

"Reply ID" - vxvr,

Aug 19<sup>th</sup> 2011

"Hatchue"

Hello And thanks you for your contact Letter of Khalid Shamsud'Diyw. However, Could you please relay back this message for me!

Bayh,

Greetings Brother,

Thank You for reaching out, However, At this time I cannot find my self in good conscience using any of my loved ones as a "Third Way". Please Allow me to explain, 21 Years I'd say is my biggest reason. I've been behind these bars that long. It may not be as long as yourself but its still long enough. I've seen all types of game convicts play on people in the world, and in here, being a open homosexual I've even been at the wrong end of some pretty goods one.

Because of my drug use I have no one in the free world besides a few family members that's stayed down with me. I do have a N/A sponsor but I couldn't ask him for two reasons. 1) I asked him to be my 12 step sponsor, nothing else, and well the program is anonymous.

Now "Bayh", That does not mean I wish to help you in any-way I can, and you must know this, I do! Your just going to have to help me a little more to reach you. If I can do it I will get to you.

"Reply ID" - VxvC

Aug 19<sup>th</sup> 2014

Please also know this I'm in Texas one of the worst prison systems in the world. I've asked many times for safe keeping but the answer is always the same, "You don't portray enough feminine characteristics. I believe if it wasn't like places like Between the Bars, Black and Pink and a few others I'd become a statistic."

On a lighter note I grew up in Lexington Park, MD and wish to any thing my father would not have come to this state. I'm not saying I wouldn't have ended up in prison, but I know I wouldn't be living as I do here in this Texas system.

So Bayh, I'd like to leave you and your friend Hannah, AKA "Hatchue" a poem and a reassurance please don't let this stop us from contacting each other I do wish to help you.

Stay Healthy - Stay Safe!



2011

EALE,

Billy

PAGE TWO OF 4

"Reply ID" VxvC

Aug 19<sup>th</sup> 2011

A Poem For Bayh and Hatchue  
by Billy

### Billy's world of concrete

Viscious Dogs, Vampires And Trolls  
Lurking Around the morality of our souls  
Snakes demons Monsters And Feinds  
Electric Chair, Gas Chambers, Plus the Juice  
Inside, Always something, Never is there a Truce  
Blood of angry Gods upon my door Post  
Spread it round People, Love we it the most  
A killer, A convict, A Hater, A Whore  
Gathered around me, My tormentors, These psychic Carnivores  
Verbal orgies in my head devoid of sound  
I spend my nights, with Imaginary lovers renown  
Father                  son                  Holy Ghost  
Where are they when we need them the most  
Kidney failure, HepC, HIV, a spider bite if you please  
But mostly, M.R.S.A. brings us to our knees  
Financial Struggle, Cheap wine, Cupids Itch  
Sooner or later we start to believe Lifes A Bitch  
The Battle fields full of surprises  
The one least likely Always rises  
Looks down At you with his Ice cold stare  
Is he your creation or is he our creation  
Day after day Living under his Exploitation  
A killer, A convict, A Lover, A Whore  
They seem to be Every where, These psychic Carnivores  
Theres bodies Lay dead, across the day room floors  
Crimson blood Shines bright, As it flows under my cell door

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"Reply I.D." Vxvr  
by Billy

Aug 19<sup>th</sup> 2014

Billy's world of concrete - Page two  
Passionate Lover, His knife Still in His hand  
He Kills and Kills, he just no longer gives a damn  
Baffled by these fatal facts, untold, "It's how the 'Game' is played  
I'm just looking to be understood  
Except I'm ostracized for not loving who, they say, I should  
Sorrowful tear & escape my tired eyes  
"It's the way the 'Games' played, they say, everybody dies  
Each day I prostrate myself so humbly  
For all the angry gods to see  
For what? A quantum of control  
My tired eyes take in this chaos, in a panoramic view  
Keep listening to you laugh at me for what I just said  
Knowing in your heart you wish I were dead  
So, for you, I lay this pistol up against my head  
I just can't take any more of your dread  
As I draw my knees up to my chest  
I wish my friend, family, even you, the very best  
With one quick blast  
Sweet Jesus, it's over at last  
This was my world of concrete  
I leave it to you to play and compete  
A killer, a convict, a love, a whore  
No longer gathered around me, those psychic  
CANAVORES

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2011  
Enee,  
Billy 2014