

Hakeem 7X Butler DW8032

**"Incarcerated Tears"**

11/29/13

"Incarcerated Tears" is a book of poetry and essays that depict the life and journey of a prisoner. Too often then not, prisoners are cut off from mainstream society and our voices muffled. "Incarcerated Tears" seeks to have our voices heard and our stories told. It is said that art imitates life and poetry is a form of art. Therefore, this collection of art will in deed paint a vivid picture of life behind the wall. For it is thought provoking, tragic and aspiring all at the same time. After reading "Incarcerated Tears" you would have a different perspective about life behind the wall.

Reach me at SCI-Fayette Box 9999, Labelle, Pa 15450 or at 55 N. 40th st Apt E-34 Phila, Pa 19104

## PRISON LIFE

Livin' with the extreme of my confinement, try'na tolerate the brutal evils of my environment.

Freedom snatched in the blink of an eye, a concentration camp with a faulty design.

Promises made that are never fulfilled, trust betrayed when trust is instilled.

Problems stacked on top of problems, I always wonder if I could solve'em.

Deep thoughts that place me in a zone, an alleged debt to society keep'n me from coming home.

The ugly sight of a fading dream, ..Where are my friends? My so-called "team"?

Letters sent out and no one responds. I guess this is the reality of a life of crime.

"Do the crime, do the time" - is their anthem; hardships a free person could never fathom.

It's waiting on money orders that never come, in the process most of my feeling has turned numb.

My chick left me, she thinks I lost my worth, she's not the only person who treats me like dirt.

Prison life hinders your efforts of communication, dealing with diabolic guards that test your patience.

Collect is off, so I can't make calls, sittin' in a cell,

looking at bleak walls.

It's being lied to time after time; prison life plays drastic tricks on your mind.

This ish is designed to take & break your spirit; a process called "attrition" that demotes your merit.

Listen, I'm still a man if I cry without the help of an onion...And I'm still a king; although I'm chained to the dungeon.

### **Prison Life.**

By: Hakeem Wholeheartedly

a.k.a. Tuffy

I

**\*Within These Walls\***

Within these walls I try  
to preserve a kind and calm  
mind with so much havoc  
and chaos around me, which  
appears to be drowning me  
in the abyss of this here  
Bullshit. Armed with patience  
and even that weapon is short  
of ammo. Tolerance is sucked from  
you like a new port as I  
sort out my angels & demons.  
Meaning: The good & The bad.  
Within these walls feeling sad,  
mourning the death of my  
Dreams. The depths of this  
mean - A reality captured and  
suspended in time. A stolen freedom  
intimately a part of the devil's  
design - to indulge is trifling  
at the proper time. Trapped here,  
I see hatred and fear in the  
eyes and hearts of the inhabitants.  
The unknown tends to be exaggerated  
in difficulty - to be excited by  
nothing and mad about everything.  
I think, therefore, I exist.  
Lusting for the witches kiss to  
awaken me from this nightmare.  
Screaming & fighting within self to  
be free. Silence is a conspiracy.  
The mute mouth captives are against  
me. No time to excess on their  
complacency. For I am trying to pull  
from what's great in me, since  
I've been reduced to a mistake  
in the ~~eyes~~ of the human SNAKE.  
Yes, I bit the forbidden fruit from

the ghetto's garden. My rebuttal,  
I didn't plant the seed nor  
did I cultivate the garden. A man would  
eat anything when he's starving!  
Who's deeds are worse, the coercer  
or the coerced? Now I reside within  
these walls, contemplating my resolve  
and the resurrection of my dreams.  
I reserve the right to breathe.  
I reserve the right to repent.  
I reserve the right to love  
and to care and to grow and  
to be better than I was and  
live better than I am.  
I reserve the right to live again.  
I reserved my right to be free.  
For I would never relinquish my soul!  
You demons can't deny me me!  
Not even if you kill me.  
Within these walls I cried,  
died - was resuscitated and died  
again, came back and slaughtered my  
enemy by becoming my own best friend.  
Now the pain don't feel the same.  
Kinda strange, kinda hard to explain.  
For I am a human being and  
regard nothing of human concern  
foreign to my interest. From  
within these walls I am confident  
that my intricate life would be  
solved and perhaps this too would  
be a pleasure to look back on one  
day and smile, Yup! and smile...

Inspired by death (prison)  
Dedicated to Life (Freedom)

Written by Bro. Hakeem 7X / Tuffy  
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## "Thank You!"

A lot of times the things we do for other people strictly from the kindness of our hearts goes un-noticed, although we don't look for acknowledgements, praise or awards whenever we do good deeds. For it is a given, so much so that it doesn't require a pat on the back or a thank you. It is simply a natural function of ours. Yet, I want to thank you...for everything.

Baby, I thank you for being my friend in such a tragic course of my life. For showing & giving me so much love. The unconditional type that galvanizes care & compassion. The kind you feel in your veins down to your bones...solid & strong. Thank you for lending me your shoulder in my times of need and despair. Not to mention your warm words of encouragement that help me cope with this dire & desolate environment. Without you, my life here would be a total wretch. Thanks...thanks a lot.

In sequence, I wish to thank you for being very supportive, and for understanding me. A lot of times people don't know how to take me. I only speak from my heart. (What's on & in it). I'm not elusive on purpose, I want people to understand me. Because the more they'd understand me, the more they'll appreciate me. It's not fun being misunderstood. The lack of understanding me is not one of your qualities. So I owe you a big thanks for that. Thank you!

In addition, I want to thank you for being patient with me. For not giving up on me like so many have already done. This tells the tale of your strength & maturity. Thank you for being straight forward and open with me. Thanks for listening to me even when I start rambling. Also for the smiles & laughter, The joy & bliss. Thanks for your moral & spiritual kiss. You are more than just an Aunt to me. You are my Queen, my Rose, my Rock, my Guide, my Energy. Yes, you are my baby, my heart & its beats. You

are my favorite person in the world. I owe you the world.  
Thanks for being my world.

Thanks for welcoming me into your heart, for letting me live in you soul; and for allowing me to occupy your mind by frequently being in your thoughts. Thanks for thinking of me when nobody else does. I think of you too! I mean a lot. Thanks for being my inspiration & motivation. But the guts of my intent to thank you is deeply rooted in you being you. For being so beautiful, kind & loving. For being your own individual self. For having a strong will, an innate ability to overcome and strive each & everyday. For being my \$hero. You are my \$hero! Thanks for everything! Anew, thanks for simply being you.

Hakeem Wholeheartedly,  
Your Baby Boy.

## APPRECIATED & CHERISHED TEARS

It's killing me being without you all, my dear loved ones. I cry a lot because of this unpleasant reality. No one can hear me though... I do so when I am alone, all by myself. I don't want people to hear or see me cry. I'm afraid of what they might think or say. Some people think that men aren't supposed to cry. Then let me be the example to dispose of this myth.

In furtherance, I just want you to know that I miss you, no doubt about it! I miss hearing you snap out on everybody. As much as I dislike it, I sure do wish I could hear you zone out right now. Yes, I'll welcome it as it would welcome me. I miss your beautiful and rare smile...so sacred. I miss kissing you while you lie asleep. I miss the energy I felt whenever I was around you. I miss wrestling with you, holding you down until you got mad. I miss you so much I wanna scream! I miss eating your home cooked meals. Mom, you used to throw down. I miss both, your good and bad qualities equally. I even miss you telling me to get the "F" out of your spot. Those were the days, the times, the moments. Were they not? I surely do miss them.

I even miss seeing and hearing you cry. Most times you use to do so in the comforts of your room at night. Perhaps, for the same reason I hide my tears. Whatever the case, I used to hear you. Please know that I appreciate and cherish your tears. Like your smile, they're sacred to me. Cry, cry if you want to because I love you. Love is a tear, it is sorrow, it is pain. Mom, we know the true essence of a tear, the value of pain, we know sorrow all so well. We live it. Pain is a reflection of our lives, and if tears were to put wounds & scars on our hearts, at least we can say that the scars are there to reveal that the past was



real. So welcome the wounds, embrace the pain.

Cry...cry if you want to. For they are your tears. Do so as you please. In fact, cry in my arms, cry in my soul, cry with my crying heart. Cry for my father too, and for the comfort & warmth of his spirit. Cry for the pulling and pooling of you and Akeya's shattering Relationship. Cry for the betterment of Shaheed's life. Do so for your grand kids in hopes that they can avoid being cut, deeply cut by the sharp edged sword of pain. Crying are prayer's out loud, tears are prayers. They are blessings in disguise. So cry. Out cry the crying babies. Cry because you are my baby. Do so to nurture your pain, to heal your emotional and mental wounds. Cry so you can introduce people to your sorrow. Cry for a better tomorrow. Do so to water the roses.

