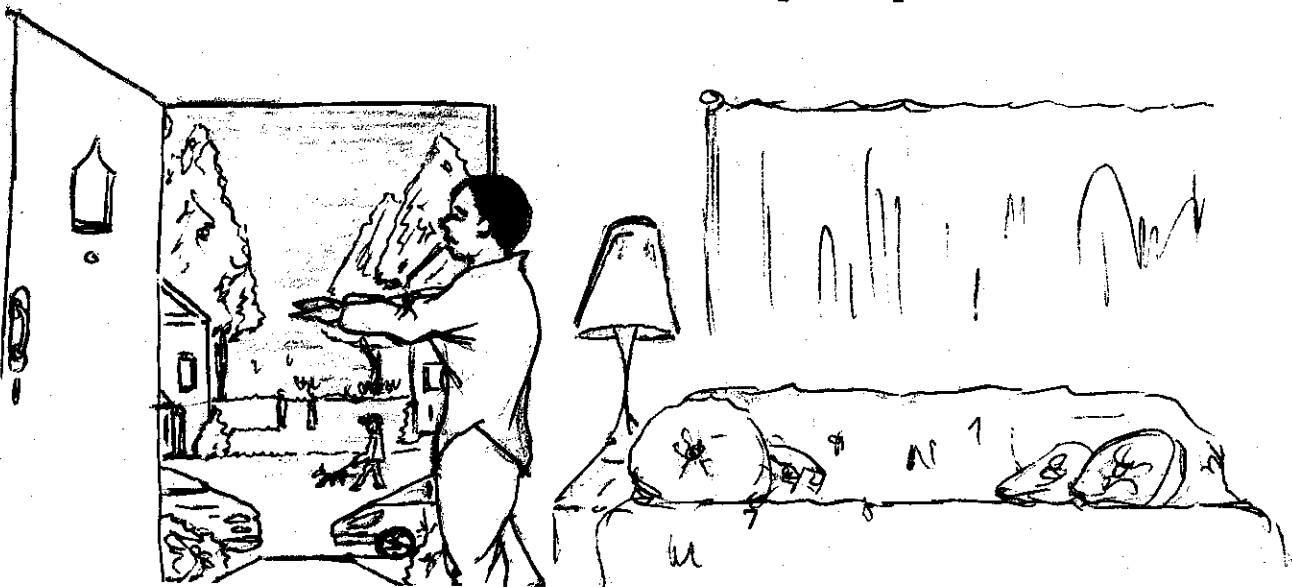


We sleepwalk through life, as time silently tip toe upon us. We want things to come easy, though we're not willing to work for them. We don't think about the important's of such negative thoughts. Those negative thoughts will lead you to prison or death. No one is going to give you something for nothing, and you know this, yet you are willing to take whatever is offered to you. Know one will tell you that what you are being offered is violence, death, suffering and a lot of shame. Think about it, do you really need these negative things to have a good life or to be a better person?

We sleepwalk through life, for some of us we think that nothing can touch us, we think it would never happen to us. Many people young and old have thought this, yet so many suffered and died, from this cold negative thought. We believe that we can handle any problem that we encounter, only to discover later that we are sinking into the thick quicksand of life, (the street life). Then realize that the real problem is to much for us to handle alone.

YES, NOW, "THE CHOICES ARE YOUR'S, IT'S YOUR LIFE"

So awaken and open your minds to the reality out here with you day and night in these streets. Open your eyes, because if you don't you will not see what is taking place around you, nor will you see what is coming in your direction, with your eyes closed.



"CLOSED EYES"



Closed eyes can never see
the suffering and the pain,
that one must cope with everyday
while living their lives in vain.

Closed eyes can never witness
the sorrow and the tears,
that one must cover up each day
while living their lives in fear.

Closed eyes can never judge
the sadness of one's shame,
afraid to open up and look
because you too are the same.

Closed eyes can never be
the help that one may need,
so open up your eyes and see
that you too may be freed.

Closed eyes can only see
the darkness of the day,
the time will come when you'll need help
but those closed eyes will stay.

THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

Like that in-which we do not want, we throw away or disregard
as waste, though sometimes even waste is important,
and it dose have it's uses.

THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

Yet we seem not to care about our intelligent thoughts which
travels dearily through our minds, and guide us in life,
on a better path.

THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

We seem to waste and abuse everything and everyone that is so
close to us. We treasure that which is deadly or bad
for our minds, bodies, souls, families and friends.

THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

This is why we do the awful things in-which we do, to ourselves and to
others, this is why we seem not to care or willing to share, this is
why so many of us are slowly rotting away in the streets and in these
man-made institutions of justice.



Tell me,
can you
feel me.

Can you see that life
is only what you make
of it.



THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

We waste it by not using it properly, we only use ten percent of our brain, the other ninety percent must be tucked away in a coma like state, lost in time of un-awareness, with no feelings or understanding with no positive thoughts of any kind.

THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

And yet we destroy it with poisons like drugs, alcohol, and even death cigarettes, these things only grow stronger in our bodies and destroys our minds, and then we crave for more poison along with the pity we hold inside of ourselves.

THE MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

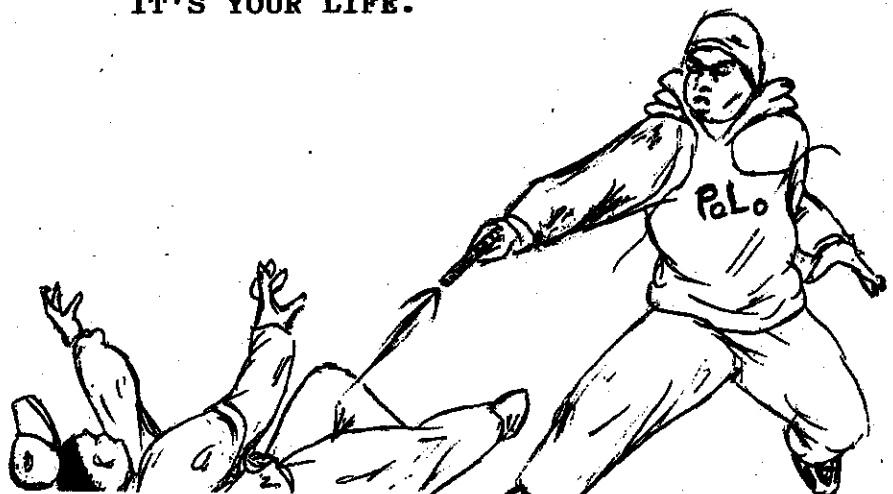
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A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE.

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A TERRIBLE THING TO DIE,

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FOR NOTHING.

THINK ABOUT IT.

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IT'S YOUR LIFE.



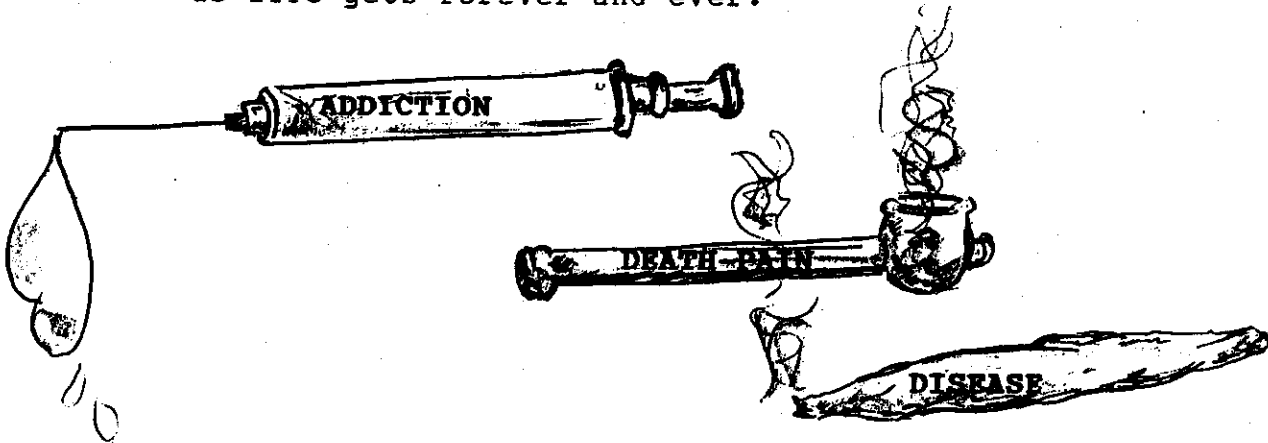
Nothing in life comes with a guarantee

EXCEPT DRUGS.

