

EMDAER ^{©2013} _{vol.1}

Selected Verse & Lyrics by

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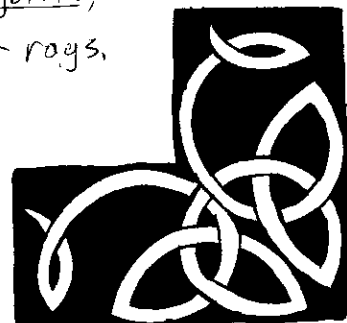
on 18 February 2013

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I came to prison hating writing, deeming it effeminate. After writing 10,000 pages of legal papers (plus), I saw the need to master the language I used, the heart of which is poetry. What I deem some of my best work is enclosed.

I've had poems published in Hummingbird, The Angolite, and on various web-sites & in various newsletters & rags.

My verbal I.Q. on the WAIS-III is 145, which you can verify on my forenoted blog
 Mostly Non-fiction



These are for all the girls I've loved before. If you think you might have been one, you were.

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The Best Bard Behind Bars

I was the best bard behind bars,
Then learned t' whistle such a sweet tune
That it'd melt the coldest heart,
Make any warden's wife swoon.

Oh, yes, my verses are
So magically delicious,
They called a genie from afar
'N' made him grant four wishes.

Three I spent on treats.
With the last I made a guard
Collapse into a heap.
Then it wasn't hard, for me
T' take away his keys

Now you know why I'm
The best bard who is free!

In Memory of Bob Younger

Don't weep for me,
As I slip into this final sleep.
For, while awake,
I chased my dreams
On fast and furious feet!
Fearing not to take
Money others worked to make
And, with it, fund my short journey.
I was 'customed t' life's bitter taste,
So cherished more the rare stolen bits of sweet,
'Til fate ceased my feast.

Now, my few pleasures and many aches,
Like everything, eventually, they dis-
Appear into the same abyss
Into which I now sink.

But don't weep for me,
Though I fall.
Weep for those
Who've never lived at all!

29 Tumors

From the present,
Old memories make no
Be sense

I remember you
standing in your backyard,
savoring from your mug

Liquor, as if no one knew

And smugly g

inning,

Realizing

You knew more than I could,

as cocksure as I was.

That kid still lives

On, sorta, in prison, while y

ou

lay, wasted

Even worse than

You — arthritic, caustic, herniated, combed over

& yet as strong-willed as Satan — once were.

Look at it like this. It

Only took 29 tumors to

Reign you in.

Impressive, I say.

Nate A. Lindell

A sweet-smelling rose
yawns open her petals
between them a bee bumbles

An agate turtle,
In my palm
calmly blinks,
wondering, I think,
"why's this monkey holding me?"

Don't bother trying to play
Monopoly™
in prison.

In the darkness,
dream's cocoon,
I lose and find
myself.

Her visage
crowned by swan's down,
shines such a soul,
through clear winter-blue eyes,
that singing birds
spring
from a long-frozen heart.

Can You Call A Genie From Afar?

If love is a precipice,
Then I've stood upon its summit.
Distracted by the view,
I slipped,
I fell,
And no one heard my yell,
Until I came across you.
Like a ledge my finger tips gripped.

My soul feels so battered, bruised....
You say it shows,
But that you can help.
You tell me there's hope
And offer yourself

What?
Do you have a pill
That can cure this broken heart?
Or can you call a genie from afar?
'Cause it would take a wish
To remove the scars
That loss of love's carved.

Do you dare come close
To a man as broke as me?
I know it's been told
Heartache's a contagious disease.

Oh, I'm so tired of the cold
That comes to us lonely,
And your lips look warm and sweet....

Tell me,
Do you have a pill
That can cure this broken heart?
Or can you call a genie from afar?
Cause baby I sure wish
To heal the hardened scars
That lack of love's left.

Okay, if you insist,
I'll give your gift a try.
A tender touch from your lips,
And — as if every star shot across the sky —
I got my wish.

Who'd've thought a simple kiss
Could save my life?

I didn't need a pill
To cure my broken heart.
How can I feel ill
With you in my arms?

Time Passes Slowly, When You're Lonely

Time passes slowly,
When you're-loooonely,
Like I I I I aaaaam.

All I wanted
Was for you t' hooooold me,
To consooole me,
In this empty world I'm in.

When you went away,
I felt like dyyyin'.
So many made a play,
But I knew they were all lyin'.
Yeah, I know the game.