I don't know what it sounds like when doves cry, but I know the harmonious sound of my mom crying. Let's cry together. Remember I said: "I don't want people to see or hear me cry"? Well, as long as it's with you, I don't care. Let 'em watch', let 'em hear me. I'm crying with my Mom!! So "F" what they might think or say. For I am crying with my Mom. So we gone cry. They are your tears, they are my tears, they are our tears. We can cry if we want to. I'm a reflection of you. Come on, let's cry together...forever if we want, because we love each other. Let's do so loud enough for the whole world to hear, stop and say: that's the sound of real love. Cry to let your heart breadth. You're human and they are your tears. You own the right to cry.

Mom, I have an idea! We can cry for the people who don't appreciate & cherish the beauty of a tear! We can do so for the ones who don't understand the nature of crying souls! We can show them the way. Let's cry for the teary eyed & broken hearted. Aw!! We can cry in the midst of purple

rain. For we can do so as a cohesive unit with other crying souls, make a pool big enough so the ghetto's orphans can swim in it. I always cry for & with them: because I love them. They are my friends. My tears are tears of the ghetto's orphans, and your tears are tears of every mother who know's, has known or lived pain. Cry...cry if you want to because I love you. Do so because I appreciate & cherish your tears.

Dedicated to & inspired by the Tears of my Mother.

Your SUN,  
Hakeem TK  
Da Ghetto Orphan.

\* SOUL RAGE \*

Soul rage, like a lion caught in a cage, being tantalized by those who trapped him. So I'm sick... Sick literally, from being confined in a cage. And for what appears to be endless rainy days. So I gaze at the moon, simultaneously questioning the fate of my past; studying the reality of my present and putrid ordeal, while setting up my future. Though, the rage of my soul is still growing cold, especially when there's no one near to hold.

I'm sick... Sick literally. So I endeavor to make my dreadful situation a composed one. Thoughts so deep that it makes the sea look shallow when compared. I'm in the midst of enslavement, so I use the tools of decisive thoughts to better my growth... Visions of a brighter tomorrow have to surmount over the darkest of days. Faced with enough madness to drive a sane man insane, so I do all the necessary things to fully maintain, but the suffering and the pain is a force to be reckoned with.

Soul rage, tantamount to oxymoronic sentiments like a body on flames and a heart so cold that it pushes brutal ice through my veins. And the mind's ego is so irate, I ask myself am I crazy for not being crazy? Thereby, the attrition of the cage is designed to undermine and demote spirits & break man. The unseen hand of manipulation seeks to shatter dreams and progress. So some stress because they're not stable enough to past the test.

I'm sick... Sick literally, of being treated like cattle. A reality I can't shake like my shadow. Human lab rats being exposed by the mad scientists or diabolical prison officials with scabbles. Nobody wants to get cut, but how can you circumvent it when you can't run and hide? So they (mad scientists) take pride in the act of exploitation. Main agenda and purpose is to oppress you, test you and sweat you over the smallest things. They all spit the same game (B-S), they're gonna write you up, for what? Matter of fact, so what! Solitary confinement won't break me. Yet; they push to harass your ass & intellectual tolerance with non-sense. Aware of one's soul rage, too insensitive to get off the page of disrespect... What's next? Inflammatory and derogatory remarks start, only to feed their evil ego's,

But their motives are see-through.

Soul rage, due to the people in the free world of the outer world, stemming from neglect of one's girl. Or anybody else closest to one for that matter. So subsequently; those dear to us forget their loved ones in jail. We call it a living hell. When people lie, tempers swell... An angry heart is becoming normal. People leave you for dead without warning you. So you have people who profess to care, yet they never really manifest their love. This is when the rage of the soul rightfully questions their deeds and actions. Some may say, we're over-reacting and snapping. But we have substantial grounds to vent such. We don't ask for much. Simply wishing those who are dear to our hearts to keep in touch... Thus, it appears to be intricate for them to do. So you question, do they really love you? On top of this; they feed us false dreams and pleas, hoping it will satisfy our hunger. The most aware of us don't chase the false dreams one may dish at us. So the results of such an unfair negligence merely adds to one's soul rage. So I'm sick... Sick literally.

\* Inspired by the harsh reality of my current ordeal.\* 8-19-

04

By: \*Hakeem Wholeheartedly\*

The student of life.

\*The Storm Within\*

In my soul it doesn't rain  
it pours & the demons in my head  
are tampering with the fragments of my  
mind: Whispers of discouragement &  
dispair telling me I can't do this & I  
can't be what I desire to be. Should  
I succumb to this dark state or keep  
on keeping on. For it is easier to quit &  
much harder to push forward. If I was  
to lose this eternal battle, a battle that  
starts & ends with self would be the  
tragic fall of me. Am I torn between  
right & wrong. Am I able to differentiate  
between the former & the latter. I mean my  
moral conscience is telling me one thing & my  
mind's demons are telling me another. I  
feel lost within, drowning in an ocean  
of vast confusion & uncertainty. Certainly,  
I despise losing, yet my prayers for  
redemption & questions about life always  
seems to go unanswered. Is there really a  
God in the sky? If so he must hate  
me & my kind. Who knows the solutions  
to the problems I face within as well  
as without. (Outside of me i.e.,). Who do  
I turn to when all else fails. To me or  
some other source. How can something outside  
of me deliver me to me. Am I looking  
in the wrong places. How can I trust  
strange faces in a dog devour dog kind  
of world. What are they going thru inside.  
Are their problems, struggles & psychological  
wounds as deep as mine. Is pain apart  
of their lives too! Can a heart fully  
recover from severe heartbreak that

aches beyond measure. Because of what  
I've faced & lived with will my spirit become  
daunted & haunted by worldly evils. Evils  
that insidiously influences the human psyche,  
encouraging them to do things that are unbecoming.  
Naturally a beautiful spirit in peril  
of being invaded & corrupt by something so  
sinister. Am I a born sinner hell bent  
on destroying myself or is it much more  
to me I or no one else knows or even  
cares about. It feels like I am dying inside,  
it is because I am crying inside?

\*The Storm Within\*

Author Hakeem 7X  
aka Tuff-Citti

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## **\*Why do Caged Birds Sing?\***

Why do caged birds sing?  
How do you know when they're  
crying, have you ever heard a  
bird cry before. What does a  
crying birds sound like. Humans  
cry in songs and some songs  
make people cry. Are they crying  
out in a song that speaks against  
their oppression: their inhumane  
environment and treatment. An  
environment that restricts one from  
being who they are by nature.  
Are they singing because they're happy.  
Are they singing and expressing  
the language of their pain, suffering,  
disappointment and frustration. Are  
they singing to keep from crying.  
Are they even aware of their own  
oppression and bleak plight. Do they  
even know that what's being done  
to them is wrong. Maybe they  
are content in their unnatural  
environment without a care or worry.  
Just lost, just there ... existing  
void of a purpose. Why do caged birds  
sing? For what ever reason,  
I can feel their pain and  
understand their grim reality  
because their reality reflects mines.  
i.e., being caged in like an animal.

By: Hakeem 7X aka Tuffy,

P.P. A caged bird is dead to all he has ever known, if his cage  
is all he knows.

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**\*STILL\***

I'm still striving & ducking the punches  
life is throwing at me. I'm still  
standing upright & steadfast in this  
struggle & war for my life.

Still a skeptic, numb and stubborn.  
I'm still a gangsta & a gentlemen.  
However, still me!

Still compassionate and concerned about  
my people. Still effected by slavery,  
poverty, crime, discrimination, prison  
& the death of my love ones & homies.  
Still crying, still mourning.

However, still me!  
Still dedicated, loyal & committed to the cause.  
Still asking the questions to the  
unanswered inquiries I have. I'm still a fan  
of the truth. Still a student of life.  
However, still me!

Still courageous and complexed. Still aggressive.  
Still street, still deep & misunderstood.  
Still being kicked instead of kissed.  
Still being neglected. I am still an  
ghetto orphan. Still suffering but solid.  
However, still me!

Still have a leadership mentality, authenticity,  
individuality and integrity.  
Still hurt and still have fears.  
I'm still holding on to my honor. I still  
have regrets. Still have plans & dreams.  
However, still me!

Still rising, growing and learning.  
Still turning my mind & body into  
a weapon. Still preparing myself for  
this cold war/world. Still prefer substance over  
style. Still godlike, however, still me.  
Only human ... still me.

Hakeem 7X aka Tuffy

Inspired by what makes me ... me.



