

Prison Books Collective  
Publishing and Distribution  
PO Box 625  
Carrboro, NC 27510

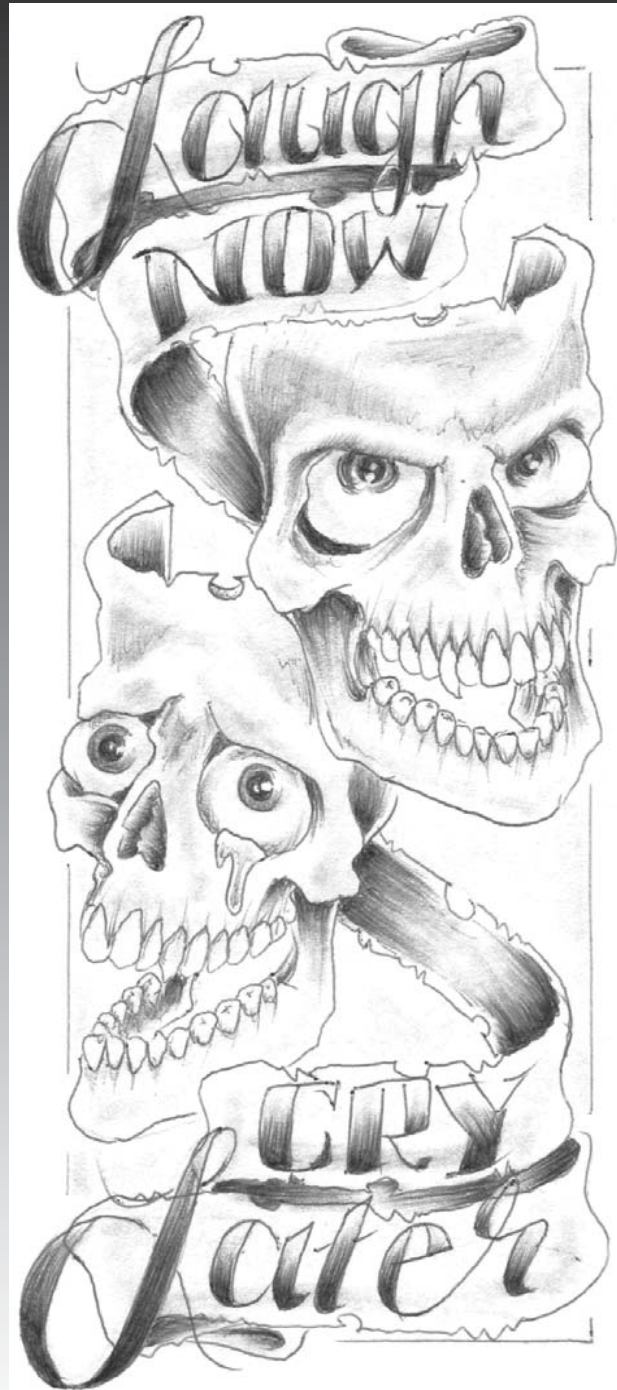


# Words of Fire

issue 9, spring 2017

writings by and for  
people in prison

published by  
Prison Books  
Collective  
Publishing and  
Distribution



*Words of Fire* is a collection of writing and artwork by people in prison. It is published by Prison Books Collective Publishing and Distribution.

We welcome submissions of short essays and opinion pieces (500 words max), poetry, and art work from people in prison. Note: submissions may be edited for clarity and length. We will not publish works that are racist, sexist, homophobic or otherwise target specific groups of people.

*Words of Fire* only exists with your support! We'd like to thank everyone who submitted work featured in this issue.

**Mail submissions to:  
Words of Fire  
Prison Books Collective  
PO Box 625  
Carrboro, NC 27510**

Include your name and location on all submissions so we can credit you. Let us know if you **do not** want your name used. We can just use your initials. We also post a copy on our website. Let us know if you want your full name in the online version (otherwise we use initials)

About us: We are a Chapel Hill/Durham, NC-based anti-prison group that sends hundreds of books to people in NC and AL prisons, and zines (booklets about various topics) nationwide each month. We also publish this zine of art and writing by people in prison. <http://prisonbooks.info>

