Imprisoned Passions

SpeakOut! Journal
Spring, 2011
“But still their Spirit walks abroad. Though years Elapse, and others share as dark a doom, They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts Which overpower all others, and conduct The world at last to Freedom.”

~Lord Byron
Every Wednesday night for the past 14 weeks, a group of men and a group of
women at the Larimer County Detention Center spent an hour and a half of
their time participating in a writing workshop facilitated by Tobi Jacobi, Alex
Duncan, Lauren Feldman, Tiffany Lutke, Gus Miccos, Cheyenne Moore and
Amanda Oberg Morgan Van Dorn. Adding to this diverse chorus are two youth
writing groups from Turning Point’s Boy’s House and Girl’s House, facilitated
by Stephanie Becker, Kimberly Glenesk, Lexy Hall, Elliott Housman-
Turribiae, Elliott Johnston, Doug Jones-Graham, Stacey Johnson and Summer
Whisman. Throughout the semester, creative energy pushed through the fin-
gertips of these prolific writers and onto the page. Male, female, youth and
adult, each writer brought a unique style and voice to the works within.

All four groups explored a variety of creative writing forms: fiction, non-
fiction, poetry. Also contained within these pages are artwork pieces created
by residents at the Larimer County Detention Center. This is a collection of
their work—a unified voice that reaches out into the future and tells us all
that perhaps, through the power of creativity, they have the ability to write
their way “out.”

A very special thanks to Dianne Bacorn, the Larimer County Detention
Center and the CSU Center for Community Literacy for providing staff and ma-
terial support. Thanks to the Turning Point Center for Youth and Family
Development. We would also like to give heartfelt thanks to the Duncan
Charitable Trust and the Bohemian Foundation for their grant support. We
give special thanks to James Heraty and Publisher’s Graphics for their uncon-
ditional and much valued assistance in bringing this journal to a new level of
publication for our workshop writers. Finally, a heartfelt thanks to Vince
Darcangelo for his immeasurable support.

Winning Cover Art Artist: Claire L.
Publication Editor: Stephanie A. Train

Attention SpeakOut! Writers!

For writers involved in the SpeakOut! Writing Workshop, you may continue to
submit and publish your work through the new SpeakOut! 2.0 website:

http://speakoutclc.wordpress.com/

For more information please see the back page of this journal.
Imprisoned Passions: An Introduction

“Justice is not a place, person or a feeling; it is the idea of safety when there is none.” These words, written by J.B. Wood, one of our SpeakOut! Workshop writers, conveys more than a personal belief but the idea that as artists, we strive to find a safe place to engage in our work, to share our work and to grow through our work. Author and professor Michael Cunningham asks his creative writing students who they write for. Most reply, “I write for myself.” to this Cunningham replies: “I understand. I go home every night, make an elaborate cake and eat it all by myself. By which I mean that cakes, and writing, are meant to be presented to others.”

The writing within, though created in the sanctuary of the SpeakOut! program, is meant to be shared. For 14 weeks this Spring, writers from all backgrounds came together through the SpeakOut! Writing Workshops. Writers had various motivations for coming, each with their own story to tell. Once a week, we wrote and shared poetry (from the tanka to the villanelle), short stories, and other pieces of writing inspired by our life struggles and joy-and by each other. We also utilized examples of published works by writers such as Billy Collins, Suzi Q. Smith, Dylan Thomas, and Audre Lorde. Each session opened with writers reading their work and closed with writers submitting work for feedback and publication in the Spring, 2011 Journal.

The primary philosophy of the SpeakOut! writing program is that every person has a story to tell; each has words that are valuable and necessary. We encourage each writer to tell his/her own story and represent personal experiences on paper. This work takes the form of individual and collaborative writings. The SpeakOut! Writing Workshops focus on enacting change through writing experiences and the circulation of this journal along Colorado’s Northern front range.

Writers worked across four sites to title this issue, “Imprisoned Passions” which serves as a reminder that art and passion knows no bounds. This volume explores many issues such as recovery, love won and lost, anguish, strength, justice and hope. Through the sharing of work, participants demonstrated an incredibly proficient and sophisticated grasp of technique and craft. Furthermore, these artists allowed us, the facilitators, into their world, showing us all that a barrier of bars isn’t an accurate indicator of identity. The work itself exhibits a level of humanity frequently overlooked and ignored, work that often reflects the crucial moments and decisions that ultimately altered the course of these writers’ lives.

This book is dedicated to the writers at Larimer County Detention Center and Turning Point and to women and men across our globe who struggle against oppression, poverty, abuse, and gender discrimination by creating and publishing their stories, poems, essays and artwork.
Who We Are

I am From
Collaborative Poem

I’m from the power of love.
I’m from a blended family.
I’m from the melting pot.
I am from the forgotten, the lost, and the abused.
I’m from a big family.
I’m from Johnstown, a sad, shallow place.
I am born of thought and consciousness and broken hearts.
I’m from hugs and kisses, homemade food, and family vacations.
I’m from a state of pecans and peaches.
I’m from the Cajun C****** land of the Atchafalaya Swamps.
I’m from my crazy parents.
I’m from the big yellow house with lots of cars in the front.
I’m from wishing there was more peace in the world.
I’m from a drug-filled life.
I’m from Garden City, KS.
I am from old 70’s tunes and warm summer days by the river.
I am from the right of the sun.
I’m from the Big Man up above, my closest personal friend, GOD.
I’m from a spaceship.
I’m from the miracle of God.
I’m from the Rockies.
I’m from a very dysfunctional family and small town.
I’m from yesterday.

Change
By T.S. Villalobos

I did not change my life; my life changed me.
I Am
By Laney

I am learning to forgive myself as
Well as others
I am a good mother
I am learning to trust
I am made of Dust
I am learning to believe in God and
All that’s good
I am letting go of all I should
I am broken hearted
I am living in the New life I’ve started
I am worth more than I’ve allowed
Myself to be treated
I am not gonna be defeated
I am strong
I am smart
I love
I am caring
I am living a life worth sharing
I am finding serenity
I love my new identity

I Am
By Alice M.

I am a Tree the Bonsai- Waiting
You are the soil, the sheers, fulfilling life.

I am the Star in the night sky
You are the fire in the sky at first light.

I am a Newborn foal- during the first snow
You are the lion’s mane always full and proud.

I am the Wind that sweeps thru the fields after the rain
You are the trickle of water in the first melt of spring.

I am the Storm that comes after the still calm
You are the secrets that are spoken in the night.
Wendy
By Kaptain

A name which has no meaning, no background. Never heard of until Peter Pan came out in a book. This name doesn’t even come from a derivative of a longer, uglier name like Wendeline. A name a Natural element yet this name suits so well as I was born on the windiest day in 1975 and am as windy when I speak as the day I was born.

I Am Alexa
By Ms. Loca

I’m Alexa Coria at 17
Born and raised in FTC
Got put in LTC
At age 15
Now I’m sittin’ in recovery
Thinkin’ of 18
Changing my ways
And not always late
Still asking for more food on my plate
Waitin’ for them summer nights to come
And kickin’ back without rum
Cruzing around with my lady
Looking down at my baby
Waiting to become my wife
And have a new life
Watching all those hoes
Chase after slutty clothes
Rain pours down
Waiting for this long a** train
Thinking about the war
Fighting at the bar
Taking out my cuete
Killing all my haters
And saying f**$ you mothaf**&^%
**The Final Boom**  
By Cameron O.

I am still water like a rapid that never moves. I want to run but can’t, I am Einstein trapped upon his own mind and only waiting for my own time! My world is my power it’s living under me my world is like a flower it’s something nice to see. I want to watch it grow but it’s taking a dramatic blow our world is ending and our time is bending. We all watch while our world is deconceding then I would look to the sky and not wonder why others then I don’t want to die this is a great fact of life this penetrating knife the pain we cause upon our ground. It’s so distinguishing that we all hear that final booming sound.

**Name**  
By Nikki W.

Not always Idiotic  
Kinda Kinky  
Ice cream is yummy  

Kinder than before  
Everything seems New Nicer than  
Ever Thank-you my Honey
Memento
By Nick H.

Times in my life leave many mementos. Objects, thoughts, tattoos, memories. I am formed by everlasting impacts of all people and events in my life. In the end the only memento is me.

Paper Thoughts
By -Z-

An accumulation of direct quotations
From my mind’s enigmatic imagination
A publication of random thoughts
Caught in its own paradox of proclamation.
A dissertation of rhetorical expressions
My personal philosophical reflections
Based on the retrospective
View of the past i once knew
This intricate manuscript
Provides analytical hypotheses
On subjects too perplex
For most geniuses
So don’t confuse yourself
And pretend you know what i’m talking
About.
Cause i’m confused myself.

Portrait
By Alice M.

When I look in the mirror and
Put a smile on my face.
I choose to surround myself
with laughter or tears.
Willing to learn each small
step of life’s journey.
I am smart and kind and helpful.
Some even say a good friend.
When life pulls me forward
Through anxious thoughts, Tears,
and joyful laughter, I sometimes find myself pushing forward day by day, hour by hour. I tell myself not to give up and to believe that the truth will prevail. That there actually is justice for someone like me. The desire to count on someone to be there, to believe in me, as a good person is overwhelming. I become afraid my heart will harden, not allow myself to trust the word of someone I love that I believed loved me. The anger wells up and threatens to bubble over. The guilt and shame for the thoughts that go through my mind. I have started to hate and to become what I never desired to be. Wary of another’s word to me.

My Mind
By Mamacita

My mind is whatever I allow it to be. My mind is like a roller coaster going all around. My mind is like a book of never ending pages. My mind is full of hopes and dreams and joy and sorrow. My mind is like a faucet left dripping for days on end. My mind is wife and mama and friend and daughter. My mind is creative and calculating. My mind is in this moment. My mind is now.
**Void**  
Danielle D.

I pace the halls of insanity,  
looking for something that is forgotten.  
It can cause the calamity  
and create the destruction.  
Lost will be normality  
which won’t be missed.  
Medication with similarity  
damper the uniqueness.  
You and I are always one step behind tranquility,  
seeming to scare it away with our loud chaos.  
We are lost in the validity  
of our own mind.  

There is a void after nothingness.  
I wish for consistency of the existence.

---

**Helena**  
By Helena Renee

- Lena Helen my Grandmommy  
- Greek Goddess of Light  
- Variations – Lilath – Sophia - Helena  

First Before Eve: male of my name Samuel

Negative energy – Suculous \ Lilath  
Inculris \ Samuel  
Tantric Hosts  
To take ones Soul

---

**Fame**  
By Vampyre

Fame is forgiving all my enemies, no JK.  
Fame to me means doing something or being recognized for doing something important or worthwhile.
Famous
By Vesa Em

I want to be famous
for the many smiles he proudly shows
and teaching him to count on his
fingers and toes
don’t forget the goodnight kisses on his nose
I want to be famous
for showing him right from wrong
and still enjoying every moment with him
though the day was long
and the way I sing his favorite song

Famous From Within
By Crystal B.

To captivate the many
thoughts
To draw the attention
to hold onto
the piece of sanity
from within
To be desired, to remember
To be wanted, no
matter what.
To accept the situation
for here and
Now. Not to dwell on
What’s out there,
To stand strong
Even when they try
to take you
Down.
To be the director
To make it
happen
make it work.
Even if it is
TO BE WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
**Speak Up**  
By Daddy P

The beat is the damage and our words are the peace  
A rapper’s mind is like story time  
We are prisoners awaiting our release  

Men marrying moms  
Kids growing up in the ghetto  
The beat is the damage and our words are the peace  

Forgiveness is what he seeks  
Moms weeping at the blood covered streets  
We are prisoners awaiting our release  

There is a little but big difference between me and Wayne  
We both tell our truths  
His beats are the damage my words are the peace  

I spill out my soul to the passionate ear  
He fills up his bank corrupt man of the year  
We are prisoners awaiting our release  

Physically hurt and unheard speak up  
Raps of love or money noise or words speak up  
The beat is the damage and our words are the peace  
We are prisoners awaiting our release  

**Famous**  
By Mamacita

To be famous or not to be?  
Me famous?  
I think not.  
I do not want to have people in my business all the time. Snapping pictures of my family’s private moments, being asked for an autograph, my clothes sold on ebay or the pestering of my family for generations to come for just a comment.  
I would never be able to enjoy the simple things in life with my husband and my children. I think I would just rather be remembered as a good mother, wife, daughter and friend.  
Loving my perfectly non-famous life.
**Name**  
By Nikki W.