## **Do Prison and Punishment Deter Criminals from Committing Crime?**

By Hakeem 7x. Butler

There is an interesting dynamic in the relationship between crime, prison, and punishment; a dynamic that speaks to the lifeblood of the twisted and wicked justice system that is driven more by politics and economics than anything else. Such a system is predicated on a “lock ‘em up and throw away the key” mentality. It is rarely about correction and rehabilitation; it’s geared more towards oppression and repression. As a result of these forces, all too many prisoners leave prison worse off than they were when they entered the system. In many cases, the criminal mind becomes more refined, sophisticated, and capable of perpetrating advanced criminal behavior and activities. The initial regret, remorse, and resentment a prisoner may feel after they are imprisoned might spark thoughts of redemption or repentance but once they get past that stage, their old way of thinking is revamped.

The majority of people who commit crimes, do so because it is a means to an end; a way to make fast cash to support a habit or lifestyle. It is obvious that the crime rate is more prevalent in impoverished communities, communities that are undereducated and where the unemployment rate is highest. You have to understand that everyone has a common inclination to live comfortably. Take a person who is uneducated, lacking appropriate job skills, add to that a living environment where crime and violence are commonplace: what is that person’s chances of getting involved in illegal activities? Extremely high, right? I’ve spoken to prisoners who honestly believe that selling drugs and being in “the game” is all they know. They can’t see themselves doing anything else. So no matter how many times people like this get locked up and punished, their minds are not only transfixed on committing more criminal acts, they are also under the belief that they are predestined to be drug dealers or criminals – a belief that speaks volumes. Unless and until something drastic happens, the criminal lifestyle is their only reality. Mind you, one thing that is hard to change or correct is a twisted mind already made up.

Prison and punishment can be assessed and analyzed in various ways. One view is that you have prisoners who are being punished by way of lengthy sentences. These overly harsh sentences cause prisoners to be bitter and make them feel like they need to take revenge on “the system” and on society in general. On the opposite side, you have some prisoners who have

learned their lesson and want something better than a life of crime. Yet and still, the prisoners who have chosen the latter will reenter society with a felonious record that will keep them from landing a decent job; one that will allow them to support themselves and their families adequately. In this realm, one might be tempted or forced to commit another crime to earn a few extra bucks being that economics are synonymous with status. Once that demon is awake though, it is extremely tough to put back to sleep. So you do have prisoners who really had good intentions to leave the life of crime, only to get sucked back in. The cycle of recidivism is difficult to break. It has a lot to do with desperation and a lack of patience, which is a perilous mindset to have under any condition.

In essence, prison and punishment (no matter how harsh) is not a fool proof deterrent to sway criminals away from committing crimes. The high rate of recidivism substantiates this. In my opinion, it would have to take a psychological intervention to decriminalize a prisoner's mind because criminals who perpetually commit crimes are conditioned to do so. It is a learned activity and behavior that has to be seriously and diligently challenged in order to correct and change. The DOC does not tackle this aspect of criminal and violence prevention on a sincere level. On the surface it may appear that way, but beneath the surface, the correctional system only goes through the motions of treatment. I believe that the system does not really care if a prisoner changes or not. In fact, I had a high level official tell me that he doesn't care if I go home and kill 100 people. I also had a "correctional" officer tell me that he wants me to go home and commit another crime so he would be able to send his kids to college. If I was a weak-minded individual, those authority figures would have lead me to believe that I could never amount to anything. The majority of prisoners are not strong-minded and that type of rhetoric would only reinforce the negative stereotypes that society and prisoners have of themselves.

In conclusion, prisons are designed to break prisoners psychologically. You can just imagine the low level of accountability and responsibility a mentally and emotionally damaged prisoner may have after years upon years of being oppressed and repressed. They would leave these places menaces to society, because they weren't reformed or rehabilitated effectively while here. So, in this vein, prison and punishment is not an effective tool to properly treat criminals in a realistic way. More often than not, the experience hardens deeply troubled prisoners. The choice of reform and rehabilitation depends solely on the individual. This

individual has to be working with something truly special to defy the odds of never committing another crime again after being put in prison and punished for one. They would have to do a complete moral inventory of themselves to fully understand their place in life. Their self-excusing spirit would have to be so great that it would create a whole new way of thinking and behaving. This prisoner would have to feel utterly tired of doing the same things over and over and expecting different results. He/she would be so tired of being counterproductive, irresponsible, lazy, weak, and criminal-minded, that the person would be catapulted in a new direction. This fresh state of discontent would bring about a new way of doing things and, as a result, a new person would be born. A person of hope, remorse, compassion, love, care, responsibility, purpose, faith, honor, respect, and decency. For I have yet to meet a person in whom I did not see potential. We all possess what we need to become our greatest selves.

## Are Prisons Really Modern Day Plantations?

It is often said that prisons are modern day plantations. For the simple fact of the oppressive and repressive nature of the environment, the hard work for the slave wages, the master and slave like mentality, etc. But one I didn't mention that I am starting to see more and more of, is the torture and constant harassment of the prisoners who educate themselves while incarcerated. An educated prisoner is looked upon as a defiant and rebellious prisoner, which bear harsh consequences, in which I am experiencing currently.

Recently, I have been getting harassed and oppressed for writing educational and informative pieces. I was reminded of the slave on the plantation who would be murdered (hung) for teaching another slave how to read and write. Security at SCI-Fayette are giving me hell for enlightening younger prisoners. My statement to them was that "Y'all would be more accepting of me selling and using drugs, making & using weapons, fighting, etc. than educating others". For I realized with these recent oppressive and repressive practices that prison official frown down on a man who's educated and goes out of his way to educate others. This is a major no no in prison, I see and have experienced this first hand. It's shameful when you really look at it.

I was told that I have a right to write educational and informative material, but they don't want me passing it out. I was told that if I do, I'll be sent to the hole. My cell gets searched, typewriter ribbons get confiscated from me, you name it. This is why I write, to share my knowledge with the people. Knowledge is not meant to be withheld, true knowledge is meant to be shared. Although I know this, I have made a discretionary decision to withhold my work for the simple fact that I don't want to defy an order from an authority figure. I understand

where I'm at, and I understand that history has shown that the educator is often persecuted by the established authority, because that authority figure knows that knowledge is power. When you're educated you're forewarned and when you're forewarned, you're forearmed against the fight of ignorance. Ignorance is a weapon used to keep people down. Prisoners are suppose to stay ignorant, it's designed that way. I might be in the RHU by the time this article reaches you for being an educator. I just want all the educated prisoners who are reading this piece who's mentals have risen beyond and above the confines of these walls & gates to stay strong, and continue to educate y'all selves. For we are greater than our allege crime or a mistake we have made in the past. Know that education is key, it would set you free. Power to Knowledge!!! Knowledge is Power!!!

Written by Hakeem 7X Butler DW8032

CC File Prison Society  
Security  
Karen Conyers

## HOW I FEEL ?

You asked "How I feel (?)" I feel the same now as I felt when I first stepped foot inside the belly of this beast. The way I feel is tantamount to water. It's times when I'm freezing cold and numb. When I'm in this state I feel bitter, overwhelmed with anger, hostility, and heartless irrationality. This isolates me from everything and everybody, leaving me with the self-impression like it's me against the world, like the late and great 2Pac.

Understanding that to be conscious is to be alive. It's my everyday struggle to keep my thoughts flowing freely, and to be warm, caring, forgiving, and affectionate. To me this is equivalent to being loving, upright and steadfast.

Water can be pure or poison, it can also conform to anything. It can adapt to everything, and this is how I am most of the time (ambivalent). Of course this depends on the circumstances at hand. When it's cold, dark and lonely. I adapt by bringing warmth, light and comfort to myself with deep reflection and venting my energy in positive, progressive and productive ways. Overall I am a young inquisitive brother who naturally reflects the nature of water. I'm prepared to deal with any situation, flexibly.

Water is necessary to sustain life but without prejudice it's also the cause of many lives taken. This is a quality I find present within myself, because I can be as warm as a nice bath with scented oils, or as cold, mean and menacing as the ocean when caught in the wrath of a terrible storm. So, this is how I equate how I feel to water. Over the years of my incarceration I've been growing cold like the ocean. This is mostly due to the nature of the environment I'm in. I constantly seek ways to tilt the scale towards warmth, defreeze me with your warmth, boil (love) me to rid me of the unnecessary substances, then drink (absorb) my kind, caring and loving qualities to quench your thirst. Use me to nurture all wounds and pains back to health (mentally, emotionally, spiritually, etc.). For no matter what state I'm in, I'm most powerful when I'm healing.

As I continue to grow and evolve I embrace myself and liken myself to water because I know there's always a purpose for water. And as long as my thought's are both solid and free I will continue to flow like water on a constant mission with purpose.

