

Welcome to the fourth volume of the Prisoner Express poetry anthology. I am mailing this to all who submitted poems for both Vol 4 and Vol 3, as the poems came in at different times during our poetry collection period, and some of you submitted poems for Vol 3 but they arrived after the poems had been selected. We have received many great poems these past months, and a team of student and community volunteers read thru your poetry, and select the entries to be included. We will post the anthology on our website www.prisonexpress.org. Please know our volunteers are choosing what resonates with them. What they choose does not signify what is best, and if you are not chosen for inclusion in this particular anthology, I encourage you to continue to send in your poetry. As we depend on volunteers to type your entries, sometimes poetry comes back to us without the name of the author on the poem. I have searched the paper copies but could not find a couple of the poems and guessed as to who the author was or just wrote author unknown. If you find a poem of yours that is not attributed to you, let me know and I will be sure to correct it in our next newsletter or poetry anthology.

We will begin collecting poetry for Vol 5. In fact any poems received this past month have been assigned to the Vol. 5 collection, and we will begin the process of having volunteers reading and selecting entries for this work. We are also illustrating this anthology with some of the art that has been sent in for inclusion the Fall 09 Prisoner Express Art Show. Please consider sending in any art you might like to have included in the show. Money has grown tight in the free world, and any stamps and donations you can afford to share with the program help defray the cost of our operations.

I appreciate the opportunity to work with you all on expressing your creative side. Please send any feedback that we can use to help design courses and projects that you find meaningful.

Best wishes for a bright tomorrow.

-Gary

"The Thinker"

Author Unknown

There is this statue, a man of stone –
In the midst of a part, its plot sat alone.
With this pose, as if in deep thought –
I wonder, what it is that he sought
There was no theme, any more, then what
the eyes had seen –
So, it leaves one to stretch their own
daydream.
What drew the man to such a pose?
A worry of the world? Or something as
simple as the clothes?
Was it frustration of a matter – maybe
questions of love –
Ponders of friendships – or quotations
from above?
Whatever it was, he's been captured in time

Without the answer yet reaching his mind.
But now, I must be moving on as well –
With no answers, of what story did the
mans pose tell.

A gust of wind brushed across my face –
In that instant, I knew why he was in his
place.

To have one stop, and take in the air –
Maybe to question, also, why he was there.
Not to enjoy that certain place – nor – time

But, to search the thought, and expand
ones mind.

Within your thoughts, you can find yourself

And honestly knowing who you are, is true
wealth.

Maybe, that's what he was doing, while
sitting alone –
When someone came along, and captured
his pose in stone.

"I Picked You a Flower"

Marigolds

By: Frank D. Johnson III

There's red, orange and yellow marigolds

Let me tell you how this story unfolds
I walk by these marigolds every single day
They always have something refreshing to
say

I wish, I had time with them to sit and talk
But the guards always shout "less talk –
more walk"

There's an un-written law that says do not
touch

When I see them I think of you, who I love
very much

This garden is where I escape in my dreams
There's no more reality, life isn't what it
seems

I know the trouble that comes when acting
out a thought

I wasn't concerned with getting caught
See, in that cluster of flowers I saw you
Remembering the precious moments we
had, I knew then what to do
I didn't hesitate, I had already picked and
choosed

The orange and yellow ones, with two I
couldn't lose
After grabbing them I ran quickly to my
cell

Lieutenants and sergeants looking for me,
someone had to tell

I hid them under my mattress in a dirty
shirt

They asked me to consent to a locker and
bed search

I didn't want to lie so I had to submit

In my heart you lay, there they could never
get

Handcuffed then marched to segregated
solitude

Twenty days in lock up for violating prison
rules

I know that our love possess unlimited
powers

I have no regrets for picking you two
beautiful flowers

I hope you truly enjoyed this story I've told
Remember it everytime you see an orange
and yellow marigold

"The Senses of Love; [Revealings]"

Peter K. Holmes

To see you,

Reveals the eternal beauty that is love.

To touch you,

Reveals the softness – the tenderness that is
love.

To smell you,

Reveals the sweet enticing aroma that is
love.

To hear your voice,

Reveals the captivating and delicate music
that is love.

To kiss you,

Reveals the desire and passion that is love
But; without you,

The heart that is love reveals only
loneliness,

Only sadness and despair – you are love

"Through These Years"

Robert W. Price

Even though the miles between us are so
long;

Your sweet voice and precious memories
are where they belong...

Deep in the center of my heart is the place
I speak of;

They will remain there, always, along with
your love...

I know a lot of good times between us are
lost;

If I could, I'd change that, regardless of the
cost...

You've been there for me thought it all;
Picking up the pieces when I took a painful
fall...