DRUGS
GUARANTIES

1. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BECOME ADDICTED.
2. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY LIE, CHEAT AND STEAL.
3. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY SALE YOUR BODY AND SOUL.
4. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BECOME A NON CARING PARENT.
5. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY CATCH A FATAL DISEASE.
6. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY HAVE TO KILL SOMEONE.
7. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BE KILLED.
8. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY NO DOUBT GO TO PRISON.
9. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY SUFFER PAIN AND AGONY.

These are just a few of the nightmares in which drugs guaranties, it is as real as life itself, it is as real as life gets forever and ever.



KING CRACK THE DESTROYER

I am King crack the hardest of all
use me just once and you're bound to fall,
deep in the gutter is where you will be
because after one time you'll depend on me.

I'll take your life and give you death
I'll make you beg GOD for some peace and rest,
I'll twist your arm and blowout your neck
I'll leave your mind in one HELL of a WRECK.

I'll make you squirm and beg to LET GO
because down in the streets I AM THE NEW SNOW,
Now, I can be sweet, sweet as I CAN BE
I am known to knock the strongest to his knees.

I've taken the richest man and made HIM poor;
chose the finest woman and made HER A WHORE,
now stick with me and I'LL LET YOU SEE
JUST HOW PAINFUL I CAN REALLY BE.



I am MIGHTIER than the cobra MORE CUNNING then the cat
I'll MAKE YOU lie down until you get Blisters on YOUR BACK.

I'LL HAUNT YOU nightly deep IN YOUR HEADS
and I WON'T STOP UNTIL YOU DROP DEAD.

I'LL MAKE YOU starve all night long
then MAKE YOU steal until the break of dawn.

I'LL MAKE YOU sell all that you own
as I thrive here on my throne.

I'LL MAKE YOU SELL YOUR CHILD WITH EASE
just as QUICK as YOU CAN SNEEZE.-----

NOW stick with ME and I'LL LET YOU SEE
JUST HOW DEADLY I CAN REALLY BE.

I'VE KILLED more than ALL THE WARS
and I'll kill FASTER than Jessie James could draw,
I'VE KILLED WOMEN, CHILDREN AND MEN
and I'LL DO IT AGAIN and AGAIN.

I'LL DESTROY NATIONS from Coast to Coast
and I DON'T CARE WHO I DESTROY THE MOST,
ALL WILL DIE, YES UNDER MY SPELL
or YOU WILL ROT IN A JAIL CELL.



