

Sometimes I think we are the Justice Department
Kids because as of now they have just locked us
down with out a word. This place can drain
all your energy to replace it with negativity.
Today and tomorrow may look like the
same day but for a place built on steady
flow its never ran right. When we go to
chow they pile us in a chow hall then close
door and we sweat to death and get bugged
by flies and I dont mean the insects alone. This
is societys solution to fix crime but to
place criminals a round criminals then pick
criminals to watch over them dosent help
much. They came up with a new way to
pick on us I call it the Rodney King Redemption.
They make us put our hands behind our back
then beat us because its easier to get a moving
target. We have camras but some times they
dont come on untill we are beat up or
body slammed on concrete. Its supposed
to be a safe prison but yesterday a guard

grabbed his mid section and said suck
my _____ convict!!! I thought it was
funny but the guy who was called it didnt.

The funny part is they can get away
with it while we only fight or kill
each other I guess its called damage
control!!! Some body has to come up
with a better solution because this one
isnt affective at all. who ~~wins~~ when the
lion and the elephant kill each other in
the jungle?

To live in the past is all we remember because at the end of each day and night our bodies are trapped in this cage. I pray one day the doors open for all of use but for some of my closer friends the white cross and green fields will be their final destination. As I sit on my bunk and watch the guys play basket ball and slap box all day long I wonder if they will ever be fully adults.

In this environment a life sentence means just that life because once some of them are here there is no outside world. They have fights about basket ball, Rapier all while call each other female dogs and street walker. To become another one of them is my nightmare they are all my age some older but still my age in the minds. I guess this is our creators way of saying keep it up this will be your future.

I miss home so much my little boy just turned a year old and his mom.

as carrying his little brother as I write
this. This is not a great solution I
see it as let the killers kill them selves
then what? How do you not become
a product of your own environment when
violence is all your around? You either
fight, die or become somebodys girl friend.
I for one will die or kill before I am
anybodys girl friend but there are some
who cant fight as good as me. I feel
all kinds of dead spirits around me, I'm
here for a Drug charge at one of the
worst prisons in Texas. What does that
tell me? I have to constantly tell my
brothers we should be fighting the oppressor
not our selves. But the war still goes on!
we are all Guerilla beating our chest hoping
to be the King of the Jungle of our peer!
If the words sound Romantic know that
its a Illusion of my mind to make something
out of nothing.