

***CIVIL RIGHTS DREAMS IN PRISON:**

The silent art of poetry,
the passion of fire,
frustration and loneliness,
mirrors reflecting the
barbed wire and fences in the
back ground.

"I HAVE A DREAM"

My sovereign spirit is
dreaming in prison
thoughts often infected
by other thoughts and ideas
that wake me up at night.

"DREAMING IN PRISON"

It was dark in the cell,
I went to bed while it was
raining, suddenly
I found myself walking
down for chow.

I walked inside the kitchen,
the whole blood stream filled
when I saw, Gentiles, Christians,
Catholics, and Muslims, eating
at the same table.

The prison guards call for
re-inforcement, it was
like a midnight rain on the
North Pole, or a nightmare
on the rain. Who can tell if
it was poison through broken walls.

I keep walking toward my table and
I pinch myself, it has to be a dream.
People from different Nations;
Bloods, Netas, Crips, Familia, Kings
and Skin Heads were eating at the
same table.

"IT IS A DREAM"

At my table, I found people
from Boston and Springfield
eating with respect,
it was a mixed-up subculture.

I walk out of the kitchen and
I saw the younger brothers
walking around without
having their ass hanging
out their pants.

"SUDDENLY"

I hear screaming very loud
I open my eyes to the
dim-light and I notice
it was just a dream,
another count time,
I try to recapture the dream,
but I go through the pain
of knowing that the dream
was over.

