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**Wow!** It feels good to be back, blogging with Between the Bars. It seems a lot longer than 3 months, but then that is prison life, everything seems longer within these walls. However, long it has been, I am glad that the founders of this website found a way to keep it running.

I knew that pressure would come from within Dept. of Corrections, all over the country. A free, uncensored blog site, fro prisoners. Absolutely not! The system has to have some control, to hear our voices, know who we are, and if we say things that they don't like they can silience us.

that is beauty of having a blog site, so that we as prisoners can have a voice, be heard outside of these walls. So, that you the people will know that not all prisoners are unremorseful, savage animals, heartless killers, and unredeemable. That is not the case for all, yes, some, but not all. That is what our blogs do, give you the people a chance to see us, at our most vulnerable...Thru our writings, poetry, photos and drawings. **We are as human as the next person!** But, the powers that be, don't want you to see that side of us. They would like you to continue to fear us, hate us, and pray that they keep us locked down forever.

If you take the time to know us, then your feelings, thinking and wishes will change. So, please read our blogs, tell your friends, families, and associates to read our blogs, and know that some of us need redemption, and want it.

So, I thank the founders of Between the Bars for not just shutting the site down completely. Because blog sites like this are truly needed.

Well, we are allowed to title our blog sites now, that is good, and I like it, but the problem was coming up with a title. I have finally, found the perfect title for my blog site, tell me what you think:

**the Rose That Grew From Concrete**

That is the name, it is from one of my favorite poets. I will also, share with you one of my favorite poems by him. I don't know if I can even tell you his name, because I don't know how this new DOC monitored site works so if I leave him unnamed then it may be okay. The poem is titled:

**Sometimes I Cry**

sometimes when I'm alone

I cry because I'm on my own

The tears I cry R bitter and warm

They flow with life but take no form

I cry because my heart is torn

and i find it difficult to carry on

If I had an ear 2 confide in

I would cry among my treasured friends

But who do you know that stops that long

to help another carry on

The world moves fast and it would rather pass u by

than 2 stop and c what makes u cry

It's painful and sad and sometimes I cry

and no one cares about why.

Even though I did not compose that poem it is powerful to me never theless, because it speaks too me on so many levels. I have felt like that and I still do to this day. Even prisoners need someone to make them feel loved and alive. So, I look forward to hearing from you, and I hope that you will continue to follow my blog. Until next time.

Teze