

BEATEN DOWN

Let me give you a little background, I'm a prisoner in Texas and the guards don't like me at all. Here are several reasons why they don't like me 1) I AM GAY AND PROUD OF IT 2) I'm a fighter and pretty good at it, so I don't fit into their idea of a weak little queer 3) I'm fairly intelligent so I fight for my rights through grievances and lawsuits 4) I won't snitch and I won't grovel. Well, I have several federal lawsuits against a large number of T.D.C.J. employees and I inform prisoners rights organizations about the gross and open corruption we inmates in Texas have to deal with. Such as guards letting gang members attack inmates in their cells, guard attacking inmates, guards allowing inmates access to any area of the unit, guards helping gang members extort other inmates, guards extorting inmates, guards bringing in drugs-cell phones-pornography to inmates, guards stealing food from the unit and taking it home, guards sexually abusing inmates, well you get the idea. Now I got back to my unit after going to federal court on a medical lawsuit and I began getting threats from the white power gangs, I had to fight one young gang member when he told me I had to catch off the section, I beat him pretty good and that was supposed to be the end of it. The threats kept coming and I started hearing rumors about how they were going to kill my faggot ass and how a couple high ranking guards told them no one would get in trouble for anything that happened to me. I believed it, so I started writing my friends and family asking them to contact the unit administration and tell them I am in danger and I wrote the warden and state prisons telling them of the threat. The administration took no action and within 3 days I was jumped by 2 members of a white power gang, I held my own (I hurt both of them as bad as they hurt me). I knew it was only going to get worse so I filed a grievance, I wrote the warden and state prisons again and I wrote all of my people and I wrote several prisoner rights and gay rights organizations asking for help. Still the administration did nothing, I went to a Sgt. and Lt. asking to file an D.P.I. (offender protective investigation) but I knew I was on my own. Several other inmates sent letters to the administration telling them I was in danger and they still refused to help me. I was in serious trouble these damn guards are trying to get me killed and I couldn't get any help. I'll send the last part of my story later this week things get much worse for me, also I'm sending one of poems I think would make a pretty good song. Peace & Downy.