

# FORBIDDEN FRUIT

by PELICAN BAY STATE PRISON  
SECURITY HOUSING UNIT  
UNIT D-1 (aka: Abdul O. SHAKUR)

(Abdul Olybala SHAKUR)

These writings are written exclusively and solely to my partner in spirit and warrior in truth and justice with unbounded devotion and admiration, who provides me inspiration and desire ... with love Always.

To Abdul

written by

Janet B

7.9.1991

PELICAN BAY STATE PRISON  
SECURITY HOUSING UNIT  
UNIT D-7

~ Introduction ~

As A New Afrikan Freedom Fighter, my garden of Eden is A world of Black Love, and in this world the white woman is the forbidden tree, and we are prohibited from picking from this tree and eating of its fruits. So, ever since I can remember I've been oppose to interracial relationships, but it wasn't until I came to prison (over 31 years ago) and felt the blunt and violent force of racial oppression that my opposition became more deeply embedded in my heart.

In 1994 temptation rained on my garden of Eden, her name was JB, an Ivy League graduate, with a soulful spirit. For months I had thought she was A New Afrikan Queen, everything about her would lead one to believe she was Black Love walking in my garden of Eden, her love for Malcolm X and the Black Panther Party, her Black Political Consciousness, I had no doubt she was Black Love, but to my shocking surprise, my Black Love was in fact white love, my forbidden tree, I have stressed, nobody must find out, so I hid her pictures, letters and cards, the fruits of this forbidden love.

Our relationship ended ten months later, it was ~~my~~ me, I poisoned the roots of this forbidden tree and eventually her love for me died. Before anyone could find out I needed to destroy the evidence of this forbidden love. I got rid of all her letters, cards and pictures. My garden was once again restored to its natural Black state.

Approximately twelve (12) years ago while going through some of my manila envelopes, I made a profound discovery, I had discovered a collection of poems written to me by JB, A reminder of my temptation into that forbidden embrace. This was 2001, I have grown a lot since 1994, and 31 years in solitary confinement tend to cause one to self-reflect, and discover ones true self. It was totally impossible for me to throw away her poems, back then it was not possible for me to grasp the depths of her love, at 51 years old, I now fully comprehend the depth of her love, and the pain that I had caused her when I had intentionally sabotaged our relationship.

It's no doubt too late to correct the mistake I made back in 1994, and I don't expect her to forgive me, but in her honor I would like to share her soulful spirit

with you. Each poem was a resounding declaration of her love for me, but they will also provide you with a brief glimpse into our forbidden embrace. She was my forbidden tree, and these poems were fruits that fell from that tree.

People, the first poem is like a map that will serve as your guide navigating you through my Black Radical Garden of Eden. To fully appreciate this journey, you must understand the first poem: At the Tree... By the River. The three key words in this poem is: 1) Black Freedom, 2) Black Rage and 3) Broken Chain. These words are in fact tattoos that adorn my body - Black Freedom with a Black Star on my stomach; Black Rage with a blood drop on my chest, and a Broken Chain around my left wrist, she had captured and completely embodied my soul. I trust that you will enjoy this small collection of poetry and learn to appreciate my love in your life regardless of race/nationality.

Abdul Olugbala SHAKUR  
-PELIKKAN Bay State Prison-

(Nobel Olongo's SHAKUR)

At The Tree... By The River

The river swells  
and waters threaten to burst forth  
over the edges of the embankment  
lying underneath the tree in the cool shade  
Her forefinger traces the lines  
and follows the loops  
of his years of torture

every mark tells of a different event

but it's the same story  
of the sufferings and injustice  
she walks the excruciating path  
as her fingers trace the corners  
of the prison