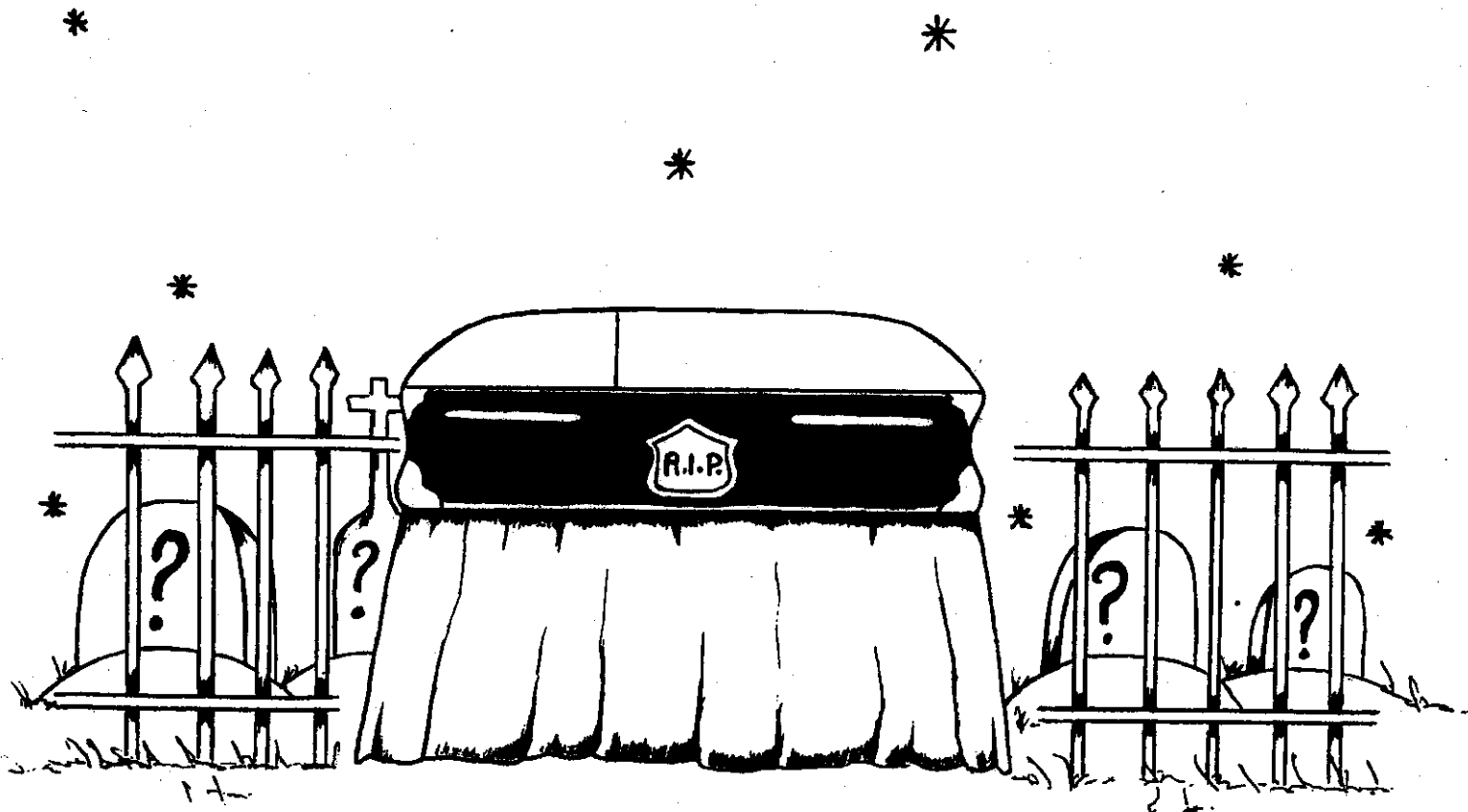
LIFE is to SHORT for YOU to PLAY AROUND
MY JOB is to PUT YOU UNDERGROUND,
I am Leaving Now BUT I'LL BE BACK
I JUST LOVE IT WHEN YOU CATCH, A GOOD CRACK ATTACK.

There's NO NEED to Pray or GET YOUR MIND BACK
JUST REMEMBER ME, FOR I'M THE LORD KING CRACK.

REST

IN

PEACE...



A CRACK HEAD'S PRAYER

King crack is my deadly shepherd, for I shall always want.

It maketh me lie down in the gutter
and my soul it will always haunt.

It leadeth me beside the dirty waters, it destroys my one good soul,
It leadeth me on the path of un-righteousness
and will continue as I grow old.

Yea, though I walk through the alleys, in the shadow streets of sinful death.

I shall fear no evil for crack art with me;
thy poison and death shall they comfort me.