---

~~You asked how I feel(?) I feel like water!~~

written by; Seven a/k/a "Tuffy"

Seven / Tuffy

## DAMNED IF YOU DO, DAMNED IF YOU DON'T

I find myself in a tricky situation, in which I am the least bit surprised. In fact, I have come to the frightening conclusion that the DOC do not care about a prisoners chance or progress. In my particular situation, I haven't had a major write up since 2007 and have done most of the things that was asked of me. However, I am continuously being punished for bad decisions I made in the past although I have clean up my act and have chosen to be a more responsible and decent man on all levels.

Granted, I have had my fair share of write-ups, yet, the number of certificates I have received out number the write-ups I got over the years. For instance, I received about 9 misconducts in 13 years, but I also have over 20 certificates as well. Meaning, the good I have done and the progress I have made is far greater than my write-up history. My level was suppose to have dropped in 2010 to a level 2. I was told that if I remained write-up free for another year it would drop at my next annual review, which never happened. When prisoners lie to staff they are labeled as manipulators, non trust worthy people, criminal minded etc., but the staff can lie to us at will and never have to worry about being labeled the above mentioned titles. Funny right?!

I feel and believe that the Pa DOC do not believe in itself. Here it is they encourage change and productivity, but when you change they don't reward you. What they do though is, give you negative re-enforcement for positive behavior, which is very discouraging to say the least. In life people make mistakes, but in the eyes of the DOC you would always be that mistake you have made, because they (The DOC) will never get past your past. For the record, it's not designed to, because we can never be anything or anyone greater than our alleged crime. This is why the system pride itself on warehousing its prisoners. Again, we are unredeemable in their eyes.

At me annual review I was reminded of and mentally tortured for my previous bad acts, but when I tried to present all my certificates and accomplishments my counselor wasn't interested



in reviewing them at all. In fact, I was told that I didn't have to pull them out. Out of 20 something groups I have done I'm only down for completing 2 and failing 2. When I challenged this deliberate act of discrimination, I was told that volunteer groups are not placed on your DC-43 Correctional Plan. It's funny because one of the groups they have me down for as failing was a group I volunteered for! Let the record reflect that I have 23 certificates and 15 of them are groups I volunteered for, which mean the other 8 were recommended groups. For some reason or the other, the DOC don't want the record to reflect that, which brought me to the realization that the DOC gone do what they want as long as it make you look bad and not good. This ordeal I find myself in is a "DAMNED IF YOU DO, DAMNED IF YOU DON'T" one, that speaks volumes. I can't help but to smile at how the DOC turns.

Hakeem Butler DW8032

"U GONE CEE"

U gone cee people happy & sad,  
you'll also cee the good & the bad.

U gone cee the young grow old,  
And who are there to warm you when it's cold.

U gone cee people die young,  
And the worth of those who'd brighten up your life like the  
sun.

U gone cee how phony people can be, and you'll cee how your  
supporters would hold you down like the roots of a tree.

U gone cee dreams disappear before your eyes,  
And the sudden down pour of silent cries.

U gone cee the world without blindness,  
And hardship at it finest.

U gone cee people do wicked things,  
And the showers of purple rain.

U gone cee who are strong & sound,  
All you gotta do is look around.

U gone cee those who are in your life for a reason, this way  
you can weed out the ones who plan on being in your life for  
a season.

U gone cee what you want to cee,  
With vision you can be who you wanna be.

U gone cee how fast people change,  
Just keep your drive & continue to maintain.

U gone cee love turn to hate,  
Remain steadfast & work on being great.

U gone cee a whole lot,  
Just remember that it's dark & hell is hot.

U gone cee people conceal what they feel inside,  
Be different & keep healthy pride.

U gone cee the work of the devil in plain view or in a  
disguise, just keep your faith and trust in God.

Hakeem Wholeheartedly.

Da Ghetto Orphan.

p.p."What's worst than being born blind? Being born with  
sight and no vision."

## "THERE'S A TIME"

There's a time for fun & games.  
There's a time for drastic change.

There's a time for idle talk,  
There's a time to take a nice long walk.

There's always time to use our brains,  
Like it is to fully maintain.

There's a time for rain,  
And a time when you have to endure pain.

There's a time for mind over matter,  
Just as it is a time for total laughter.

There's a time to master time,  
Also a time to struggle & grind.

There's a time for every season,  
And a time to deal with reason.

There's always time to reciprocate love.  
And a time to embrace with a warm hug.

There's also a time when the people you love would start  
leaving, this is the time when people stop breathing.

There would be a time for you to execute your mission,  
you wouldn't be able to pull it off without ambition.

There's a time to watch & learn, there's also a time when  
life would start rewarding you with what you earn.

There's a time to write a simple letter,

---

And a time to change for the better.

There's a time to study people, do this and watch how many people you'll find to be see-thru.

There are times when you'd make a mistake, but capitalizing off it is the icing on the cake.

Everyday is a time to mature, just circumvent those moments when you feel like you can't take it no more.

There's a time when you'll feel lonely, so when you need comfort seek the real & avoid the phony.

There's a time to give a person space, and a time when you'd meet your fears face to face.

There's a time for closure,  
And a time for the youth to grow older.

There's a time to conceal,  
And a time to reveal.

There's a time to secretly cry, and a time to meet a foe, so be brave enough to look them in the eye.

There's a time to deal with pride,  
And a time to share how you feel inside.

There's a time to admit when your wrong,  
And a time to always be strong.

There's a time to hold down the fort, and it is definitely time to step your game up, because life is short!!!

INSPIRED BY CHANCE & OPPORTUNITY.

"WHY?"

Why life is as it is,  
why did the ghostface invent Hiv,  
why are kids producing kids,  
Why we live as we live?

Why is the Blackman the majority in the prison population,  
why they lie & say they passed the emancipation proclamation,  
why we fall so easy for peer pressure & manipulation,  
why are we forever procrastinating?

Why are we so ignorant,  
why is it so hard for our moms to pay the rent,  
why are we caught up in so much non-sense,  
why are people so toxic?

Why they crashed them planes into them buildings, why are so  
many children murdering children,  
why are so many people squealing,  
why he got so much time & he didn't commit the killing?

Why did Bush invaded Iraq; Was it to finish a war for his pop,  
why do people start planning & then stop,  
why is it dark and hell is hot,  
why, the cops take so long to come when my pop got shot?

Why do people lie so gravely,  
why was I waiting on a superman to save me,  
why I didn't take the advice my mother gave me,  
why are we so lazy? That's crazy!

Why are we a dying breed,  
why is America the riches nation & there's so many people in  
need,  
why we drink & smoke so much weed,  
why are dead-beat dads neglecting their seeds?

Why I do the things I do,  
why is it taskful for people to stay true,  
why when we die we turn blue,  
why when I look at me I see you?

Why is the youth so disrespectful,  
why is your man afraid to stand next to you,  
why is he a vegetable,  
why that dude had to test you?

Why we sit around doing nothing,  
why do they take pride in fronting,  
why are those fake dudes stunting,  
why we hate so much all of a sudden?

Why we cry when people die,  
why dude couldn't look you directly in the eye,  
why do 85% of our people look to thee sky,  
why are we missing a vast portion of the pie?

Why they conduct themselves so rudely,  
why are we stagnated with folly,  
why that bad chic couldn't move me,  
why won't you let them be as they be?

Why is the inner cities flooded with drugs,  
why the genocide, why the blood,  
why do they pretend to be gangsters & thugs,  
why do people abuse & misuse love?

Why are you here,  
why & what do you fear,  
why do death seem so near,  
why they got the mentality of, "I don't care!"

Why are we being deprived of our freedom, justice & equality,  
why is our people failing to see reality,  
why we live in a corrupted society,  
why can't we escape poverty?

Why are we blindly in love with the game,  
why do people sell their souls for fame,  
why I always hear; It's hard to maintain,  
why they never learned how to use their brain?

Why we deviate from seeking knowledge,  
why is there more Black men in jail than in college,  
why we let emotions overshadow logic,  
why we see so much havoc & can't stop it?

Why we say the things we say,  
why it seems like every day is a rainy day,  
why is it un-safe for offsprings to go outside & play,  
why is back-stabbing her forte?

Why do they believe in the un-seen,  
why do that green make people scheme,  
why do dishonorable people never come clean,  
why in every Black family, there's a fiend?

Why is the whiteman so evil,  
why when you fall your chic leave you,  
why when you up everybody need you,  
why are these "deadheads" so see through?

Why we don't take life serious,  
why is the youth so numb & furious,  
why are they so delirious,  
why is near death experiences the scarious?

Why do the tough guys testify,  
why do people put tears under their eyes,  
why they ride & why they die,

why are we wrongfully judged by the political eye?

Why arrogance stop us from seeking help,  
why she felt the way she felt,  
why is it complicated to put wins under our belts,  
why we can't play the hand life dealt?

Why is the game considered a whore,  
why you feel like you can't take it no more,  
why do Africa have so many natural resources & most of her nations  
are poor,  
why the pain, why is my heart so sore?