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syllable

vowel

consonant

It is too much to bear  
but continues on anyway  
the pain continues to race up her arm  
and pierces every muscle and sinew  
Her ivory skin is singed from the heat  
tears fall her hazel eyes  
onto brown skin

begging, pleading, demanding  
Black Freedom

tears from brown eyes mix with hers  
blending together into pools

## THAT Create Mirrors

Each One Sees

The reflection of the other

She looks at him

he returns the stare

They know

They know

It goes without saying

she reaches the sharp, jagged edges of

Black Rage

and ~~wants~~ to release her hand

but ~~her body~~ will not allow it

the sensation of electric shock

radiates from her fingers

up through her hand

and into her veins

she looks at her own wrist

and then at his

Broken Chain

Enough

It is enough

No more

Once again she moves her finger

this time gently caressing Black Rage

Not so afraid this time

she feels the power

"I understand" - she says

"I understand"

"I Know" he says

There is silence

"I'm sorry"... she says

"It's not your fault"

I'm sorry for the degradation

humiliation

Foul venom

that is spread upon you

and the wounds

that will not heal

and for the scars

PEOPLE CAN ONLY HATE

SECURITY UNIT

STATE PRISON

UNIT

UNIT

He looks at her

For a long time there is silence

It goes without saying

the river continues to move

upward

spilling its contents over the embankment

More rain is expected tomorrow

and they will wait patiently by the river

Hoping for a flood this time

## ~ Our Connection ~

Like a baby sucking on his mother's breast  
for nourishment and strength  
so does she suck on his navel

Pulling it out deep from within the core of his being  
until the umbilical stump protrudes in her mouth  
exploding from the depth of his lifeline  
flowing through her lips and onto her tongue  
testing the foundation of his conception

Bursting forth new energy  
He releases his love  
His navel is the guiding light  
shining from within the path to her  
The passion mounts from his mound  
There is no place to hide anymore

She removes her mouth from his navel  
and slowly all the secrets and passion return back  
into the deep dark caverns  
But only for a season

And when she returns again  
He brings forth his jewel of life from the river  
where she finds peace and serenity and solace and hope  
that he has so lovingly given to her before

Only he gives his inner core to her



Only she can bury her face on his belly  
and drink the sweet nectar from his majestic  
diamond from the Nile

she is rejuvenated and wealthy  
because he shares his treasures

she leads his slide

but her lips remain implanted forever  
upon the roots of his being

Reaching down he closes his eyes and touches where she's been  
and with a low moan of passion seeping from within

and vibrating onto his fingers

He knows she knows his secrets

where he once was attached to his mother

He now entrusts to her

she has earned the privilege to know his life

no longer will he keep it hidden from within

no, he allows her to gently pull out from his umbilical cord

all the hidden desires

He is inside out...

his life protrudes from his belly

(Abdul Oludbala Shakur)

~ Every Season ~

Close your eyes

Remember that cold wintry night  
in the cabin in the mountains  
when we were sitting in front of the fireplace  
and we made love underneath the blankets  
and our bodies kept each other warm  
while it was snowing hard outside  
we were snowed in for two weeks

Close your eyes

Remember that hot sultry afternoon  
when we walked through the clover field in the country  
and the grass was as tall as we were  
and you ran and hid from me  
but I ended up finding you even though  
you called yourself trying to scare me  
and then you wrestled me down into the grasses  
and we stayed there until night time  
looking up at the stars in the sky  
and holding each other  
and thinking how peaceful life was

Close your eyes

Remember that hot, sultry summer afternoon  
when we jumped in that lake together  
and the sun was beating down  
and the sky was a clear blue

(Abdul Dhuha SHAKIR)

And we swam from one side of the lake  
to the other

and then got out and laid in the shade underneath the tree  
until we dried off

Close your eyes

Remember that fall afternoon when we

were walking through fairmount park

and the leaves were turning colors

and you let me wear your sweater

because i left mine in the car

and we held hands and walked

and talked and laughed

and made all kinds of scheming plans

I'm still there in every season

(Abdul Ghafar Shah)

No Instructions

She feels His strength

Against Her body

His every muscle wedged on Hers

pressed down upon Her skin

Her spirit sings

As sweat cries out and evaporates

into the aromatic atmosphere of

eroticism

His eyes say ~ I've known you forever

His heart says ~ I love you

His mouth says ~ I want you

His body says ~ I need you

His spirit says ~ I have you

PELICAN BAY STATE PRISON  
SECURITY HOUSING UNIT  
UNIT D-1

And they learn the magical art of ~~Love~~making together

with no script

or methods

or rules

or manuals

or directions

They discover, design, and develop their own path

Learning as they go

using their own ingredients

Mixing them together

(Abdul Olughala SHAKUR)

To create their own passion

Drinking the sweet nectar of paradise

There is no wrong way

or right way

There is only "their way"

No one else knows their formula

It cannot be duplicated

by anyone else.

