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## Poetry, Prose & Conz Vol, 2.

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I interviewed Piantkhi at the official release of The Write Or Die Time Project issue #6, known as "Poetry, Prose & Conz".

During the interview, I asked Piantkhi if He wanted to put out a Vol, 2 of PP&C, what would he do different, He said it would be all poetry, and has said for a while that he also wanted to drop an all Handwritten issue.

So y'all know me, My brain kicked into autopilot mode, and I set out to achieve Piantkhi's version of a PP&C Vol, 2 issue, Yeah, even before the interview was over, I had already mapped out the who, where and how Vol, 2 would look.

Piantkhi, being locked into a new study and forthcoming project that will shock most of our leadership, commissioned me full control over Vol, 2 of PP&C as I was visually already in go mode. In fact, He didn't even want to see the work until it was ready for publishing, I knew this was coming because WONDZP issues 4, 5, & 6 felt more like instruction courses and, "now let me see what you can do". I've been allowed more creative freedom with each issue, perhaps a little too much because PP&C is a monster, born from me being pushed forward into full production work by Piantkhi.

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## (SUPER DONE)

Since the reinstatement of the Poetry group, I set out to use every resource possible within the group to take the work load edge off of Frank's regular volunteer base that worked well to well to make WODZP issues what they are today.

To my surprise, Frank had already downloaded the work from a Florida Deathrow Inmate that I was licking my chops to feature in Vol, 2. In fact, it was the work of that inmate that became my inspiration to make Vol, 2 a full page, Bold image issue of all visuals, art and photos. I've recently handed Frank Vol, 2, SUPER DONE. This is our live poetry slam on Paper, with the many different Handwriting styles of each poet taking center stage. I was finally free to travel back into the 1990's and allow 2016-17 to enjoy the organic energy, ON PAPER. If nothing else, I had to at least achieve this goal with this issue, and with a little selfishness on my side, it was on! 😊 Enjoy your Reading.

## (WHY NOT)

So, why not produce a Live Poetry Slam for the first time in deathrow history, and invite a small group of Prison officials that was instrumental in re-instating the Poetry group, why not invite the Prison's SQ News Paper to report on it, why not record the live session and broadcast it over the Prison's SQTV system?

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and why not acknowledge Mrs. Bell for stepping into the challenge of facilitating not one, but 2 poetry groups to get us ready to pull off what has never been done on California's death row.

Why stop there? Why not use the Poetry Slam to pitch my proposal for a in-prison streamer, yeah, music streamer broadcasted over the SQTV system by way of plugging directly into a tower holding a harddrive loaded with content donated by inmates, employees, and faith based groups, and why not be a first time ever Mental Health Department Recreation Therapy program created and produced by a new generation at Condemned Row, another first time ever.

Let's call it "The Sound Mind" 😊, and the very first broadcast on our new TV channel live streamer will be the live recording of the poetry slam that we are calling:

( "Microphone Check". )

So, mic check 1, 2, 1, 2, the hard work began, and what's most impressive to me is that my entire proposal sets a budget at ZERO cost to the state, and I'm not even near adding the phase 2 portion of my programming ideas for The Sound Mind.

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This Poetry, Prose & Comix issue Vol, 2 has already taken on a life of its own, and with the right people, well, why not?

The irony for me is that, In spite of my hard work and staying down with Pierikhi from the first issue of WODZ up unto this very second, I haven't been appreciated, now, I'm not asking nobody to kiss my ass, but it would be great to feel like this movement is not on behalf of ingrates, some, who are very disrespectful.

(A total of 10 years)

So-called Confidential Informants and Cops have kept me off of ~~the~~ the very group exercise yards that the New Generation of the Condemned Population Program, seriously.

In a cell for 24 hours a day, and in a Walk Alone Yard Cage simply due to my sexual orientation, as so-called Killers, Gangster and ~~whoever~~ whoever needs me out of the way, claims that my sexual orientation has caused unrest on the group yards, seriously.

(In spite, open displays of contempt)

They say it's always the ones closest to you, and in this case, that's exactly what the Cops have said, but I don't take Cops words over my own, so here, I remain stuck, while observing only complaints about how I don't work how people ask me to work, yet, in my all wrong ways, the product continues to get better, while silence is my reward.

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Keepin it pushin

I do this work because I love and respect this project and the young man that introduced me to his vision.

One Stanley "Tookie" Williams writing for youth to live, in a safer world needed to be amplified by the new generation that he walked the yards with to get it done, so Lonki's "Fine vision," in my opinion is the very invasion of evil, with reality, love, care and the personal humanitarian face of our generation that has been missing from the positive youth development movement for years, as Convicts, and the Condemned have been literally written off to die, even amongst each other, I seriously contemplate quitting this shit everyday, but, so, one time at a time, finding their way into the hands of people in the struggle, and to my own next generation of my family is worth the shit I put up with, dealing with Niggaz that have no idea of what's coming next, or how to engage the next level as our written work is only the first phase before Minds are made up to decide whether we live or die by way of execution, and what happens next will truly determine who's serious about this shit, so no matter how goofy I seem, my laugh, smile, my appreciation of the work of my own, will never transform into the miserable image the enemy demands of us. Who will appreciate me then?

— / 2/25/06