

Essay: Number 2

For Blacks and Latinos. Is Incarceration the New Modern Day Slavery For People Of Color?

In the 1800s slavery was big business for the United States Of America, until the Civil War emerged.

During the early 1700s, a slave trader from the southern cotton plantations of America was able to step off any boat into the hot continent of West Africa, and communicate with a village chief leader about the buying and selling of blacks for profit - prior to the American Civil War.

The village chief leader would be appeased with what the slave trader had to offer - in exchange for goods. (Human black lives.) In exchange for human black lives. The village chief leader would receive illegally distilled corn whiskey (moonshine), cotton, tobacco, weapons and ammunitions. (Only enough weaponry was issued to protect them from rival warring chiefs, who threatened to take their village and pillage their land.)

After negotiations were reached with a firm handshake and a pipe stuffed full of tobacco. The village chief leader would appoint a young African, who had the strength and stealth of ten men combined, and the speed of a cheetah.

The young African would be used for tracking and capturing wayward children, who may have wandered away from their village, while at play. In different scenarios. Women and daughters were captured in unsimilar situations. They were captured in the warm rivers, while in the state of undress during their morning hygiene hour. At other times, they were captured during the mid-day while gathering crops to feed their families.

As the village chief in Africa looked the other way, while his fellow brethren was being beaten, raped, starved, kidnapped, and exiled into slavery. What was missed in translation was the fact that he never saw the lifetime of pain and hurt - he was causing from decimating warring communities or small factions who may have threatened him at one time or another.

Through his eyes, he saw his enemies being abolished like they were nailed to a cross or a stake with the acceptance of women and children being sacrificed in the process.

Today, 2013, the African chief is popularly known as a (stool pigeon, a rat, snitch, turn coat, tattle taler, or an informant.) In a systematic approach to solving crime. Detectives take the weakest link out of any crime scenario, and their mission is to divide and conquer. (Sever the ties that bind.)

Everything will be offered to the weakest crime partner - in exchange for freedom.

I am not assigning blame, but stating the true facts, which need to be addressed, explored, and discussed.

Being a witness to a crime is one thing for a innocent bystander, who's a non-participant.

The nature of informing has become the sum of all fears for criminals committing crimes, and has successfully filled up more penitentiaries and jails faster than any real police work or any true detective work could ever account for or amount to.

In Nevada, informers have their own slogan, and they wear it like a badge of honor. Which they blatantly proclaim, "Tell On Three And Go Free!"

Meaning: They are co-operating with law enforcement to help ensnare three criminals into a conviction - in order to gain their freedom back. When, in actuality they were guilty from participating in the crime with a co-defendant. (The ones, who inform to the police in Nevada. They also call it, "Getting Off First.") Which is the lesser evil? The one orchestrating the strings like a puppet master. The informer who is guilty as sin. The criminal who has been tarred and feathered - by the media, while put on public display like some type of wild circus animal.

This next comment is not meant to state women are the weaker sex or state black women are informers. It's to state

a true fact that happened. When roles are reversed, the same scenario can happen to a man also. What the puppet master will wonder is . . . what does he value most. His freedom? His wife? His kids? His job? His cars and clothes? Or his financial freedom?

A few years ago, I saw a program on Discovery Channel about some keen detectives investigating a brutal double homicide.

To make a long story short. The detective received a tip about a crime that may have occurred in the tipster neighborhood. The detectives followed the tip, and was later led to the house of a single black mother.

Upon entering the house. One look from the detectives must have showed a million different frightening faces to the black mother, which were later aimed at her kids. Without no formality, they instructed her if she was involved in any crime. She would be placed under arrest, and her children would be placed with CPS (Child Protective Services.)

It was no sooner than after the threat was issued. The black woman unlocked the floodgates, and told the detectives what happened in a precise order.

As the informal interrogation began. The detectives later learned - the black woman was a victim of a home invasion and beaten senseless. In part of her statement, she also revealed after her frightening ordeal was over. She told her younger brother what had happened to her. To defend her honor, the younger brother eventually took the law into his own hands, (Like Samuel Jackson in the movie, "A Time To Kill".) and shot and killed two people for violating his family.

I've heard of the Stand Your Ground Law. But, when people of color kill, they live each moment as if they were trapped inside the heat of moment of what had just occurred, (Similar to: Crimes Of Passion, or A Battered Wife Syndrome.) There's no cooling off period, when each waking moment is spent

in extreme paranoia or practically looking over your shoulders like a ghost might jump out and say, Boo!!!

The black woman later became the States witness against her own brother, who was trying to protect his family - the best way he knew how. All across the United States Of America, there has been many instances, where men as well as women have traded information for a lesser sentence. (What do they call it? Oh... that's it. They call it, "A Get Out Jail Free Card."

Who is the lesser evil? The one orchestrating the laws, where people of color receive stiff sentences. The informer who work with detectives to ensnare more criminals. Or, the criminal who's bound by circumstances to act accordingly to the environment they were raised in.

When drugs flooded our black communities in the early seventies. We became a race that were no longer, "I'm Black And I'm Proud." We became a race turned out on dope without hope.

As our race stuck needles in their veins. They later graduated to a cheaper high, which was smoked in a glass pipe. For the astronomical sums of money both ventures bring to my race of black people. We later began to kill each other over the large profits - in hopes that we could become the man. What was never taught was the pure ignorance our race was easily fooled to use as well as deal poison into our neighbor hoods. When our women was looking for protection from this crap. We easily welcomed it, because it enhanced the mood. But, little did we know we were all pawns, and practically part of a larger conspiracy or plan.