Nikki Lee is my name. If my mother could go back in time, she would have named me Nicolette. I’m not sure how I feel about that. I was just thinking how so many people wish their name was something else. I don’t think I have ever wanted my name to be different. I am happy with Nikki Lee. My Dad used to call me Nock-bock, I didn’t, mind that either. What I really hate is when people call me Nicole, I don’t like that cause my name is Nikki, Nikki Lee!

**Speak Up**  
By Daddy P

The beat is the damage and our words are the peace  
A rapper’s mind is like story time  
We are prisoners awaiting our release

Men marrying moms  
Kids growing up in the ghetto  
The beat is the damage and our words are the peace

Forgiveness is what he seeks  
Moms weeping at the blood covered streets  
We are prisoners awaiting our release

There is a little but big difference between me and Wayne  
We both tell our truths  
His beats are the damage my words are the peace

I spill out my soul to the passionate ear  
He fills up his bank corrupt man of the year  
We are prisoners awaiting our release

Physically hurt and unheard speak up  
Raps of love or money noise or words speak up  
The beat is the damage and our words are the peace  
We are prisoners awaiting our release
Famous
By Maggie H.

Famous like a rock star
Or famous because you stole a cop car?

Famous because you created something beautiful
Or famous because the words you speak are distasteful?

Famous like a doctor with a cure
Or famous because you did a big shot and everything is a blur?

There are many definitions of fame and no one’s is quite the same.
The reality of fame is what people make of it...
People want to be famous just for the sake of it.
I Believe
By Delaney

I believe in some things
I believe that when a child is born, that is when they’re at their greatest, because they haven’t gotten polluted By all of the world’s bull****
I believe that cows go moo for a reason
I believe that when people have sex, that is the greatest high a human can get. No Drug can touch that
I believe that the earth is tilted because it is confused on why us humans do so wrong
I believe that the Devil on my shoulder has been my best Decision maker. Because he has shown me how the world really is
I believe that opera should only be sung by fat people
I believe that a woman’s stomach is the most peaceful place on earth
I believe love is the worst thing in the world because it’s so good
I believe that the color of your skin is only what you look like
I believe Drugs the only way that you can use the 80% of your brain that you Don’t.
I believe that music is life and it is the only thing that can feel all emotions in one
I believe that high school is hell
I believe that my life has been perfect

Respect
By SSink

Respect Authority Ride Freedom
Hold Ugly Experience Hate

“LIVE YOUR DECISION”
~Hustle, Loyalty, & Respect~
Escape
By Alice M.

Entering into the land of Blue Doors
Seeing the same prejudice day in and out.
Coming apart inside my mind
All I want is to get through this time.
People lie and pretend
Every day I wish it would end.

Thoughts of a jail mattress
By Maggie H.

“Oh,” I can see another one coming, looking like she got hit by a MAC Truck.
I can smell the dirty chick detoxing without a shower. It’s been what 3 days now? Of course I have to listen to her constant cry about how she shouldn’t be here, someone made a mistake.

Obviously she’s been up for a month because all I can feel is skin and bones.
I thank the powers that be there’s a sheet in between us so I can’t taste a thing.
38 Days  
By Strawberry

38 days have come at last.  
Served because of what I have done in the past.  
The DA would not bend,  
But it has swiftly come to an end.  
The lesson I now know;  
No matter how long you will reap what you sow.  
No more trouble for me.  
A straight life is what you will see.  
Drugs are gone out the door.  
Alcohol, maybe a little more.  
No more running amuck,  
And that will not make my life suck.  
I will hold these words true,  
And I wish the same for you.

Knowledge of Gnats  
By: Claire L.

And once when I was taking a drink,  
a tiny little gnat flew out of the sink.  
It fluttered around and flew right up to me,  
and asked me quite frankly, why wasn’t I free?  
“Uh, Uh,” I stammered – I didn’t quite know…  
Something with bottles and pills and blow!  
“Well, why” he said, “are you wasting your life?”  
This is the question I ponder at night.  
I don’t know, gnat! You’re depressing me – shoo!  
And off he went but with a buzz he said,  
“ I’m a little gnat, but I have more freedom  
than you!”
The Beat
By Delaney

The beat is the damage, our words bring the peace
   nope
we are prisoners awaiting our release

But beats heal the wounds of this gaping world of liquid
   how is it the damage
the beat is the damage, and our words bring the peace

my words and actions locked me
in a world of self-inflicted murder and arms
   of hurt
this doesn’t make sense
we are prisoners awaiting our release

the beat is the only thing makes me feel like I’m useful in this hellhole of pain
It makes me feel like I have something to hold onto but it’s not tangible
this beat is the damage, and our words bring peace

words start wars, and hatred between the not-born infant and the last
   growth of a man
words have turned my brain into a platform of f***ing in this prison
we are prisoners awaiting our release

Beats are happiness and excitement
words hurt and burn people without the bic or cigarettes that give me cancer
the beat is the damage and our words bring the peace
we are prisoners awaiting our release
   this is Fake, it hurts
A Tribute to Loved Ones

What it Means to be a Man
By Big Head Fred

What it means to be a man
How my father held me in his hands
Never did he b**** or throw a fit
When the weather outside was like s***
Still had to do what a man has to do
To make sure his family had shelter, food and clothes too
Never paid more attention to one or the other
Showed us what it meant to be his sisters and brothers
All through life he respected and loved us
So can’t complain with ways he showed me of life
Taught me how to treat my children, family, and wife.
Up until his end, I knew his plan,
Even with the greatest of teachers,
Do I know what it MEANS to be man?

MOmentos
By Todd P.

The mementos I have
Were given by my mother
She was special
Like no other
The memories we made
Form a big heart
To put a price tag on it
I couldn’t even start
Since I’m in jail
Things she left I’ve lost
I may be guilty-
…but at what cost?
Worst Sunday Morning
By Helena Renee

Like it was yesterday I’m sad to say
Was a little Insecure girls worst ever Sunday.
All dressed up and cute I’m told
But something within me just never quite
Satisfied to simply fit the mold.
Easter in my small town was held as
A heralded event
- if I’m not mistaken
Wasn’t that night after Lent!
My goal that year to be a big big
Girl
more eggs than anyone; in a
Community of fifty that can be quite
A big deal.

Well to a little chica hitting second
Grade it seemed
an unattainable for
Off dream. On the
little babies
Couldn’t keep u,
on the end of
That hunt if only, I could just head to the truck.
In front of God and everyone

Not one single egg
None. In swaps
My Dad and brother Lord blessem
With chocolate and candy and eggs
They tried; to dry my eyes, maybe even
To get me to smile attum. I can see if now a
Picture to prove the event
But spoiled
As hell nothing would do me all through
The day stay back
Stand clear
All I would do was stay stuck
Boo hoo! Just Vent lol
Crayola Famous
By Lisa E.

It's my face they search the crowds
to see if I am there.
  It's only my hands they want to dry
  their tears and bandage up their knees.
It's my body their bodies feel the
warmth from, comforted when I am near.
  It's only my lips' touch their foreheads
  kissing them into goodnights.
It's my ear they whisper all of their
dreams and deep secrets into.
  It's only my hand that feels the squeeze
  of reassurance they need before they go.
It's my arms that know the weight
of them, my fingers the silkiness of their hair.
  It's only my name in crayola colors
  on a hundred homemade cards.
It is me that they call "Mommy"
and that's what I am famous for.

Dear Cainaan
By Helena Renee

Those were the days I miss that s***. Hey wait up can't cross without me.
To be important instrumental of obvious...

Obvious place in life to know What to do hands down no questions asked
instinct: to know your value when they look at you. Can’t bury—bottle it
smoke it sell it, But you can ruin it if you’re not careful. Look away, just
once take it for granted I dare you cause once they’re grown they’re gone
Bet..Then you pray they might maybe remember just once in a glimpse
Please and thank you I loved that feeling and I hold it dear...

Dear Cainaan I miss you don’t forget to remember to look Both ways
before you cross.
The First Time I Ever
By J.8.Wood

The first time I ever held
My son I was happier than ever,
The first time I ever held my
Daughter I knew this was right
My happiness, loving and overwhelming
Joy of being a father
First time I ever heard the
Words father and daddy was the most
Awesome time that stood still for me.
Time and feeling I wish and pray
For again soon not later
The first time ever that I
Felt love; true love was then.
When I looked into my childrens’
Eyes, I know their mother’s eyes too.

Acred
By C-Note

I believe I’m my Brother’s keeper
I will defend him even when I’m face to face with the Reaper
Death could take my soul and would still keep watch

This is one memory my father made me swear upon the heart
He said make sure you watch over your brother and keep him safe
Since then I wore a mask and a cape

I have many wounds inflicted by him and others
I’ll beat them near death and still stand beside my brother
Because the thought of losing him hurts my essence

Don’t have the words to describe if he could never again enter my presence
I realize he’s part of my motivation to not be like my dad
Pumping weights 24/7 365 watching my back in case I got stabbed

In this I realized I was somewhat a cutthroat
Overall the times my keeper was also my brother.
Goodbye
By Dustin F.

Welcome to my world, you really helped me along.
All your words of wisdom, to me were never wrong
Through all the tears I cried,
You never walked away,
You always brought with you a bright, sunny day,
The smile that you shared, was like a bright
Shining light. It carried me along,
Through my heartache-filled nights,
We had so many smiles, the laughs didn’t seem to end,
I sure am glad I got to be your friend.
But now the time has come,
We found the fork in the path.
Having to leave you, is such a painful wrath.
I never in my heart thought this day would be.
A point in time when I wake up,
And you I will not see.
Don’t you dare get scared, trip and start to fall,
If you ever need me, first raise your voice and call,
I’ll be right around the bend doing my time,
Writing a few lyrics, and finding words to rhyme.
I know this is hard, ‘cause I feel the hurt inside,
But I’m letting my tears flow,
Forget about the pride.
Before we start to cry,
let’s enjoy the friendship
We found.
A thing for you to remember,
I’ll always be around...

Memento
Eddie L.

My memento is...
My mom’s lips on my
Neck and her heart
And smile she gave me
Before she leaves this world
I Love-u-
my

DADDY
By Vampyre

Always remembered
You took care of everyone
You had your kids
And you took us in with Love
I miss you more than ever DAD!

Beautiful
Gorgeous
Queen
Muah
Learn from your Mistakes
By D

I hate fake b***es
They ain’t s***
They’re a step lower than snitches
Who throw little fits
Don’t act all tough
Cuz you ain’t gonna handle me when I’m rough
Don’t act badass
Just cuz you skipped a class
B****, you ain’t worth nothing
You be acting all fly, like you got somethin’
But only thing you got is
HPV and a shot of whiskey
In your system
Show respect and you won’t get hit
Learn to accept instead of throwing a fit
Life is hard
It ain’t easy
Always keep your guard
Up cuz s*** is f***in’ breezy
Learn from your mistakes
It’s to hit the brakes
Of life.
Think About It
By D

Think about it,
Is life a dream or is real?
Do you act or do you feel?
The life I live is so absurd
Sometimes I think I can’t afford
Afford the life that I live
Only because I take and never give.

Think about it,
Are gang bangers real or do they
Just play with your head?
Should I wipe off my tears or
Take fingerprints off lead?
You’re acting like a badass
But you’re really just a prick
You’re breaking your mirror and
Getting the glass
As you watch the blood you start
To get sick

Think about it,
Is the one you’re in love
with really the one?
Is the person you hate
really your enemy?
I’m living my life in all this fun
I honestly think my life can’t go on.
I’m falling hard right on my ass
I don’t know what to do,
S*** is happening so fast
I’m acting way too callow
And my supposable friends are
F***ing shallow

Think about it,
Are drugs really worth it or
Are you really an addict?
Can you fight for your freedom or
Just deal with it?

Justice?
By Cross

Chutes-N-Ladders
Right-N-wrong
Black-N-white
Justice...
Justice...
Hit or Miss
Miss then Miss Bigger
Promises N Lies
Justice...
Justice...
Freedom Leveraged
Dice Thrown
Scales Loaded
Prey... Prey...
Justice...
No, Just You Wait ‘N’ see
You’re sitting in treatment
Getting f***ing sick of it
You know it ain’t you
But there ain’t s*** you can do
You have to deal with the consequences
Without throwing b**** fits

Think about it,
Are you doing it for your or
Are you doing it for people who
Don’t have to do what you
Gotta do.
So now tell me,
Are you going to Think About It?