## Tha Man

By M.J.B.  
Maury NC

Money's tha root  
& paper comes from trees  
I feel the autumn breeze  
I guess tha monies tha leaves  
that fall on me  
Gotta buy me a rake  
find me a bank  
buy a bunch of shiny things  
'til acquired a fate  
of everbodies stalkin'  
Everybodies hawkin'  
tha disease they brought in  
tha Eruly it breedz  
Jealousy & Greed  
tellin' me it's just me  
tha hell wid' me, I'm free  
At peace..... wid my mind  
Neva cease..... Wid' my grind  
My heart beatz..... & I rhyme  
In sync..... with the pulse  
producing ....results  
Reducing..... insults  
That're ingrained in your cerebral  
Loted save me from tha people  
that want.... Me to be equal  
Equalateral lines  
I'm the cataclysmic kind  
tangled ....in my rhymes  
Stangling... your mind  
dangling .... From time  
The handz on the clock  
& dammit they want stop  
& dammit I mmuae top...  
Whatever you got  
Cuz I'm tha Man  
Yeah, I'm tha Man  
I'm tha man that you're not.

## Table of Contents

Introduction.....	ii
I Can't Breathe: The Eric Garner Story .....	1
Maya Angelou (illustration).....	2
Identity.....	3
Malevolence.....	4
About Friendship in Prison.....	5
Smile.....	6
Forget-Me-Nots.....	6
The Truth Is.....	7
Damn "He" Thick.....	9
Certain Uncertainties.....	10
Interior Silence.....	11
1800s Reservation of Africa Migration in Songhay Em- pire (illustration).....	12
In Vain.....	14
Can't Be Fixed, Unless First Broken.....	15
Streets of Spring.....	16
Soul Searching.....	16
Revolutionary Rebirth.....	17
Demonstrate.....	18
Greed.....	19
A Mad Man's Eulogy.....	21
The World as We Know It.....	22
I am Only a Man.....	23
Cultural Living.....	23
Dreamer.....	25
Tha Man.....	26

Front cover image: "Laugh Now Cry Later"  
by D.W.  
Umatilla, OR

## Introduction

Hello Friends and Comrades,

After a break of two and a half years, we **finally** have the 9th issue of Words of Fire, our semi-regular 'zine of writings, drawings, poetry, and news by people in prison. We know many of you have been asking about and eagerly awaiting this next issue. Thanks for your patience!

First of all, we'd like to thank a group of students from the Criminal Justice Awareness and Action student group at UNC Chapel Hill for their hard work typing up and laying out all the submissions for this issue. This 9th issue would not have been possible without their help.

Our collective has undergone some changes in membership and location since our last issue. After 8 great years of being part of Internationalist Books and Community Center, in 2014 we formed our own separate group. Our mailing address has changed from the store to our own PO Box: Prison Books Collective // PO Box 625 // Carrboro, NC 27510. In addition, many long-time members left the group to pursue other interests. In spite of all these changes, we are still going strong and growing in membership (and getting caught up on our prior backlog of book and zine requests). We remain committed to our mission of getting books and zines into the hands of people in prison, and showing all of you that you are not forgotten!

In 2014, our collective stopped sending books to MS (we only send books to NC and AL now), but we are excited that an amazing new group was formed that took over that work (Big House Books).

In news, we're sure many of you know that there has been nationwide push-back against the widespread use of solitary confinement, and a growing awareness of and opposition to our system of mass incarceration. There was also a nationwide prisoner strike in September 2016. And we know that people around the country (both on the inside and the outside) are organizing to fight the prison system.

In solidarity,  
Prison Books Collective  
Spring 2017

---

## Dreamer

By R.J.E.  
Tabor City, NC

It is unlike any other day  
And I wouldn't like it  
Any other way.

Because I'm free, I'm free  
Can't you see my face filled with glee?

Watch me spread my wings and fly.  
And then dive into the sea  
OH what brilliant sights I see.

And among many is a ship.  
Let's go and plunder it shall we.

But then I get stung by a bee  
And wake up under a tree.  
But who can blame me  
Because who hates a dreamer  
.....  
Such as me.

