

CONVERSATIONS ALONG MY WAY

BY

KEVIN D. PELZER

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S.C.I. @ GREENE/ DEATH ROW

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SUGAR & SPICE:

POETRY OF THE "THIRD-EYE AND LYRICAL HEART BEAT..."

TO ALL OF DA' DEF POET'S
THAT'S YET TO BE HEARD...

DEDICATIONS

This book is dedicated to all of the Def Poet's that struggle to be heard.

To my brown down brothaz and sistaz that keep an arsenal of tools in their back-packs, scribbled in well worn tattered composition notebooks... We be ready to mix chemical compounds, verbs and nouns of poetic formulas, poised to spit on any M-I-C.

Yeah, this one is dedicated to my dear true blue that keep a pen and note pad at their bed side... we roll over in the middle of the night, drop 16-bars or a Hiaku without even turning on the lights.

Babypaws, this one is for us --- the blessed ones with the third-eye and lyrical heart beat.

R.I.P. Robby, Kyle and Nanny.

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FRONT STOOP KIDDIE LOVE

Can you please stop?

Stop?

Do you want me to tell?

Do you want me to tell my Momma?

Momma?

Momma?

Can you please stop?

Stop?

Do you want me to tell?

Do you want me to tell Momma?

Momma?

Momma?

What?

Nevermind.

Do you want me to tell my Momma?

You won't tell!

So.

CHERRY RED

You want some?

Do you?

Do you?

Look?

Look at it?

Do you want some?

It looks good right?

Take some?

Just a little?

Take a little more?

Yeah, mmm mmm good right?

Stop ok?

Stop ok?

Don't drink all of my cherry red boy.

GONE WITH MOMMA

Momma Momma can I go?

Momma Momma can I go?

Momma please?

Momma pleeeeeeeese?

Thank you Momma, where are we going?

Where?

Momma Momma, what we going to
see about a dog that cannot bark for?

Momma Momma?

Momma Momma?

When are we going to leave?

Now?

Come on let's go Momma.

HIDE-N-GO-SEEK
W/ TRACEY RIVES

I found you didn't I?
Why you always hide here?
So I can't find you right?
I like you Tray... You my girlfriend?

Somebody coming?
Shhh!
Don't let them find us yet ok?
Please?

Can I have a kiss?
A little kiss?
Your Momma said don't kiss any boys?
Why?
Because good girls don't do that?
But you my girl right?
So can I have a kiss?

Kiss-Kiss

DOING IT

You got the red light?

You do?

Put it on ok?

You got the slow jamz?

You do?

Turn it on ok?

You ready to do it?

Yup?

Come on!

We gotta go just like this?

You can hug me some more?

We doing it now?

It feels good right?

Real good right?

Mmm Mmm good right?

Say it! Say it!

It's good?

What'z that spot on your pants?

You pee on yourself?

GOTCHA

You want to move there!

Do you!

You see that?

Bang. Bang. Bang. It would be over!

You don't want to move there?

Do you?

You see that?

Bang. Bang. Bang. Over!

Did you touch that piece?

That piece right there?

Touch a man move a man?

Move it!

Bang it's over.

Want to play again?

SABRINA JOHNSON CRAZY

Kevin Pelzer?

Where did you get that silk scarf that
you gave Sabrina?

You don't know?

Kevin Pelzer?

Where did you get that finger nail polish that
you gave Sabrina?

You don't know?

Kevin Pelzer?

Where did you get that gold chain and medallion that
you gave Sabrina?

You don't know?

You don't know anything about the gold earrings?

Do I need to call your Mom?

I am 47 years old and no man has ever given me all this stuff!

How old are you? 8 years old!

Ms. Pelzer, do you know where your son is getting all of this
stuff to give away to another student? You want me to ask him?

He said he stole them from you for her,
because she let him carry her books home!

MY CANDY

Did you know that when you was little
I never let you sleep in your baby crib?
Didn't know that did you?

Do you remember sleeping in my big bed
so that I knew that you was safe in the night?
Yup?

Did you know that it was I that changed
your stinky-winky Pampers?
When I held your hand as you took your first step
do you know how proud I was of you?
Do you remember all them freeze-pops I gave you
when your Mom said no?

You have been my sugarpie since the day that you were born,
you feel me?

I stayed kissin' on you!

You're all grown up now!

A brown young lady!

You know,

Uncle Kevin still love you?

SHE'S MINE NOW

So you done with her?

It's all over?

No going back?

Yeah?

She got too much shit going on?

Full of shit, she is?

You got your bags packed?

No more drama?

Yeah?

You free right?

You need a ride?

Yeah?

I tell you what, hear me?

Here take my keys...

I'll be here with her in the morning

taking care of what you wasn't man enough

to take care of, feel me?

Yeah?

Me and you still cool?

Here take my keys...

You can't walk, can you?

PEEK-A-BOO

Can I see it?

No?

Why?

Please?

Ok, just open it a little?

Why, I can't see it?

Is it big?

You let your boyz see it didn't you?

Why not me, your woman?

You and your homeboyz gay? Funny boyz?

I'm sorry I didn't mean that... sorry, ok?

But I want to see it?

You going to let me see it?

For real?

Damn it is big as hell?

What is it.

A 450 Hemi Crate Engine?

That beast look fast standing still right?

RIDIN'

Hey? Do you need a ride?

Come on girl, come on out of the cold!

You know the bus stopped runnin' a long time ago?

Come on get this ride?

Yeah, nice and warm right?

Fell the heat?

Mmm, nice and warm right?

Where you want to go?

Just drive?

To where?

Anywhere?

You don't have to do that!

You know this is not about that?

Please stop!

If you don't stop I'ma go off... you know?

You got some soft lips?

Pleeeeeeeese?

I am sorry?

