

My name is... Wisdom, whence knowledge birth his kids from
Hence, without me Understanding will not live long
Heaven sent to represent for all the mothers in the struggle
No matter how much trouble you into, I will always love you!
Spoken Word for Justice but Im not acting like Janet Jackson
Reluctant to give the Lucky black mail-man a chance at happiness
Ignorance of the system is the reason His-Story keeps repeating
We believe in the future even if you can't see it
Why is Lady Justice colorblind and deaf as Helen Keller?
And the Stand Your Ground Law is far from Harmless Error
Please, keep My-Son in your prayers and hope for the best man
"May We Have the Definition of Self-Defense?" was the jury's question
Your Honor didn't give it, Kidnapped my sibling vindictive conviction
In addition, 15 year sentence inside Florida State Prison
I raised My-son to "Be-Nova-Lent" (benevolent) for the poor
We can't afford no lawyer but I AM... His voice
This plea is not an apology, my anomaly is the opening statement
Patiently waiting for my baby contrarily Im A.L.S patient
Simile to a cool breeze blowing smoke thru the winter air
Waiting To Exhale until My-son free-dumb from brain cell.

Proverbs 1:8-9

Subject: Free My-Son

Dear Ms. Shirley Strawberry,

Hey! How are you doing ma'am? First of all, my name is [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. Just in case you are wondering why [REDACTED] is attached
to my name? To put briefly, thats my inmate identification number.
In other words, "Im Locked Up" like that song from Akon. (They want
let me out)

Nevertheless, Im also a "soul survivor" of an aggravated physical
assult which I've been secretly suffering perennially ever since 2006.
As a consequence, the state of Florida is discriminating on the basis of my
A.D.A special medical needs, which is the restraining force catalyzing my
unlawful conviction and not to mention my current illegal incarceration.
Giving these points, I am a qualified inmate with a documented disability
due to my T.B.I (Traumatic Brain Injury) and/or C.T.E (Chronic Traumatic
Encephalitis).

Anyway, I dedicated the aforementioned prologue to my ole girl, Ms. [REDACTED] (my mom) as if narrated from her perspective. Thus, the title is "Free My-Son" (Free Mason) get it ??? More recently, I was informed that my mama is now residing at a nursing home facility in Jacksonville, Florida because her A.L.S symptoms has progressed to the degree she is no longer able to independently care for herself. And what makes matters more drastic, my mom is also developing a speech impairment!

Most noteworthy, after months of self-analysis, meditation, prayer, selecting and internalizing intrinsic family values... To put briefly, I've eventually discovered my life's purpose or the path to my destination (destiny). Unfortunately, my communication resources and my family support system are both inadequate at this present moment during this critical situation. In particular, I often feel as if my family and friends has neglected me and pretty much left me inside this hostile environment to fend for myself. In spite of, I can forgive them (but not forget) because I can understand their socio-economic status as working poor proletarians, merely surviving from pay check to pay check just to keep afloat in a global economy/community.

Regardless, I still strive to remain optimistic. However, at the same instance, "It aint easy being me..." Right now, I empathize with the late Tupac Shakur (R.I.P) after he released "Me Against the World" in '95. Hold up, before you all jump the gun (no pun intended) to any conclusions, do you remember what was the #1 hit song featured on that album? :

"Dear Mama, I reminese on the stress I caused
it was hell, huggin on my mama from a jail cell..."

To get back to the point, as a poet I also feel obligated to speak Truth to the "Powers That Be". For example, did you take heed to the stanza within the "Free My-Son" introduction? Specifically, where I illustrated about Justice (~~Jarvis~~ Jackson) i.e., "Reluctant to give the Lucky black mail-man a chance..." (2'Pac). Now, if you peep game then you're fully aware of the fact that I'm referring to the movie "Poetic Justice". To make a long story short, as the plot unfolds within this classic urban flick, there's a scene whence there is a failure of communication between Justice and Lucky. Ultimately, as a result the black mail-man became so frustrated that he decided to protest (reprimand) Justice... Eventually, Lady Justice takes a glimpse under her blindfold and suddenly realizes to appreciate the Lucky black mail-man (vice versa) and they both lived Happily Ever After.