It is a sacred bond between two individuals

and will always remain so...

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(Abdul Olughala Shakur)

Liz Next To Me This Evening.

The day is finally over, my sweetness

So it is time to put all our worries and concerns away

and time to remove the anger from our minds

We need to rest

We need to relax

IF only for a few hours

Come over here baby

Close your eyes

and let me love you

IF only for a few hours

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SECURITY HOUSING UNIT  
UNIT D-1

You look so beautiful tonight

and so peaceful

I love to see you smile

because it lets me know you are content

and feel safe and secure with me

Do you trust your love to me?

I won't hurt you

and I won't abandon you

How could I?

Everywhere I go, you are right there with me

So please lie back and let me kiss your face, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, neck, ears

Do you know how fantastic you are

I could look in your eyes all night

(Abdul Olughala Shakur)

To My Other Half (August 1, 1991) ~

So People Think That Making Love is All About going to bed

Pursuing and hunting down their prey

And upon the final attack ...

Captured and secured

The Act of so-called Lovemaking is embarked upon

Once the goods are gained

And lusts are alleviated

Both Parties go their separate ways

And say "This Lovemaking?"

The Fundamentals of True Lovemaking

Starts long before any physical contact

It is woven throughout one's mind, heart, spirit, soul

And proceeds to mesh with its other half

It begins with words spoken and unspoken

True Lovemaking begins to enter one's mind and spirit

Long before one's body

It's not a selfish act of personal manipulation

To satisfy one's own lust

Using someone's body as a vehicle only

I know about this true Lovemaking

Because sometime Abdul picks up his pen

And transcribes his thoughts onto paper

He is making love to

Only me

As if we were the only two people on earth

(Abdul Olugbala Signature)

The Hardest Will Come ~

New Seeds have been planted

This time on fertile ground

No worry about whether she'll water them regularly

she's not the neglecting kind

who waits until the plant is damn near dead

And then wants to "cry foul" when someone else

comes along and takes it

STATE PRISON  
HOUSING UNIT  
UNIT D-1



(Abdul Ghaffar Shahar)

## Trust And Cooperation ~

Turn the lights down real low  
And move your face this way  
With that seductive look of yours  
Have I told you how sexy you are lately?

Oh, you want me to be your belly dancer tonight?

Gladly I will...

And when I am through with my performance

What are you going to do for me sir?

Oh... really?

You're making me nervous...

Very nervous...

But it's exciting...

Well, okay...

I'll go along with that...

Because I trust you.

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SECURITY HOUSING UNIT  
UNIT D-1

Cabbal Olubala SHABIRI

May I Have The Next Dance?

His music makes Her want to dance  
to his rhythm

Not missing a beat  
Dancing and prancing in unison  
on clouds of ecstasy

Hitting every note  
with accuracy and precision  
Creating a love song that flows  
with colors from the rainbow

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SECURITY HOUSING UNIT  
UNIT D-1

Recorded in the confines of their dance  
Their hips keep the time of the drums  
They find that pot of gold  
They find it

Oh baby,  
play your song again  
And Again  
And Again  
And Again  
For me

Are we still dancing?

(Abdul Oludabala SHAKIR)

~ Making My Own Plans ~  
Though you all sit around at your meetings  
discussing my future  
As if I have no control over my own destiny  
I want you all to know ~  
I AM FREE

"Free?" They laugh

"Nigger, are you crazy?"

"Have you lost your mind?"

I just look at them and say:  
"don't concern yourself with what you'll never see."

SECURITY STATE PRISON  
UNIT HOUSING UNIT

'Oh... hold up  
That's insubordination.  
We're going to have to add a few more years  
for giving us lip."