Life (Questions that can’t be answered)
By Green Eye’z S.F.

What is Life?
Life is given—Not Chosen . . . .
Life is full of choices;
Whether they be good or bad!

Life is like a ripple in the water,
That could go several ways.
It could be like life’s spread of happiness;
Or it could be life’s ring of problems.
They just spread either way!

Life could be like the ripples of water in the toilet,
FULL OF S***!!
Maybe the ripples of water from a skipped rock.
To which it has its up and downs.
You can come out on top with a smile;
Or sink to the bottom like an anchor.
Whichever path of LIFE’S ripples we choose,
I hope that’s the best ripples of Life for you!
In the end it’s just a question left to Linger
in one’s mind.
“What’s the purpose of the individual’s LIFE?”
Ravished Roots
By The Abolitionist

A seed planted in infertile soil knows the pain of the earth,
Though my roots were ravished, I remain in the dirt,
Without the strain and the hurt could I explain my worth?
Addiction to cocaine at birth left my veins with a curse,
My Mothas cadaverous carcass laid cold in the casket,
She left the church in a hearse and was sparked into ashes,
A meth lab exploded, and caused her death,
My dark heart eroded, the news paused my breath,
I neva experienced the loving care of a motha,
Or the biological bonding families share with eachotha,
The separation of me and my brothas was anothea devastashion,
My family tree suffered from deforestation and slave plantations,
The anticipation for freedoms been waitin since the declaration
The Emancipation Proclamation brings forth speculation,
That documentation may have abolished the slave trade,
But legislation controls segregation and how much a slave’s paid,
So whether you get paid a slave wage, or live in a slave cage,
We should be on the same page and full of the same rage,
This land was stolen, and I express the pain of the earth
My Native American blood flows through my veins, and the dirt,

The system we live in is a psychological prison,
So I’m driven to deliver philosophical wisdom,
They subconsciously brainwash us to believe we’re equal,
2 out of 3 black men are incarcerated, my fatha’s one of those people
You tell me who’s evil, those who live illegal,
Or puppet politicians hiding lies behind the American eagle,
My culture was murdered by colonialism and religion,
Raped of our resources, controlled by corporate cataclysm,
Capitalism and democracy are hypocritical philosophies,
Atrocities carry out prophecy its biblical monstrosity,
If God created all humans, would he support our division?
If Jesus was Jewish would he have risen as a christian?
Why did King James feel entitled to manipulate inscriptions?
Vital books of the Bible are missin and it still gets rewritten,
The crusades brought contradictions to beliefs of the churches,
They sold tickets to heaven and left bodies beneath the surface,
So to me the verses Priests preach are worthless,
Especially when they got caught molesting children after service,
I reveal the roots of evil, that remain in the dirt,
I am a seed that grew from the pain and the hurt,

My life is hard to the core, Just like this earth,
A fire has burned inside me since the day of my birth,
At first I was engulfed by nothin but darkness,
It got worse when I was cursed, suffering and heartless,
But I hung on, like my Grandfather as he swung from the rope,
After his suicide I couldn’t cope, I was young with no hope,
The fire inside me still burns, like the meth lab explosion,
It burns through my heart that was left scabbed and frozen,
Tears had me soakin like dead slaves dumped in the ocean,
I keep floatin on my emotions and undergoin erosion,
The darkness in my life seemed to last only one night,
Because the day I finally woke up I saw the sun light,
Tomorrow isn’t promised to me so I cherish today,
Sorrow is replaced with courage, anger perished away,
Ghandi told me to be the change I want to see in the earth,
I am 17 years old and have lived through hell since birth,
But if I wasn’t left with a curse, could I find my worth,
I may neva know, but will die pursuing this search,
My past has at last been buried with the pain and the hurt,
Though I have grown all alone, my roots remain in the dirt,

**Strength Escape Bam F***
By Nick H.

The world around us is difficult to understand. All beings began with a bang! Any life can end with a bam! It takes strength to make it through the days, to be successful in many ways. Time and effort can make you tired. Sometimes when life is too exhausting an escape is well deserved. Never take for granted all the time you have reserved. F***! It’s your life. Live it every day.

**Haiku**
By Lisa E.

Haiku really means
trying to compose many
ridiculously
profound sentences all day
Wannabe
By Levicito

F*** all them wannabe actors
Imitating, trying to win a laugh
You got to be real is the motto I feel
Corny mofos trying to be made of steel
Always stay trill, chase after that bill
Don’t kill to be real,
Life’s a trip I have to reveal
So haters stay on your heels
Never showing emotion or how you feel

Morals
By Prank

Mental structure straight abstract,
80% not used is a fact
other 20 got your b**** slapped,
just a mental matter of wrong and right
Fight, or indulge in a fight, one
day you just might see things my
way, yes someday, there will be no grey,
it’s all black and white,
a matter of wrong and right.

The Power
By Big S.

the power of the gun can kill
the power of fire can burn
the power of wind can chill
the power of love can kill
the power of anger can rage
inside until it tears u apart
From Yellow to Red
By Kaptain

Slow down just a smidgeon
Enjoy the world’s view;
the traffic all around is moving slower than you.

Nothing seems to matter, as long as the sky is not bright red,
Otherwise your head stays in the clouds; spiritually and mentally dead.

The school lights keep flashing
You are in a school zone,
You are moving way too fast to notice your kids at home.

By now you should be dead,
it hurts that you did not see the beauty inside your eyes,
You just abandoned me.

I pray you just slow down,
your pace is off the charts, it keeps speeding you up,
you keep breaking hearts.

It tears your morals down;
you keep banging your own head.
You cannot always accelerate,
when the light turns “from yellow to red.”

Justice
By J.8.Wood

Justice can be the in,
a thought, a feeling of right and wrong
the essence of fairness
justice is there for the weak to
feel safe and the strong to be wise
justice can’t be always just in the
actions that are taken
justice is not a place, person, or
a feeling; it is the idea of safety when
there is none.
Time
By Nmbr1 G

Why am I sitting here again? Why do these thoughts cross my mind? When will I get the clue, when will I snap back to reality?

How come I feel the way I do? How come I can’t change those feelings? What do I have to do to break free? What will I do once I am free?

Do I have to do what they say? Why can’t I do what I want? Will I break this curse that I seem to have, or will I still have the luck of a pirate?

I want to have the power to control me. I don’t want to have a weak will power.

I’m not gonna let what others say affect me! I am gonna do the right thing for my future!
Writing the Pain Out

Sometimes I Cry
By Big S.

Sometimes when I’m alone
I cry because I have a lot of pain
the tears I cry
are bitter and warm
they flow with my life
and the pain
is not going away
I find it’s difficult
to carry on with my pain
most people think they understand
what I’m going through
but they don’t know
It’s painful and sad and
sometimes I cry
and no one cares why.

Used and Abused
By Laney

I feel lost, scared and confused
a little washed out, beat up and bruised
somewhat torn up, taken advantage of and used
a little sad and lonely too.
I hate not knowing what to do
the hours get longer every day
inside my head is not okay
so many feelings I have never felt
what to do with this hand I was dealt.
How did I go from there to here?
I was on top of the world,
now not so clear.
Exactly where do I go from here?
These Friendly Faces
By Kaptain

Now these friendly faces... perhaps you have seen, maybe at Wal-Mart, maybe in a dream. These faces that appear to be friendly are actually dreams, dreams sent out to get you and me.

The faces laugh while they are smoking, if the smoke is for free. In the time that we need them, they avoid you and me.

You can pay them for rides, all over the place, but behind your back they want to take your place. The truth of it all is they lie and they cheat, empowered by spirits we are unable to see.

No matter what I had to offer; gift cards and dope, They would be my best friend, until my answer was “No!” Then suddenly they would try to pop game; They would love against me daily and scandalize my name.

He’s a hoe, a snitch, a cheater, man eater, a woman beater. I am not surprised they do not see the rest of the world like I do. You can write them but they will not write you. The next time this community of faces decides to embrace... Please be careful around “these friendly faces.”

Die Letter
By J.8.Wood

So, so, to him this concerns Go away, please just go away For now, for ever and never Return. Away, away out of My mind, out of my heart. Away, away just stay the F*** away “k” with all your S***, all your thoughts, all your feelings All your dreams just go away liar! So just die!
2 Sides of Me
By Dragon

Why oh why do you continue down this road?
You just got out of trouble,
Why do you stoop down so low?

Because f*** this sobriety bulls***
I wanna have fun, and what’s fun
Without a little coke and rum?

There’s plenty of other ways to have fun
What about all the guilt and shame?
And all the trust you’ll have to regain?

I don’t give a f***, s*** happens
That’s not the life for me
I was born to get high and party

No you weren’t, you’re smarter than that
What about your mom?
I thought you wanted your life back?

Yah, I guess that’s true?
It’s just hard to change
Can you help me?
Cause I’mma go through a lot of pain

My Dreams
By Jadakiss

Ur dreams will come true
That’s what they always tell you

Look my dreams haunt me, yet so
No, I know that those dreams I
Had when I was younger is f****** b******.

I’ve dreamed of having a father since
I’ve lost my biological one
But my mom can’t keep a man
For s*** and that makes it hard to move on

I’ve dreamed of living a normal life
Having money and food and less strife

I’ve dreamed about my mom’s drinking
Problem going away
Dreams don’t always come true cuz
This s*** is not ok

I’ve dreamed that one day I’d
Eventually grow up
But I can’t seem to be outgoing
And keep my s*** on lock

Tell me, have your dreams come true by far?
Does your little brother know who you are?
Have you accomplished all of your tasks?
Were you able to change all the s*** in your past?

If so, please just teach me how to
Change mine
Because my dreams aren’t coming true
And I’m running out of time

I Realized I Was Lost
By Michael V.

Something that really pissed me off was when
My mind let me believe that nothing was wrong.
I was stayin’ up late, stayin’ up for days...
Loosing weight and walking around with a
Sunk-in face. My pants hung below my waist,
Not due to saggin, but due to the lack of food.
Parents noticed my change and I denied the
Facts, I didn’t give a f*** and thought it was
Wack, I knew what I was doing was wrong
But my mind told me I was fine, that’s when
I realized I was lost and that’s
One thing that really pissed me off.
Dazed & Confused
By D

Sitting down
Not one sound
Everything is perfectly still
It’s too quiet, I get a chill

No one listens
No one knows
All the attention
It had to go

I’m lost in my world of pretend
No apologies to say
No relationships to amend
In my world things go my way

All the knowledge had to vanish
I’m dazed and confused
And I get banished
For I was the one who got accused

I hear the voices of those I care about
Yet every time I turn around they are nowhere to be seen
I cry and weep and I shout
I just crave my drug so bad I feen
Feen for the high, for the sights that I see
I’m dazed and confused
Why the f*** can’t I be me?

I lived with convicts who were in prison
I saw the life I had been given
What’s going on in this life I live
I only take things, I cannot give

Dazed by the power of death
Confused by the strength of love
What is death?
Do you know?
What is love?
Can it show?
Nobody hears me
Nobody understands
When can I be free?
When can I have a helping hand?

I’m dazed and confused
With the rules of the law
I’ve gotten abused
I’ve had one too many falls.

What am I supposed to do?
When does life help me?
What the hell was my clue,
For me to be free?

I can’t f***ing do this
I need someone now
I can’t f***ing stand this
Please I need to know how.

How to deal with my treatment
How to measure up
How to just deal with it
And not give a f***

I’m dazed and confused
I’m lost and unfound
I’m beaten and abused
Yet I don’t turn around

I’m facing all this s***
I still haven’t gotten hit
I’m the one who is always getting accused
No f***ing wonder why
I’m dazed and confused!
Agony
By Ms. Loca

Unearth the darkness of shadows long past
Of screams and blood and sorrows
Unveil the nightmares and the fears of sleep.

There you’ll find a soul crying to be
Talked to and understood;
Not laughed at and dismissed.

God protects the soul that has faith and
Knows its boundaries, but
Man sets boundaries in the name of God,
And distorts the direction of the faithful.

And therefore the faithless, flesh-loving
Creatures inflict torture
On the already wounded spirit.

As they rejoice at their position in life
The pain
The Agony
Time stands still and awaits mercy,
But the feeling is forsaken, overlooked,
Ignored.

The so-called family, friends...
Are all the same...
Distant, oblivious, blind.