Why is there so many religions,  
why we have so many fictitious holidays like, Thanks Giving,  
why is it a task to make a living,  
why it seem like life is ending?

They say Hakeem, why ask why? I say, I'm just revealing what  
I feel inside. This piece is wholeheartedly dedicated to why  
& it is inspired by the things never asked.

By Seven aka Tuffy

12/7/03



## ATTITUDE!! (WHAT IS IT?)

TO ME IT'S EVERYTHING. IT'S INNOVATION TO MAKE THE IMPOSSIBLE - POSSIBLE. IT'S CONSCIOUSLY, SUBCONSCIOUSLY, & UNCONSCIOUSLY FORMED. IT GIVES BIRTH TO MANNER, FEELINGS & CERTAIN THOUGHTS. IT'S PASSION. PASSION TO LOVE, HATE, LIKE & DISLIKE. IT'S PASSION IN WILL, FAITH, BELIEF, KNOWLEDGE, WISDOM & UNDERSTANDING.

A WISE MAN ONCE SAID 'ATTITUDE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE. ATTITUDE IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN FACTS, THAN INSIGHT. ATTITUDE WILL MAKE OR BREAK AN ORGANIZATION, A SCHOOL, A CHURCH, A COMPANY, A TEAM, A FAMILY, A RACE, AN ENTERPRISE & YES AN INDIVIDUAL.' I DEDUCE TRUTH IN THIS STATEMENT.

OUR WORDS BUILD CHARACTER & MANIFEST ATTITUDES. OUR ATTITUDES ARE OUR BASIC PERSONA'S. THE MOST NOTICIBLE TRAITS IN OUR ATTITUDES ARE PASSIVE, ASSERTIVE & AGGRESSIVE. ATTITUDE IS AN OUTLET THAT DETERMINE ACTION & MOODS. IT'S HOW WE SEE THINGS. IT DICTATES THE VOYAGE OF THOUGHTS, ETIQUETTES & FEELINGS.

ATTITUDES ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY APPEAR TO BE. SOME APPEAR PATIENT, YET THEY ARE IMPATIENT. OTHERS APPEAR STRONG BUT ARE WEAK. THEN THERE ARE THOSE THAT SEEM DECISIVE - THOUGH THEY ARE INDECISIVE, SURE BUT UNSURE, CONVENTIONAL - BUT REALLY UNCONVENTIONAL.

AS A CONSCIOUS PERSON, I STRIVE TO SUSTAIN A HEALTHY, PROGRESSIVE & PRODUCTIVE ATTITUDE TOWARDS LIFE. AND TO KEEP MY APPROACH TOWARDS LIFE BASICALLY THE SAME.

THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO ARE NOT CONSCIOUS WHO ARE EXCESSIVELY INFATUATED WITH COUNTERFEIT APPEARANCES OF DIFFERENT ATTITUDES, AND EASILY ACCEPT BOGUS IMPRESSIONS. ALL ONE NEEDS TO DO IS - SAY THIS, WEAR THAT, BE HERE & BEEN THERE, ETC.. TO BE ACCEPTED AS GENUINE. WHICH IS FLIMSY AND HAS NO SUBSTANCE OR VALIDITY.

ATTITUDE IS ALSO TANTIMOUNT TO WATER (EQUIVALENT TO VALUE & EFFECT) IT'S LIKE THE SEA, POWERFUL, REAL FORCEFUL AT TIMES - PASSIVE & CALM AT OTHER TIMES. GIVEN ITS ILLUSIVE NATURE - IT IS CONSTANTLY CHANGING FORM. IT'S DEEP & SUSTAINS LIFE. IT CONFORMS CIPHERS & CIRCUMSTANCES ALIKE & VICE VERSA.

ATTITUDES ARE LIKE THE FOUR SEASONS (WINTER, SPRING, SUMMER, FALL). THEY ARE COLD (UNAFFECTIONATE) WARM (GIVEN) HOT (AFFECTIONATE) & DRY (SELFISH). THEY HELP US NAVIGATE THROUGH LIFE. IT EQUIPS US TO MEET AND OVERCOME ANY & ALL OBSTACLES.

CHAMPIONS HARNESS THE SAME HEALTHY, PROGRESSIVE & OPTIMISTIC ATTITUDES TOWARDS WINNING - EVEN THOUGH THEY DON'T WIN (ALL) THE TIME.

ATTITUDES DIRECTS & AROUSES THE SENSES. IT DICTATES, PUSH, PULLS, SCRATCH, CRAWL, STAND, WALK, RUN, DRIVE & RISE. THEY ALSO TEND TO TAKE ON A NATURE OF THEIR OWN. SOME ARE ATTRACTIVE & SOME ARE REPULSIVE, SUCH AS A HOSTILE ENTITY (BEING). ATTITUDES ARE - GALLANTLY COMPOSED OR MALICIOUSLY OPPOSED. DEPENDING ON THE NATURE & CONDITION OF THE ATTITUDE HOLDER. (THE HUMAN ENTITY) LIFE CONTAINS MANY DEGREES, SHAPES, TYPES & FORMS OF ATTITUDES. DISCOVER THE ATTITUDE OR ATTITUDES THAT SERVES YOU WELL!!!

IN CONCLUSION, ATTITUDE IS LIFE'S GIFT. AND WE ARE PRODIGIES & ARTISANS, WE CAN SHAPE & MOLD OUR ATTITUDES INTO SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL OR DEGRADE THEM INTO SOMETHING UGLY. OUR WORDS, CHARACTER & ATTITUDES COMPLIMENT EACH OTHER. IF AN INDIVIDUAL FAILS TO KEEP THEIR WORD, THEIR CHARACTER LOSES VALUE & EFFECT. THEREBY, THEIR ATTITUDES ARE DEBASED (LOWERED) INTO THE BASIC COMPONENT. (IMMATURITY).

NOTE: TO ALL THE OPEN EARS, WORDS HOLD WEIGHT. CHARACTER BUILDS PERSONALITIES & ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING.

WRITTEN BY SEVEN AKA TUFFY

## You don't know me!

You don't know me! Perhaps it's because you don't understand me. It's not <sup>me</sup> I am elusive. Granted, I don't think like usual people who think like usual people who don't think like I think. For I think like gods and movements of people who move for their peoples. Yet, you can't understand the manchild who's been thrown to the wolves at a early age or the range of my rage.

You don't know me! Maybe it's because you can't identify with the struggle or been betrayed by people who claim to love. You don't know what drives my blood, or what makes me happy or sad. <sup>No</sup> why I followed the foot steps of my dad.

You don't know me! Perhaps it's because you never experienced hard times, or let the lure of the ghetto seduce your mind and introduce you to crime. Maybe it's because you're lost in time. Whatever the case, you don't know me!

You don't know me! Maybe it's because you're not a product of your environment, and can't see reality. Or been brought up in poverty. You don't know my passions and desires, the extent of my vision. Or a person who turned to the streets just to make a livin'.

You don't know me! You don't know my worth. Or why people of the streets fight over turf. You can't begin to understand my hurt. A manchild who has been lied to, chewed up and spit out. You don't know what I am about... A man whose demons entered their way into his dreams, and provoked him to scheme for that mean green.

You don't know me! You're not a friend to me. You don't know how much love and hate I have in me. You don't know my potentials, or why I got into the things I got into. Peer pressure and manipulation is real. You're delusional, you don't know the deal. Take a walk in my shoes might hurt your feet. Life in the concrete jungle is deep!

You don't know me! Plus our views are different. You I presume, think success is measured by the position one may reach in life. Success in my eyes is measured by the one's ability to overcome strife. You don't know what it is like to be miseducated, misinformed, misdirected or deceived. You never been caught in a trap and couldn't leave.

You don't know me! You believe that the measurements of a man is predicated on how many woman he sleep with. The measurements of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience. But moreso, where he stands in moments of hardships and controversy. You don't even know the learning nature of adversity.

You don't know me! Perhaps it's because you're not relatable, or understand where I'm from crime is inflatable...as is fatal. For it is strategic move by the people in power to keep the black man down. If you understood this, you'd know why my smile has turned into a frown.

You don't know me! You don't even have a clue! You don't know what I stand for, What and who I love, What and who I would die for and kill for, ride for and would lie for, Or what I cried for. You don't know my pain, For "my pain is my pain". You don't know my focus and aim. Shit, you don't even know my name. What a misfortune! For the record; I'm the Ghetto Orphan.

p.p.You don't know me! So don't judge me!

Hakeem Wholeheartedly.  
Da Ghetto Orphan.

