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Murderer? "They" say this of me. This is how I am labelled. I refuse to embrace what they say, at the same time though I do not mask reality. It is what it is, I have killed. "O What Now!" so basically you're a murderer exactly as they say? well no not in my mind. Yes I did exactly what I said, I killed another man. The question however is why? The answer may shine light on why I do not feel I am in fact what they say.

A lot of men & women have killed that are not called murderers, soldiers kill all the same, just as cops, protectors & heroes.

Not in anyway do I consider myself any of these, I do not claim to be righteous, I do not claim that my killing was morally comparable to any of these kinds of people. I do claim this though, I killed a man over some of the same reasons these people do. For the survival & protection of what I love. For my own belief that my life is worth living and no one has a right to take it. Sure I may just be a lowly prisoner, number 99919555 to the BOP and KOBOS to the M.D.O.C. Also though I am a son, brother, nephew, grandson & friend. My life is meaningful to very few people, but to the ones it is meaningful to myself at the top of the list protecting it is important. The selfish desire to continue living & breathing is strong in my chest.

In 2007 I was housed on death row in MS, I'd been placed there three years earlier, because of my violence inside the prison. The final straw was stabbing three prison guards in Oct 2004. This I will not justify. I was wrong, wrong on so many levels. I was insanely angry & hate filled. These emotions allowed me to block out all the thoughts that were rational. The guards were the enemy, they only existed to torture and abuse me. I

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heartless handcuffs, I've never and honestly never probably will see the authorities other than heartless. At the time of the stabbings I'd spent 2 years of my life locked in a concrete box, alone in my thoughts, focusing on the worst aspects of the guards. They are truly abusive in a lot of ways they don't even realize. These cages of isolation are all the way cruel and torturous. They do not see it. Also, look, in Parchman nothing is as it seems. A lot of times a guard is more than just a guard. So anyway all these words are sounding like excuses. The bottom line is I busted out of my rec cage and stabbed three of them viciously - I was beaten viciously in return by their back up and placed on death row - so many other things words do not capture, but that is the gist of it.

While there on death row I became a killer. Why? You may be reading this thinking, because you are a violently selfish and cruel person? You'd be about half right in thinking so. My story is full of all these things, but my truth is much deeper. But yeah sure I live by a different code, one in which violence exist as an option and obligation.

Prisons are full of gangs & political minded foolishness. So much hate is locked inside of these walls. So many evil things exist in the hearts of men. Truly it can be very depressing -

Death row was different in a lot of ways, certainly not the hate and evil, but on another level - they were a group. They were not divide like the rest of the prison by race, gang or home town - they were together. I was not of them because I did not have the death penalty. I openly expressed my hate for the crimes they'd committed, especially against women & children. In turn they openly expressed their hate for me. I will

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this. In my mind I was keeping it 'real'. I WAS TRU to the game, All the way solid, Aint no talking for these child killing weirdos. My life was in Real danger though, and yeah I was a little spooked. Not to say that was enough to make me back down. It only fed my foolish concept of 'gusta' - so when the situation reached the point that I knew it was about to jump off I faced it. You may think, why not go to the cops? Well for one I AM NOT A fan of them, but more to the truth I AM NO SWITCH. I would rather die on that than ask them for help.

The Night it went down the man I would face approached my cell (he was clearing the tear) and told me I would not be so bold as to move on him. Not in those exact words but you get the idea. This man was sentenced to die for killing his own family members, three in total. A woman, a 4 year old child and a man. A small family just starting. They honestly did not play a huge part in my mind. My mind was filled with pain and hate, my heart was full of fear & regret. I was afraid to die, afraid for my family, wondering how they would take this, regretting my choices and the pain they'd caused. Still I refused to not keep it 'gusta'. So I sawed out of my cell walked down and met the enemy, we met half way. He fought me, but at the time I was only aware of my own rage. I killed him right there and walked back to my cell as the police screamed and pointed black guns at me. Watching all this at my trial was very surreal. When they played the security video it was like watching a nightmare come to life, it haunts my soul - The voice of my sister & mother after I called home telling me what they'd seen on the news, the worry

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hunts me. Not a day has passed since that I do not think of this. I went out of my way to be in danger, I sawed through my cell bars and walk toward the fight. It was not easy to do any of this. There was a lot of stuff involved that I will not discuss. I just say that to point out the sickness I had living in my mind. And to be honest still do in a lot of ways. It is CRAZY how our culture has put the concept of gansta on a pedestal. Nothing about it is cool. The words of the music I use to listen to and live now make my soul sick. It is shameful to be "thugged out", nothing cool about any of this. Mom crying and you dying locked inside of a concrete coffin tormented by the past.

This was my path. I chose it. I made my bed. I do not blame anyone or anything. It's all my fault. Innocence is not what I claim. But to embrace being called a murderer I can not do. I am much more than that night.

Forward I strive. My truth is far greater than penitentiary. My reality exist inside of this concrete box, but hopefully my life can be more than just what surrounds me.

Just felt I'd get that truth out there. Now I'll move on. I'll keep making post about different things, but the penitentiary I'll let speak for itself.

As always write if you've any questions or would like to say anything.

Respectfully

Jesse