6 Word Memoir
By Lisa E.

Warrior for Death, Coward at Life
All alone in the Zone
By Joker

In the game I feel the
Same, nothing to gain
So much to lose.
I feel the emptiness
On my soul. Still no goal.
Stuck in the game I feel the
Same. Looking for an out I
Think I’ll go pout, but you
Can’t in this game you gotta
Be insane! No laughing or
Jokes here, there’s so much
To fear, like all alone in
The zone, I think I’ll go home!

Mystique’s ABC’s
By Mystique S.

A is for anger deep down inside
B is for blood of unholy pride
C is for cuts in the skin deep
D is for death that comes in our sleep
E is for emptiness inside of me
F is free, something I’ll never be
G is a ghost as their soul wonders
H is for the clan of satanic head hunters
I is for immature self-destruction
J is just to mutilate something
K is because you are killing me slowly
L is because you left my world dark and
lonely
M is for the voices in my mind
N is for the peace I’ll never find
O is for the clouds that hang over my
day
P is for the predator slaying its prey
Q is how I am lost in this quiet abyss
R is how I lay days on end distraught and
restless
S is how I dream of sadistic horror
T is how I delight myself with self torture
U is how I hide under my covers
V is how I am taunted by voices of others
W is the way the corpse groans
X is for the X-ray of broken bones
Y is yours I’ll always be
Z is z is f****** z
Loneliness
By Mystique S.

Loneliness… I am tired of.
Maybe someone would love me if I wasn’t so self destructive
or maybe
that is what I have led myself to believe.
I hate me,
is that thought truly that hard to conceive?
That someone who portrays so much pride,
is really decaying on the inside.
I am left
deep in self-hatred.
Anything can be concealed with a half a$$ smile and a little bit of makeup.
Then again it is obvious
my wrist drenched in cuts,
I have cut at least a million times
but it never seems enough
I feel worthless
brittle and used
I wonder...
what happened when my artificial grins are used?
No one understands me
or even attempts to...
They say my mental state is all caused by self-inflicted lies
Even so
can someone help me please...
I ask of you,
I beg on my knees
Please
Love and Bliss

All the Reasons....
By Samsara

I love the way your eyes sparkle
when you see me,
The way your hand fits perfectly in mine,
How your lips feel on mine.
I love how you make me laugh
even when I’m sad,
How we can stay up all night
and talk like girls,
I love that we never run outta stuff to say.
I love your big, generous heart,
your unconditional love,
And how when I look at you
I know how much I’m loved.
I love how you never give up
and how your love makes me
Want to be everything I’ve always wanted to be
I love how even unspoken words are understood,
I love how connected we are in every way.
I love that I can get lost in love with you and
That I can fall in love every day.
You and I are so much alike that it’s hard to believe that we
Could be so in love but you are the woman of my dreams!
I love how you fit so perfectly in my arms,
I love that nothing between us is awkward,
I love how we have no secrets and there is an amazing
Amount of love, trust, honesty, and security!
I love how even when insecurities arise they are never justified,
I know that with you I will always be accepted and I will
Always have your loving arms to hold me.
I love how even the little things mean the most.
I love that even when we’re apart, the love still remains.
I love you for everything that you are, for everything that you aspire to be.
In my eyes you are perfect and more beautiful than anyone in the world.
I promise to love you with my last breath.
I want to spend forever with you, I was made just for you.
I love how we always come back to us and our hearts.
I love you because you are you and that’s the best reason of all!
Music.....
By Joker

When you talk to me I’m mesmerized, stuck in a trance,
    moving my body to the rhythm, take girls home when I dance!
And the panties come off as I’m rockin it live,
I may hate some people but when we speak we coincide!
I’m alive because your melodies are the blood on my veins.
You are the sunshine when its cloudy and rains.
I maintain faithfulness to you, find I never get jealous,
    you touch me in every way I get a shock to my pelvis.
I never felt this way before about a single person,
    from the first time you kissed my ear like a virgin.
Now I’m practicing and rehearsing cutting trays like a surgeon,
    forever in your debt I will always be your servant.

This is the last verse but its never-ending,
    people say that they love you but they’re all just pretending,
confined to one dimension they don’t explore your roots.
They don’t know all about you, when asked they go mute!!!

I love everything from 2-pac to Sinatra,
I love taking samples from classical, choir and opera.
I only turn on the radio to listen to classic rock,
80’s is my collection I have a large amount in stock!

You are never selfish as you cater to my emotions,
    got me under your spell like a potion,
with you I’m eloping!!
I bond you to me forever it’s more than a marriage,
If I lose you for the moment we revive this miscarriage.
You will always be there from the ending to the start,
    your body is more beautiful than vintage sculpted art!
        My favorite piece of you I want displayed when I depart.
From the earth you were birthed and now one forever MY HEART!!!!

Trish
By Maggie H.

It looks like I’m at the point of no return because all I can see is you.
It sounds like a constant orchestra playing Canon in D.
It smells like I’m in a meadow of wild flowers.
It tastes like blood because I bit a little too hard.
It feels like I’m falling, hoping I don’t hit the bottom any time soon.
Love’s Hope
By Alice M.

Wandering
Searching
If only to find a small whisper
of your love.
Desperate in my search
So destined to wander alone
Screaming for beauty in this
world so full of Hate.
Beautiful Defiance
Free-thinking teenager meeting
a boy in forbidden nights.
Hated memories
choking dreams of happiness
into spiraling darkness.
Force of restraints
unable to break free of poisons
heaped upon this love.
Passion of my soul
   Shout loud and clear
Leaving a mark only the brave may see
Ever-increasing love
Blocking the shame
Downcast upon those with overwhelming desire.
OH
   To become starry-eyed
once again
The restraints fall away
   Truth dictates our true desires
Of hope and love
   Everlasting.

LOST
By Vampyre

Lost without my love
Alone and scared on my own
Life goes on slowly
Without you in my presence
We will be together soon
Foolish Girl
By Strawberry

What do I do,
When my heart yearns for you?
How should I act,
When I broke our pact?

You mean so much to me.
I know you can see.
You became my everything;
When you gave me that ring.

I know your heart was broken,
When I packed away our love’s token.
But you never left my heart.
It was yours from the start.

Can you forgive a foolish girl,
And give us another whirl?
I will not let you down.
I will wear that white gown.

The First Time
By Anonymous

The first time I ever...
Looked into your eyez
Josephine, you had me mesmerized
The way you walk, that cute physique
130 pounds of sexya** meat
Your pretty face I
Must say took me away
I never believed in Love at First Sight
But 12 months with you and it feels so right
The first time we kissed
I surely do miss
So I can honestly say
The first time I ever seen you- True bliss

Bliss
By Helena Renee

Ecstasy nautisa,
Sing Song Sweet
A lying boy smilin’ at you
Never knowing what’s next
Surprise
One you’d least expect
Sweet freedom,
getting my way
Getting out of your way
Seeing a baby smile
Smiling at me no less
Ice cream/milkshakes
love hugs
Cigarettes
A Gift
By Alice M.

Battered and Scarred
From Foolish Love
Through Change
A gift of life is wrought
    Her first smile
    Captures the soul
Never may some quite understand.
A love as Sweet and Pure.
In a moment’s notice
The Gift Wrenched Away.
Darkness enfolds as I search
Through quicksand my life has become.
The musical laughter has ceased;
    Left only as a memory
    Priceless in its worth.
To the once again battered soul.
Solace comes
    It’s pace slow.
To a life of sorrow
Waiting to be re-born.
With a look
    A smile
And memories as worn
    As an old picture without a frame
My Gift
Never Forgotten
IS YOU.

Eternity
By Claire L.

In your eyes I see the cosmos
    the reflection of everything
    there is, was,
    and will come to be.
In your voice I hear the earth,
    the vibration of life,
    of flowers
    breaking through the soil.
In your heart, I know love,
    the beating of prosperity.
In your hand, I feel mine,
    connecting us with all eternity.

Beauty
By Green Eye’z S.F.

Beauty looks like my three babies.
Beauty sounds like three little voices saying “mommy.”
Beauty smells like baby lotion after a bath,
Beauty is a taste that is never fulfilled. . . .
Beauty feels gorgeous with a hug.
Deja-vu
By -Z-

A time-traveling dream come true
Sub-conscious innuendos of me and you.
And the euphoric feeling of my soul
Transporting to a familiar place it already knows
Your familiar face radiates my day
In a way that validates our fate
My queen I’ve seen in a dream
Believe in me, your king
For our destiny
I have already seen.

Music My Chromosome!!
By Joker

This life will surely pass you by before you ever know,
I often sit and wonder why, where did time ever go.
But my best memories are one in your melodies..and I could spend eternity baby just you and me!!
And as each moment passes by I know I’m not alone you’re part of me like arteries, MUSIC MY CHROMOSOME!

You are so complex because you are all about genre, so many wishes to choose from like good karma.
When you’re around I feel protected like I’m suited in armor, you stay producing fresh beats like a vegetable farmer!!
I’m so in love it’s become my obsession, stronger than the force is our strength of connection.
Nothing to prove you still display your skills, when you whisper in my ear you still give me the chills.

Whether it’s Soprano, Alto, Tenor, or Baritone, love making music my words are pheromones. Feigning for this song you need a treatment of Methadone!! With songs that puncture ozones.
MUSIC MY CHROMOSOME!!
So if you feel what I’m saying put your hands high in the air, whether it’s Rock, Rap, Country, or Funk or you don’t really care!! It’s a beautiful thing the gift that keeps on giving, Because it’s not just a part of life it’s a WAY OF LIVING!!!!!!
**Love Lost**

**All Alone**  
By Bobbie C.

Here I sit all alone  
Wishing I was coming home  
Wanting you to hold me near  
And tell me how much you love me dear

Life was good when we were there  
then we left and came up here  
What a day I’ll never forget  
what a big regret

We had a fight  
And you left in the night  
When I woke I was sad  
but also mad ‘cause the love I had was done and gone

You left me here and went back home and here again  
I sit all alone.

**Celaya’s Apology Letter**  
By Jadakiss

One normal day  
Only 1 friend that made her feel special  
Never been liked by any boy  
Other girls used her and played her like a toy.

Going to school was the worst thing she had to do  
Because every time she was there, kids make her feel blue  
But an older boy that is quite popular  
Decided to stop in the hall and actually talk to her.
“Hey Celaya,” he said with a grin
As he pretended to check her out, that’s when it all began
Confused and jubilant she said with a smile
“Are you talking to me cuz I’m not worth your while.”

As he turned around to wink at his friends
He told her to meet him after school by the trend
She turned around to walk away
And thought to herself this is the day

After school, they met like they said
He was alone to play with her head
He asked her some questions about her sex life
She said she never had it and didn’t know what it was like

So he made her a deal to meet him at his home
And to wear something sexy cuz they would be alone
He grabbed her hand and whispered 2 words
Trying to be hot and special he said, “you’re good”

That night she struggled on what to wear
So she wore her mom’s clothes thinking she wouldn’t care
She put on something over the mess
And told her mom she was going to her friend’s to work on something for class.

That night she met him at his place
He brought her in and saw her lace
He threw himself on her and covered her mouth
He told her she’s special and she had nothing to worry about

The next day at school he still hasn’t told his friends
He said nothing happened so she wouldn’t feel bad
And for 2 weeks they hung out and had fun
And his friends figured out he was falling in love

Her friend tried telling her this guy wasn’t worth it
But Celaya didn’t listen and continued to see him
And slowly but surely her friend faded away
The only friend she had is now astray
His friends decided to tell him he was becoming a traitor
And he spit out his truth that he was already dating her
That after you know her, she’s actually really kind
But to be chill with his homies he had to leave her behind

And being the player he used to always be
He thought up a plan to make her want to leave
He called her up and chatted a bit
Then said, “hey baby, you should come to my place at 6”

So she dresses up fabulous as she is already used to
And drives her mom’s car to his place with no issue
And when she shows up she fixes her makeup the same routine
She steps out of the car walks up the walkway and sings

She knocks on his door but there wasn’t an answer
So she went through the back as her heart beat faster
She called his name only to hear a moan in return
She went into his room only to learn

He was sleeping with the girl who always made Celaya feel bad
And she was so shocked she couldn’t cry, she got out of there fast
She sprinted to her car and let out a tear
“How could I trust him? How could he dare?”

She thought of the friends she had abandoned for him
It made her cry harder to know she cared
Instead of calling, she swung out a pen
She wrote her a letter about what just happened

The letter said:

I’m sorry, I should have listened
I saw him tonight with the girl that you mentioned
I want to cry and tell him something
But I didn’t know what, because he probably wouldn’t listen
So now as I sit feeling guilty in this car
I realize my friendship was more important by far.