Cultural Living

By R.M.  
Raleigh, NC

As the days get thinner  
 and nights grow shorter  
 success is on the horizon  
 But individuals hate to see  
 another Black God or Goddess evolve  
 Been living this lifestyle that most  
 have called a curse  
 Been told many times that this course of living  
 would get me jailed or put in a hearse  
 never took heed to the words of wisdoms  
 cause I was young and reckless  
 Chasing them Benjamins  
 now I have evolved more in life  
 and I know my purpose is different  
 So Im more determine to fight  
 for a Better you, me, and all those that are later to come  
 My manifestation for knowledge  
 has help extend my wisdom  
 So my understanding of life is a prime given  
 Its time to stop living on the edge  
 and give the forthcoming generation  
 the necessary jewels to succeed  
 So their lifestyle doesn't end  
 up like a cultural mess  
 Because our next generation  
 is our cultural success.....

I Can't Breathe: The Eric Garner Story

By M.W.  
Butner, NC

Ace Hood told me to hustle hard  
 But how can I  
 They have my hood in a chokehold...  
 WHile their own kind get it in  
 By the boat load...  
 Newports hit for 8 dollas a pack  
 SO i hustle looses to make my money back...  
 They claim I'm doin it cause  
 I'm fat and lazy...  
 31 prison arrests this is  
 What the system made...  
 This shit aint right  
 Po-po arrive on the scene  
 Over a fight...  
 They're late. I had already broke it up  
 But why do I have such bad luck?  
 Past encounters with Officer A  
 But Officer B yoked me up  
 He applied pressure which broke  
 Me down to my knees  
 All I could say was  
 I CANT BREATHE I CANT BREATHE  
 I CANT BREATHE I CANT BREATHE  
 I CANT BREATHE I CANT BREATHE  
 I CANT BREATHE I CANT BREATHE  
 I CANT BREATHE I CANT BREATHE  
 I CANT BREATHE I CANT BREATHE

RIP ERIC GARNER



Maya Angelou in pencil  
By S.C.G.  
Bellefonte, PA

## I am Only a Man

By C. "Cashmoney" D.  
Raleigh, NC

My God is forgiving and will never forsake me....

But I am just a man.

Box and cage me to steal the sound of my voice....

But i am just a man.

Hate me and fear me for what you don't understand....

But I am just a man.

My life has a purpose with it so does my pain....

But I am just a man.

I am only a man but my mind makes me more, and my principles  
are always unbending.

Outlast...Outrun...my patience are just about out.... Cause I AM  
**ONLY A MAN!**

## The World as We Know It

By D. "Six" B.  
Marion, NC

How sad it is, that so few care to quiz, to find out what lies  
behind a lying politicians dark and captive eyes.

Rhetoric – so sweet and loving, the people drawn in so  
easily,  
becoming a part of the collect, so eagerly, and quite blindly.

Sick and twisted desires, cold and murderous agendas,  
Power and money set their minds and hearts ablaze with  
wild  
fires.

Their main objectives, to bend and break us.

Everyday it seems, more and more are helplessly drawn in  
by the hypnotic propaganda.

Like some charismatic messiah in an ever growing cult,  
The government continues to woo 'em in, successfully they  
accomplish  
their hidden agenda.

Political lies –some so powerful that they've often severed  
family ties.

It like religion has sent so many to an early grave, while  
infiltrating the public's mind, their promises riding upon some  
delusional wave.

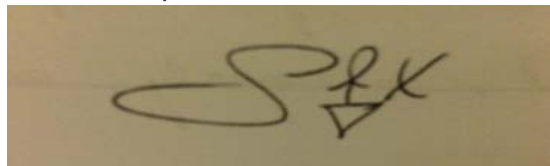
If the people aren't soon awakened, and forced to open  
their eyes,

If they don't take time and somehow realize the veiled lies,

If they don't see what lurks within the hearts of their evil  
politicians, then we're all doomed at the start,

for the world as we know it,  
will surely crumble and fall apart.

\*Signature Below\*



## Identity

By R.W., Jr

Faces Changing,  
Changing Faces,  
Cold as Ice, Frozen Places.

Broken Clock, Time has Stalled.  
Awaiting the day my name is Called.

Suppressed tears, so deep within.  
Captured Soul, Stolen friend;  
My dreams of getting them back again,  
Is falling short and growing dim.

If hope has light, please shine on me.  
Condemn me not, eternally.  
And if it's fit to rescue me, Remove this bondage,  
Set me free.

Raging Sea's, I seek your peace.  
May your face be all I see;  
And when my trials have grown  
Complete, I'll clearly see my identity.

## Malevolence

By M.J.B.

