

PENITENTIARY GEESE

Why we say they fly South?
As they bear their wings of freedom,
and into this prison they fly with joy
and wander about.

The contrast of a prisoner,
the fences, the destitution,
the gates of iron,
all seem to vanish, if only for a moment,
when we see the birds of freedom.

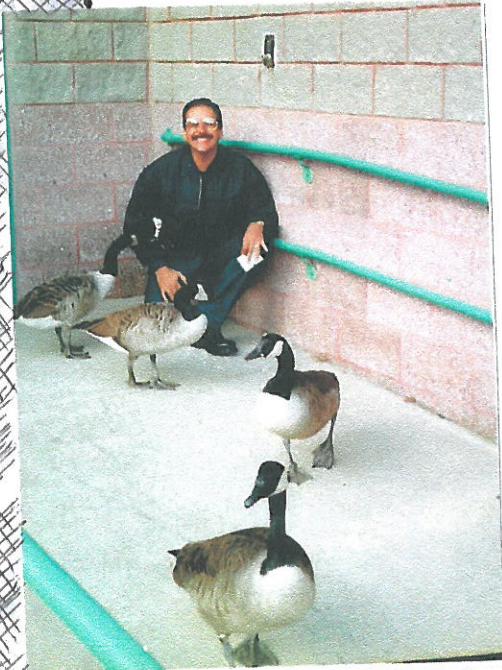
It is an expression of nature when
these geese and birds enter the prison,
I feel the cares of peace when I see them,
and it's like exchanging thorns for flowers.
It's a reflection of love than can only be
felt within one's own family.

I view them with admiration and respect,
they give me a sense of something that
perhaps does not exist,
and if only for an instant the burdens of life
seem to vanish with peace and tranquility.

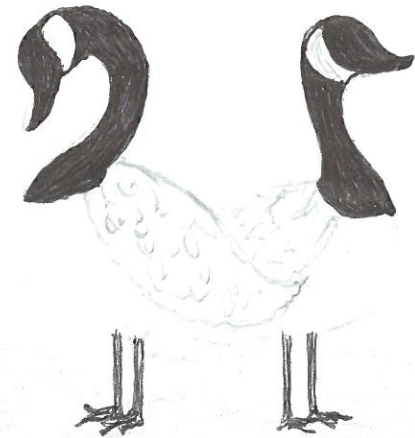
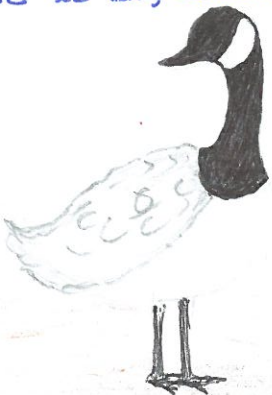
I cannot touch them, I cannot feed them,
nor can I freele stroll about with them,
but as I see them beat their wings of freedom,
they give me hope and a longing to have that
freedom.

Never really perceiving
the beauties of nature,
how much I've truly lost.
Although I'm a prisoner,
I am able to see the geese,
the birds in prison as they
fly by, on their wings of
freedom.

Why say they fly south?
They are penitentiary birds,
and peace and the pleasure
of freedom are on their
flying wings.



Luis Perez with the Penitentiary
Geese at Bay State CORR. Center.



AMERICA LATINA - "PRESENTE"

BY: Luis D. Perez

Nuestro continente Americano, eres nuevo, rico y grandioso. El Libertador de America vivia enamorado de ti. Tienes los recursos mas grande del mundo.

QUE GRANDES ERES MI AMERICA LATINA.

Gritamos bien alto, desde Los Andes hasta el Polo Norte, pero la indiferencia sobre salta, los que se desarrollaron nos miran indiferentes, como si fueramos inferiores, cuando en si, nuestro continente es el mas Rico y Puro - Territorios fertiles en agricultura y ganado.

Quienes estamos, no son los que cuentan, si preguntamos sabremos, America del Sur, "PRESENTE" - America Central, "PRESENTE", Las Antillas y El Caribe "PRESENTE", America del Norte, "AUSENTE", nuestra piel es diferente y nuestro pueblo habla espanol.

America Latina, que grande eres, aun mantengo en vivo los suenos del Libertador, aunque nos menosprecien, somos grandes, la mayoria minoritaria en America dire **PRESENTE**, y en defensa de nuestros territorios virgenes, el pueblo hispano de America dira "PRESENTE".

Nuestro ambiente, Agricultura es inmensa, otros continentes nos necesitan, la impotencia del dilema, solo miran a Europa, Asia, Africa y al Mundo Arabe del Medio Oriente.

Si hablas espanos en nuestro Continente Americano, tendran que decir **PRESENTE, QUE GRANDES ERES MI AMERICA LATINA.**

This poem is about the way Americans are looking at Latin American Countries. I am expressing those feelings to create a political consciousness that can influence Americano Politics to make changes in their approach in dealing with those Countries. Specifically I do like to see the vast agriculture potential of South and Central America realized in a general effort in united, that can be beneficial for us all, this would work much good for Latinos, also benefiting the first world with needed food supply in a great scale.