You were my friend, my 1 and only
And I feel for a guy, a fake and a phony
I hope this letter makes it to your home
‘cuz my life has been played too much, it’s time to go
Thank you for your support and kindness as well
You are a fabulous friend, Sadie, smile, don’t frown

She folded the letter and laid it on the seat
And wrote on Sadie’s name, flowers all sweet
She remembered the rifle her dad had in back
And before a cricket could chirp, she pulled the Trigger and that was that.

And Sadie got the letter the very next day
And started to cry becuz of all the things Celaya had said
And now Sadie knew she couldn’t make anything better
That all she has left is Celaya’s apology letter.

My Mind & Heart
By Vampyre

A Dark and twisted place
it is
Sick and twisted games around
tormented thoughts of knives and blood
controlled and stuffed away...
sick and twisted thoughts all day
If you came from my past
you might just understand
Don’t judge my mind cuz my heart makes up for the twisted thoughts
PAIN
By Strawberry

Why do you hurt me so much?
Why do you say so many hurtful things?
How I long to hear your praises.
How I yearn to know your love.

I know the things I have done to do you wrong.
I know I can never make amends.
But do you realize how much you mean?
Do you see how hard I try?

Your words cut me like a knife.
My heart bleeds knowing the truth.
I will never make you proud.
No matter how hard I fight.

Photo
By Cameron O.

I look at this photo that lays in
my hands and no I can’t I just
can’t understand! It looks so
bland in my large calloused hand.
I can’t understand this earth
other than her and the pain
it hurts. It sucks to search
for the one you love especially
when you pass that shrug
and yes I tripped, and fell,
I sat in that hole just to
test my own soul. That just left
me like a doe in the
snow so I keep my head
high and hope past the sky
and no on will ever stop
me
LOVE DRUG (GED)
Eden B.

It was enough to finally see you at last
I did not even notice I was still behind glass
Until I realized how stupid you looked
My smile and happiness you instantly took
The nervousness I felt quickly turned to hate
Making it clear to see this is not my fate
Done trying to keep the both of us on track
I am content without you and all that you lack
No longer will I be ashamed of your ways
I look forward to my future; brighter days.

Letting Go
By Strawberry

Holding on tight
Knowing that it will soon be goodbye.
Remembering what has passed in the short time you were granted
into our lives.
Seeing all that we have shared between us and with others.
Remembering the lessons you have taught me.
Feeling the pain of knowing I cannot hold you anymore.
Trying to prolong what is going to come no matter
how hard I try to fight it.
Hearing the words, “It is time to say goodbye.”
Taking a moment to ask for your safe passage to the other side.
Feeling the emptiness left after you are gone.
The hot moisture coming from my eyes, it trickles down my face.
The overwhelming sense of happiness fills me fully as you say
your final goodbye.
Leaving a sense that you will be ok, and you will never truly
leave me behind.

6 Word Memoir
By Green Eyez S.F.

Greatest Love Lost- Iz the Living!
Finding Me
By: Laney

I gave you my heart and you broke
It in two
How dumb it was to fall for you
Everyone warned Me, but,
Love is blind. I did not see
So I put the pieces of my heart together
Again
Letting go of the pain, picking it up

I’ve lost track of the timers you let
Me down
Now I’m getting stronger and don’t
Need you around
IN Losing you; It’s me I found

Destiny
By Bobbi C.

My heart was scarred and all alone,
I really did not have a home.
I needed one but ran to hide,
I did not know what was on the inside.
Then I met you,
all my heart could do was hurt.
I was scared at first,
then you made me feel like marching on.
We have been together almost 2 years now,
nothing I do could ever show you how you have changed my life forever.
So please do not ever go away,
without you here I would just fade away.
Where Did I Go
By Laney

When did I lose my shine?
Maybe it was the beer and wine
or the heartaches and loneliness.
Oh how did I become a mess?
What a fine hole I have dug.
Oh how could I get addicted to a drug?
I sit with all kinds of time to wonder
many of reasons and events to ponder.
So many thoughts to sort through
so much about me I wish I knew.
Years of memories pushed aside
all I knew to do was hide.
I ran away, away from me
so sad and hurt I could not see.
It is hard to admit I lost my way
but I will find me again...someday.
Atonement
By Lisa E.

An abomination dying
miserable despised blind
Snatched from her.
Free fall from grace
filthy wings tattered
folded in shame.
Humbled, she gives way
collapsing,
crumbling in on herself
repentance,
salty on her tongue,
trembling prostate in its presence
her redemption comes for her.
On the first rays of dawn
speared by the divine
she is penetrated
by the light of God.
Awakening her slumbering soul
tearing it wide open
searching her broken depths
harvesting the dark
there it invokes the essence of her aliveness
tearing the veils of her reality away.
All of her cells scream for second life
she rushes towards the surface
exploding through
a thousand shards that glisten on.
Her skin
first breath
nourishing moist earth
pregnant with salvation
awash in all
the universe.
*Never Live in the Past*

By *D*

Never live in the past, but always learn from it
Never take things too fast, but always slow it down in a bit.
You can’t put up a front, but you can always be blunt.

Life is rough, just take it easy
We are who we are, even if we’re sleazy
I’m not the type to judge or criticize
I’m not the type to hypnotize
I’m the one who tells you what’s what
The girl who used to purge and cut
I can’t let go of the past
I live in it

Some crap just happens so fast
And I have to deal with it
My past is my future now to this day
Yet now, I never get my way.

When somebody tells you just to let go
Just say ok and go with the flow
If you can’t learn from it
Don’t live in it

Things are the same, and you are too
You get to where you don’t know what to do.
Never live in the past, but always learn from it
Never take things too fast, but always slow it down a bit.

It’s time for you to learn something
Something fresh and new
Don’t regret and don’t repeat
Just take a deep breath while in the heat
You aren’t what you used to be
The problems you once had have disappeared

Now you can be free
And the real you has reappeared
Sanctuary
By Cross

My mind, My Peace at once. Always the sun on
My face. My daughters in my arms My Mind My Peace
Always. Eyes open or closed Heart ache or headache
My mind my Peace at once. Sweet touch of a woman,
Sweet sound of birds, Sweet breeze on my face.
My mind, My Peace at once. My mind my
Sanctuary. My Peace always.

Have a Dream!
By Jadakiss

I have a dream
That one day I’ll be home again
And my brother will grow up knowing who I am
And my sister will realize what she needs
And stop sleeping around just for some weed
A dream about love and peace
And figuring out respect should come free
Knowing I can be who I want to be
And getting through school and treatment successfully
Becuz I have a dream
That my mom will put down the booze
That I will either win or decide to lose
And someday I’ll have the courage to choose
And I’ll stop being selfish and put myself in other shoes
Becuz committing crimes is not what I was told to do
So I just gotta open my eyes and accept the news
And understand that through life there will be pain
And soon enough I’ll see that there’s more to gain
Becuz I have a dream
That all the people struggling will be ok
That their higher power will soon show them the way
And all my friends will decide to stay
And show me the support I need for the day
And that my family’s problems will go away
Then suddenly we will all get through the maze
And all the booze, sex, and weed will disappear
And it will seem like life was never even there
But then again this is just a crazy dream
Can’t Imagine
By Helena Renee

Can’t imagine
Being without
A blessing
I’m my soul
Nothing before his
Life.
As important
As
Now his life
A mary, Sensitive
Two grown: Not
Old Cainaan
ABEL My life's
Goal

Darkness
By Rebecca

The Darkness is all I see
The sadness is all I feel
BARS and Guards all around me

No future, no past
Just property
Put on a shelf

Far from society
Left there to die
Or to wait until they
Say that
I’m worthy to be free

How can they judge me
When God made me
Isn’t it Him whom I should
Answer to?
Illusion of fear
By Rob J.

The chains of ego
Broken by wings of the soul
The illusion of fear
Goes down a black hole
The ring of truth is constant
The purpose of lies is dark
Don’t let time deceive you
There never was a start-
It never ends when you live
In the light. You are the
Only one who can set limits
On life.

Help Me To
By Laney

Oh Lord help me Live
Show me all you have to give
Help me to always feel your love
Give me Guidance from up above
Help me to rely on the spirit within
So that I stop living in Sin
Help me to see wrong from right
And keep me safe through the night
Help me be who you made me to be
Thank you Jesus for setting me free

Serenity
By Kaptain

Serenity is the sound of the waves crashing against the rocks, the seagulls as they fly over the water, the large range of open emptiness atop the water, no one around, no one in sight, no one talking, screaming, no more angry thoughts or pain inside, just the quiet sound of water. The freedom to feel at ease to flow around like the water, I see in front of me. Sitting here alone on this bench for once I feel free to my life as the water is to this earth. Serenity is where I wish I could be here and now like the waves crashing by me.
Loss and Grief

It’s been one year
the day after tomorrow
When we were hit
with a terrible sorrow.

It’s hard to believe
that you are really gone
We miss you so much
and we love you Mom.

It’s heartbreaking still
to sit and talk with Dad
Any mention or memory
His words seem so sad.

I can see deep
beyond all his tears
I see he is lonely
and will be for years.

We never did get
the answers to “why?”
Not even the chance
to tell you goodbye.

But how could we ever
have expected this to be
For the Love of God
you were just 53.

I know you’re safe
in the Heavens above
Being sheltered and showered
by God’s special love.

And even though your life
we surely do miss
We know you are blessed
by an Angel’s sweet kiss.

So until the day
when together we’ll be
Remember, We Love You
My Dad and Me.

Mom
By T.S. Villalobos
In Memory of Cindy S-1956-2010
Lost & Found
By Alice M.

Tattered and torn barely given a
Second glance
A glove, the left one only
Remembered when the right one
Is seen on the top shelf of
A closet full of so many other
Mismatching items.
A book- History boring
An odd thought of dust and
the old man pruning his
shrubs next door.
A shoe- more of a slipper
Really- fleeting though
Wondering if it is really
Even missed.

The shoe box- odd and old
Forgotten and torn.
Holding tightly onto
Memories of the
Glove that held a
True love’s hand
A Book of an old tale
Of a hero, a child was to
Be named after
And a slipper bringing
On remembrance
Of grace

Reality
By $G$-Money$

Bam bam is all I hear when reality hits me,
after this chaplain tells me my oldest brother has died.
F*** now I’m a sitting duck, cuz my life has stopped.
I have no strength now to escape these walls of brick and wire.
I’m now forever bound.
Realizing Emotions
Strawberry

The phone rings, my heart sinks.
Phone to my ear, a shaky voice says my name.
My mind shuts down.
Tears rolling down my face as I hear your name.
Phone thrown, eyes closed, and I run.

When my eyes finally open, I’m back 6 years past.
Holding you in my arms.
I see your sweet face, eyes closed.
Wondering what you are dreaming.

Kissing you gently on your forehead, I lay you down.
Nightmare begins, leg jerking but not stopping.

A flash – Dr. saying “She will NEVER be normal.”
WHO are you to say WHAT normal is?
Dreaded words – “she can go at any time.”
Only 7 months old and a lifetime to live.

Flashes of you – through blessed 6 years,
Your smile
    The sound of your cry.
    How it hurt me to hear.
FEELING you next to my heart.

So many times I contemplated loosing you.
I never prepared for the rush of emotions – flowing through.
Heart pounds,
    Mind races.
Everything falling all around.

My heart – Always a slower beat from now on.
My life – Forever changed.

Knowing your pain is over – life’s struggle gone.
Selfish feelings of wanting you back.
I WANT to hear you
    To hold you...
I scream – can’t hear the words.
Convulsing uncontrollably with loss.
HOW WILL MY LIFE MOVE ON?

Feeling of warmth all around me.
Your arms wrap around my neck – Comforting me.
Now I know – You are HAPPY and CONTENT.
Comforted by thoughts of you
Being able to do what couldn’t be done here on EARTH.
I know where you are – Where you were meant to be.
Thank you for pushing me from that day forward.
Until we meet again.

**Losing Control**
By Joker

Never In control Never No
Goal, Like I was the Boss. So
Much love lost, I thought I
Was the s*** until I lost my cousin
To a hit! I thought I could
Be brave ‘til I buried him
In a grave. Never in control
It’s called loss of control!
Watched him put a gun to his
Head then all I saw was Red.
Then I knew it was over Like
A game with no controller!
Losing control...IT’S OVER!
Seize the Day
Pink Panther

Seize the day when I shall see
world peace
Seize the day when I shall see
bullies become loving
Seize the day when my loving
mother shall pass
Seize the day when my alcoholic
father shall never beat me again
Seize the day when I find love
within who I am
Seize the day when I shall
be set free

Seize the day!
Locked Away
By Strawberry

It is strange what bonds are forged
When you are locked behind steel doors.
Many friendships are built,
And you never have to worry about your guilt.
The only judgment that stands,
Is beyond the walls of solid sand.
It don’t matter your shade,
We are all stuck in this cage.
So judge not what you see,
But start believing in thee.