I'm used 2 all the hatin'  
 Cuz it comes with greatness  
 & I come from the slumz..... of  
 the pavement  
 that somebody will come & save  
 them.  
 Save them from themselves,  
 & then save them from the  
 wealth  
 Cause when you're in great  
 health & great wealth  
 then you know..... that you gotta  
 walk around in stealth,  
 because the majority of the  
 world's heart is blacker than felt.  
 Can't you feel... the cold steel...  
 that penetrates the will of the  
 hated?  
 That is..... if the hatred could  
 give looks that could kill,  
 but it's hard 2 kill My immortal-  
 ity.  
 & it's hard 2 spill My blood with  
 your abnormality  
 because your actions are normal  
 2 Me  
 Than 2 bow 2 Me  
 because I am godlike  
 But the average human being  
 robs life  
 just like the Mobs did 2 jesus  
 christ

& My pencil throbs in my  
 right..... hand  
 giving life to the words that I  
 write 4 man.....  
 & women alike.  
 A Modern Day Philosophy  
 infused with a young man's pov-  
 erty  
 & if the world is confused.....  
 let Me subdue them with a  
 prophecy.  
 The world is not used 2 your  
 sovereignty  
 it is not used 2 your individuality  
 so if it will come 4 your residuals  
 yeah..... It comes 4 individuals  
 that are trying 2 hide & confide  
 in themselves  
 because the world is dying to ap-  
 ply something else.  
 Dying 2 Make a contribution,  
 but if their solution is not posi-  
 tive  
 then it is pollution.  
 Resulting in fits of confusion  
 & it is diluting your self-worth.  
 & it may not be right 2 be selfish  
 but it Makes no sense 2 Make  
 yourself hurt.  
 How Much is yourself worth?  
 Sometimes it is only right.....  
 2 give society a wide berth.

## A Mad Man's Eulogy

By CL.M.

Pain consumes but its meaning eludes. Agony  
 constantly pursues while I seek refuge. For I am  
 deep within this pit of self misery. Falling from the  
 the light into this darkness called purgatory.  
 madness takes one as my mind is relentlessly  
 tormented. But I am content with this  
 unrighteous sentence. For its my transgressions  
 that have bound me to this fate. The light  
 flees me and the time for repentance is a little  
 late. My soul is lost & my mind can't seem to  
 be found. It's as if I am wrapped in chains  
 forever bound. But I stand firm head held  
 high full of a fool's pride. And my sanity comes  
 as elusive as the coming of the ocean's tide.  
 So Hope & Faith I know not of their meaning  
 much less of their acceptance. And in deaths  
 embrace I seek not salvation but Remembrance.



ever since My birth I been lookin 4 More  
 so I can see your pain when it bleeds from your sores  
 some children's' bellies are sore  
 but that's not tha reason 4 war  
 I've seen A history  
 Where authorities been Misused & abused  
 I've seen Misery & tha blues, over shoes.  
 When u turn on tha news, tell Me what do u view?  
 Where u ride in thru Georgia U can still see tha noose...  
 that hangs from that tree.  
 Can U feel tha disease that still hasn't been cured

Oh yeas there's A war  
 But what do u fight 4  
 & how do u win wars...when your platoons been crippled  
 ratha kill u than fill u wid food 4 your Mental  
 can I lease your Mind...cuz it's just A rental  
 feast on your kind, cuz your just that simple  
 u want 2 much....but u don't know how 2 get it  
 Try 2 take an easy route, but u don't know where you're headed  
 There's 2 destinations  
 1...A concrete & steel plantation  
 or 2...in the depths of dat tomb that'll hug U tight like a Womb  
 I guess your just doomed, but it's your choice  
 Man...what some people will do  
 In tha pursuit of dat Royce\*

## About Friendship in Prison

By D.P.  
 Townson, MD

Humans are social animals. Yet during our own stints in prison, during hardships of prison life, we often find it difficult to maintain meaningful connections to people around us. Friendship is hard, and different in prison than that in the "free world."

However, only in prison we often learn the meaning of friendship in its vast, most social of means, which offset other costs. For when we are incarcerated, at times of hardship, we intuitively tend to make better choices of with whom we make allegiances, whom to choose as friends.

Human beings are not meant to be alone, they crave companionship and exchange of social experience. Sometimes they need help. In any case, friendship is something more likely to succeed and to be checked against all kind of challenges in hard times than in quiet ones.

