

Poetry, Prose &
Cardz

VOLUME II



WRITE OR DIE

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VOLUME II

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Piankhi — Editor

betweenthebars.org/group/papyruscollective

Anthony Rayson — anthonyrayson@hotmail.com

Prologue:

A word is often defined as a verbal signal, a speech sound, or series of speech sounds that communicates a meaning, a graphic representation of such a series, or sounds.

And then a Bell went off, so we asked a new generation of the California Condemned population at San Quentin State Prison to make an attempt to define our Poetess Ms. Bell, with just one word.

Journey with us now into Volume 2 of Poetry, Prose & Condz, as we acknowledge Ms Bell with a series of just a few sounds that we collectively come defines this amazing Lady.



Write Or Die: Zine Project

Acknowledgment



Sincere

Realist

AMAZING

Beautiful

Strong Precious

Faithful

Special

Sophisticated

Educated

Bell

Hope

Needed

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious



YEAR OF ELECTIONS
 DRUGS FOR EXECUTION INJECTIONS
 PROTOCOLS ALREADY INTRODUCED,
 GENERATION RISING INTO VIEW.
STRUGGLE, 2 LIVE, NO DOUBT,
 VOICES AGAINST, LIFE WITHOUT,
 POETRY, NEW ART, NEW TEXT,
 SAME OLD. • EXCEPT, NEW AUDIO,
 MICROPHONE CHECK VOL. 1, 2

California Death Row
Pipco
 Papyrus Collective



California **ON**
BLAST

CDCR Projects
 Total Combined Costs of a Single
 Scheduled Execution: \$186,886

*That much \$ to kill
 me in one day?
 So what do they spend
 a day to educate my
 12 year old daughter
 in the public school
 system? - Bandito*

Bandito

"Friends To The End" By A. Cain (Wainio)

I'm Constantly Encouraged To Create Something The
Reader Can Savor
It's Always My Mission To Prepare A Literary Meal With
Adequate Flavor
Something That Leaves Them Feeling Full And Looking
For My Next Piece
Thought Provoking Turley Designed To Give Us Souls
And Never Cease
Experience These Epiphanies That Suddenly Come To
Me In A Flash
I'm Addicted To Seeing Raptures Reaction To My Prodigies
And Raptures Raptures
The Look Of Love Is Not Elected For Many Faces Simply
Blow Me Away
If It Were Not For The Bad Cop I wouldn't Be Able To
Brighten The Day

Writing Allows Me To Escape My Stress And Give All The
Outlet For Others In Need
This Is Why I'm Grateful For My Ability To Use Words That
Heal And Intercede
To Live In A Negative Place And Still Be Able To Tap
Into Positivity
Is The Perfect Example Of Refusing To Let Anything
Stifle Productivity
My Lower Flame Couldn't Begin To Helium To The Heat
Of This Floetic Passion
Without The Help And Inspiration Of Those Who Come Before Me
And Embrace Poetic Action
So I'm Content With This Gift I Have Not All Of
Its Dividends
Reassured By The Fact That Creativity And I Are
Friends To The End



Anthony Cain
California Death Row
San Quentin, CA



LANDRY II

Life's Troubles & Struggles'

Some days are difficult and the pressure can
be hard to bear.
Thinking of your loving family and man who
truly care...
Regardless of what throws, true love will never
change.
Unable to understand when love feels strange...
Good days even overwhelmed with things to do,
Getting a date book just to see those 13 months...
Left with debts and bills sometimes too high,
Even though times are rough you smile. But deep
down you really want to cry...
Struggles and troubles
Joked and frustrated some days will be,
Reminding yourself that only love and God
can set you free...
On a daily basis life throws its twists and
turns, to sleep it every body leaving...
Unable to sleep, whether days go fast or slow,
Being strong, whether days go fast or slow...
Love you will succeed just go with the flow...
Even when there's struggles and troubles Nil,
Stick it out it's when these struggles and
troubles seem worst you must not quit...



Life's Troubles & Struggles'

"QUEST"



Clifton Perry

YOUNG AFRICAN MEN FINDING
TRUE VALUE IN CHASING DREAMS
THAT WOULD INCLUDE A GOOD
ATTITUDE. PURSUING FINE ARTS
THAT WOULD STICK TO THEIR
HEARTS, AND LORD WILLING,
WOULD NOT DEPART THAT ART
WOULD BE POETRY--A CRAFT
THAT'S NEW TO ME--ONE THAT
COULD BE TRUE TO ME! NO
BETRAYALS--NO BACK STABBING,
NO LIES, NO EMBARRASSMENT
FROM GIFTS OF GABBING! JUST
MEN ON A QUEST TO EXPRESS
THEMSELVES--RESPECT
THEMSELVES--REMAKE
THEMSELVES!

