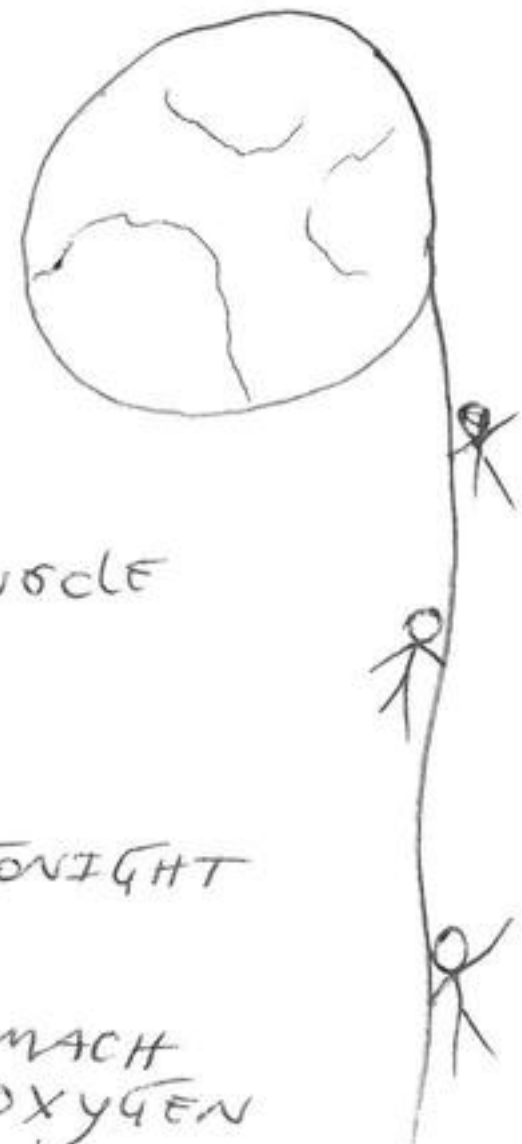


THUNDER. HE COMES WITH THE WIND  
ARMED WITH A BALLPOINT PEN  
SPEAKING OF PAYBACK AND  
REVOLUTION



RAIN. HER EYES LIKE THE SUN  
SHAFTING BRIGHTLY THROUGH DARK  
CLOUDS. LIKE SHINY TRESSES AND  
EYEBROWS

THE STORM WE WAGE AGAINST SNOUTS  
HER LIPGLOSSED SMILE. MY TATTOOED MUSCLE  
TOGETHER WE SLOW DOWN  
THE WOLF'S HOUSE

A CEMETARY. WHERE WE'RE ALL HEADING  
FROM A BRIGHT STAR TO A PULL  
BLACK HOLE. INTELLIGENT LIFE SLEEPS ALONE TONIGHT  
BENEATH BILLIONS

THE CENTER OF MY UNIVERSE  
HER FINGERS. THIS GROWLING STOMACH  
SKIN NEEDING TWICE AS MUCH OXYGEN  
AND ATTENTION  
BLESSED OR CURSED?

MATERIALISTIC MOTHERFUCKERS SLEEPWALKING MOTHER EARTH  
EARS SQUISHED AGAINST TINY TECHNOLOGIES  
FINGERS TAP DANCING TO THE TUNE OF MONEY  
WANTS VERSES NEEDS IN THIS GALACTIC COMMUNITY  
THE BILLIONS AGAINST THE FEW FAT, PALE PUSSIES  
FEAR MOST THOSE MOST A FRAID  
AMERIKKA COWERED BEHIND MILITARIZED CHILDREN  
TRAINING IN WAR TACTICS AND RESIDENTIAL STORMING  
REMOTE CONTROLLED WEAPONS FOR JEHOVAH WITNESSES AND MORMONS  
THE DIRT BENEATH OUR FEET  
INSIDE EACH OF OUR BONES

THIS GOD. THAT GOD. MAMMON  
PECKED OUT IN PRIESTLY ROBES  
CANT BREATHE? CANT SWIM? MOVE OVER HUMAN SPECIES  
ALLIGATORS AT LEAST AVOID POLLUTION

THE SKY WITNESSED OUR EVOLUTION FROM SCRATCH  
ITS ANGER ENTITLED SANDY, KATRINA, HIROSHIMA  
WHAT THE WORLD'S CHILDREN ARE DOING  
CAN HEAR CRO-MAGNON SPIRITS IN THE WIND  
BOOTING

TEARS. I CRY FOR THE UNTAPPED POSSIBILITIES IN ALL OF US  
WASTED IN WAR, GREED, STARVATION. THE THREE LITTLE PIGS



STAY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH FOR THOSE ON YOUR SIDE TO PROVE YOU'VE BEEN DESTROYED BY THOSE NOT ON YOUR SIDE.

IT'S OFFICIAL, THE DISABILITY LAW CENTER WILL REPRESENT ME ON: "DENIAL OF MENTAL HEALTH TREATMENT AND EXCESSIVE USE OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT."

