

How can the world you once knew, not know you. When I was a kid, I loved P.F. Flyer's Tenny-shoes. They even came with a little red wagon with the handle and steering on it so you can go a lot of places at the blink of an eye. Go to the little circle around the playground, go to the big one, nobody is looking.

Then I grew up, "oh yeah", those Chuck Taylor's sure look nice, but they only came in two colors - Black and white. As the year grew they did too. When I learned about brands I was off to another race. I tried the little circle and then the big circle. But I just couldn't keep a hold. Something was wrong I just couldn't put my finger on it.

Then came a shocking reality. The first American brand was not shoes or socks or rings and watches it was me.

I was America's first brand - A slave. I sit in prison because there really wasn't any hope for me then or now. But I hear people say keep the faith, have hope. This came from people who say, I accept God's will without questions. I will wait on God.

But that Collection plate Sure Came mighty often. It did seem like you were waiting on God, because that Nice Cadillac Sure looked good out front. He was waiting on me. Ignorance amongst men is imposed and unnatural. It Can not be taught. It is programmed oppression orchestrated malfeasance found hidden in family and public leadership - The Preacher. As the days went by I realized I must get things done, and not wait because life is short, Yes I went to Juvenile, and now I sit in prison. It Could Very well be over for me. But, the funniest thing as I sit in prison around some of the most wicked people I ever met, there is a fire that I feel deep inside of me just smoldering. It's been there for many years. That false me, "the ego", has been that moth that danced around the fire so long, he never feared the fire's ability to consume him. From deep inside some great energy was awoken and the, "ego moth" was consumed and I see the real me. My cell is so filled with books. I cant

read fast enough. That once dangerous guy was never real. He was manufactured by the false ideas of my environment. I was made that way. Now I sit back and watch the same person I was, play out in other people around me. Prison is not the answer to America's problems it those people who supposedly run this country's affairs that has something to gain from prison. Now I am no longer a brand but a commodity on the stock market. They say I'm in prison for the crimes I did, but nobody's in any prison for the crimes against me. The world never knew me, and I never really knew it, but look at the news and watch America play its self out. I was fooled into thinking I knew the world or should I say America. I wonder is Mr. Trump is my Hitler, "are they coming to kill me yet" - Covid-19 might be my gas chamber. My fears run wild, but that fire can not be put ~~out~~<sup>out</sup> but by death. All these years I slept on my feet. I believed in a lot of things, but

I must say one last thing before I go so you can say you also heard it from me. There is a solution to the problem and if America gets it right, this will be the greatest Country on the earth.

If they don't. There will be more enemies than they can shake a stick at.

Let's grow - Let's Climb high. We hold the bar. That song we are the World - We are. I don't want to sit in prison when the world needs me.

I will go any where they send me in the World as long as it's not to kill or harm.

Signed, Yesuf A. Rahman

P.S. In the case of my legal name let it be alright let's move forward.

Bless you. Oh yeah I have filled out a P@ so I need that no more, and I have previous work on file. Thank you!