I wish this song had a happy end
— God knows I'm tryin'.
I wish you'd come back and then
I could stop cryin'.
But the truth that I've found and I hate
Is that loneliness must be my fate;
That I'm cursed with a heart meant to break,
And though lovin' you was a mistake,
It's something I simply can't chaaaaange!

So, I sit on my couch and I stare
Through someone who should've been there,
At the hands of the clock on my wall,
Wond'rin' why they move hardly at all
— It isn't straaaaaange,
Because:

Time passes sloooowly,
When you're loooonely,
Like I I I I aaam

Yeah.

Time passes sloooowly,
When you're loooonely,
Like I I I I aaam.

Nobody Loved Me

When I was young,
I had no one.
I show me how I love 'em.
Didn't have no friends,
Didn't have no woman,
Didn't have a mom or a dad.
Grew up in various foster homes,
Each worse than the last. Ho!
So, when I'd grown up,
I didn't give a fuck
About any o-o-one. No!

So, when I was broke,
I got me a gun,
I got me a mask,
Robbed me a bank,
'N' some others real fast
And, when a cop came
I

SHOT
HIM
DEEEEEAD!

Got caught
'N' 'm on Death Rowww!

Oh, noo-body loved me!
I felt such miseryyyy!
Yeah, noo-body loved me!
So I loved no-bod-yyy.

Now I know,
Some o' you folks

Prob'ly think I'm baaaad.
And you hope
That th' end o' this song
Tells you I got gaaaassed.

Nope!

Thanks to a rope,
Tied around my neee-eck.
Even at my doom,
It's t' my own tune
That I danced!

Oh, noo-body loved me!
I felt such miseryyyy!
Yeah, noo-body loved me.
So I loved me-bod-yyy.

Yeah, noo-body loved me
I felt such miseryyyy!
Nooo-body loved me!
And now I'm his-tor-yyy.

A ray of sun,
So strong,
It shined through
The opaque glass
Of my cell's window,
Gloriously illu-
minating my room.
Eagerly I waited for
The angel
Thusly annunciated
And her hopeful story,
Which couldn't come too soon!
But none came.
And, in a moment,
The golden light faded,
'Til night replaced the noon.

If I Had a Soul

After I was born,
So many things I've seen,
Ev'ry kind of horror,
Felt pain in its extreme.
But I can't feel no more

Oh, if I had a soul,
If I had a soul,
It'd sure be sore.

Not certain when it died,
But I've got an ide'.
Back when I 's 'n the fourth grade,
'N' I came home from school,
I found my momma lay'in'
Dazed, drownin' on her drool.

Oh, if I had a soul,
If I had a soul,
Findin' my momma over-dosed,
Woulda been it's death fo' sure.

Who my daddy is,
I've no way to know.
Momma told me many things,
But rarely the truth spoke.
Said my father was a rapist,
But momma was a whore.

Oh, if I had a soul,
If I had a soul,

It couldn't've come
From my progenitors.

By the time I'd grown,
Feelin' empty inside,
I decided t' hitch a ride
Down the outlaw road.
Soon I found the fork,
Where I left a body lie
— A switched-place suicide.

Oh, but if I'd had a soul,
If I'd had a soul,
Who knows what I'd be?
I bet that man'd still breathe.

But I'm imprisoned 'n' growin' old,
No chance o' bein' paroled.
Though it might've saved my mind
'N' spares me the mis'ry of doin' time,
I regret lettin' my soul die,
Wish it was still alive.

Because, if I had a soul,
Oh, if I had a soul....
But the Powers that be say I don't.
That's it 'n' locked my door.

If there was a Wizard of Oz,
At the end of a Yellow Brick Road,
I wouldn't for a minute pause,
But on a journey'd go,
T' ask him for my soul.

Yeah, if I had a soul,
I'd click my heels with my eyes closed,
There's no place like my soul,
If I only had my soul....

Would it then be possible
For tears of love to flow?

Nate A. Lindell

Poet
try
to
crack
souls

Between sleep and awakening,
the seasons.

All's still.

Thick air promises rain,
chilled.

Pale blue sky

spills through my window;

Now are the deepest dreams dreamt.

Up and in
through a jungle
of stainless-steel vines,
two sparrows
seek their nest sight
in wire
that confines.

Toes curled in
giggling
from momma's tickling.
She's smiling too.
Da Vinci couldn't
render them.

