

... Birdman ...

3/2/12  
HN

Yes. I admit that Cash Money may have come to mind, however, this isn't Baby's biography. In fact, this has nothing to do with Lil Wayne or New Orleans figuratively or otherwise. Absolutely nothing at all! #@?% Juvenile, Turk, B.G. or any other of those industry cats!!! This 'Birdman' represents about 10% or perhaps more of the men in America caged like birds in a zoo.

However, more simply put 'Birdman' refers to me! Yes. Me!!! Why view from the eyes of a careless keeper? Indeed you did not capture and place me in this predicament. Nor do you possess the tools necessary to convince 'Massa' to turn the key - to actually acknowledge the Emancipation Proclamation (read the XIII Amendment of the U.S. Constitution.) However, you're in a position to assure better care is taken to nourish my health, both mentally as well as physically, but you refuse to accept or acknowledge such responsibilities. Why?!?

I might have you confused though. Maybe it isn't your responsibility to love me, to care for me, to be concerned about my well being or to see to my 'happiness' despite the fact you're my parent, grandparent, sibling, aunt, uncle, cousin, significant other or my lawfully wedded spouse.

What happened to, 'Blood is thicker than water?' 'Nothing shall come between family?' 'Til death do us part?' 'For better or for worse?' Have you forgotten or do I no longer exist? Or have you succumbed to the indoctrination of the system, subscribing to their engagement of torture? Tell me! I really need to know.

To define torture and help you better 'overstand' your actions or lack thereof. Torture: 'extreme anguish of body or mind; agony - to afflict with severe pain of body or mind.' Torture is often utilized as a tactic. A tactic to gain common



grounds amongst anything; prepped with the overall means to win the battle/war. I NEVER expected a enemy to be less concerned with a rival. Neither did I EVER expect to prepare for war with those closest to me. Yet what an effective role you play. So, the conscientious efforts you make to forget about me—your blood, your spouse gives thumps up to all the bullshit I am subjected to in prison—a modern day plantation, a human zoo; an instrument of oppression and torture.

You think because these conditions are endurable, I should be happy to be alive. Shit! When the harsh reality defines otherwise. You rather I live and suffer than to rest in peace. How ironic is that! Think about it! Step into my shoes! Feel my pain! Even if only pieces of my pain!

It would be you crying seeing me put to bed in a grave; wishing this day was a dream, saying what could've would've or should've been. Asking why this, that and the third. Acting as if you're upset I'm gone. Yet you don't appear so happy I am here... now. You don't take advantage of opportunities presented. You fail to share a fraction of your time and energy that is truly so priceless to me, but, you love me, right? How so with I am near fifteen years confined to a cage like animal with no type of contact, communication or support from you of any kind! No card, letter, photo—NOTHING!

I am a Birdman? locked down with no support nor encouragement to stay strong and focus. I am a 'Birdman' who was not born a bird. I did not ask to come here neither can I just up and leave. Maybe I did or did not commit the crime that placed me here. But, do that subject me to no support from my loved ones? Am I not worthy of such?

Even you strip me of my constitutional right to be free from double jeopardy and issue punishment for the sole crime that placed me here. Why?!?

If I was home, would you remember me? Love by my

home to visit me? Would you keep a phone on so I could call you? We'd probably take a hundred photos, right? Also sit down and enjoy a meal together, huh? Then, why not now? Oh, I know. It's because the above seems to be more about me than you. How selfish is that? Should I reconsider the situation as a whole? I only anticipate a letter, a card, a few photos or perhaps a visit once in a while—some type of communication, contact, support. But maybe I am asking and expecting too much from my family, wife. Pardon self!

But just think, a caged bird can only eat unless he's fed—both mentally as well as physically. He's trained not to become too attached to anyone. Mainly because visitors are too far in between. Slowly but surely all signs of hope decreases to the point of nonexistence. A caged bird suddenly shun attention. Simply due to the invasion of privacy it entails. Anti-social becomes his status and isolation becomes his solitude. The simple pleasure of communicating no longer exist—lost, forgotten!

Not every 'Birdman' succumbs to such conditions. However, my reluctance to embrace such cruel and unusual predicament, torture—contrary to the number of years spent here—reflects my faith to return to society. My faith to return to your heart, your mind in order to maintain and reestablish our contact and communication as family, friends and or lovers—spouses.

Whether one seek true friendship or love, one must always remember the results can only be eaten by ones investment. What are you willing to invest?

Although these words were written expressing the notion of a man, they are also true for the opposite sex on every level written. The percentage may be somewhat smaller, however, there also exist 'Birdwomen' and I ask of you to consider them on the same level of their male counterparts.

So in bringing these words to a conclusion, I re-

quest of you to, please keep in mind that although I may be  
that 'Birdman' or vice versa, I am also human—your brother,  
lover, nephew, uncle, cousin, son, father, husband, friend, grandfather  
and vice versa for the opposite sex, and I have feelings too!  
Right now I am hurting and I need you! Can you teach this  
'Birdman' how to smile, laugh and communicate once again? I  
am counting on you! Free me from this cage, this hell—even if  
only mentally. I love you! I miss you! This isn't entirely  
about me, this is about US! Let us reunite!



Gyved hands & feet!  
'The Peoples' Poet'  


P.S.

please pardon mistakes.  
thank!  