Totally Fine
By Laney

I want to go outside and feel the sun
I want to laugh and play and jump and run
I want a home cooked meal
And to know all its contents are real
I want to take a walk around the block
And go through doors that don’t stay locked
I want to get my kids ready for school
And be a nut and act a fool
But must of all I want to be
Kind and loving and totally free

Sanctuary
Jeremy M.

A place in my mind a place on
The farm a place in every state of
My mind
Sanctuary is that state where thoughts
Are pleasant to one for beer, wine and
Some smoke that is sanctuary too
A fine woman’s touch, a pair of beautiful eyes
Is that too.
Freedom is sanctuary....
Not Here: For West Bravo
By T.S. Villalobos

Our life is not here
behind these brick walls
Waiting for mail
and making collect calls.

A mother, daughter, sister
we’re somebody good
Addict, criminal, failure
we’re also cursed “hood”

We strive to be better
been clean for a while
We’re learning new lessons
and a productive lifestyle

Keeping the faith
and relying on prayer
Helping one another
with guidance to share

Listening to stories
of heartbroken lost souls
Don’t give up, Ladies
we’ve all got goals

Keep your heads up
and your spirits high
We can overcome
if we honestly try

So freedom will come
I promise it’s near
Just remember always
Our Life is not here.

Kaptain
If I Could Go Back and Do it Again

Wishes
Lisa E.

I wish someone had told me...
not to start smoking cigarettes
not to lie to my parents
not to make fun of others
not to be jealous
not to feel ashamed
had someone told me
not to smoke pot
not to start drinking
not to throw away my education
not to get drunk and drive
not to try cocaine
I wouldn’t be wishing
someone would have told me not to
smoke crack
someone could have told me not to use
a needle
someone should have told me not to
lose my home
someone had told me I would lose my
freedom
someone to say I was hurting everyone I

Downward Spiral
By Casey P.

Caught in what seems to be a never-ending
Downward spiral.
F*** you karma this s*** ain’t even
Funny.
I’m not laughing i’m not smiling.
A few days of freedom out on bond,
Just a few days.
Wrong place wrong time doesn’t
Even start to explain this away.
Court appearance after court appearance,
Wait Judge, what did you just say...
True Life
By Jadakiss

Have you ever thought about where u would end up?
Did u ever think that would be jail then
That’s when u realize you’ve had enough

U hurt so many people and u even hurt yourself
And the only thing teach u is D.B.T and
Put it on the shelf

I thought I was in this alone all along
But after I ran and came back I found out I was wrong

You may think that life is all just a game
Because once you mess up ur walking the line of shame
But if u try, u really can change
It really just depends on if u want to

Don’t fool yourself, we all make mistakes
It only matters if ur able to fix it
And take that one deep breath
Because u know u can

The one u may depend on can be considered a liar
My mom said she’d stop drinking and she hasn’t
I told her I’d stop stealing and lying
But I asked her if she could stop watching me cry
To save herself and to stop trying to cover her own lies

Just to think to yourself, u came in this world by yourself
So that means you’re leaving by yourself
Not everyone will be there to comfort u
U got to learn to depend on your self confidence

Stay true to independence
Grown up and forget about being waited on
Then maybe u won’t be here
And you’ll understand the meaning of true life
Time/Lost Control
Jeremy M.

The Friday of one past
Indeed I lost my will.
Lost my will to work with others
To listen to others and ever
Wanted to be around others.

My will to work was gone
My will to drink was up and
Running away with my feelings and
Thoughts of that Friday of one past.

Control to drink and not
Feel, was the same as feeling
And not drinking so I knew
I had to go
For my self control with that
Liars was out of control of
Deep thought of deep place to
Put deep liars.

Chancho’s Back
By Chancho

It’s white,
you smoke it,
snort it!!
I’m addicted,
need help cuz
I can’t quit on my own! I
love it,
but hate it- so I basically love to hate it!!
I’ve lost everything 3 times over
including my freedom!
Why can’t I stop?
It’s in me- a part of me!
It’s me!!
**Waves of Me**  
By Lisa E.

Waves of unrelenting me  
Flatten, swallow, destroy...

I meant to, tried to, hold on  
But small hands tear away in torrents.

Ravenous, churning, swirling  
My possessions, my loves strewn about in angry tides.

Clinging to anything, my breath a scream  
Clawing my way back to where I ebb, devouring all I was.

And in my selfish wake I leave, a broken promise  
Lost faith, splintered trust, bits of hope.  
Drenched with waves of me.

    Really? I didn’t even know  
That was a charge.  
Well at least in here I can’t  
Waste my money on getting high.

**Stupid**  
By Laney

Buck up you stupid f***  
I am in here for hitting a truck.  
Not real sure what I was thinking  
guess that is what I get for drinking.  
So here I sit doing my time  
Lord knows I am still in my prime.  
Up in here with a bunch of whiny b******  
cry babies, whiners, and just plain snitches.  
Why can’t people just be real  
not everyone lies, cheats and steals.  
This place sucks that’s for sure  
I never want to see another blue door.  
This time I will change I swear  
anything to keep me out of this s***
I wish
By Ms. Loca

I wish I wouldn’t have done drugs
I wish my father would give me more hugs
I wish I didn’t get committed
I wish my kids were here so I didn’t feel hated
I wish my mom never left home
I wish guys would stop asking for more dome
I wish I could have been home and never alone
I wish my homies weren’t dead
I wish I could sleep in my own bed
I wish my brothers didn’t go to jail
I wish I never failed to be being a sister
I wish my father would stop giving me blisters
I wish my mother owned
I wish she would accept the tattoo on my hand
I wish I was never raped
I wish I had the right shapes
I wish I didn’t become so violent
I wish I never got caught for gang violence
I wish my family would be more of a support system
I wish my name never gave pride to the system
I wish my OG never got shot and died
I wish I hadn’t gotten stabbed
I wish I didn’t put that girl in the hospital
I wish I didn’t give my brother a bottle of Jack
I wish I could go back
I wish I could do right
I wish I didn’t fight
I wish drugs were never here

Dope Man’s Pledge
By Kaptain

I pledge allegiance to the fix
Needles, rails, and glass d***s
Above all else dope shall prevail
As families and friendships fail
Their shattered remnants lie in ruin
And look at you;
What the f*** you doin’?
Shackles & Shame
By LaKrazy

Needles, powder, pills, and pipes, they used to transport me to a distant world where I could be alone, happy, safe, and free a place with bright vibrant colors surrounded by loving sounds peace, and tranquility.... then they turned on me I was in darkness, halls filled with echoed cries of pain; rooms darkened by sadness which filled the air, and souls within a place devoid of compassion, hard angry hearts held hostage by loneliness I stand here--- feel the cold shiny metal wrapped tight ‘round my wrist and ankles heavy chains drape my body, feel the weight of life’s pain, and left shackled to shame....

Shadow of Memories....

Shadow of memories within my mind reflections of life, and lovers that have come & gone so they turn, turning to shadows that pass at times through the cracks within my mind, some seeming to bring pain run through at high speed others of happiness bring smiles that play their way across my watering eyes. at the moment of death, if only it comes slowly, I will look back upon my life and smile for even the pain will be meaningless, it has so far been well interesting, and though the years seems like hours, and the experience seems only a dream, I will feel comfort in the hands of Death....

Painful Memories

the smile the place, the long forgotten face, a picture, a smell, a sweet loving song, a memory of you of what went wrong. why so many changes, why so many faces, by all the pain, why I want you again. maybe I want you because I haven’t got you, maybe I want you because I still love you, maybe I want you “forever”, I need you, what I should have done, what I could have done, to change the past, to make it last, what I must do to face the truth, what I must do to face a new dawn to realize you’re gone “forever”....

Behind the Walls....

I step back into the shadows, watching in proud anguish as my friends return from visits, glistening eyes, a flow in the dark, the brilliance of children who stop and smell dandelions (that wilt and die so quickly) too
much light--- I hide in darkness as the young children search for the elusive rainbow, words whip my mind I write empty letters all love’s labor not lost in words, lost days—majestic violence bleed from not knowing what to say, words that never come to mind vomited feelings never expressed, laughed and cried over meanings lost in a world of transience the past whispers in my ear arctic chills, icy stares frost filled windows of anger my vision glazes over reflecting only the mad woman, tears running.... I shudder at your touch, feeling the cold fingers of hate run up my back, and out through my flesh “do him he won’t remember, too young”--- freezing numbing all my senses, and I left frost bitten frozen with shame, and frustration tears glistening--- frozen over time icy tendrils enslave my heart turned to reach out to me, “f*** him!” stay away I don’t need your help, pain is the only way I know I’m alive and still you persist to fill the dark vacant space, arctic blast of loneliness whistle through my mind tears running (you listen quietly) washing away the grime so long stored in the attic of my soul, shared tears glistening with hope, words that heal, I care, I believe, I’m sorry that happened to you before this child inside dies, she prays to be loved

Through the window...

leaves fall after dark trees change, time stands still power trips and children play, it’s another day, a drifter lights a cigarette, a woman turns to cry, business men run back and forth, a hitchhiker with another course, a crime committed, the neighbor evicted all on the streets outside these windows

Inside these walls....

there must be a spirit inside these walls, as an urge overwhelms me to draw a picture, and as I finish, a poem enters my mind the talent within emerges, and I’m at peace with myself, a compulsive desire to draw and write become all I live for, is it my talent? or am I being guided by a creative spirit trapped inside these walls? either way my desire for are seems to intensify with every hour of ever day time passes quickly for me, and days fly by my only hope for sanity is my art, all my arts the lost talents have emerged from within, inside these walls....
Lost and Found
By Ms. Loca

I lost the love of my life
I found him and became his wife
I lost my OG of a gang war
I found my OG and is never far
I lost my sister by rape
I found my sister from escape
I lost my mom to her boyfriends
I found my mom to find she’s my best friend
I lost my little brother for my mistakes
I found my brother by showing him what love takes
I lost my best friend from drugs
I found my best friend and asking for more hugs
I lost my big brother for spending time in jail
I found him and gave him bail so now he can’t fail
I lost my daughter when she ran away
I found my daughter and now she’s gonna stay
I lost my dignity by f***ing up
I found my dignity by looking in the city
I lost my life

And now I can’t be found

Ignorance is ‘ISH’
Eden B.

Judgments are made by the weak;
Preying on the bold.
Relating to that similar to what is known,
Having been told.
Understanding only their own situations,
Choose to hear as they wish.
They go on living life as a sheep,
Swimming with the fish.
Something of Something
By Jeremy M.

Time with one of some
Of I, so close, so real like
Looking in the mirror
Long lost self, in love
With one’s self, then lied to
By one’s self.
Lied to about the dream,
The want of being happy.
Stepped out of one life
For a dream of same faith
Same thoughts, same wants.
The end in a lie,
The end of the dream
Of a soul.
The end.

If I had one wish it would be . . .
By Nikki W.

If I had one wish it would be to finally get my life together so I could stop being a disappointment to myself and the people who care about me. If I could actually do good, so many other wishes that I have wished for a long, long time would automatically come true. Such as being a good Mother to my children, being a good Aunt & a good sister, a good daughter & a good granddaughter and a good wife. I want to be a good member of society and live to see my grand babies grow up when I become a grandma. If I do not get myself together, chances are the way my lifestyle has been I will not live more than another ten years. So, really I guess my real wish is I want to LIVE while I’m alive, all I have ever chose to do in my life was be miserable and do things to die slowly and created even more chaos when things seem too good . . . What a waste of a truly good person with so much potential for success & happiness. If I am sooo smart, why do I act so completely stupid . . . over & over & over!

If only I had one wish L . . . .
“Another soul I've taken,
Why must I be forsaken?”
Recovery

6 word thinking
By Lisa E.