Young robin screams for love
under a growling sky,
his eye desperate.

Here in Backwards World
Forgiveness is for "fags,"
Being happy is forbidden,
And the warden's immoraler than the inmates.

In Backwards World,
In Boscobel, Wisconsin,
Isolation cures the ills
Not cured by the psycho's pills,
Most of those let out reoffend,
While lifers wish we were them.

In Backwards World,
Intelligence is feared.
The staff'd rather see us stupid and shit smeared,
Or otherwise wretchedly weird,
Than calmly writing poetry.
Here, my struggle for gracious change
Is struggled against
By the D.O.C. gang.

In this backwards zoo,
When I'm attacked
And do nothing back,
I'm locked up too.

In Backwards World
Everyone believes
"This is the way it must be."
I know they're deceived,
But there's more of them than me,
And the force of their belief
Fulfills their prophecy.

Who My Muse Is

Please don't think me masochistic,
I've resist'd all her kisses,
But my life isn't as I'd have wished it.
So this's who my muse is:

Refrain

She's tightly rolled up razor wire,
The screech of shattered dreams;
She's all the dark desires
Of those running this regime.

Though I desire to delight,
Her spite for all that's bright
Often infects the words I write.
My muse — her grip's so tight!

Sometimes I find a way through,
I find a grounds to smile,
And pen a pleasant poem or two,
Which she fails to defile.

Rising above the reality
That I'll never be freed,
Simply preserving my sanity,
My muse makes heroic deeds
That, usually,
Sadly end tragically.

She's fences 'twined with razor wire
And their tips' accusing gleams.
She's the force 'f all man's ill desires
Focussed hotly on me,
Like a black-light lozer beam.

We Jailin'

Quit talkin loud?!
Is you crazy?!
Motha fucka,
Where you think you is?!
We jailin'!
This ain't no Hilton!
You wanna sleep, then
You betta get on medication!

What?! You can't think?!
Ain't no need to!
Jus' turn on the tube.
"Jerry Springer"'s on,
So get yo' laugh on
We's in the clink, fool!
Oh, I see!
You think yo' betta than me,
'Cause I can't read?!
You wan' a beatin'?!
Yeah, take it with a grin.
We jailin'!

What, you miss yo' family?
Hey, smile — you got me!
I'll be yo' daddy,
An' you can play the mommy;
'Less you can outfight me
Or stick a knife in me
Then be a lifer like me.

Naaaw, betta jus' check into P.C.
Or pay me for safety.
I'll take yo' meal tray.
An' don't be tellin'
Yeah, now we jailin'!

See these bars?
We caged!
These scars mark where our souls was.
Now we slaves!
Hey, Kunta — what's yo' new name?
It's TOBY!
So, don't be actin' uppity!
We jailin'!

I know what massa expects of me
So follow my lead!
'N' don't be frettin'
'Bout losin' yo' dignity
'Cause we ain't no longa human bein's.
We jailin'!

A dark mood consumes me,
It's as if the sun has fled.
Evil spirits are looming,
In the spaces angels left.

Around me, insanity's drooling;
I can smell its stinking breath.
Wonder how much longer I can fool it,
Though it hasn't bit me yet.

There's only one cure I know of:
Love's caring caress.
But she's forbidden here,
So inevitably I regress.

They've painted me into a corner,
The Powers that Be.
I wanted to be a lover,
But they chose my destiny

They've painted me into a corner,
With other people's help.
I'm not naturally a loner,
But I'm here all by myself.

They've painted me into a corner,
There's no exit I can see.
I've no choice but to be a warrior,
To fight against the Beast.

Bi-Polar 'n' Sensory Deprived

Theme song by the Righteous Bros,
Lamenting lost love,
Plays in waves
Of tone,
As images of impossible paintings
And ideas for prison inventions
(Paint brushes made of beard)
And the comforting thought of
a magnum under my chin
Swim and drown
In my thoughts;
And I think of how good I'd feel
If I could cry,
While wondering why,
As withered as I am,
I go on living;
What I'm so anxious to do,
Trapped in this box,
With so few tools!

It's Not Your Fault

It's not your fault,

You social workers who came to my home.

No, you didn't know what went on,

After you'd gone.

All you saw was mother's show;

So, what could you really do?

It's not mother's fault,

She struggled to pull us through,

As best she knew,

With the limited tools,

Passed down from her folks.

It's not my father's fault,

A man who never appeared.

