

KANT TO RAVE

End May 2014 Entry

Be careful when you come to the United States of America
in search of your American dream, because you just might be
someone else's American dream...

On 5.12.14 I found myself being escorted to Walla Walla city county jail
to receive the book 'em Danno treatment for two counts of
custodial assault...

I'm stuck in this holding cell that look like it has not been clean
or painted in 40 years... you can see the filth on the checker walls,
dried spit and the assorted graffiti.

I can't cope. I can't hold it no longer as I sit on the 20's style
wooden bench in the holding cell.

Hilarious! My warr mind, heart and mouth rebel against my concept of
Jeff and decency. I began to grieve out loud. "Who's going to arrest
the mother fuckers who cut up my face?" No one in particular.

I began to go through this psychobabble for some time until they
open the door. They don't want to talk to me and by all account I have
no true desire to speak to them as well. But the unhealthy
mind and revenge soul wants what it wants.

So I'm quoting Sophocles wrong to the jailman who's playing
the book 'em Danno role, about fate.

The quot is:

Fate has terrible power.

You can-not escape it by wealth or war. No fort will keep it out,
no ships outrun it.

So I ask myself how did I end up with a fate
so horrible, so tragic, and the list just start falling down before
my eyes like rain in Seattle...

Along time ago my god awful younger male sibling ask me a question, when
they invite me out to someone's place to poison me, that question
was who's trying to kill you?

After the women womb for which I came out of ask me why do
you need a gun...

My answer was I sale drugs and it's a dangerous business...

She ask me why I sale drugs and I told her because I live out
in the streets and have to make some money... She replied that
we are wealthy... my ~~only~~ response was then as it is now, I ~~will~~
never had no money... I've been in the streets all my life,
hustling all my life. Her response was you were unmanageable, you piss
on the toilets...

These was a poor excuse then as it is now for them to buy people
off and cheat me out of a life, a childhood.

~~Client me out of a life~~, one said I was the abused.

An investigator at my trial. I was so stupid then I did
not know what it even meant.

But that's a poor concept what I experience, what I'm experiencing...
when I was young. I use to go to this garbage dump in gardenia off
of Roscran, not understanding then why I was so addicted
with going to that city dump. Now I understand. when you go to whatever
store or home you will find these things of value purchased or
ready to be purchased. when these things, items has served their
purpose they end up in the city dump...

You can't rephorsted the social concept that I'm one of those items
that been purchase and is in the city dump schedule to be put
into the ground or dump out in the sea or cremated when they
have used me to have their healthy life.

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THEY HAVE MY PLAGUE IS DEFINED BY MY PERCEPTION OF THE REALITY THAT I ABIDE IN. THEIR GOAL IS TO KEEP DOWN AND CHEATED OUT OF EVERYTHING THAT WILL BREAK THEIR OPPRESSIVE HOLD. I ANSWER THAT QUESTION NOW, YOU MY OPPRESSORS. I HELP THOSE PEOPLE AGAINST MY WILL WITH SO MUCH. I HELP THEM STAY HEALTHY BY STAYING IN THE STREET. I HELP THEM PUT THEIR CHILDREN THROUGH ELEMENTARY, JUNIOR HIGH, HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BY UNWILLINGLY UNLEARNING FORGETTING MY EDUCATING EXPERIENCE. I HAVE THAT GOOD OLE U.S.O. OF A G.E.D. I GUESS I CAN'T COMPLAIN. I HELP THEM STAY IN THEIR HOMES, RIDE THEIR CARS, AND BUY THEIR GROCERIES BY THEM SPENDING MY DOLLARS AND SETTING THEIR PENNIES, NICKIES AND DIMES.

THE PLATFORM TO WHICH MY LIFE IS STRETCH OUT ON, CLEARLY DEPICT ITS DECAPITATION. A 5 YEAR OLD CHILD LAYING EVER SO STILL, ITS HEAD SEPARATED FROM ITS BODY NEVER TO LIVE. WHAT WAS HIS. WHAT'S HORRIBLE IS HOW EAGERLY SO MANY JOIN IN ON THE CAUSE. IS IT SANCTIFIED. THERE IS NO FILTERING THIS BULLSHIT, OR PINNING IT UP WITH A BOBBY PIN TO KEEP IT OUT OF ONES SIGHT. THE PRESSURE GAUGE TO KEEP ITS TOXIC PILL FROM REACHING THOSE WHO WILL BE HARM HAS MALFUNCTIONED A VERY LONG TIME AGO. EVERYONE IS INFECTED, SICK AND DYING. THE QUESTION IS WHO MUST BE SAVED NOT WHO SHOULD.

THIS 5 FOOT NOTHING PINK TOE WITH BLACK RED HAIR APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE. WHEN I WAS BEING FINGER PRINTED, IT FELT AS THOUGH I NEEDED TO BREAK MY NECK JUST TO LOOK AT HER.

(YEAH I KNOW THE NAME OF THE COLOR OF HER HAIR BUT IT SEEMS POETIC TO WRITE IT THIS WAY. SO I DO.)

BUT I JUST DON'T LOOK. WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR ME TO TURN MY HEAD I DID, BUT I DIDN'T DO IT TO LOOK AT HER, I DID IT TO NOT EVER SEE HER AGAIN. MY HATRED FOR THE WHITE RACE IS SO BEYOND CONTROL THAT I'M SURE IT WOULD NOT BE PLEASING FOR ME TO EVEN WORK THAT PINK TOE BODY OR ANYONE. IF I FIND MYSELF IN A POSITION AS SUCH IT WOULD BE FOR THE LOVE OF MY NEGRO RACE. SHE SAID THAT IT APPEARS TO HER THAT I WAS THE SALE OUT THAT I EQUATE TO THE BLACKS. BUT IF SHE WAS WITH ME WHEN I MET ALL THOSE AFRICAN THAT CAME OVER HERE FROM AFRICA AND THE BLACKS THAT I BATTLE DAILY I BET YOU EVERYTHING SHE WOULD HAVE NEVER MADE SUCH STATEMENT. BESIDES, IF SHE WAS FAMILIAR WITH AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY SHE WOULD NOT HAVE MADE SUCH A STATEMENT. I STOP CALLING THEM SALE CUTS ALONG TIME AGO BECAUSE IT APPEARS TO ME THEY'RE STAYING IN TUNE WITH THEIR BLACK ROOTS. AND I GUESS I BEST TRY TO STAY IN TUNE WITH THESE NEGRO ROOTS. IF YOU CALL THEIR ACTION AS HELPING ME, THEN WHAT WOULD YOU DEFINE AS THEM HARMING ME. I HATE A COWARD, ONE WHO ALWAYS TRY TO PUT IT ALL ON ME. IT'S A LACK OF MATURITY WITH RISK COME REWARD. I GUESS IT'S JUST WISE TO CLOSE SUCH DOOR. I THINK JOODY TWO SUN IS RIGHT. BUT I JUST EXAGGERATE IT JUST A TAD BIT. "AIN'T NOTHING EVEN OR HIGHWAY STRAIGHT IN THIS COLD OLE WORLD. I KNOW THE COOKS.

I JUST WOULD LIKE PEOPLE TO KNOW THE REASON BEHIND IT.

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