Old Timers, say today - we beat slavery and segregation in the 60s. In response, I'll say yeah and look how far we've come. To go from the back of the bus to an era of Modern Day Slavery. It's hard for an outsider to interpret what prison life is about or what the long term effects of many years of of incarceration will do to a person

of color . . . To know, you would have to have first hand experience, and live in the environment we call home. I don't call it home, but some do.

We accomplished the Civil Rights Era. But, what do we have to show for it. Many million of un-told blacks locked up in chains.

For 2015, I challenge The Whole Entire Black Race To March On Washington To End Mass Incarceration.

Blacks didn't invent guns.

Blacks don't grow drugs in South America.

It is time to wise up and realize your fellow brethren who's locked-up is not your enemy.

The enemy is the silent ones, who live in mansions, and flood your community with drugs and guns.

Another topic I would like to address inside this essay is . . . Exploitation in music videos, songs that degrade women, and extreme capitalism.

In actuality, what does our youth learn when these images are being foisted upon them in epic proportions? What happened to the days, when videos told a story about a struggle or a current problem that were plaguing their community? (Videos, nowadays have no substance, no meaning, and no true real message.)

Now videos (buffoonery) are being shot like everyone just hit a jack pot in Atlantic City New Jersey or hit a mega million lottery sweep stake - in Oakland California.

Images of vanity teaches our youth to seek the American Dream the quickest route they know how - in which is heavily advertised in neighborhoods across the country.

The only image that fit the eyes of our youth - in reference to seeing a star. Is the drug-dealer on the

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nearest street corner wearing an excess amount of jewelry, and has all the latest hi-tech gadgetry clipped on him as well having big boy toys that'll make companies like Microsoft and Cadillac scratch their heads and say, "Where did he get those things from?"

If, a youth is not carefully guided in the right direction. 9 times out of 10, it will be easy for a child to be misled, when there's no father or father figure in the household.

When people of color are being mass incarcerated by the truck load. It leaves a hole in society larger than a person holding the position of higher office assigning blame.

I feel people of today need to have town meetings with our community organizers and leaders. There needs to be a law enacted in congress, where it overrides the old law for violent felons, who were locked up when they were kids and now they are old men. The people of color has been locked down for many decades without a shred of hope, and the keys to their cell doors have practically been thrown away to make a inmate feel as though he's living inside a cement casket. "Godfather Buried Alive."

Yes, it is true - we have made mistakes in our lives. The world has forgotten people do change in life. When I mention people I am referring to the many many men and women incarcerated throughout the United States.

He who is without sin may cast the first stone. Through my eyes, it seems the poor and disenfranchise - all ways seem to have the most stones thrown at them.

Especially, when we're not given the proper legal representation, and court hearings, and court proceedings usually turn into a public defender (aka "public pretender") cutting a side deal

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with the a. d. a. for your life of incarceration vs death. Or, many years of incarceration vs a few years of incarceration.

With highstakes bartering behind closed doors - in reference to people of color lives. Their needs to be a definite cap on how much time, a man will spend locked-up. I feel 10 years is the maximum term, a inmate should do for any violent crime in America.

I won't sit up here and assign blame. Or, talk about what so and so did, which was more heinous. Whatever the case may be. At some point, we owe it to the person to show love. Love your enemies. Pray for those who spitefully persecute you. Do unto others what you would like them to do for you.

If, a prison system is ran correctly. One to two years ought to be spent earning a Ged or a high school diploma. The next two years should be spent obtaining a vocational certificate at a Vocational Trade School, which has relevance with the community, has strong ties, and does job placement upon completion of the program.

Once a prisoner graduates Vocational Training School. He should be allowed to seek employment on the streets, or like I said earlier - job placement upon completion of the program.

As employment is later gained. The prisoner later acclimates himself with a society that doesn't look like the 80s or 90s anymore. To the prisoner who's been gone away from society for so long. The cars will practically look like time travel vehicles, or luxury spaceships.

For work hours, the prisoner will work a 9 to 5, and travel back to the prison to sleep at night.

With a steady work ethic for the remaining of the six years left on their sentence. A prisoner will began to have confidence from a hard days labor, and feel rehabilitated.

If, rehabilitation is actually the goal for all these prisons in the United States Of America. Then, their need to be a

cap on the amount of years a prisoner of color should do.

Their needs to be programs implemented now!!!

What is the point of having a parole board, when no one is ever being paroled or let out.

People of color has it the worst, and we are hit with every thing but the kitchen sink.

All it takes is one spark to start a flame. Will you be the spark to ignite a movement to abolish mass-incarceration?

You can be the most perfect saint on earth. No one who is a person of color is ever exempt from incarceration.

Wrong place, wrong time. One too many to drink, and a fatal accident occurs with you inside of a drunk tank not remembering what happened or how you got there.

Have initiative to make a better day for a better tomorrow. We must unite now, before it is too late.

No one of color is immune to incarceration.

Think long and hard on the words I've said. When they sink in, I want you to take action. Be the spark that ignite a whole country to take action.

MILLION MAN MARCH - 2015.

CONCERNING:

MASS INCARCERATION

OF PEOPLE
OF COLOR.

Check The Facts! Check The Figures!
Numbers Don't Lie!