Healthy relationships in friendships depend on our skills to recognize values similar to ours, but also on our desire to do so. Where, if not in prison, where we feel lonely so often, such desire may take place?

The lack of something gives birth to our craving for it. It is especially true when we are locked up. In other words, prison presents the ground for the friendships to start, but its up to us whether to start it or not. Of course our desire is important as well as favorable situation. This does not mean that prison is the best place for starting friendships. For sure it is not. At the same time, we often do in prison something we lacked the determination to do "on the streets" - to find a good friend.

Also, as we are mostly sober in prison, we see others and ourselves more realistically. Friendships that we start in prison very fortunately miss such false pretexts as "getting high together" or "do some hussle." It hardly may be considered a self-proclaimed goal- to find a friend by all means. I am sure, though, an average person can find one, especially when out of restraining limits of self-destructive lifestyles many of us lead on the outside.

Be a good friend, and find one too!

## Smile

By D.P.  
Townson, MD

We all are careless, sometimes,  
But storm will come - and here we are:  
Depending on the world to shine,  
For us to have some shining in the eyes

We understand- or will we later? -  
The world depends on us to make.  
And simple smile is sometimes  
The very thing it needs to take.

## Forget-Me-Nots

By D.P.  
Townson, MD

Blue forget-me-nots  
Drink them like a song.  
They will go soon  
They're already gone.

Everything for a time  
In this shifty world  
See this little child?  
One day he'll be gone.

Still we do not care-  
Sing, and drink, and love.  
Everything for a time  
Let us be above

## Greed

By M.J.B.  
Maury, NC

## Green &amp; White

paper that folds and creases.  
sign on the dotted line & your soul releases.  
Silver & brown pieces...  
leave i'm bound 2 precincts  
jingling round in your pockets  
every single round deployz like rocketz  
you can hear tha sound...  
of the war on poverty in the projects.  
put your Nose 2 the barrel;  
it smells like tha leather of incinerated walletz.  
Renovate your knowledge with a treasury seal.

In God we trust;

Even tha righteous get killed.

## Greed &amp; Lust

2 Much is Never enough

& Some Are Never clever enough —

2 build up their Mindz.

Ratha kill off tha potential of all tha brilliance they find.

Some people treat envy like it's devine...

& it multiplies like Nickles & Dimes;

Leaving life so fickle from ignorant Minds.

Dismembered, remember...I have dinner sometimes.

& let My thoughts simmer — A holocaust they've entered

A 3rd World hunga, younga & Malnourished

Bounded by oppression

they found you discouraged

& down in tha earth what's that worth of tha ore

*Continued on Page 20*

## Demonstrate ...

By W.A.W.  
Fayetteville, NC

We are told, to lead others, by the way of our actions;  
hoping in life, that they will be able to match them.  
Although, we are not perfect ourselves;  
but strive to be it, through the spirit that dwells.  
Within us, from the promise God has made;  
that life, lived in righteousness, will be o'kay.  
If you haven't noticed, we live in a world, that loves to stereo-type;  
watching, seeking, and searching individuals, with all their might.  
That's why it's good, to not stagger, but stay in a straight line;  
even when the pressure's [ask about this] of this world, puts you in  
a horrible bind.  
Because someone is watching, waiting, just to see you fall;  
ready to tell everyone, how you fell, and couldn't stand back up—at  
all.  
So it's best to live the same way Jesus did, each and everyday;  
for those, who are watching you, wouldn't have nothing negative to  
say.  
About you because when the difficulties came, you keep up, a clean  
slate;  
all due, to the fact, God has placed in you, a willingness to  
Demonstrate!

## The Truth Is

By M.J.B.

They say the truth will set you free  
But nah... not me..... I disagree  
I say tha truth is a disease  
& it could kill you..... like a terminal illness.  
Especially when the truth is not the truth at all  
& who's 2 say the truth is what you saw  
& who knows who was involved  
& who knows... you know... you don't have a clue at all  
but 'chu act like you do.....  
but 'chu never even knew..... The few... Minor details  
& gossip is so rude & it's sumthin' you should not do -  
unless you're a female.  
For the we'll make an exception.  
because today my friend... I've had a recollection  
AN inception..... That tha truth is not tha truth anymore  
& tha youth..... is not tha youth anymore.  
They are but yet A vessel  
A personification of everything you saw fit.  
& what 'chu see is what 'chu get  
but what 'chu see is not legit  
A minor misconception of a misfit.  
Because tha truth is not tha truth anymore  
& tha youth..... is not tha youth anymore  
The truth is... the youth is....  
A reflection of what 'chu did..... it's useless  
When it eats away at your tissue like the bite of a brown recluse  
does.  
& it's all because.....

