

• Chill •

You have ta chill.
Was the advice given to me
By an older prisoner
Who lacked guidance

Handing me a stick
And a pair of shades
He said, "You have ta chill."

Said it from inside a pit
An open grave
With leaf-lets of years
Scattered every which way.

Dried Almanac spines
Taped to a cross
Shaped by metal bars

You have ta chill.

Words spoken on a prison bench
By a Basketball court

To keep us entertained
I just watch

Basketball was never my game
So I challenged him to my game
A game of Chess

You have to chill.

He could see the frustration on my face
As his queen moved every which way.
Snatching my pieces dead
Finally yelling, "Mate!"

You have to chill.

• See •

Listen

To the crows

As they squawk for flesh

A dark cypher blocking the sun

People think is an eclipse

But I know what it is

A black mantle

That will descend

Over the domes of innocent

Women, men and children

All those gazing up at the sky

Missing the yellowish beaks

That will one day tear their flesh

The ones missing the darkness

Inside the eyes that will one day

Bury themselves in raw blood

Their blood.

I scream

I yell

Trying to warn them

But the people...

... They don't see it

• Never Afraid •

I wasn't afraid

I am not afraid

I will never be afraid

I reassure myself

That I come from a line

Of strong women and men

Strong minded individuals

Who fought hunger,

Poverty and addiction

Men and women who knew

What life had to offer

And what to accept from it

They accepted breath

Their lungs inhaled life

To keep on fighting

To keep on going

Even though a future wasn't promised

Neither was freedom

From a life of leftovers
Heated over flaming alcohol
In an aluminum cap

A bent spoon
Used to melt
Hard substances

Same spoon morphing into a choo-choo train
To feed the mouths of my starving sisters
Defenseless babies

Who drank black water from bottles
To quench their thirst
Inhaling fumes from illegal factories

Burning resistol-cincomil and Tiner
This is where I come from
I come from this

From warriors who made it through everything
With their heads held high
Never bowing a knee

• Truth in Lies •

I never believed your lies
Til now.

What you write on paper rings true
Forcing me to believe

That the sky isn't blue

You told me that before darkness

It switches hues

So somehow I find myself

Forced to love you.

Even when no lines are scribbled down

When mail doesn't come around

I still believe you

Still believe

That you're out there waiting for me

That you look up at the moon

And blow it a kiss

And so I fall asleep

Engulfed in dreams

Waiting for a letter

Which will include a couple lies

About why it took you so long to write

But I won't mind

Even if I had to wait

Years for a reply

A simple lie

With a bittersweet goodbye

I'll wait for your letter

And will continue to find truth

In each lie.

