

ABOUT DEATHROW ARRIVAL:

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Deathrow Arrival, is a poem shaped and birth inside what is known as "The Quiet Cell" within the crucible of A/C (Adjustment Center), a solitary confinement unit at Californias' San Quentin State Prison, days after my arrival.

In some sense, entering the Quiet Cell drummed thoughts of my ancestors who were held in such confined spaces before going through the "Door of No Return." Once inside I felt trapped in the hull (concrete hole) of a stranded slave ship.

Within this "Hole" I was compelled to write this poem in the dim lit cell. As I put pen to paper I couldn't envision the importance nor the impact my words would have on others. At the time I was just expressing my truest thoughts and feelings about my death row arrival. Never did I intend to share it. Because I thought it was too raw and real for those who turn away from the truth of amerikkkas' Prison Industrial Complex. And anything pulling back the curtains of its "State Sanctioned Murder" of its citizens.

Not only has the poem touched others, it has inspired me to expand on the words and experiences of my "Deathrow Arrival," in my forthcoming death row memoir. If you are touched by this poem and interested in supporting Anti-Death Penalty Organizations, My Self-Advocacy, and how this poem has gained acceptance, CHECK OUT: HELP ME HELP ME (See above)

IMAGINE - Published By Human Writes (2007) www.humanwrites.org

BEYOND BARS CD- www.beyondbars.web.com; Download Stores: itunes; Amazon

COMING SOON:

Tribulations of A Geto Kid (Book of Poems)

LOOK FORWARD TO:

Deathrow Arrival: Stranded Inside San Quentin (A Memoir)

Deathrow Thespian (Book of Poems)

DEATHROW ARRIVAL

You arrive not knowing what to expect. Functioning only on your preconceived notions that are tales of truth and falsehood. It's impossible not to take in the age of the prison, the sagging and dying walls that are crumbling from decay and years of abuse.

"Escort!" The words barked while you walk the yard accompanied by two C.O.'s, and your hands in restraints. Prisoners face away from you, but turn their heads to sneak a peak at a deadman walkin'. Caught up in your own thoughts you briefly ponder what's goin' through their minds, because their eyes tell of a frightening thought.

In your short walk to the row, a C.O. may sarcastically point to where the chamber is located to start the process of psychological breakdown.

Arriving on the row, a C.O. orders you to strip naked, then to perform a ritual of obscene routines to degrade you and instill their authority.

All the while proudly wearing their armor, for fear of becoming the executed.

You walk the row of the condemned to approach your dungeon of a cell, hidden behind an outer door to keep you absolutely solitary.

You walk into a dungeon converted into a cell, that's cold, stale and engulfed in a still darkness.

Un-cuffed, you remain poised until the outer door closes, leaving the cell darker, quieter and isolated.

While becoming familiar with your surroundings, you settle into eerie thoughts of past, present and future experiences and lives that may have and will occupy this cell.

Though I was a solitary body in this dungeon, I could detect the smell and feel the presence of others, who walked in and out of this cell.

Wondering who survived and who died; who shitted and pissed; who ate and farted; who slept and fostered deep thoughts, such as mine, in this small cell.

The Quiet Cell is its christen name.

A cell that reveals its purpose sorrowfully.

A cell that screams volumes of every kind, even when no one is present, though it appears quiet.

A cell that burdens you with loneliness and the stagnant reality of your macabre predicament.

WRITTEN THOUGHTS
OJORE DHORUBA