Do what you have to man.

I already took the trip.

Abdul Oludata Shakur

Exercising My Citizenship ~

Freedom of expression

Hallelujah Jesus

My rights are protected

under the constitution

I can say:

To hell...

REPUBLICAN ASS...

REPUBLICAN ASS...  
SECURITY BAY STATE PRISON  
UNIT HOUSING UNIT

And there is not a damn thing you can do about it

BECAUSE I got rights

Rights

Rights

Rights

Rights

Rights

Rights

Rights

rights

rights

rights

rights

(Abdul Muqbil's signature)

To "Those Certain Sisters"

You say you want to be judged by the content of your character  
and not by the color of your skin?

How interesting....

Especially when that philosophy is not suppose to apply to me~  
only to you

PLEASE AS YOU'RE CONCERNED  
REMEMBER I AM IN THE  
SECURITY BAY AREA  
I SMELL A HORRIBLE  
UNIT HOUSING UNIT  
PRISON  
And it stinks

The very thing you accuse others of

you yourself are guilty as charged

But, hey, I am not your judge

you did it yourself

And now you're in bondage

And I'm still free

(Abdul Oluybala Shakur)

Don't MAKE ME HAVE TO HURT YOU

If all you see when you see me  
is a white woman

Then you're fucking blind

I am sick of your preoccupation with the color of my skin

I don't put you through this harassment

And ~~what~~ ~~can~~ ~~it~~,

I'm not going to be "that white bitch" too many more times, you  
hear?

We can settle this right now

It's your choice

But I am not going to be "that white bitch" anymore.

You have one more time to say it

And you won't be saying much of anything after that.

I got your white bitch, alright?

(Abdul Olughala SHAKUR)

Untitled

Hey baby

Are you okay?

You know I AM Thinking about you  
I spent some time this evening  
being pissed off about some things

But I'm okay now

It had nothing to do with you

Well not exactly

You said I could talk to you anytime

Well I guess I can talk now

I'm really tired of how I'm understood

Do you really know how tired I'm

I'm tired

Hell, no one seems to understand anyone anymore these days

cause they don't take the time

They don't want to expend the energy

I don't feel like I have to constantly prove myself

If my best isn't good enough

Then it just isn't

I don't want anymore intrusion or invasion from outsiders, okay?

No one has my permission to scrutinize me for whatever reason

Are they worried about your blackness being diluted down

You know what I'm talking about.

(Abdul Olughbala SHAKUR)

To My Brother Abdul

Everyday I pray for your strength and wisdom  
I pray for your endurance, STAMINA  
COURAGE TO PERSIST

They cannot break your spirit  
They may be able to chain your limbs  
But they cannot break your spirit

How long do you think God will allow suffering  
He said, "I CAN TAKE HIS MINE"

When it gets too much for you to handle

Let Him

At least give Him a chance to work  
And if He doesn't

At least you gave Him the chance

You'd never know what He would have done

If you never gave Him the chance

You have nothing to lose and everything to gain

Though they cannot chain my limbs

Daily they try to chain my spirit

Everyday they try to break me down

with all kinds of subtle and not so subtle

psychological games

I need you to pray for me too

Because I need the same strength and wisdom



(Abdul Olughala SHAKUR)

untitled

As they lock in wild entanglement

For there is no taming this desire

Time stands still

Every nerve is explored and awakened

Every muscle is pampered

And all secret desires fulfilled

Every surface of skin is caressed

Moistened by eager tongues

Kissed by willing lips

There are no restrictions

no shame

no reservations

no secrets

They are the only two people on earth

They were put here to know each other

From the very depth of their souls

From the marrow of their bones

From the blood that flows through their veins

From every pore on their skin

Every hair, cell, fluid, organ, vessel, artery...

