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(1)

Lil Boy Fool!

By Joe (OKera) Valentine

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Life . . . done slipped on by or was it dumb I by cesspool moves
who slid and fell in this horrid well as I failed to come to my
damn senses on this rapid time-scale . . . snap outta that deep slave
spell, set sail to avoid a monotonous hell which I dwell called
a cell with an existence that truly pales ~~sorrow~~ next to those
strong and wise brothaz whose jails overflow w/ not wit' sorrows
of wasted yesterdays nor hopeless tomorrows in filled jails —
I never had the luck to make kidnap bail — but wit' optimism's
treasures that swell . . . ~~PELICAN BAY STATE PRISON
SECURITY UNIT D-4~~ my teachers of love tried hard to tell.

All in vain, I proclaim, years down the drain of shame . . . slain
by a fast-life movin' train on a callous irresponsible rail
which I attempted blindly to travel so I might cross out of ghe-
tto-hell Watts where I roiled at the Nickerson Gardens hous-
ing projects deprived plight and made poisonous PCP and crack
for sale . . . now I complain with radical tears of rain since
I know not shining fame which illumines in glory like a halo
above the head of a father whom took the time and gave
the pain to care for those born of his name . . .

That privileged hourglass sand slowly pouring away as time
drifts on by as I played the silly gangster game . . . shot
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the loaded dice which rolled snake eyes staring at stupid I,
mesmerized and perplexed as to how and WHY, the lil bay fool,
who once loved school, got swept up in the trap that be the
grind and lost in the pool of other immature minds who thought
it fly and cool to w~~atch~~ from the sideline the days and nights
pass unproductively right on by . . . under the dominion of those
who've too traversed the line, wrote and broke the codes by
which they rule . . . now they're on a road designed to ~~ride~~
them down a path of mental and moral ruin as they, too, like
the idiot follower of the lost gang, you and I, are not in real
control.

Too many moons gone unseen for I've been entombed in this room of
gloom . . . walkin' the balance beam, a tight rope which some have
used for suicide since ~~RELATIONSHIP STATE PRISON~~
~~SECURITY HOUSING UNIT~~ ever looms — if I slip, trip or fall —
warring against insanity that seeks to ~~crucify~~ I soon and resurrect
me as the prophet of loons and ~~Persecuted~~ buffoons.

The dark sky has been seldom seen and when I stroll through
the night barbeired electric gate yard I have strange feelings
that my fearless body is the certain target of prison guards
carbines with that infrared light . . . me in sight . . . since
I've seen how for a simple fight how the fire explodes and races
as a stream of death for friends and foes alike whom waged
battles to halt the unyielding flow of sorrows unheard by a
society ^(of) fascist souls . . . so we grow distant and old . . . as
many won't choose to breakwide from the slum made as they

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go on and on tellin' played out hood stories, told and told,
in extreme cold...

Where a chosen few — most shall be slew by the
street-life — are to be gold if they develop their heart
and believe so... hold before they ever fold, remain
firm and bold in the face of the coo-coo clock and CEASE
MY LIL BROTHAZ ACROSS AMERICA PLAYING RUSSIAN
ROULETTE AND WAGERING BETS SURE TO BE UNPAID
DEBT WIT' YOUR SHORT EARTH TIME... TIME BLOWIN'
FREE BY THE WIND.

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