Here is mine, I want yours
I’ve looked everywhere, I’m still lost
When broken open, I am small
God wants me, where I am
Miss child, Miss life, Miss self
Needle hits vein, no more pain
Pain is gone, replaced by shame
I still have, bits of hope
Never will escape, reality of myself
Deep inside me, demons still linger
My walls keep me, safe inside
I will not fear, what’s within
Entombed with fear, I’m not free
I still have, hope and faith
One Moment
By Strawberry

So small, so clear, sharp little edges,
Mouth watering, palms sweating, mind racing,
Scoop in hand, open zip lock, dipping some up,
Pouring in hole, lighter lit, flame touching glass,
Rotating side to side, eyes getting wider, crystals to liquid,
Glass in mouth, 10 to 2, 10 to 2, sucking in, filling lungs,
Lighter down, holding breath, blowing out, cloud surrounds face,
Head spinning, teeth grinding, hands shaking, heart pounding,
Wanting more, seeking more, caught in devils grasp.

Shot after Shot, Day after Day
By Shorty

The first shot, made me feel all warm and good inside
The feeling of no longer needing to hide
The 4th shot, made me laugh mea**off
So hard it brought me to an uncomfortable cough
The 8th shot, brought out my emotions and made me cry so hard
Tears rolling and the next thing I remember I’m on my knees in the backyard
The 12th shot, made me mad at the world
Looking up, “Why Oh Why?” I’m yelling out to the Lord
The 16th shot, I really don’t remember
Damn it I did it again another DUI on my record

The first day I just slept it off
Damn jail beds are rough
The fourth day I no longer was laughing
But just laying here thinking about what just happened
The 8th day, I hated that 8th shot I drank
That’s usually when it all starts to go blank
The 12th day I had to stand before the judge and take responsibility
Two DUIs in two months, I knew the problem was all me
That 16th day…..
Well, I knew it was time to get on my knees and pray
Relapse
By Eden B.

Thoughts flooding my mind at night
When I’m alone they are harder to fight
Temptations like gum drops in my head
So restless it is impossible to go to bed
Now I feel lonely again all the same
Questioning my strength I am ashamed.

One Wish
By Helena Renee

If I had one single solitary wish Not being an addict, to have the previous rare gift of moderation. To know when enough is enough, ability to walk away or put it down leave a sip, a bite, where are the leftovers? To not go back for thirds or fourths every single time much less seconds. If I had one wish it would be to be just right, fashionably late and always a lady. Not being anxious, leaving just in time right before the clock chimes one instead of the one over wrought, distraught, and spun.

Aflac
By Kaptain

You spent 21 days and 3 nights, trying to figure out what Aflac means. You’ve been wasting precious time in your life, kicking it with pot heads, crack heads, and friends.

So where do you fit in this category, able to still see one’s beauty when your gone? Able to create much human through laughter after you’ve been told to stop calling my phone. A long time ago in an apartment complex parking lot, a white Durango with a driver so fine, you fought the urges and temptations to be faithful while speaking softly. If this world were yours somehow you knew the first time you witnessed my anger, that it was I who had been wronged by something. You sensed it right away that my life could be in danger because you had also been wronged by this drug. You feel so bad because you were shown just how to love me, my heart was broken and in need of much repair. Misunderstood by this world that surrounds me, but it’s clear you can see that A Filipino Lady Always Cares!
Can’t Change the Past
By Laney

It was always easier to blame other things: parents, family, kids, their dad etc. My addiction started with meth and, after, a child protection case led to alcohol since I could pass U.A’s that way. For six or seven years now I’ve just been fighting the system just playing it out until I crashed and burned.

My memories of childhood are good, I have always thought anyway. I grew up in nice homes and was loved. I guess the things I thought so little, buried down deep, affect how I act more than I realize. My dad was pretty much absent and had many broken promises which I guess come along with the ugly disease of alcoholism. My mom did the best she could I would say. She married a man who would come down and touch me and breathe on my head that he would never hurt me as I pretended to sleep and he’d go away. We moved around a lot when were with him so it was hard to make lasting friendships. When my mom left him we went back to NJ and lived with my Grandma. My mom wanted to come back to Colorado. A part of me resented her for a very long time for making me leave NJ, my first love and all my family. Another hard thing for me to forgive was her use of meth with me, but I realize now that’s the addiction, we were both wrong. I was molested by two of my uncles but I really don’t remember details, just the incident. Never really let it bother me. My kid’s dad and I met when we were 15 and had a 15 year, unhealthy, addicted abusive relationship in which we brought 4 kids in to witness and endure suffering also. Having 4 kids—1 with special needs was a great excuse to use or drink. Heck “you would too if you had to deal with my life.” How selfish!

Now that I’m sober and learning to dig for the reason—I hurt therefore I use. I am learning a lot. I now realize I am hurt deep down and I am learning to forgive those who hurt me. I am learning that forgiving them is not for them but for me. I am becoming more content and patient also. The hardest part is forgiving myself for the things I have done, because there is a lot. What I hate the most is what I have done to my children through the mist of my selfishness. They have gone through the things I hated my parents for which is pretty awful of me, how dare I do that to them. My biggest fear is that they never forgive me for it or worse yet they become an addict like I did from being so deeply hurt. I will spend every day of the rest of my life making it up to them.

I can’t change the past but I can love them every day of the future.
Forsaker
by La La

Into the mind of an Addict: I wrote the piece "Forsaker" as a subtle reminder of my addiction and the inner conflict I deal with on a daily basis. It gives readers an insight into the mind of an addict and the problems of morals as well as civil consequences.

Needle, Spoon, Lil Ball of Cotton,
All my problems are forgotten.
Slingin, Weighing, Surveying, Prepaying, and Reweighing...
Dope is my only way to cope,
Because I have no sense of hope..
Call me a: Taker, Lawbreaker, Painstaker, Forsaker, a god damn Baker or a Maker..
Another soul I've taken,
Why must I be forsaken?
Stages, Gauges, Heat Ranges, Chemical Changes
My pockets start swellin,
Then the snitches start tellin..
Cocaine, Butane, Bloodstain, Scatterbrain
Trailer across the way has got Surveillance,
Cops tryin to catch me sellin Inhalants..
Wholesaler, next the Bailer, then I'll see the Jailer
I'll be an Addict with this Breath til my Death.

Reality
By Claire L.

Begging, pleading
for disbelief.
I caught glimpses of electric passion
and I fell into the wall.
I couldn't remember
how I became suspended,
but now my nerves are dying
in my right arm
because I reasoned
down reality
Transformation

Where Did I Go
By Laney

When did I lose my shine?
Maybe it was the beer and wine
or the heartaches and loneliness.
Oh how did I become a mess?
What a fine hole I have dug.
Oh how could I get addicted to a drug?
I sit with all kinds of time to wonder
many of reasons and events to ponder.
So many thoughts to sort through
so much about me
I wish I knew.
Years of memories pushed aside
all I knew to do was hide.
I ran away, away from me
so sad and hurt I could not see.
It is hard to admit I lost my way
but I will find me again...someday.

Heart Muscles
By Claire L.

Adjustments to my thinking.
An adaptation to my perception, so I wouldn’t crumble into it.
Appreciation for small things, because all I have are small things.
A survival technique to stay spiritually intact.
Adjustment to compulsion and negativity.
Realizing negativity is a luxury I once indulged in but now it is not an option.
I will break.
A strengthening of my heart muscles.
One Day
By -Z-

What good is one day?
Let that question resonate in your brain
Cause the day i made a big mistake
Turned into days and days
To change my ways
So, what good is one day?
Well, i’d have to say
That today
Is a better day
Than the bad day
That put me in
this waste-filled place
So instead of wasting my
day away
I choose to make
Today
A better day than yesterday

Change
By Crystal B.

Want to change
My current living situation...
Change my clothes to fit.
Change my menu to
something I want to get.
Change it all around.
Maybe this time even change it
upside down.

The Sky’s Height
By C-Note

Hiding from the dark but it always seems to find me
grasping for light but its evading like water from my hands
waiting for my soul to sprout out of ashes and grow like new

Trying to get across that bridge known as the eternally damned
Cant’ find my way back to my honey combs cuz I miss ya lil b
life and death are married forever tied together by the band

So I try to look to the brighter side of life
Out of pain I search for something of the factor delight
Because under the battle worn armor
I have a star in my chest that shines bright
I smile and just with that I have the sky’s height
Change  
By Delaney

change is something that happens  
in ways I can’t describe  
I don’t know if it’s from the globe to space  
maybe from my brain to my face  
maybe from the way I have sex  
to the way I kiss  
or from the way the seasons move with Pluto  
or from the bracelets I wear to what I  
hear when insects look at me  
maybe from the way a Bee stings you, from  
that sharp pain in my foot, to a seductive sting  
that arouses me in ways I can’t explain  
or the changing of a child when its born  
or from when the Bible was written and  
turned into a pamphlet about seeing little Bible  
thumpers trying to get money so the priest can  
have enough money to afford a lawyer for the last  
sexual assault charge  
or change is when a little innocent girls turns out to  
be a prostitute dealing heroin out of her pocket for  
3 pennies a gram  
or change is when your addiction so bad that you  
want to kill yourself for one more hit  
or its when I get my first puberty hair  
I think change is weird and sexual  
But also so serious and sensual  
or change is when a girl is born with mosquito bites  
and turns into things so miraculous that will  
to f*** up the computer for everyone  
or change is just being close to lands in the up  
also when you write  
   because each word has it sown  
emotion and on the type of emotions  
change can  
turn to horniness to hate and depression  
change happens in every place all the time  
this is the only way I can describe change

Light and Dark  
By Claire L.

Everything, all I see—  
bathed in luminosity,  
Who I am, all you are—  
fragments of a tapestry,  
Woven tight, beautiful  
sight, particles of energy.
The Lighter Side

Things I Like To Do
By Helena Renee

Things I like Doing:
  This that and the other
That’s what they’d say where I’m from.
Jack of all trades
Whatever your big enough to do Wow
Vague halfa**answers. Maybe cause
Generally we may not sincerely know
Of good positive answer to this question
So other than the typical Helena response
Of: Dope of course he regoes...
  I like to
    Eat reeses pieces and charlston chews
-Ride my baby blue beach cruiser everywhere I go!
-Hug my son – Coolest Kid I know
-Did I mention Eat I really truly enjoy the good taste of food
-Cheesy mashtaters nixed with cottage cheese yummy
-How about reading oh Lordie yes especially at a comfy spot like the back corners of Barnes and Noble or Tattered Cover
-I love to show but only if I got the cash None of this window shopping jazz makes me prone to steal (laughter here)
   Okay then, there you have it
A few good things to do always
Always fun for me!
**Gave to “Me”**
By Alice M.

On the 12th day of Jail
   My favorite Deputy Gave to Me:
12- Requests so I may whine “how unfair is this life of Mine”
11- Volunteers to fix the broken soul
10- Bars of chocolate
9- Prospective husbands
8- Courtesy flushes
7- Mystery Meals
6- Various Medications
5- New Best Friends
4- Pieces of paper
3- Granny panties
2- Envelopes
   AND
1- Special dance “I’ll remember for Always”

**Last 12 Days at LCDC**
By Bobbie C.
(sung to the tune of “12 Days of Christmas”)

12 grouchy guards
11 laundry bags
10 dirty socks
9 nasty meals
8 freezing nights
7 sucky showers
6 games of spades
5 med rounds
4 ramen noodles
3 candy bars
2 packs of sugar
   and
1 day until I go home
It All Comes Down to This...

A Riddle
B.B.

Do fish sleep?
Where do they sleep if they don’t have a bed?
They do tend to sleep
Right on top of a leaf
On the top of the sea
The leaf is their bed
They might trade it with thread
but instead they go to bed

Dear Mr Fishy Fish
by Kyle

I remember the first time I laid my eyes on you.
you were in the store
posted up all stiff and cold
the outside of your skin looking like mold
the inside looking all slimy and old
you were looking at me with half
eye open and half closed
and don’t forget that smell
Oh God, what a smell
I only thought grannies had that smell.

Matrix
By Alice M.

Mind reeling and rebelling against the obscurity of life I’ve thrust upon myself. Images floating by- some reality of the stark bare cold walls surrounding myself with wishes of warmth, love, friendship and hope. Sharp sound of a trilling bell evading thoughts jolting my mind back to the present. Struggling to remain somewhere in an unseen future completely forged upon by dreams and wishes of better things.
Hero
Alice M.

Blue cape flying – Shrieks of laughter
Streaking by.

Black Mask – leftover of last
Halloween.

Tiny hightops tip-toeing in secrecy

Stealth – Imagination flying
As high as the stars in the sky

Twinkling they give a soft
Light
   For
The hero – to see in the night

Slowly – halting off into the
Next dream

Glancing down – seeing –
Softly sleeping of those saved
Thru the day.