DECEMBER 30, 2016

①

It's you & me

Unexpectedly I received a letter from my son. Since it's been months since we've had a fruitful conversation. But as I tore through the envelope something didn't seem right. The writing was off. From the first paragraph I couldn't stop the tears from falling. My boy is getting married. And having a kid of his own.

Then outta nowhere he told me that he loved me. And he needs my help. Now I'm Spooked! "Dad" he said "I wanna be the right thing by her & my kid. But I don't love her. I'm in love with someone else. Who makes me feel alive. Who I actually wanna marry! Mom is on board with me following my heart so is grandmamma. But how you view me & your opinion means the world to me dad. You've never died to me nor abandoned me in my time of need. Therefore please don't stop loving when you read these words, "I'm Gay" Dad!!

At that moment, I felt like I just got shot right in my heart. Once I was able to put my ego in check, I picked up my pen, pad to reach out and re-ensure him that if he's in love with someone else than his child's mother. He owes her a recent why! Another thing. Regardless how many feel be true to yourself. So if your in love with another man, you'll never have to worry about that part of your life, bearing any weight on our relationship. Even though I don't love it, I love you though!!! I may feel some type of way at times and have my own views. About your new community... We may disagree or even agree on some issues. I ask you to continue to be patient with me. Because I wanna give you the respect you desire and deserve, as I show you unconditional love my son. You're my son Gay or not. I shall always love you unconditionally. DAD, your #1 Fan!!!

PARENTING



New Generation Rising

"FATHERS let your kids know, even that you got their back. And will also love them unconditionally."

Big Rock

.. If these walls could talk...



If these walls could talk take message
every thought to distinguish if it is
heaven or hell, its a prison coming out
from these walls bleeding pain, fear, and
doubt trying to break me down into dust,
taking a kneeling of hope with healing
building up my soul on foundations of glory
talking back with the WORD of Life, stacking up
faith of riches in mercy counting my blessings,
knowing my seasons with purpose in life I was
born to die, to be planted then uprooted, to kill
then to heal, to weep then laugh, to lose then to
be a conqueror, to hate what I use to be, keep
on warring with the flesh through peace, struggles
comes to all under the sun, but who can overcome
keeping on with joy from the Creator that gives
wisdom and knowledge to a man who is good in His
sight. If these walls could talk what are they telling you.

The New ... Gervier Stone, C-16575 ..