Her tears mix with his

streaming down their faces

These tears are of joy, not pain

Relief has finally come  
After the long wait

(Abdul Olughala SHAKUR)

His loins are on fire

Only she can quench the flame

She opens wide her soul to him

and receives his love

A fierce, yet gentle rhythm of rapture and ecstasy

They are lost somewhere in the heavens

joined as one entity

cemented together throughout eternity

with the sweetness of honey

He cries out her name

Releasing his being to her

In some unknown tongue only understood by her

His love erupts like a volcanic explosion

Spewing forth his seed into the depth of her soul

Overflowing with uncontrollable passion

It cannot be contained

Like a raging river moving towards its destiny

so does his love race forward

Filling her to overflowing

PELWANI STATE PRISON  
SECURITY HOUSING UNIT  
UNIT D-1

(Abdul Olugbala SHAKUR)

Unfilled (9.3.1994)

I don't give a damn what  
anyone says  
There is hope and there is  
a future  
The future is now!

Your world is institutionalized

Metal that temporarily and  
superficially attempts to ~~control~~  
you (but only for now)

But it cannot subdue the real you  
your spirit lives here with me  
and breathes the same air I do

I consult with you daily and

share my joys and pains  
your ears are here to listen

I hear your heartbeat

I feel the pulse of your  
blood running through your veins

nothing can contain you

I do this all for you - (the "life" thing)

the perseverance, determination,  
the relentless striving

BECAUSE ... IF YOU CAN DO IT THEN  
SO CAN I

(Abdul Oluqbal SMARU)

BECAUSE YOUR STRUGGLE IS A  
THOUSAND FOLD MORE DIFFICULT  
THAN MINE

I FEEL YOUR STRUGGLE  
EVERYDAY  
BUT IT ONLY MAKES ME  
STRONGER

MY PRAYER IS THAT YOU'LL  
ALWAY KNOW THE LOVE  
THE UNCONDITIONAL LOVE  
I HOLD FOR YOU

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UNIT D-1

Abdul Olugbala SHAKUR

## Echoes of Black Resistance

I've made spears and shields with SHAKA Zulu  
I've pledged my unbending love to Queen Nzinga  
I've built railroads with Harriet Tubman  
I've struggled for freedom with Sojourner Truth  
I've spoken and plotted with Denmark Vesey  
I've conspired and held clandestine meetings with Nat Turner  
I've ridden the ship back to Africa with Marcus Garvey  
I've spread the word with Malcolm X  
I've dreamed the dreams with Martin Luther King, Jr.  
I've taken to the streets during the 1960s uprising  
I've picked up arms with the Black Panther Party and Black Liberation Army  
I've fought side by side in the trenches with General George L. Jackson  
I've danced for Black Liberation with Queen Assata Shakur  
I've led the Black Prison Revolution with the Jeffrey Khatali Gauden  
I've sung redemption songs with Bob Marley  
I've hoped and wished for a Winnie Mandela

Ah, the echoes of the past

Take me on a journey when Black was Black, Free, strong Queens and Kings

Be my light of inspiration, my teachers of divinity

Echo the rhythm that shall set us free

Echo the rhythm that shall make our enemies fall to their knees

My Black People of Beauty, I shall be your escort to the future

Your fighting soldier echoing so bravely the triumph of tomorrow

Echoes from the past, I shall be your rekindling warrior

Echoing to freedom from slavery

by Abdul O. SHAKUR

(Abdul Qadhal Shakur)

Fighting Spirit

The stillness of the night

Evaporates the emptiness of my sacred solitude

As that Black Tempest blesses me with the night

Ah, that Black Fearless Dragon

How He rides the wind on wings of unyielding grace

The adamantness of my radical dreams of divinity

He walks with me

He talks with me

He tells me of things of ancient times

When Queens and Kings of ebon skin

conquered the land in their days

We dance upon the battle field

He as his sword and He as my shield

My heart pumps His blood

My lungs breathe His Air

He's the Fire, the Cloud and the Rain

A Gussilla from another Hemisphere

Ah, that Dragon Spirit within

O give me the strength to fly again

ELICAN BAY STATE PRISON  
SECURITY FOLLOWING UNIT  
D-7

(Abdul Olughbala SHAKUR)

Abdul Olughbala SHAKUR

s/w J. HARVEY

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