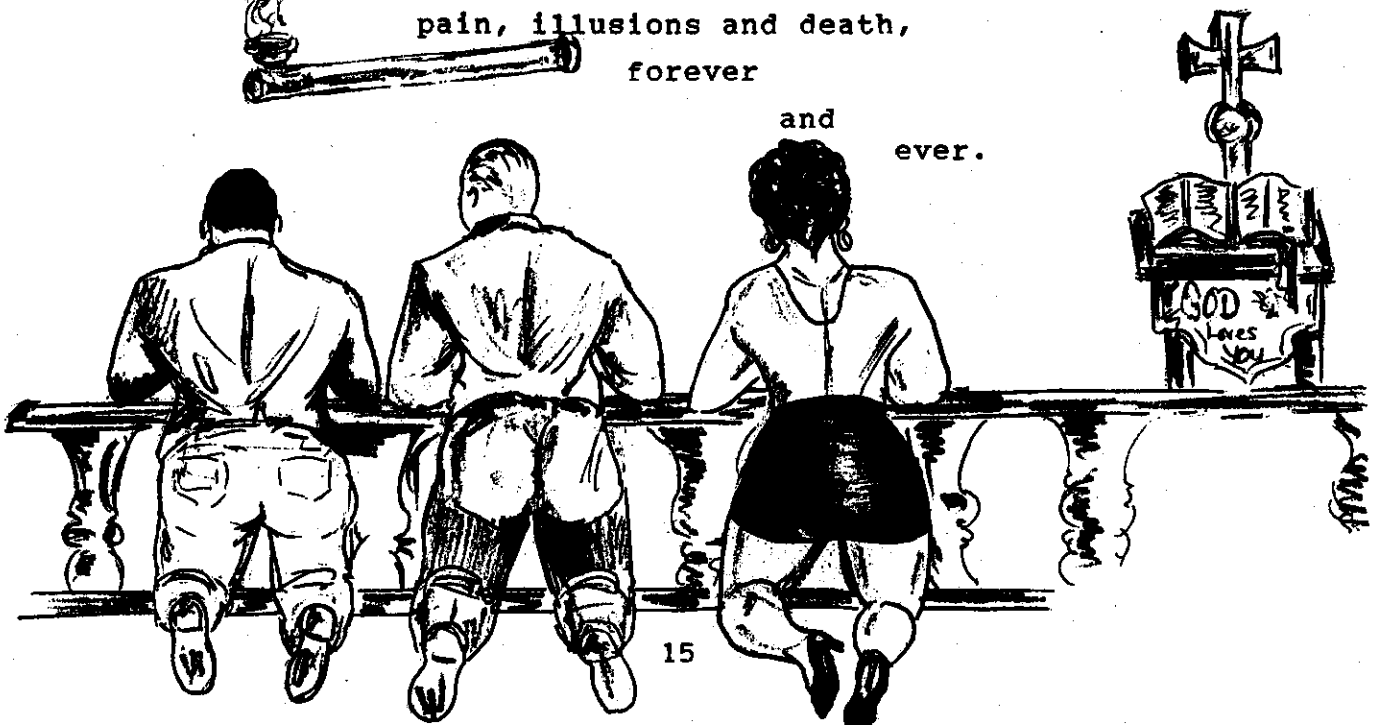
It shall preparent a coffin before me, in the presence of my sorrow.
for that I am unable to see
I am blind today and tomorrow.

It anointest my head with illusions, my internal world runneth over.

Surely the badness and painful death
shall follow me all the dark days of my life.

As I dwell in the house of suffering,
pain, illusions and death,
forever

and
ever.



Just like drugs has a guarantee

SO DOES VIOLENCE.



VIOLENCE
GUARANTIES

1. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY GET HURT.
2. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY HURT SOMEONE.
3. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY KILL SOMEONE.
4. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY GET KILLED.
5. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY LIVE A NIGHTMARE.
6. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY GO TO PRISON.
7. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY, NO DOUBT SUFFER.
8. YOU WILL EVENTUALLY HATE YOURSELF.



YOUR LIFE is your's to do as you please, as you see fit,

THE CHOICES ARE YOURS.



FROM BEHIND THIS WALL

From behind this wall, my mind is lost
staring in the twilight of day.
Where loneliness stalks and freedom walks
from behind this wall I pray.

To see the day when freedom calls out
and the day I put on a smile,
my heart shall lighten and time shall tighten
from behind this wall I pray.

THESE WALLS, THESE WALLS,

These walls, These walls,
inside I ponder back and forth
bearing memories hidden in the silence of my un-refined mind
only to awaken a new morn to ponder more.

These walls, These walls,
slowly possessing my life essence as freedom and time moves on,
aging concrete rusted steel standing with harmony in
the still of a cloudless night gone, by, by.

These walls, These walls,
my sad soul rehearsing for the day of my freedoms smile
repeatedly I stand in stone bondage echoing these words

These walls, These walls,
I'll never return to these walls of stolen dreams.