THIS IS NOTHING TO SHAKE A STICK AT.

IN ESSENCE, THIS IS MY THIRD LAWSUIT AGAINST THE PRISON. BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE I'M STILL GOING IT ALONE ON: "GREEN V. JONES 2:12-CV-00432 ~~CONVICT~~ DUE PROCESS, TORTURE AND FIRST AMENDMENT VIOLATIONS; GREEN V. GALETKA 2:12-CV-00600-CW CENSORSHIP."

ONE BEGINS TO THINK, CRAZILY YES, "IS THERE AN OPTIMUM TIME TO DIE IN ALL THIS?" A STRATEGICAL, TACTICAL TIME FOR YOUR HEART TO STOP? THE EXCLAMATION POINT? — IT BECOMES TO BE YOUR JOB NOT TO DIE... YET.

I'M ABLE TO PUT THE INEVITABLE ON HOLD TO GET BACK AT THOSE WHO MADE THE INEVITABLE INEVITABLE.

THAT SOUNDS MEAN-SPITTED, SPITTED PERHAPS, BUT WHEN THE GETTING BACK IS AIMED AT THE CAUSE OF THOSE WHO GOT AT YOU TO NEVER GET AT OTHERS IN THE SAME WAY THEY GOT AT YOU. THAT'S GETTING-BACK-AT FOR YOUR BROTHERS, SISTERS, NEICES, NEPHEWS, SONS AND DAUGHTERS I.E. IT'S PROGRESSIVE; IT'S REVOLUTIONARY.

SO, I GO TO BED HEART SQUEAKING BLOOD THROUGH STRETCHED VEINS AFTER HOUR LONG EXERCISES. WAKE UP SORE, SUNBURNED FROM STANDING OR LAYING OUT UNDER THE SUN IN OUR MINI-YARD CAGE REALLY.

I AM HERE JUST TO FILE MOTIONS AND NEW LAWSUITS AND SWEAT AND BE SORE. I AM HERE FOR THE FUTURE BETTERMENT OF A SITUATION I'LL NEVER WITNESS. I DO NOT MAKE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS DOING THIS. I GO HUNGRY. I DO NOT GET THE RESPECT AND RECOGNITION OF MY PEOPLE OR NATION FOR MY SACRIFICE. I AM SPIT AT. FORGOTTEN.

ARIANA, VICTORIA, TERESA AND HAYDEN. THESE WOMEN LOOK BACK AT ME FROM MY WALLS. THEY UNDERSTAND. THEIR EYES POOL UP WHEN MINE DO. THEY DO NOT FORGET. A COMFORTING SMILE IS ALWAYS READY. — AND THESE WOMENS FINGERS... THE HOPE THAT ONE DAY I'LL BE BLESSED WITH THE OPPORTUNITY TO GO DOWN ON ONE KNEE IN FRONT OF THEM, GRASP THEIR SMALL, PAINTY HANDS AND KISS HER FINGERS.

AND SEE ~~HER~~ HER BLUSH AND SMILE. BEAUTY HAS NO IDEA HOW MUCH I OWE HER FOR GETTING ME THROUGH THIS.

\* PRETTY PLEASE \*

05.21.2013

I'M SITTING HERE SHOOK. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!  
THE SUN HAS SET. MY LIGHTS IN MY CELL ARE SHUT  
OFF SO ALL THAT SHINES IS THE ORANGE HALLWAY NIGHTLIGHT  
IN EXACTLY ONE WEEK I SEE THE PAROLE BOARD. AND  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! ALL THESE PEOPLE WANT ME  
TO DO SOMETHING. HOW DO I CHOOSE WHICH SOMETHING  
TO DO; WHOSE SOMETHING IS BEST FOR BRANDON?

I CAN GO TO MILWAUKEE TO MY GIRLFRIEND. I  
CAN GO HOME TO THE FARM. I COULD PAROLE TO SALT  
LAKE CITY TO A NET OF FRIENDS HERE.

I STILL DON'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO DO ANY OF  
THESE OPTIONS WITHOUT FUCKING EVERYTHING ALL UP.