\*What Happened?\*

Whatever happened to love? That real and strong love. The love you felt with every fiber of your being, way down to the core of your bones. The love that conquered hate and made its recipient feel great. The love that had a lasting effect. Whatever happened to respect? For it seems that it's not any left! The respect you received from being you. Whatever happened to being true? That non-fictitious posture. What happened to commitment and loyalty? I got you and you got me. Something understood is not a mystery. The loyalty you held on to til your death. I am for you, you are for me even in each others absence. Deeds covered without the other party asking. That Black Love & Black Power as genuine as grandmoms hug.

What happened to the Brotherhood of the 60's & 70's? Kind words spoken so heavenly. That I am my brothers keeper, that care and concern that grew much deeper. What happened to the jewels passed down from one generation to the next? The solid old heads ... it's only a few left. Whatever happened to "true friendship?" Which is the glue that hold alliances together. That bond that could withstand the worst kind of weather. That sense of pride and understanding. The equal playing field no one demanding. What happened to those moments that use to freeze in time. Our sacred thoughts that connected with the divine. What happened to the good ol' times, the family gatherings, the joy and laughter. What happened to mind over matter? Strength & resilience, poise and brilliance. Strong wills manifesting their own destinies. What happened to the true ingredient of family that use to be carried out so effortlessly?

What happened to the stand up men? Those who fought for a righteous cause. The fathers and the ones with balls. Whatever happened to principles and standards? What happened to daddy's

little girl? For she seem to have lost her worth & innocence in the cold world. What happened to the important questions? What happened to seeking knowledge? I thought it was a weapon? What happened to discipline and those vital lessons? They say "we only have three type of people in this world: Those who make things happen, the ones who watch things happen and those who wonders what the "F" just happened?" For now I'll take the place of those who wonders "What Just Happened?" For some one have to ask these questions. Questions leads us to the answers to life. And if we fail to find out soon the results will not be nice. So ask yourself: "What Happened?" And be man/woman enough to step up to the plate. Each one of us have the power to correct, direct and select our fate.

**\*What Happened?\***

**Author-Hakeem Wholeheartedly  
aka \*Tuffy\***

"An Ode to Obama"

By Hakeem 7X Butler

You are the dawn of a new  
days awakening. The epoch of this  
day and generation. You  
are the voice for the  
voiceless, hope for the hopeless,  
the keen eyes for the blind &  
the crutch for the cripple. You are  
supreme mind & profound power.  
Obama you are the epitome of a real man.  
A quintessential & phenomenal man.  
A man of family, respect, determination  
education, patience & dedication.  
You are the conqueror of the  
unfathomable. You are possible  
because impossible is nothing. Obama  
you are the undaunting & kindred spirit  
of millions, the inspirational  
courage of every doubtful child  
in America & abroad. You are the  
manifestation of Dr. King's dream.  
Not a dream deterred, but a dream  
captured, a dream of & for those  
too shy & afraid to dream because  
of injustice & discrimination.  
A dream many thought would  
never be in this time & age.  
President Obama you are the defining  
moment, a moment of historic  
beauty. You are substance ... motivation  
you could feel in & outside of your aura.  
That push, the chants & whispers  
that says: "yes we can!  
Yes we will!". You are

a path & footsteps to greatness.  
Obama you are greatness!  
The apex of a true role  
model, the paragon of sound  
character and change. You  
are change, not in its  
mundane sense, but in its  
true sense. You are that  
sense of belonging, not that we  
have arrived, moreso that we are  
arriving. Obama you are the hallmark  
and gateway of a powerful &  
improved movement, the appreciation  
of the often unappreciated & the  
molder of a proud culture.  
The leader of the free  
world. You are too ...  
a friend, a brother, a husband,  
a father & a son with  
Dreams of your father.

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**BEYOND THIS WORLD**

WHERE DESPAIR WAS IS NOW HOPE.  
WHERE A FROWN SET IS NOW A SMILE.  
WHERE DEATH FREQUENT IS NOW LIFE.  
WHERE HATE RESIDED IS NOW LOVE.  
WHERE IGNORANCE DWELLED IS NOW KNOWLEDGE.  
WHERE DARKNESS LINGERED IS NOW LIGHT.  
WHERE WAR & CHAOS OCCURRED IS NOW PEACEFUL.  
WHERE RECKLESSNESS PREVAILED IS NOW CARE.  
WHERE FEAR GREW IS NOW COURAGE.  
WHERE PRISONS WERE BUILT ARE NOW COLLEGES.  
WHERE EVIL VESTED IS NOW THE WORK OF GOOD.  
WHERE THE DEVIL LIVED IS NOW THE HOME OF GOD.  
BUT WHERE IS THIS PLACE? NO WHERE IN THIS WORLD!!

HAKEEM WHOLEHEARTEDLY

## That's What's Up!"

If you can identify with your own & never afraid to be alone...  
That's what's up!  
If you prefer substance over style & is patient enough to wait  
awhile... That's what's up!  
If you function with dignity & can share your serenity... That's  
what's up!  
If you can give your own definition of thorough & not be deluded  
by everybody else concept of real... That's what's up!  
If you can take care of your children & not be an insane  
villain... That's what's up!

IF you're not materialist & or pessimistic... That's what's  
up!  
If you overstand diversity & never ever fold the face of  
adversity... That's what's up!  
If you can do things strickly from the kindness of your heart  
& could defuse a problem before it even start... That's what's  
up!  
If you're a person of truth & know how vital it is to guide  
the youth... That's what's up!  
If you ride for your peeps while they are in jail & can withstand  
pressure & never tell... That's what's up!  
If you know your opposition & is striding to get in a better  
position... That's what's up!  
If you respectfully respect your elders & can see everybody  
on top & not be jealous... That's what's up!  
If you feel the rain & can endure the qualities of pain... That's  
what's up!  
If you know what it is like to be brought up in poverty & still  
view education as a commodity... That's what's up!  
If you are focus & mature & don't view our sista's as being  
whores... That's what's up!  
If you're man enough to lead, secure enough to follow & never  
let the small stuff bother you... That's what's up!  
If you understand your heritage & believe what you believe &  
can do away with accepting some other cultures creed... That's  
what's up!  
If you live in the moment simultaneously planning your future  
& will never let someone abuse ya... That's what's up!  
If you're a stand up guy & rather be casual than fly... That's  
what's up!  
If you overcame strife & can still live your daily life... That's  
what's up!  
If you're strong like a wrestler & is not easily manipulated  
like the rest of us... That's what's up!  
If you're reading this poem & feeling it strong... That's what's  
up!

Seven aka Tuffy.

Inspired By Originality.

9/22/04

**\*What's The Point?\***

What's the point in having knowledge that you don't use, or having power that you would abuse?

What's the point in having friends, when in your time of need they are never there, or having family members who truly don't care?

What's the point in being brave when you still have fears, or making a stance of being all cried out when you still shed tears?

What's the point in being loved when you can't return the deed, or ask for advice from another and won't take heed?

What's the point in being mature, yet you have no patience, or being a man/woman and can't fulfill the obligation?

What's the point in being religious when you are controlled by Satan, or appearing wise when you fall so easily for manipulation?

What's the point in having vision without sight, or being connected to the struggle, though too afraid to fight?

What's the point of being on point when you are un-aware, or having wealth, yet too selfish to share?

What's the point in being honest when you know you still lie, or having dreams about being great, yet you never try?

What's the point in being surrounded by wisdom that you never seek, or appearing strong, but deep down inside you are really weak?

What's the point of seeming real when you are a fake, or saying you're trustworthy when you know you are a snake?

What's the point in holding on when you have no strength, or puttin' yourself on a pedestal knowing you're not on the length?

What's the point in having offsprings that you can't raise, or having a God that you don't praise?

**\*What's The Point?\***

Author-Hakeem Wholeheartedly  
aka \*Tuffy\*

P.P. There's a fine line between being a realist & a pessimist!!!

SOME PEOPLE

SOME PEOPLE ARE REAL,  
SOME PEOPLE HAVE APPEAL.

SOME PEOPLE ARE CONSCIOUS,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE OBNOXIOUS.

SOME PEOPLE WILL ABUSE LOVE,  
SOME PEOPLE RATHER BE GANGSTA'S & THUGS.

SOME PEOPLE ARE LONELY,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE PHONY.

SOME PEOPLE FOLD UNDER PRESSURE,  
SOME PEOPLE CAN'T WAIT TO TEST 'YA.

SOME PEOPLE ARE STRONG,  
SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO BE ALONE.

SOME PEOPLE SEEK KNOWLEDGE,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE CALLOUS.

SOME PEOPLE LOVE TO SMILE,  
SOME PEOPLE CAN'T HELP BUT TO BE WILD.

SOME PEOPLE ARE GREAT,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE SNAKES.

SOME PEOPLE WOULD LEAD YOU,  
SOME PEOPLE WILL NEVER BE TRUE.