Likewise, my life is similar to an action packed romance-dramedy movie. With this in mind, it seems as if I'm starring the protagonist in the sequel of "Love Don't Cost a Thing Too" (L.O.L.M.F.A.O)! Hopefully, one of these days we'll look back in retrospect and laugh together, at all the hard times that we've persevered.

But on the other hand, the crew of the story line is by what method the warden and his subordinates at Florida State Prison are prejudiced, premature pre-kindergarten, prehistoric procrustean Precambrians? Which only amounts to preposterous procedures without Due Process!

In view of these facts, from the outside looking-in frame of reference, it may appear that I'm blaming everything and everyone for my personal problems. But to the contrary, I'm not finger pointing (although my hand is extended) cuz I'm really reaching out for help. Nor am I playing the victim role considering as mentioned before in the 1st paragraph, "I'm a survivor" like Destiny's Child! (No Homo).

Thus, I'm merely identifying the variables and subject matter within this algebraic expression, ya feel me. Be that as it may, I'm not ~~the~~ problem per se... I'm The Solution to The Problem by reason of, I have humbled myself enough to accept responsibility regarding this inextricable experience which I've been coerced to endure. Actually, I'm courageous enough to maximize measures that's necessary to creatively overcome this calamitous challenge. In other words, if my life was a musical soundtrack, not only I'm a rap artist whereas I AM The Producer.

Nevertheless, thru due diligence I've been respectfully requesting the so-called law enforcement officers to authorize a "Special Visitation" via an Emergency phone call, to no avail. Due to my mom's terminal illness, one would presume the "Powers That Be" would at least loosen the noose from around my neck so my family could afford to grieve during our crisis or so I can simply whisper "I love you and I'm here for you" to my mom before it's too late. Please, don't be confounded to think that I'm looking for any pity nor sympathy from the oppressors! I'm merely compelling the law enforcement officers to follow their own rules and regulations according to Florida Administrative Code Chapt. 33-602.205(5):

"An inmate may be authorized by the warden or the warden's designee to make telephone calls in cases of family crisis, including death or serious illness in the immediate family..."

Despite the fact, hypothetically speaking... What if my mom passes away (πππ' forbid) before we're able to express our condolences for one another? And what if that degree of tragic news causes me to be convulsed with a nervous breakdown? We demand to know why are these people so adamant at making excuses to constantly deprive my family an opportunity to communicate with me? It seems as if they're trying to cover up and conceal The World's Best Kept Secret. They are acting like I'm requesting 40 acres and a mule! For crying out loud, am I asking for too much? What would you do if you were me???

Ms. Strawberry, the reason why I'm reaching out to the Steve Harvey Nation because it would be a blessing to share my story, testimony and creative writing with the world via social media networks so we may implement my Spoken Word as an instrument to raise public awareness in regards to the corporal punishment, deliberate indifference, torture, social injustices among other human right violations which we ~~are~~ are forced to endure during this unlawful detention at Florida State Prison.

Accordingly, I remember tuning into the Steve Harvey Radio Show the day after Mr. Trump was elected... At that time, Uncle Steve encouraged his constituents (listeners), "If you want to get things done then we must use our cohesive voices to be heard..."

In the same way, im more than willing to speak out whenever and to anyone thats willing to listen with empathy and compassion. Therefore, I'm very eager to expose whats really going on behind "januis clausis" within this hostile environment. Hopefully, with God's grace all the publicity will promulgate cause cè lé bre and employ enough influence, to compel Governor Rick Scott and members of The Council For Social Status of Black Men and Boys so we may ensure a fair comprehensive assessment to determine my eligibility for participating within The Conditional Medical Release Program. (Google Florida Statute 947.149).

In that event, upon my eventual release from this pecuniary purgatory, I solemnly swear to obey all laws of the land i.e., IF they don't conflict with the commandments, judgements, laws and statutes of the Holy Bible, specifically an emphasis on:

"Honour thy father and thy mother:
that thy days may be long upon the
land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Amen