\* "PEOPLE PRESCRIBE PREDICTIONS AND PAROLE SCENARIOS  
SITTING SHOOK STUCK MOMENTARILY. WHERE DO I GO  
WHEN CEMENT AND STEEL HELL BECOMES UNSHAKABLE  
CONCENTRATING ON THE BODY PART IM TODAY FLEXING  
MAKING IT NOT ON WHAT WILL BE BUT WHAT IS  
THE FUTURE OUTSIDE SOLITARY PRISON IS ~~SCARY~~ SCARY TO ME  
IT ISNT THAT I DON'T WANT TO MAKE IT  
FREE ME AND I'LL BE LIKE MORGAN FREEMAN  
SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION DIGGING BENEATH SOME TREE  
TREASURE ME FOR A SECOND AS THIS PAROLED THING  
THEN SEE BENEATH THE MUSCLE CLARIFIED MYSTERY  
HE ISNT NOTHING BUT A HEARTBEAT. THEY SAY TO ME  
I'LL CURL TONIGHT AROUND THIS QUESTIONMARK  
AFRAID TO LAY MY BRUISES AT LOVED ONES FEET  
SCARED ALL I AM CAPABLE OF IS HURTING  
WANTING A WOMAN WITH BEADS SMELLING OF NAG CHAMPA  
TO SIT CROSSEGGED IN FRONT OF ME AS I DISPEL DEMON.  
THEN TO FORGET WHAT SHE'S SEEN AND LOVE ME  
IN SEVEN DAYS GRAY FACED BOARD MEMBERS DECIDE  
SEVEN MORE YEARS FOR THIS DEVILISH SINNER  
OR SEPTEMBER RELEASE ON A GRAYHOUND RIDE  
THERE IS SOMETHING AT WORK HERE PULLING UNSEEN STRING  
AN ATHIESTS ANGELS DECIDING  
WHERE'S THE BEST PLACE FOR THIS BEAST  
WILL HE... CAN HE... WHAT SHOULD HE...  
JUST WISHING A FEMININE HAND ON MY CHEEK  
SAND ON MY FEET. SUN ON MY FACE. NON-ALONE SLEEPING

\* "ANOTHER STUPID FUCKING "POEM" THAT HELPS ME SOBERLY  
SEE WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE MYSELF.  
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS LIFE ITSELF IS AN  
AMAZING THING. WE INTELLIGENT BEINGS ARE PROFESSIONALS  
AT MAKING LIVING COMPLICATED AS ALL HELL.  
THE KEY IS TO JUST ENJOY THE RIDE! TIL! I! DIE!

So, HERE WE ARE. THE EVE OF MY PAROLE HEARING. I SIT INDIAN STYLE ON MY BUNKS HARD MATTRESS RUNNING THROUGH WHAT NEEDS TO BE SAID; SPOKEN TO THE GRAY-FACED OLD-TIMERS THAT HOLD MY LIFE, THE LIVES OF MY LOVED ONES, IN THEIR WRINKLED HANDS, WHIMS AND EMOTIONS. FREEDOM?

"ONE DAY YOUR KIND, DEAR SCARED MEMBER, WILL BE TRACKED DOWN FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY. LIKE THE NAZIS." — "I NEVER KILLED OR RAPED ANYONE AND TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE HAVE BEEN STOLEN IN REPAYMENT TO SOCIETY." — "I WASNT INVOLVED IN PRICE FIXING TO THE AMOUNT OF MILLIONS... I WASNT AT THE CONTROLS OF THAT BLACKHAWK IN THE MIDDLE EAST FIRING ON INNOCENTS... I DIDNT INVADE A NATION ON FALSE WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION PROPAGANDA... I DONT, AND HAVENT FOR TEN YEARS, PAID TO KEEP [THROUGH] BAY TORTURE CHAMBER OPEN..." ETC, ETC, ETC.

I'M A POOR MAN. THAT IS MY CRIME. I'M POOR. "I AM SORRY... I SINCERELY REQUEST... THANK YOU. I'M A POOR MAN OPPRESSED BY RICH MEN THAT MUST BOW DOWN LIKE A TOADYING SERF TO OBTAIN MY SHOT AT FREEDOM. AND THEN ONCE RELEASED I WILL BE TRACKED LIKE A DOG, OSTRACIZED LIKE A LEOPARD TRAPPED UP LIKE EVERY OTHER VICTIM OF INSANE GOVERNMENTS SINCE TIME ETERNAL.

MY KIND DOESNT TASTE VICTORY UNTIL WE HAVE BEEN BURIED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND THOSE YOUNGER PIG UP OUR BONES AND HISTORY AND REDEEM US.

I AM THAT SLAVE WHO KNOWS SEVERAL LANGUAGES, STUDYING CONTRABAND TEXTBOOKS BY CANDLELIGHT AT NIGHT. BUT SILENTLY SPEAKING ENGLISH TO THE MASTER BY DAY. PATIENTLY WAITING.

I AM THAT JEW IN THE BASEMENT RAISING MY FAMILY OUT OF SIGHT OF THE U.S.. TEACHING MY OFFSPRING RESISTANCE. SHARPENING KNIVES. WAITING.

I AM THAT PALAESTINIAN, THAT NAVAHO, THAT AFGANI OPPOSITION TO AMERIKKAN IMPERIALISM.

I AM HE WHO CANT SPELL PALESTINIAN, NAVAJO. II. — I AM WAITING FOR THE WORLD TO SEE THAT EVIL EXISTS AS NORMALCY; EVIL IS THE TAXPAYING CITIZEN; THE SAME AS THE GERMAN MIDDLE CLASS WAS IN THE 1940'S THE SAME AS THE AMERIKKAN PIONEERS WERE IN THE 1700'S THE SAME AS COLUMBUS, WASHINGTON, BUSH — SLAVEOWNING, WARMOULDERING, RAPISTS.

I AM HE WHO WINS IN THE LONG RUN. GREETINGS.