Nor my step-father's,

Because he was sick upstairs.

It's a peculiar corollary

How, in this, I'm similar

To so many others in here.

It's not your fault,

You dozens of teachers I met at school,

Whom, to, I was but one of hundreds of students,

One of a few with bad attitudes,

Which you wrongly assumed

Was due to an attention-deficit sickness,

Easily treated with two tiny pills.

You weren't trained as psychiatrists,

So it's understandable that you didn't get

That the true cause of my despair,
Why my mind, sometimes, wasn't there,
Was because it was distracted by my lifemare.

It's not your fault,
School blindance counsellors,
And the many administrators,
Who sentenced me to detention.
Oh, you lucky fools, ignorant and insensitive
Of the childhood experiences
That stuck in my head like glue!
Jaded to pain and horror,
To me misery was normal
And your attempts at discipline a bore.

It's not your fault,
All you shrinks and counsellors I saw.
How could you be anything but blind
To what was going through my mind,
Why I got in so many fights,
Fled from sobriety,
And lashed out at a dull society
With, at first, petty crimes,
That worsened over time.
It's not your fault, but....
Damn, I wish you'd've realized what was wrong!
You two who had insight,
Only to be run off by my mom
—Thanks for trying.

It's not your fault,
You few false friends and lovers of mine,
Who, with your fickle, ignorant grins

Seemed to like my company
For your own selfish reasons.
You never knew nor cared for me
And abandoned me in time of need,
With ease.

You proved that I was right
To look at love with scorn,
Expecting ambushes around each corner.
Ahh, such relationships were the norm,
And I did fear being close...

It's not your fault,
You enforcers of the law
You, too,
Just did your jobs.

It's no one's fault,
Though many fingers pressed my clay,
None can be fairly blamed
For the way my personality was shaped,
For each sad choice I (?) made.
(Many because I was afraid),
Which led me to the fatal day
When an irrevocable mistake
Put me, 'til death, in a cage.

It's no one's fault. Everyone's excuse,
But mine, makes perfect sense.
I just wish someone knew
A better solution
Than this end.

Might be a curse
As it sure hurts
 walking barefoot through briars
Taking the "higher" road
 less travelled
Or is it low
 Cause spit + words + rocks
Drop
 on my head
Yet I know
They're not going anywhere
 that counts
Didn't even choose
Where they're going
 they just go
Why can't they see
Why I can't see
 the sense in blindness
 - At least one -
So I'm not alone.

Why am I
 alive
 still
and not Mr. Square
broken by a distracted
 driver
as both drove home
from work?
i'm just a convict
a nobody
 - from birth -
doing life in here
stupidly grabbing
 for truth
Cobwebs in a black basement
 bumping my bruised head

A Cry Into the Abyss

"How deep does this go?"

I call out,

But hear no echo.

I sense my voice absorbed:

a drop of water in a plate of pea soup

A thousand feet wide.

"Life is killing me!"

"Do you hear?"

I shout; my despair

Tears me apart like a pack of starved wolves.

I want to wash my soul in tears,

But can't get one to

let go,

Which only makes me want to cry more.

I stare deep into

its

nothing

with even less behind

wondering if I want to land

Look out! Law-abiding citizens... with
Their eyes closed, are marching stiff-legged, again,
On a mission to cleanse sin from the Heathen,
Which has us few hearted fearful for our Kith;

For those good citizens swing a wide scythe,
And for those dancing with shadows, they've a yen.
They hate all those romantics who've chosen
T' live contrary t' their cold, sterilized myth,

—That people must be, can be, perfect — and
Fear a flood of flesh and blood, blooming, that'll
Infect them w' th' disease of living, feeling.
Against this terrible foe they battle,
Millions and millions of them dying
Spiritually, by their own boney hand.

I'm Not a Good Slave

I'm not good

At living in a degraded state,

No matter that the 13th Amendment says it's okay!

Whips make me rage!

I won't bear a shackle

Because of one mistake

Or a thousand I might make

—so the would-be masters claim,

While doing worse in the state's name.

I'm not a good slave!

I was born to be free,

To be all that I can be,

Not be caged!

Just because most fail to feel

Their loss of liberty,

Doesn't make the bonds less real

For me!

I'm not a good slave!

This war I seem to have been thrust in

May not have a happy ending,

But I'll be glad if I still say,

With one foot in my grave:

"I'm not a good slave!"