The appreciation.....I can't even find the
words to say;

My mind so clouded like a dark rainy day...
I try my best to think of thankful things to
do;

But just come up empty, with a simple
"Thank You"...

I sometimes pray that this will be enough;
 Never forgetting I made your life quite
 rough...
 Please forgive me for the things I do and
 have done;
 Sometimes choosing the wrong ways to
 have a little fun...
 These things I do, are not to cause you pain
 or shame;
 And you must know your not the one to
 blame...
 Do remember this, my years left, a lot or
 just a few;
 It's from my heart mom, when I say "I
 LOVE YOU"...

"Dreams"
Terry Ellis

As nighttime is falling I look towards a
 dream.
 An image of you is such a beautiful thing.
 I fall into slumber and your vision appears.
 There you are standing with eyes full of
 tears.
 We walk and I hug you with a gentle
 embrace.
 Your tears are resolved and a bright smile
 in there place.
 The just when I'm about to hug you again.
 I awake from my dream and realize where I
 really am.
 I'm locked in a cell I almost forgot.
 It seemed so real it left me with this
 thought.
 If you believe in your dreams you are going
 to find.
 Dreams are a reality of your subconscious
 mind.
 So don't you ever think I'm gone forever.
 Because tonight Ill sleep and bring us
 together.

Untitled
Edward Dwight Chapin

I crawled on my belly
 To the gates of Hell
 I reached forth my had
 And rang the bell
 The gate sung open
 With a terrible clatter
 Out stepped the Devil
 He said: "What's the matter?"
 Life up on Earth
 Is so terrible and blue
 Can I come in and live with you?
 Society is so horrible
 It makes me so sad
 Living up there
 Is really that bad
 Crime in the cities

Pollution in the air
 People are terrible
 They just do not care
 The cops take control
 Of everything we do
 There's nowhere to hide
 That's why I came to you
 The Devil shook his head
 With a great big grin
 He opened the door
 And welcomed me in

"High Clouds"
Thomas R. Lundehl

High clouds
 That shine bright
 Make me happy
 Sunsets beautiful
 And dreadlocks nappy
 Take a second, and forget
 My gaze on Him is set
 As I step
 Out of the boat
 And walk upon the water
 The Father He smiles
 At my wonder
 Atoms split asunder
 In the shiny glory
 Of a sealess world
 I take my rest
 In the high clouds
 The dust of
 His feet.

"An Appeal"
Leslie S. Amison

Our basic crime is no crime at all.
 Mental illness is only a break down
 Of the biochemical levitation
 That keeps us on good terms and working
 With our fellow men and women.

But, we are demeaned for not carrying
 The torch of normality.
 And even those who are normal
 Are often labeled grossly:
 A Jesus complex because of a beard.
 A homosexual because of long hair.
 Seldom are our personal mythologies
 considered.
 Seldom do psychiatrists even speak with the
 patient.
 Too often psychiatrists shoot from the hip.
 Seldom does the Public Defender even
 speak with the client.
 Seldom are hearing in the back room
 anything more
 Than kangaroo fantasia done to Star
 Chamber

Pablum and psychiatric(k) flap.
 Too often drug overdoses are substituted
 for humane social interaction.

When can the mentally disabled see justice
 Under the USA Constitution?
 Neither mandatory jury hearing nor
 accurate records.
 America is too often darkness.
 The public does not even realize we are less
 dangerous
 Than the average citizen, especially on
 proper medication.

Why not show a USA son or daughter
 some light?

Why not peel away the indifference
 That so often murders a mentally disabled
 individual's spirit

"Ma, I'm Sorry"
Dedicated to D. Horton
Tomieko N. Davis

The list of the wrongs is so long,
 Not even sure where to begin,
 These words could be put into song,
 It still would add up to great sin.

No mother should have to endure
 Or try to cope with all the pain.
 In your mind, ill be just as pure,
 Into your arms, I was first lain.

Spent many a night up weeping,
 Then, was only thinking of me.
 Not even worried with sleeping
 Nor what my ways would bring to me.

I know this is so hard for you,
 Worked long and hard for me to thrive.
 Now am forced to wear only blue,
 Some act as if I'm not alive.

All the people I tried to please
 Have vanished and abandoned me.
 Plagued like I have a bad disease,
 Their goal now, far from me to flee.

Not long ago, we were like one,
 Times were so god, all were around.
 I see now, as bright as the sun,
 No hands reach down, I'm on the ground

Pray I could do it all over,
 Would heed all that you taught to me.
 Crystal clear now that I'm sober,
 Hear, I now, in my mind, your plea.

I'm sorry are the words that play,
 So sad they're all I can promise.
 Over and over, all the day,
 Right now I know its all amiss.