SOME PEOPLE ARE VERY SANE,  
SOME PEOPLE CAN NOT MAINTAIN.

SOME PEOPLE ARE IN YOUR LIFE FOR A REASON,

SOME PEOPLE ARE ONLY THERE FOR A SEASON.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE PRIDE,  
SOME PEOPLE LACK DRIVE.

SOME PEOPLE ENJOY PAIN,  
SOME PEOPLE CAN'T STAND THE RAIN.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE YOUR INTEREST AT HEART,  
SOME PEOPLE MAY SEE YOU AS A MARK.

SOME PEOPLE ARE DIRTY,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE WORTHY.

SOME PEOPLE CHERISH FREEDOM,  
SOME PEOPLE WILL NEGLECT YOU WHEN YOU NEED THEM.

SOME PEOPLE WOULD DIE FOR A CAUSE,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE MORALLY LOST.

SOME PEOPLE ARE VERY INACTIVE,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE VERY ATTRACTIVE.

SOME PEOPLE ARE DECISIVE,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE THE NICEST.

SOME PEOPLE SPEAK BEYOND THEIR ABILITY TO PRODUCE,  
SOME PEOPLE WILL GUIDE YOU WITH THE TRUTH.

SOME PEOPLE ARE EVIL,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE ONLY AROUND WHEN THEY NEED YOU.

SOME PEOPLE USE & ABUSE DRUGS,  
SOME PEOPLE WILL GIVE YOU COUNTERFEIT HUGS.

SOME PEOPLE ARE INDEPENDENT,

SOME PEOPLE DWELL IN NON-SENSE.

SOME PEOPLE ARE WRONGFULLY CONVICTED,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE NATURALLY GIFTED.

SOME PEOPLE HEART'S ARE COLD,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE YOUNG, WITH OLD SOULS.

SOME PEOPLE STUDY THEIR SELF,  
SOME PEOPLE WOULD SELL THEIR SOULS FOR WEALTH.

SOME PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A MAN,  
SOME PEOPLE WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND.

SOME PEOPLE HONOR THEIR WORDS,  
SOME PEOPLE FLIP THEM BIRDS.

SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST STAND UP GUYS,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE WRONGFULLY JUDGED BY THE POLITICAL EYE.

SOME PEOPLE WILL LET YOU DOWN,  
SOME PEOPLE WILL NEVER BE SAFE & SOUND.

SOME PEOPLE IDENTIFIES WITH THEIR CULTURE,  
SOME PEOPLE ARE VULTURES.

ALL IN ALL, SOME PEOPLE HAVE DECENT QUALITIES,  
SOME PEOPLE WILL NEVER SEE REALITY.

INSPIRED BY: DISTINCTION.

BY: HAKEEM WHOLEHEARTEDLY,  
(A.K.A. SEVEN)

**\*IT WAS ALL SO SIMPLE THEN\***

The grass was much greener, the flowers seemed more beautiful, the trees were full as well, they even let us play on them. Our hearts and souls were so innocent, our smiles were pure. Yeah, we stayed happy. We were so young back then and so adventurous. We would play football and basketball all day sometimes without a care or worry in the world. Our biggest responsibility was cleaning our rooms or doing our homework before we were allowed outside to play. We never feared that this sharp edge world our Mothers tried to warn us about and protect us from would come slicing down into the hearts of our dreams. We would hooky school and hop the el and go down town to steal from the candy and toys stores. We would stay the night over each other's cribs and play video games all night. Those were the days, the hours, the times and the moments, were they not?!?!?

Remember how we use to tag our names in the exits and ride up and down on top of the elevators. We use to throw rocks at our old heads from the roofs of the buildings. Remember Buzzy with his wild and crazy self? When he passed away apart of our souls went with him. He was the first true friend we loss. I miss our dear friend Buzz. I know you remember our dog Missy and how she use to eat cats. We were too small to pull her off of them, so we use to leave and come back and the whole cat would be gone. How bout the Easter we all dressed up alike. We had a ball too! The grass was much greener, the flowers seemed more beautiful and the trees were full as well. It was all so simple then. Those were the days, the hours, the times and moments in which I miss and appreciate dearly.

We use to play catch a girl, get a girl and grind on them until we caught blue balls. (Smile). Remember the resentment we would feel whenever one of us went to play with another childhood friend? As much as we argued we never did fight, I mean never! Most people can recall fighting their best friend at least once,

but you and I never did entertain the thought. Oh! Remember how we use to ride the back of the bus and ice cream trucks for fun. Reflecting back on it now, the things we did for fun was actually dangerous. How about the time I fell off that van, the lump on my head was crazy big. You helped me conjure up a lie to tell to my Mom. We told her I fell off a swing. (smile).

Remember how we use to go to bible studies just to get the cookies & juice?! We were wild with our styles. It is my wish that those days, hours, times and moments could have lasted forever. Johnny, who would have guessed that we would have grew up being misunderstood, misled, miseducated and misrepresented? No matter what Pee, we were born innocent! Total and complete products of our environment. Everything we were or developed into was because of situational and circumstantial pressure. It's funny how time changes. What ever the case, you would always be my best friend and I would never forget your smile. I will live with you in my heart forever and I will never forget the simple things, the silly stuff you did or said. Your memory would always be fresh like yesterday because tomorrow never dies. For it was all so simple then, and I trust that those who know you, love you and appreciate you, will always know you, love you and appreciate you for who and what you were ... simply put. ;) I LOVE YOU  
BEYOND DEATH HOMIE.

Love always,  
\*\*\*Tuffy\*\*\*

P.s. In loving memory of the good ol' days & my main man JP.  
\*R.I.P Johnny\*



## "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSUASION"

HAKEEM 7X

THE POWER OF PERSUASION AND COERCION IS A FORCE AND ELEMENT TO BE COMPLETELY AWARE OF BECAUSE ONE CAN SO EASILY FALL VICTIM TO ITS VICE OR AGENDA. POWER AND FORCE IS POWER AND FORCE NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT. THE UNDERLINED ISSUE IS HOW A PERSON HOLDS UP UNDER SAID EXTREMES. NOTE, YOU TAKE POWER FROM A THING OR PERSON WHEN YOU REFUSE BY ALL MEANS TO SURRENDER TO SUCH A THING OR PERSON. FOR INSTANCE, IF A GUARD TELLS YOU TO LOCK IT THE FUCK IN, HE IS ASSERTING AND EXERCISING HIS POWER OVER YOU. BUT IF YOU REFUSE TO LOCK IT IN, YOU ARE TAKING HIS POWER AWAY FROM HIM. SAME THING WITH MENTAL PERSUASION AND COERCION. IT IS ONLY AS STRONG AS THE MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OR CAPABILITIES OF THE PERSON BEING PERSUADED OR COERCED TO DO SOMETHING THAT IS AGAINST HIS WILL, BETTER JUDGEMENT, OR NATURE.

LETS TAKE AN INTERROGATOR FOR EXAMPLE. THE GREATEST WEAPON AN INTERROGATOR HAS AT HIS DISPOSAL IS THE POWER OF THE MIND WHICH CAN STRATEGICALLY MANIPULATE A PRISONER BY A WAY OF GUILT, SHAME, FEAR, RESENTMENT, FORGIVENESS, PUNISHMENT OR REWARD. IT IS SAID THAT "ANY NORMAL PERSON BEING INTERROGATED FOR A LONG PERIOD OF TIME WILL EVENTUALLY BREAK." BUT WHAT MAKES ONE BREAK UNDER SUCH EXTREMES WHILE OTHERS DON'T? I AM NOT A PSYCHOLOGIST, BUT I DO HAVE A MUNDANE UNDERSTANDING OF PSYCHOLOGY. PSYCHOLOGY IS SIMPLY THE SCIENCE OF THE MIND, EMOTIONS, AND BEHAVIOR. PRIMARILY THE EMOTIONAL CHARACTERISTICS & BEHAVIOR ASSOCIATED WITH AN INDIVIDUAL. SO SUCH A SCENE DEPENDS SOLELY ON THE INDIVIDUALS ABILITY TO BE AS PSYCHOLOGICALLY STABLE (UNBENDING) UNDER THE TACTICS AND PRESSURES OF THE INTERROGATOR. FOR HIS MAIN AIM IS TO TAKE CONTROL OF BOTH THE SIMPLEST AND MOST COMPLICATED NERVOUS PATTERNS OF MAN. ONCE THIS IS ACCOMPLISHED THE PROCESS TAKES A DRAMATIC TURN IN THE REAL CULPRITS FAVOR. ANY TALE TELL SIGN OF WEAKNESS IS LIKE BLOOD TO A SHARK. IT BECOMES A FOCAL POINT. THESE PEOPLE ARE MASTERS OF THEIR CRAFT AND THE AVERAGE PERSON MAY FALL SHORT OF HAVING A FIRM MENTAL FACULTY TO SURMOUNT OVER SAID TEST OR MENTAL BATTLE. BECAUSE IT IS TRULY THE BATTLE OF THE MINDS.