Will You Listen?
By Paula A.

What do you read when you read this?
Is it the same thing I read?
How do you know what the words mean?
Do you have the right to define my words?
When I wrote them, they were mine.
Once you read them they were something you took as your own.
I want to tell you what the words mean.
But will you listen to what I am trying to say?
Will you hear what it is I’m telling you?
**Things that bother Me**
By Samsara

These concrete walls, these loud blue doors, this unforgettable bunk, the sliver of a window, being cold without you, 92 days without a decision, that damn orange spork, window warriors, and wannabe bible thumpers, no money on the phone, knowing that stupid b**** is hurting you, feeling helpless, knowing you need me, hoping beyond hope that I will be home soon, Christmas music in my ear, listening to my celly snore, only have your picture to hold, it’s not fair, Damn the people who can’t see us as amazing, and that our love is pure and true, damn these orange suits, the visits thru glass when all I want is to touch your face, med-line, lock-down, no Sunday night slow jams, no cruising with my babe, but outta all these things it bothers me most to be away from your loving and wonderful heart.

**Little Black Eclipse**
By Helena Renee

We are free outta state out of feel lack
WY, Nebraska here we come,
Nelly on the radio heads and
Arms out windows wind whipping
Sun shining
Oh okay slow down state
Cop at 10 o’clock, there we went
Breathe now music back up
Calm again similar cause I’m
The coolest mom around!
Definitely a memory (101)
Little black eclipse
Son so tall he had his seat
In buried in the back
Blown up lamented
Clear Poster Frame
Black light back drop
To denote on hellofa Day!
Music X
BY Joker

I could care less about fashion,
I like to keep this simple, relationships are my passion.
Lashing out at my world as I feel it collapsing.
Lots of money in my hand but it’s only imagined.
It’s hard to survive in this economy.
I got out of rehab too soon probably.
I just never blame others for my mistakes or failures.
Anxiety leaves me gasping for breath, I should get an inhaler.
Society is about being ideal, achieving perfection
Plastic surgery prolongs death, make corrections,
The country is a victim getting raped by its brethren
We look the other way as senators buy their elections.
I may stumble but I’m still cut for success,
I just get lost in jealousy, abusing a substance.
I may not have much to offer but my love is pure.
You’re still fighting a civil war and waiting for a cure.

[chorus]
I will survive cause I want to succeed. I possess humility beyond a lack of greed. I will not hide from fights in any shape or form, whether I’m in a cell or studying in a dorm. I will coincide with my people, In God’s eyes we are all created equal. Too much pride in this world so I try to be humble, your actions and your words they may cause you to crumble. We all think we are safe cause we’re away from turmoil. Our people die daily taking bullets for oil. This country is full of children wicked, rotten, and spoiled. Ancestors turn in their graves, grandparents’ blood boils.

[verse 2]
This is an era of boob jobs and sex,
People holding up traffic cause they’re responding to a text.
Father created children just to show ‘em neglect.
Kids talk to elders showing pure disrespect.
Just because we’re American we all think that we’re golden.
We’re all living on land that was raped, plundered, and stolen.
Too much is influenced by reality television,
One day it will all collapse like having an aneurism.

I am guilty at times, I’m not saying I’m innocent.
The beauty of this song is that I can be a hypocrite.
So quit acting hard when everyone knows you’re impotent.  
One thing is for sure I bring revolution through instrument.  
[repeat chorus]

So much time invested in appearance.  
You will find we looking nice, I just bought it on clearance.  
Catch me in prayer cause it’s good for the spirit.  
My personality is gorgeous,  
Maybe I’ll let you get near it.

We are so dependent on cell phones and internet,  
So many illiterate people dying off cigarettes.  
Only out for money and objects that are material,  
Their lives are more generic than imitation cereal.  
I feel now I have changed, I have been revived.  
No longer will I hide insecure behind my pride.  
I will survive because I got good people with me.  
If you can’t feel what I’m saying all I have for you is  
PITY!

In Front of EVERYONE?!  
By Angela G.

Humping the book shelf  
Really? I’m not too sure how I’m gonna  
Do with all them eyes on me? Especially  
Z’s!! I will do it though, just to  
See that smile before we go. My  
Time behind these binding walls  
Were our pleasure, wasn’t it? All them words  
In the envelopes sent *wink wink* and them books...  
2 books personally brought up  
To me. In front of everyone?!

Haiku  
By Lisa E.

I’m playing hopscotch  
with the mystics in my head  
if i trip and fall  
I die...and the universe  
starts poking me with a stick.
Anything I’d give
By Daddy P.

Emo girls
with pretty hair
unsure smiles
and sorrows to share
dark makeup to hide
those traitorous eyes
that smile
like the lips on an
innocent child
but never again
shall the world ever see
all due to a man
whose job was to teach
with intentions to sneak
away to the place where she would, “relax
it’s all okay.”
but please never say
It’s between me and you
She wouldn’t have gone
if she honestly knew
the pain she would feel
way worse than the cuts
so deeper she goes
just testing her luck
she used to scream loud
but he fed on her pain
so she screams inside
like thunder and rain
the yells are the claps
as the blood fills the puddles
afraid to get close
because the man said I love you
and if that’s the love
that a man has to give
then, never, would she
let a man love her kids.
And she couldn’t accept
the love from her father
the love that is pure
the love for a daughter
afraid and alone
as the places get smaller
inside of her mind
and she’s finding it harder
to hold it inside
so she finally cries
out loud to the man
who’s holding the light
who is he might
just be jesus christ
he saved her
from what
she can’t see. But I
and everyone knows
the rumors aren’t lies
she does ecstasy
and she opens her thighs
to all of the guys
who will give
her the hour
with minutes returned
for them to devour
but no one knows why
and they just don’t care
to look deep inside
when her body’s not bare
and it just isn’t fair
because I am aware
and a girl that pretty
just shouldn’t be scared
and I share
a path that doesn’t stray far
but I am the one guy
that has to try hard
and I do
but she
doesn’t recognize love
if only if only
I could just get a gun
and kill that son
of a parent who failed
but my mind
stopped the bullets
when the man was unveiled
her uncle she said
that I “can’t say a word”
I told her
“I won’t”
“ever let her get hurt”
blood on my shirt
it covers her person
a man in the dirt
not dead but working
my patience
I’m waiting
for cops to arrive
I just stood up
and the blood isn’t mine
or hers
it’s his
she’s holding the knife
and she’s crying out loud
but she tells me she’s fine
and he whines
with the very
last breath in his body
the words of the devil
“I’ll never be sorry”
because what I do next
sets her soul to be free
I snatch up the knife
and tell her to leave
and to love
if she’s willing
to get to know how
don’t run
from your pains
just write them all down
or say them out loud
its all your choice
just reach out
and use your voice.
Flow
By Reese

You know every day I awake,
creepin’, mistaken,
in my own mind caged, and raged, thinkin,
when will this day just end,
with society and its dumb trend.
Wanting to escape
this f***in’ cage
in anticipation, manifestation,
this s*** grinding my gears,
trying to hold back tears.

As I sit here waitin,
waitin for some more demands,
demands, s*** talkin.
Chartless, debates or f***,
the dish crates!
We all begin to stare
stare into belief
that you cannot make a change,
but you really can if you wanted,
now get the f*** up,
and watch me make it!!

Am I mistaken
or are you just fakin
your way into something.
Fake ‘n’you
wantin the attention,
be more important
than your reputation!
How sad to see people’s life crumble
in front of their eyes,
taking the wrong path,
about all that’s commin’
is disgrace-n-nothin but a back,
side track,
wreckless and lost.
What a say way
to pay your costs.

Make sure to keep your receipts.

Circles
By Claire L.

Everything makes circles
thinking of self,
thinking of selflessness,
thinking of self thinking
of selflessness
Circles make everything.
An Object of Contemplation
By Samsara

The story is a strange and meandering trip,
Grotesque acts of bloody spectacle and
Endearing displays of understanding and compassion.
Born from subversive genius like Cream and Hendrix,
Never regurgitating the hero’s noise,
But always paying homage.
The show brings doses of horror and glee,
Charismatic, controversial, obsessive is he.
Life is still a “Scream”
Born John Michael Osbourne,
From dark imagination the Black Sabbath came.
They were “Paranoid”, had “Ironman” strength and the power of “War Pigs!”
They called him “demon” for biting heads off
Bats and doves in epic display.
Controversial lyrics of “suicide salvation” still haven’t delayed.
Emmy worthy family life, a snapshot of an
Aging, often confused rocker, dead set against decline,
The “Prince of Darkness” continues to rock,
Ozzy the “Metal God,”
Osbourne, metal’s honest-to-goodness (or badness?) prince,
Never to be forgotten, rivaled or derailed,
We all scream “we want to ride the ‘Crazy Train!’”

Beyond
By Claire L.

I am formless
    relinquish myself
    to die to this moment
    to discover life.
    Space
    Stillness
    Consciousness
    now, I am free from
    perception
    Beyond temporal existence.
If I were to go somewhere
By Delaney

If I were to go somewhere I would go to
the abyss of lust and pain
In the thoughts of hunger and rain
I would go to Jupiter and get high on
all of the gas
I would go into a horse’s a**
    and Find out why the Donkey is always p***ed
I would go in a woman's breast
I don’t know why I just would
I would go somewhere
    cause somewhere out there
I would go to an ant hill
    and watch them through Life and Death
I would go to the bottom of my shoes
So I could see the last person’s face I kicked
    before their life’s last breath
I would go into a bracelet and see the Journey it
endures
I would go to the top of a ball point pen to see
    what it Feels like to get pushed on paper
I would go Into a mouth so I could hug the
tongues of lust I would go into a feather of
    an ostrich because I look like them. I would
    go to the end of space to touch the walls of the
womb one more time
I would go into the mind of an acid Freak to
    see the real colors of the world
I would go into a mentally insane persons brain but
I cant cause I’m already there
**INDEX of Artists**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alice M.</td>
<td>5, 8, 16, 43, 45, 61, 86, 88, 94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angela G.</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anonymous</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B.B.</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Head Fred</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big S.</td>
<td>29, 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bobbie C.</td>
<td>47, 53, 86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cameron O.</td>
<td>7, 51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casey P.</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chancho</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Claire L.</td>
<td>17, 45, 81, 82, 84, 95, 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C-Note</td>
<td>22, 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collaborative</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cross</td>
<td>25, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crystal B.</td>
<td>11, 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D</td>
<td>24, 25, 36, 56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daddy P.</td>
<td>12, 14, 92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Danielle D.</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delaney</td>
<td>15, 18, 84, 97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dragon</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dustin F.</td>
<td>23, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eddie L.</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eden B.</td>
<td>52, 74, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fear &amp; Loathing</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>$G-Money$</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Eye’z S.F.</td>
<td>26, 45, 52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helena Renee</td>
<td>10, 20, 21, 44, 58, 79, 85, 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J.B.Wood</td>
<td>22, 30, 33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jadakiss</td>
<td>34, 47, 57, 68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeremy M.</td>
<td>65, 69, 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joker</td>
<td>39, 42, 46, 63, 90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaptain</td>
<td>6, 30, 33, 59, 66, 71, 79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kyle</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La La</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LaKrazy</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laney</td>
<td>5, 32, 53, 54, 59, 65, 70, 80, 82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Levicito</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lisa E.</td>
<td>21, 28, 38, 55, 67, 70, 77, 91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maggie H.</td>
<td>14, 16, 42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mamacita</td>
<td>9, 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael V.</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ms. Loca</td>
<td>6, 38, 71, 74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mystique S.</td>
<td>39, 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nick H.</td>
<td>7, 28, 93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nikki W.</td>
<td>8, 13, 75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nmbr1 G</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paula A.</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pink Panther</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prank</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebecca</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reese</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rob J.</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Samsara</td>
<td>41, 88, 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shorty</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ssink</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strawberry</td>
<td>17, 44, 51, 52, 62, 65, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T.S. Villalobos</td>
<td>4, 60, 66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Abolitionist</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Todd P.</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vampyre</td>
<td>10, 23, 43, 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vesa Em</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-Z-</td>
<td>8, 46, 83</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Photographs inside used with permission or labeled for reuse.
SpeakOut! Writing Workshop

Center for Community Literacy
346A Eddy, Colorado State University
Fort Collins, CO 80523
(970) 491-7251
clc@lamar.colostate.edu
http://literacy.colostate.edu