

JOOLED ANYONE. SHE AND I HAD A "AVI GUERMENT."
BECAUSE SHE WOULD EITHER LOCK ME OUT THE ROOM
OR I WOULD BE WAKE UP. BECAUSE HER AND HER GIRL FRIEND
WAS HAVING SEX. SO I WOOD UP TOO HER, AND SHE
STARTED INSPECTING ME, IN WOMEN PRISON'S HOMOSEXUALITY
IS EVERYWHERE. AND YOU WILL HAVE A LOT OF PROBLEMS
IF THEY FIND OUT YOU WROTE A "STATEMENT AGAINST THEM
OR TOLD A "OFFICER ON THEM. EVEN THO, HOMOSEXUALITY
IS VERY POPULAR YOU WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY LOCKED
DOWN FOR HOMOSEXUALITY. ACTIVITY. STAFF CANT SEE
YOU KISSING AND ALL THAT, BUT THERE ARE MANY WAYS
BUT TO HAVE A "COOL BUNKMATE IS EVERYTHING, EVERYBODY
NOT CLEAN, AND IN PRISON YOU HAVE DIAGRAMS. MEANING
YOU ARE TO PUT YOUR PERSONNEL PROPERTY AND BED AS
THEY SAY. INSPECTION IN PRISON IS VERY SERIOUS THAT'S
WHEN THE WARDEN, CAPTAIN, ETC. ETC. COME AS A "GROUP
KNOWN AS THE INSPECTION TEAM. YOU HAVE NO PRIVACY
WITH THEM THEY LOOK AT YOU AND YOUR CELL AND PROPERTY.
AND WITH AND UNKEPT CELLS IS AUTOMATIC LOCKDOWN
SOME PEOPLE JUST DONT CARE. ONCE INSPECTION OVER YOU
HAVE THE REST OF THE DAY TO YOURSELF. THEY START
DRINKING BOM-BAY WHICH IS A "CHEMICAL COCKTAIL
A LOT OF INMATES ARE ON MENTAL HEALTH DRUGS AND
THEY CRUSH THEM UP, ADD SODA, COFFEE, JUICE
AND YOU'RE INTOXICATED. THE INMATES KNOW WHICH
PILLS TO TAKE, AND HOW NOT TO "BUNK A "URINARY
TEST SOME EVEN HAVE COCAINE, ZANEX, ETC.
THEY STILL ABUSE DRUGS BEHIND THESE WALLS
AND YOU WILL HAVE A "HANDTIME IN PRISON.
AS WELL AS SEE WHAT COULD REALLY MEAN
YOU LOOSE ALL YOUR RIGHTS, AND WHEN THERE'S
NO SUPPORT ON THE OUTSIDE, PEOPLE WILL
ROB YOU IN PRISON. JUST BUST YOUR LOCK OPEN

(CONTINUANCE)

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My EX-LOVER Still Came Around, wanting too
the Kindle / the Lama, But I spent All my extra
time getting high. One nite he comes too
the Club where I was a member, And follow me
to the bathroom. As we're arguing, the women
he bought with him snaps on me, so I hit her with
a bottle and leave. Well he comes to my residence
and tell me the girl wants too take a warrant out
on me, But if I came back to him, he wouldn't
let her, And tried to kiss me, I pushed him away
and told him, I didn't give a dam what he did
he told me I wasn't gonna be with nobody else
next thing you know, a warrant for aggravated assault
was out for my arrest. I had just received 20th years
a few years prison for manslaughter, so that charge
really made me look bad and he even testified against me
I remember sitting in that court room thinking
I wish God would speak reveal the truth, But they
won I was sentenced to two years in prison, that
was my first time in prison. Those two went on
to try to have a relationship. But he started
beating her really bad it didn't work. He used her
to punish me for not coming back home to him.
I was sent away really for loving someone. It
was hard because I wasn't use too anyone telling
me what to do, or when to do it. I was young and
my first bunkmate was like 6th feet and some
her prison name was Sam. She had a very bad reputation
if you got in her way, you had a problem. Everyone
was scared of her. She looked just like a man
if she didn't have big breasts she would have easily

upon my release, I was worse off, because I had lost all trust in people, and my family had me brainwashed. I'm not putting the blame all on my family, but everything criminal was taught to me from them. To this day my family members have exclusive jail and prison records. I went back up north, and my plan of a family reunion was different from my mother's. She was on crack, and she and I started smoking crack together, that's how we reunited. She wasn't satisfied until all my money was gone. After days of smoking crack with my mother I was tired, then some guy woke me up. He had given my mother some dope to have sex with me. She sold me for crack. So I closed my heart to ever having her love me. I returned to my grandmother's, at least I had my freedom. Getting high in some form was my way of living. There was no one I could admit my inner turmoil to, weakness was frowned on, I remember getting drugs during asking God to help me. Even the man in my family started showing sexual interest in me, one of my uncles I really use to love and look up to, I remember when he was a pimp and owned a pool room. He always gave us money & food, and always told me my mother was crazy. Years later he just returned to Georgia, then he only to commit suicide. I was with him one day and we was at his new apartment, and he told me he love me, and I said I love you too, but he said he wanted me to be his woman. And how he wouldn't hurt me but he lied, because he was full blown AIDS.

Take all your stuff, and nine times out of 10[#]
you won't get anything back. people in prison die
people kill themselves, people cut themselves
thousands a thousand ways 100 make commissary
you have the loan shark, what ever you get you
pay double back, one inmate has been labeled
as one of Georgia's worst inmates, she actually
cut a inmate ear off before, and actually put
out hits against other inmates, and you could
be cut with razors you name it. inmates wash
clothes, make beds, do hair, some are jailhouse
lawyers. the list go on and on, and its never
quiet, and there's always drama. when people
come to prison you either loose yourself
or find yourself. I was lost before I
entered those gates. I had several situations
where, I had to fight, and you don't know
who to trust, because even those who
go to church faithfully, are into drama
some people plant razors on you, so you
could be locked down, some people will
write false escape letters on you. A lot
of people have been sent to prison with
no parole on life sentences. so what do
someone like that care about another. so prison
to me was a jungle, but I needed help
and its easy to slip threw the system
because favoritism is apart of prison, and
the reality is you have no change, and
want change for yourself. But how can you
know different, when you have family putting
in your head, that our life style was fine.
nobody ever said let's change, what was that??

in his last stages, that's why he came back home, he wanted to die in the South, we didn't know about his sickness, he was so selfish he wanted me to die like that. I thank God, he let me leave that house without raping me or anything because I would have AIDS today. He was put in jail and he was raped. He called home crying when I was young, and I remember the grown people talking. He was at Rahway prison the dome in New Jersey where men have endless life sentences men rape men by choice or force, his cell mate gave him some cookies, and later that night woke him up saying he was sweet now, my uncle died but he was raped, he was released but the damage was done. Rahway State Prison in New Jersey is where inmates originally started called "Straight, Back in the Seventies." My uncle was a down low brother after that, he was bisexual, and I have often wondered how many women he gave the AIDS virus too, because he kept crack, and he slept with all those women for crack, and I walked in the side door one afternoon, my grandmother was outside in the car, and wanted him, and what I saw I'll never forget, there was so much blood and the smell was awful, my uncle was having sex with someone, no one would have ever thought but, there it was. When he suddenly died less than a year of returning home, I was surprised to find out the reason was for AIDS complications and he wanted me to die, he was that angry with life, I forgive him now and wish he would have told us and not die alone (to be continued)