A RECENT STUDY FOUND THAT SOME MEN MAY BE MORE INCLINED TO HOLD FIRM WHILE BEING PHYSICALLY TORTURED FOR INFORMATION, BUT YET, GIVE IN SO EASILY FOR A REWARD. IN CONTRAST, OTHERS MAY STAND STEADFAST FROM GIVING INFORMATION BY THE LURE OR SWAY OF A REWARD, BUT WOULD BREAK WHILE BEING PHYSICALLY PUNISHED. IT'S A TRICKY DYNAMIC WHEN THOUGHT ABOUT MAY BOGGLE THE MINDS OF MEN. WHATEVER THE CASE, NO ONE DOES ANYTHING WITHOUT A REASON OR INCENTIVE. TAKE A PERSON WHO DOESN'T CHERISH THEIR FREEDOM AND PUT THEM IN A SITUATION TO WHERE THEIR FREEDOM IS IN DANGER, IN FEAR OF LOSING THEIR FREEDOM SOME WOULD TELL ON THEIR ACCOMPLICE FOR A REWARD OF A LIGHTER SENTENCE OR THEIR FREEDOM. GRANTED, A MANS FREEDOM MEANS A LOT TO HIM EVEN WHEN HE'S TRULY UNAWARE OF IT, IT IS JUST AT THAT MOMENT IT MEANS MORE. A PERSON WOULD EITHER DO ONE OR TWO THINGS IN A SITUATION LIKE THAT: THEY WOULD EITHER SAVE THEIR FACE (DIGNITY, RESPECT & HONOR) AND RISK THEIR ASS, OR SAVE THEIR ASS AND LOSE THEIR FACE. TO TAKE THIS ROUTE MEANS FALLING TO A LEVEL BELOW SHIT BY DOING ONE OF THE WORST THINGS KNOWN TO MAN. (RATTING), BECAUSE YOU CAN NEVER COME BACK FROM IT.

IN CONCLUSION, ALTHOUGH PERSUASION, COERCION AND MANIPULATION IS THE ULTIMATE AGENT OF SWAYING SOMEONE TO COME UNGLUED, THE ILL DEED IS STILL THE ILL DEED NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT. YET, YOU STILL HAVE SOME, MAINLY FEMALES WHO LOOK PAST SUCH AN ACT. THE BEST WAY TO CIRCUMVENT FALLING VICTIM TO THIS FORCE IS TO DEVELOP A SOLID PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE STURDY ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THE POWER AND VICE OF PERSUASION AND COERCION. LIKE I MENTIONED EARLIER, YOU TAKE POWER FROM A THING OR PERSON WHEN YOU REFUSE TO GIVE IN TO THAT THING OR PERSON. AS MEN OF THE STREETS WE MUST HAVE MENTAL POWER TO MIRROR OUR STREET STATURE. MINE YOU, EVERYTHING IS MENTAL SO DON'T BECOME SO ACCUSTOM TO JUST THE PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF OUR EXISTENCE, BECAUSE IF WE RELY SOLELY ON THIS LEVEL WE MAY BE PUT IN A SITUATION THAT REQUIRES MENTAL POWER TO OVERCOME AND DEAL WITH MENTAL POWER AND SUBSEQUENTLY SUCCUMB TO IT. THE KEY IS TO BECOME A MENTAL GIANT OPPOSED TO A MENTAL TODDLER.

FOOTNOTE: BE MENTALLY STRONG ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH AND FACE ANY AND EVERYTHING LIFE THROWS YOUR WAY. FOR IS A SIGN OF BEING A MAN. TO BE FOREWARNED IS TO BE FOREARMED.

## **“An Overview of the Self-Destructive Inclinations of the Youth”**

By Brother Hakeem 7X. Butler

Self-destruction is a negative attitude, behavior, vice, habit, deed or characteristic that gradually or rapidly destroys the makeup of an individual. The self of an individual is the most intimate part of their being, and anything a person does good or bad, is ultimately a reflection of their internal and external characteristic. According to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, the term or word self-destruction means to destroy oneself, which has an association with being suicidal. Suicidal being dangerous, especially to life or destructive to one's own interest.

To further analyze the self-destructive attitudes, behaviors, vices, deeds, and characteristics of the youth, it is imperative to expose the root of these detrimental functions. Which could be unearthed in the youths' perpetual dealings in ignorance. To operate from a position of ignorance is indeed a mental death. For this state or mental handicap is indicative of the war path that they are partaking in. A path devoid of mercy and meaning. Add to this a lack of education, no guidance, no sense of esteem (worth and value), peer pressure, the lack of positive role models in the urban communities, and in large part, the negative influences of the ghettos. Poverty, which brings with it a host of negative attributes.

To note, a person would either do one of two things in a negative environment, they would either become the environment, subsequently the surroundings become them, or they would rise above and beyond their environment. This is possible, but how many of our young men and women get caught in the web of drug addiction, crime, and violence? How many of our young men and women are dropping out of school and turning to the streets to make ends meet? How many of them are being given up on? So this self-destructive path becomes their reality. Children only care what you think when they think that you care. If they believe that no one cares, they would stop trying to make a difference or make an attempt to escape the gardens of doom (ghettos). When this happens, they would mimic the harsh surroundings in which they find themselves stuck. Thus, developing a dog devour dog mentality. This mentality is so detrimental that they lose their true identity and self-worth. Any form of recklessness is carelessness, which is suicidal and destructive to oneself or interest.

Most of the youth on this carefree and suicidal path have lost the ability to love, not only themselves, but their peers as well. This is why they could kill someone in cold blood and

not think twice about it. They are not only throwing their lives away, they don't value the lives and freedoms of others. The lack of love and care are major factors in their inability to see and do what is deemed right and necessary. Because of this inability, they not only become violent and hateful to one another, they also become stagnated, hopeless, irresponsible and thoughtless, which prohibits them from doing what is right and necessary. Anyone who operates from a position of hatred is a perilous person, because those emotions of hate can so easily turn into actions.

In addition, in order to accomplish anything in life, one must first have a vision of it. Being as though the youth who are existing and functioning on a level of moral fault are devoid of a vision of what it means to be a decent, respectful, responsible and law-abiding human being, they don't know what it takes to turn it around. The vision of decent life and better way of living is so foreign to them, the simple thought of it may frighten them. The question should be asked: What's worse than being born blind? Being born with sight and no vision. The lack of compassion in their hearts and the vision absent from their minds are self-destructive because they take on a life form of themselves; in terms of characteristics and behaviors that are formed from those two detrimental extremes.

I would be remiss if I didn't touch on the subculture of violence fueled by the shoot 'em up bang-bang hip hop lyrics the youth are being raised by. This subculture of self-hatred contributes to the negative images they are falsely creating of themselves. For they idolize these gangsta rappers so much that they start glorifying and practicing the brutality expressed in their lyrics. Gangster rappers, with their sexualized, misogynistic, and often violent lyrics, are poisoning their young minds so much that they are measuring their man/womanhood by how many people they shoot, beat up, and have sex with. This is the standard for them because no one else has shown them or took the time to tell them anything different. This subculture of guns, violence, gangs, and crime is plaguing the urban communities at an alarming rate. For it has become a lifestyle or social norm for them. Because they are so impressionable, they believe it's hip to carry and use guns, it's a practice of fun and games to beat up others, they believe they get status by the number of sexual partners they have, it's fly to drop out of school, etc., etc. For they are conditioned to think and behave in this fashion.

It is time to reeducate and rededicate ourselves to our youth. This could be done by giving them a more positive outlook on life. Let them know that manhood and womanhood is

not an outward expression and can't be found in the bedroom, or by how many people they shoot, kill, or beat up. Let them know that the standard for man/womanhood is shouldering responsibilities and making sound decisions. They must be taught that they are leaders and not followers. They have to be told they have a meaning and a purpose in life, and they have to push forward to make sure that that purpose is fulfilled. Instill in them that they are highly capable of achieving any and everything they put their minds to. Everything a child or the youth does is learned behavior. Granted, the exposure of sex, drugs, and violence is prevalent not only in urban surroundings, but in mainstream America as well. Yet and still, the youth is our future, and it is up to the parents and elders to take charge by being suitable role models and teachers. To give up on them is to give up on the future. For we are just as responsible for their self-destructive inclinations as they are. The task ahead is not going to be an easy one. Anything great that has ever been accomplished has not come easily. It's time to roll up our sleeves and sharpen our minds. It's time to start reaching and teaching the youth. Anything else would prove to be uncivilized.