Damn, I do not even know your name... what's your name?

Officer?

Officer what?

So, you going to lock me up now --- you done swallowing the evidence? Damn, you a cop?

Do me again

JUST US TWOZ

Do you love me?

Are you sure?

How do you know?

*How do you know that it is me you love,
when you still think of him and me,
as one in the same?*

Can you love me?

Yet not know me?

*If you let me be,
do you know what you'll see?*

That when I love,

I'm better than him...

for I have mastered, neither you nor me.

Just Us...

MY CUP OF TEA

What's that 5' 9"?

Sweet?

Faithful?

Down and brown?

From the boardroom to the hood?

145-150?

A dime piece?

Brick house?

Ride or die?

145-150?

You safe like that?

Why me?

Like that?

145-150?

Mmm Mmm!

*You all that but I drink from a big boyz cup,
need my woman big like Momma,*

145-150 can you gain some weight?

TENDER NO ENDING

See you sweetheart?

You gone dream about me?

Sweetdreams?

You know I love you?

Kiss Kiss?

Yes? No? More?

And think about me all night?

All night?

Are you gonna call me as soon as you get up?

As soon as you get up?

You love me?

Say it again?

Again?

You know I love you too?

Right?

I can't let you go, you know?

You laying down yet?

All tucked in?

Are you going to dream of you and me?

What?

What?

I'm on my way over, hold on!

I'm comin' Baby.

YOU WANT ME TO DO WHAT?!

*You want me to be
the revolutionary you would be
if you had the heart
to be...?*

CONVICT BLUES

I'm sorry that I called,

you know that right?

*You see that the cost is now almost
\$7.00 just for you to accept my call,
\$1.00 for each min. after you know?*

But I had to call you!

Did you get my letters I sent you?

All of them?

What do you think?

You know I haven't gotten no feedback?

What was that?

You haven't opened them yet?

None of them?

You got them where?

*You are my only connection to the outside world
and you got my most precious deepest thoughts...
collecting dust in a basket with some junk mail
and overdue bills?*

I'm not only sorry I called,

I'm sorry that you are all I got.

WHAT'Z TO DA CHAINS

Old Head!

Old Head!

What's up, Old Head?

Where you from Old Head?

Up Town, right?

Yeah, I think I seen you around before?

Where they got you at Old Head?

Up at S.C.I. Greene?

Damn, all the way out there?

That's almost out of state right?

Why they got you shackled like that?

You got that 'life' thing?

Naw, that 'death' thing?

How the hell you do death?

Damn Old Head, you gonna give that back?

Try like hell Old Head?

That's all legal work you takin' to court?

Right on. Stay strong Old Head.

Damn.

WHAT HE BE TO YOU?

Kira, Kira, Kira!

Did he just write yesterday?

Sent you a big package?

Long letter?

Short story?

Photos of his son?

Now he wrote again today?

What you two be talkin' about?

You got that dick on lock?

Yes? No?

Tell me? Please tell me?

What is it about him?

He black right?

Blue black?

You know he is going to be killed?

Did he tell you his date?

He got an execution date right?

He digs you?

You know I don't?

I don't like you likin' him!

You ever kiss him?

Would you go to the fire with him?

Let me see that photo of him!

He a big ass niggah?

Make a good ass slave!

What do you call him... this niggah?

Friend.

CAN I GET A PHONE CALL BEFORE I DIE?

We blood of blood right?
God, Jehovah, Allah,
brother keeper tight right?
Hip or fly,
we ride or die right?
Back in the day,
pinkie swearing,
sharing twin freeze-pop
road dogs right?
We bullet proof luv right?
We carry each other,
because we don't leave fallen troops right?

yeah, we be all that!
but when I call you, you ain't accepting my collect calls right?
If you my people like that and you are not trying to get at
me, what makes you think that the governor is going to make
that call to stop this execution?

Dead Silence Right?

THA TRUTH

Tiny?

Tiny?

Tiny, you still here?

after all these years...

you still right by my side?

Changed my diapers when I shit myself?

Chicken Pox and all, right there for me?

Sending me to summer camp?

Calling me in the house as soon as the street lights came on?

Freeze pops, ice cream cones and

G,I, Joe with the kung-fu grip?

Showing me how to bowl a strike?

teaching me how to drive?

Getting me unsuspended from school?

You've been right there for me?

Late night in the emergency room,

getting me sewed back together?

Bailing me out of jail for yet another mis-de-mean-or?

You always been right by my side?

Now here I am facing death and here you are...

all I got --- you Momma.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Like many others before and after him, Kevin D. Pelzer entered the system at the young age of 18 years old. At which time his only skills was that of surviving the thug'ed out ghetto streets.

While on lock down in the notorious Holmesburg prison in 1988, a single chance encounter ignited a spark of creativity! Pelzer crossed paths with writer and poet Kimmika Williams and the founder of the Freedom Theater of Philadelphia, the late John Allen. Both Williams and Allen had come into the prison as volunteer's to direct "HOW IT IS", a play written and to be performed by prisoners.

After hearing one of the first rehearsals of the play, Pelzer called Allen to the side and politely told the world renowned director that "the play was not believable as it lacked heat and spice." Allen, forever the teacher, challenged Pelzer saying, "if the play was not believable that he should deliver the truth!"

In response to this, Pelzer spit his first poem from the top of his head:

*They wonder why we all come back,
as many here have found,
your heart is dead,
The fear is gone,
the second time around.*

This chatbook follows a growing list of work from Pelzer since that first spark was ignited.

He has written two books of poems, "DEATH ROW LOVE PSALMS" and "EVIDENCE". He has also written one book of short stories called "RECYCLED MEMORIES" and two plays, "ABOVE FREEZ'IN BELOW BOIL'IN" and "CHILL'IN AFTER WORK".