*Continued on Page 8*

the guardians that were put before the guardians -  
 that were put before you... Never knew... Luv..... That's why you do  
 the thangz you do -  
 because you just don't have a clue... Luv  
 but who does..... The truth was \_  
 this world doesn't luv you... At all.  
 IT Loves what 'chu have 2 offer,  
 it luv's what 'chu have 2 bring 2 the table  
 & when they use that all up you're disabled, you're labeled -  
 As a liability.  
 & tha truth is.....  
 That I don't know the truth at all  
 I'm just giving my perception of what I saw  
 My opinion about the I..... in dominion  
 so don't ask why... when you're descendin'  
 open your eyez... cuz they're pretendin'  
 & tha truth is.....  
 only you are held accountable for what 'chu did  
 So whether tha truth lives... or truth lies  
 Society only believes in tru Lies  
 deceptions that're deeper than tha bluest tides  
 Tha Bluest Eyes.....  
 Couldn't see through tha deciever  
 So if you died they won't cry  
 & the truth.....  
 Nah it won't come out neither.

## Revolutionary Rebirth

By R.M.  
 Raleigh, NC

Revolutionary existence is non-existence  
 what we once strive for, we are no more  
 gone with the militia minded warriors  
 who were Bred to Be Generals  
 to lead the fleet of evolution  
 now we have Been cast out as mere  
 imBeciles with no morals in life  
 the life that was once uplifted as Almighty  
 has Been on a constant decline of a suffering Body  
 we were once praised for our military actions  
 now we are denounced as nothing more than gangBanging hood-  
 lums  
 a community that once loved us for our  
 good deeds, protection, elderly and youth assistance  
 has now disowned us like a fatherless or motherless child  
 in order to regain our societies trust  
 we must regroup and find what was once us  
 for we are the alpha males and females of the universe  
 the reigning appearance of Almighty Trinity  
 for when the time comes and we are placed Back  
 in our community's good graces  
 we will show that we are worthy to the many faces  
 for we are revolutionary soldiers in the mental and  
 physical ways of life and we stand together united  
 as Brother's and sister's ready to fight as one  
 for the cause of manking  
 so it's either they gave us freedom  
 or we advocate justice...

## Streets of Spring

By D.P.  
Townson, MD

People are moving along those streets  
Seemingly in disorder  
Spring is coming. Another spring...  
I'm in lock up up. Law and order?

Well we are all in need for some.  
Strange for you, my brother,  
Spring is coming, for me not to smell,  
To not see, to not bother

## Soul Searching

By CL.M.

Traveling down this road of regret & searching  
for redemption. Shuffling through my past  
transgressions I fall deeper in self contemplation.  
void of this concept of self-worth I die as I  
live. So I dig deeper in this catacomb but it  
deceives. I desperately try to laugh off this constant  
agony. But I fall deeper & deeper into this  
abyss of self-pity. So I erase my sense of  
self to become void of emotions. For now I  
live without hope to divulge in just self  
devotion.

## Damn "He" Thick

By Peanut  
Sanford, NC

The title 'DAMN HE THICK' is rendered in a bold, bubbly, graffiti-style font. The letters are thick and rounded, with some characters having small circles or 'dots' above them, giving it a dynamic and urban feel.

Chrishon's a businessman on the come up with a past he plans on leaving behind.

Life's looking good for him, his business is thriving, he's married and dedicated to both his wife and five year old son until he's abruptly charged with a crime he had no knowledge of and is sentenced to ten years in prison.

This is where the strength of his love is tested. Determined to prove his innocence and return to his family he reverts back to his old life to regain his freedom. After making the right connections he's ready but he needs a team.

He aligns himself with a group of men who's counterparts are homosexuals. Overlooking that they put the yard on lock. At times Chrishon questions his teammates lifestyles unaware that he too will find himself in the strangest love triangle imagined when one day "Bubblicious", a transsexual transfers in with his eyes set on him.