FROM THE CELL NEXT DOOR

From the cell next door,

I heard hushed cries of loneliness pondering in the nightly darkness
long mournful echoing sounds of weeping, and boohoos.

From the cell next door,

I could hear prayers ricocheting in the condemned rhythms of night
as echoes of a heart beat whispers in the dusk after a silent rainstorm.

From the cell next door,

life's secretes can no longer be hidden behind innocent raindrops,
life has no life in the darkness of true reality, oh my.

From the cell next door,

I could feel the moisture of falling tears socking in my skin coldly
while feelings of loneliness silently awakens my compassion.

From the cell next door,

I have discovered the one time frown surrounded by aged wrinkles
shyly bald thin misplaced hair of slow moving miracles and old brilliance.

From the cell next door,

I could feel the very sadness which haunts my heart and soul
and slowly taunts away at my mind.

From the cell next door,

I have experienced an unbelievable pain crying inside of me in the dark
of it's very own existence, stabbing deep into my heart, showing me the
reason why, I too cry in the blackest of black-black,

me and the empty cell next door.

FROM THE INSIDE

Suppressed in very tightly
amongst these four secured walls
as the hidden shame
surrounds my aging frail flesh,
diligently
I lie down to conquer the emptiness,
only to find
real truth in daytime nightmares,
bars of steel
harder then time,
hugging me
day by day
night by night,
so must my mind be wasted for the voice's calling out to me,
though,
I can not see, nor touch,
life times freedom

BEHIND THESE BARS

Behind These Bars,
time never runs out, nor does time stand still.

Behind These Bars,
life seems to push on, welcoming pure loneliness.

Behind These Bars,
the years pass by, so condemned and so out of touch.

Behind These Bars,
are the suffering un-witnessed torment of lost souls.

Behind These Bars,
lie memories of the past building up strongly.

Behind These Bars,
are awakening nightmares of how to be free.

Behind These Bars,
some assimilate every aspect of experience and thoughts.

Behind These Bars,
remembering it's not always what it seems to be.

Behind These Bars,
is not an illusion masquerading to the extreme.

Behind These Bars,
where time meets and dreams expand only to co-exist.

Behind These Bars,
is an imitation, a secondary plot in a play but real.

Behind These Bars,
are many lonely and frighten lives lost in age.

FROM BEHIND THESE STEEL BARS.

BEYOND THE WIRE MESH

Beyond the wire mesh, this razor cutting fence,
I recall places from the past of yesterdays sorrows and dreams
thrusting me to the limits of no where to go,
return, return to the grounds in-which you came,
where living moments are acts of judgement between life and death
old men juggling some periods of time standing still so cold,
tracing old lines of freedom pasted
while stained dry tears streak the cell windows,
eyes staring hard through the bars of mad manmade justice hands
reaching out of silence viewing freedom,
cries are so sincere from the past,
the present
and the future
from beyond the wire mesh.

THIS CONCRETE WHALE

I lay here, staring silently upon the ceiling
captured inside the evil belly of this great concrete whale,
listening to the nighttime growls of pain, sorrow and dark loneliness.

Time itself digests the sad forgotten soul

of

mankind

inside

this

concrete

whale,

inside this manmade prison,

of lost hope.

REMEMBER

So remember, personality is not a person, it's a type of person, and our consciousness know this. Personality describes our best and worse characteristics, and yes, mainly our behavior and the way we think.

Keep a very good sense of direction and keep your eyes wide open, do be afraid of unknown people and unknown territories. Remember, sleepwalkers aren't aware of the on coming dangers, now these dangers can be a handsome face with a pleasant smile. If your eyes and minds are closed, you will not see it coming.

Your mind is a terrible thing to waste, and so is your life, can you feel me, think about it, it's your life, and remember, nothing comes to a sleeper but a dream and a dream can become a deadly nightmare. Yes, nothing in life comes with a very good guarantee, except drugs, violence, diseases, pain, suffering, addiction and no doubt last but not lease death. So if you wish not to listen, then may you rest in peace.

From behind the walls and razor wire fences

I'll bid you farewell,

I'LL HOLLER...