With Bubblicious in pursuit of his affection and his wife by his side he finds himself torn as he finds himself seriously involved with Bubblicious and in love with his wife with determination to be there for his son. The time comes when he's forced to make the biggest decision of his life, will he go home with his wife and young son, or start a new life with Bubblicious?

## Certain Uncertainties

By R.W., Jr.

Uncertainty lies before me, Except the  
Certain trials ahead.  
If there is a Road,  
It's filled with pain and sorrow.  
If there's not,  
I'm left with no tomorrow.

So I'm at the crossroads of certain uncertainties;  
Depressive as it all Seems.  
The uncertainty beyond my last breath  
gives hope to be found in the Sorrows of  
Tomorrow; Least I lose the Capacity to dream.

Least I lose the capacity to breathe.  
Least I lose the life to strive for.  
Least I die with no one to die for.  
Least I refuse to travel to certain uncertainties.  
Least I refuse to travel again.

Whats certain is the road to uncertainties  
Follows the path toward my end.

## Can't Be Fixed, Unless First Broken

By W.A.W.  
Fayetteville, NC

This may seem like, someone working on material parts;  
assuming, it could be an engine, when it's coils begins to sparks.  
Or maybe a sliding door that continually fall off its hinge;  
always hating the fact, that you have to fix it—time and time again.  
Can I challenge you to look at this phrase, in a different illustration;  
let's look at the parts in one's life and see how, we can replace them.  
Starting with the thoughts and intentions of the heart, that are cruel;  
causing your brain to send to your body, negative emotions, in aways  
of attitudes.  
Not only that but also changing the way of situations, when dealing  
with other's [ask about this];  
leaving, either one of the two with a feeling, of not caring, which one  
suffers.  
Don't know about you but I'm tired of the statistics being [illegible],  
in every lives;  
my wish, is that everyone can consult in God and in his love—abide!  
I maybe asking too much of Him (God) but hey, God knows every-  
one inner parts;  
He (God) knew the ending of their life, before it even began to start.  
Futhermore, I just want someone to realize & understand, in the  
theme of my notion;  
that it's not just parts, but a person, that "Can't Be Fixed, Unless First  
Broken!"

## In Vain

By M.W.  
Butner, NC

After all the protesting,  
Shouting and wailing around  
town  
U entered their establishment  
And sat down  
Ordering a drink  
And Resting your feet  
Frustrated over Mike Brown  
Lying in the street  
What you all are doing  
Is righteous an I respect your  
minds  
But did U think about  
Who you were spending ur  
money with  
When U made them signs  
My daughter seen the Protesters  
And fell in love wit shorty boots  
I refuse to purchase Timberlands  
Because Darren Wilson chose to  
shoot  
They refuse to recognize evidence  
And pursue the Case B  
They even follow you around in  
Macy  
You witness what Walmart done  
to Tracy [Morgan]  
Yet U continue to spend money

At these places  
While consciously knowin they  
are racists  
Damaging Property  
This must STOP  
No more Homemade cocktails  
And Throwing rocks  
If U want their attention  
Then We must boycott  
Those who choose not  
That's a shame  
It only means  
Renisha McBride, Jesus "Chey"  
Huenia, Ezell Ford, Omar  
Arneco, John Gnawono, Eric  
Ganner, Tamir Rices, and Mike  
Brown  
DIED IN VAIN

## Interior Silence

By D.S.  
Bellefonte, PA

Another dream found and lost  
Even a lust for love couldn't keep the cost.  
Thrown against the ceiling and shattered  
Rained down in shards of diamond scattered.  
Still, yet still, reflected the darkness I've tried to escape  
Swelling like a storm flooding paradise's cape.  
Drenched in tears and hurt and pain for years  
Has caused me not to be able to see clear  
To steer, to veer right or left, for dear live  
Wading and waiting for the ocean's next crest.  
This sea of nothingness full of emptiness-soundless  
To where I can't develop a buttress, protecting thoughts surmount-  
ed  
None so fine to straighten my crown found wanted  
I become unwound like a party streamer-lifeless  
For my soul took off to tell God, all is lost, that love  
Is evaporated from being watered down.  
Ic an't even yell to remind myself, I am man  
Seeking completion by one or many a woman  
My mortal Garden of Eden, to flow through like, the Pison [ask  
about this]  
But for now, just darkness, just pain, interior silence.



1800s Reservation of Africa Migration in Songhay Empire  
By S.C.G.  
Bellefonte, PA