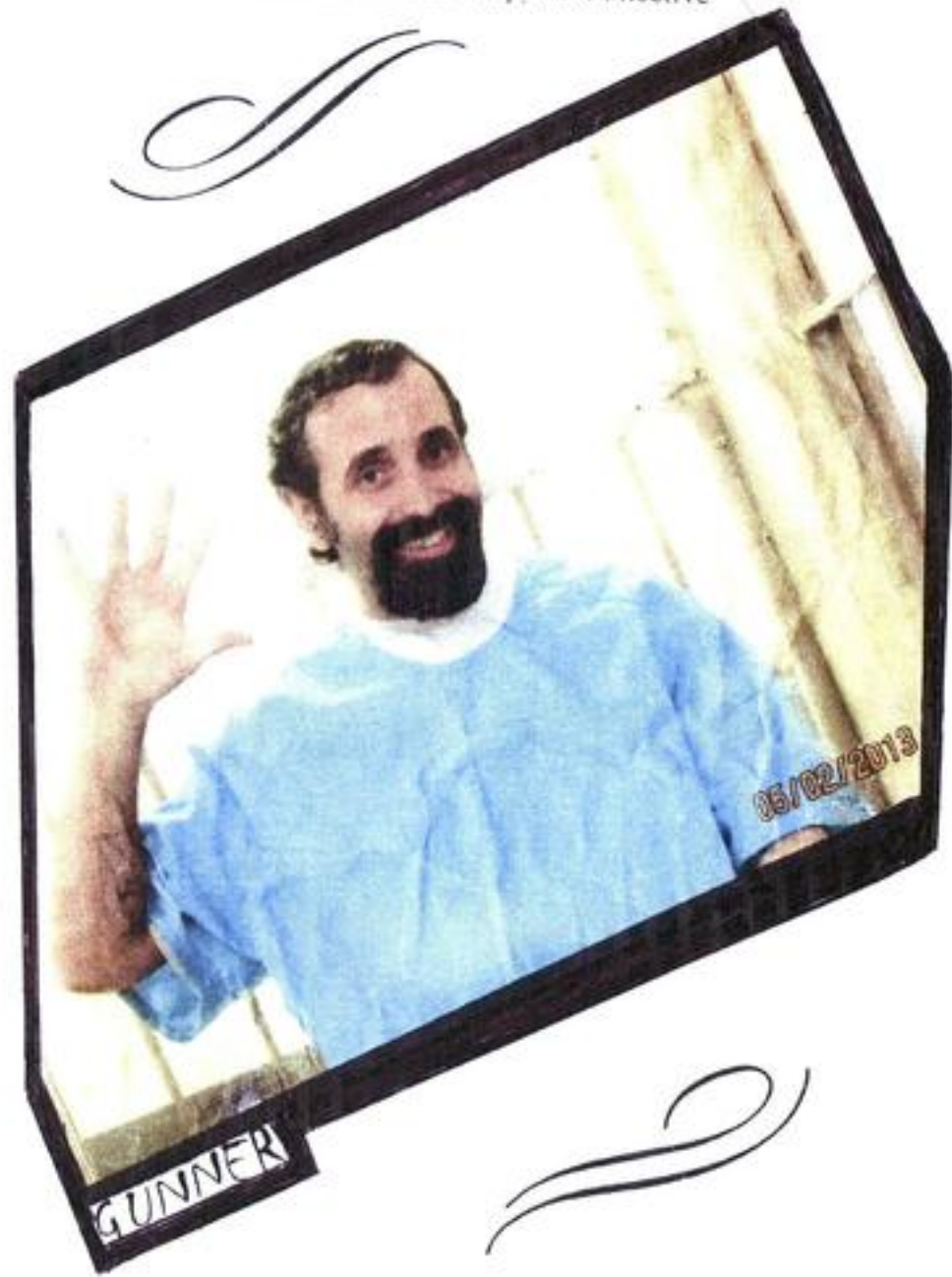
NO TITLE

The chance has come, a time to change.
I've done it all, and I'm to blame.
Good and bad times. I've shared as kind.
Pain beyond wonder, happiness no doubt.
My reign seems to have no range.
Spills a plenty for pain an terror.
Truely threw out the 90's, that was my era.
A chance to shine, but I chose wrong.
The residence of evil was just to strong.
Suffering and Tragedy have black mailed my
heart. That was just the start. Prison at
a young age. Had to develop a rage to
survive - alas, I mastered the art.
This is my last stand. I have no fear, I'll
do it as a man. The long walk to a room
of dispare. In the end will anyone care?
Dare to stand tall, even steps down A pure
white hall. Look into my eyes, there's no
surprise. One day, some day,
this day will come to us all

by.

Gunner

Between the Bars: Papyrus Collective



Visit Our Blog @

BETWEENTHEBARS.ORG/GROUP/PAPYRUSCOLLECTIVE

Papyrus Collective



Trayvon Martin's death in Florida sparked a national outcry



New Generation Rising

BANDIT

ENOUGH!!!
 BY NOW WE AS BLACK FOLK/AFRICANS
 SHOULD BE TIRED OF THE DIRTY PIGS
 LAWDOWN RITELY SWING OUT THERE KILLIN
 OUR KIND FOR BLOOD SPORT.
 THEN STALLING INTO COURT WITHOUT
 A DAMN CARE IN THE WORLD.
 BECAUSE THEY KNOW THATS WERE
 THE HEAD OF THERE KLAN THE
 GRANDDRAGON RESIDES, HIDING
 BEHIND THAT BLACK ROBE, GAVEL
 IN HAND HIS MIND WAS ALREADY
 MADE UP LONG BEFORE HE WAS PUT IN
 CHARGE TO OVERSEE THIS CASE OF A
 MIND OPEN AND SHUT CASE OF A
 YOUNG BLACK MAN WHO WAS GINNED
 DOWN FOR JUST WALKING ALONE JUST
 FOR HIS OWN. HIS LIFE CUT SHORT JUST
 FOR HAVING A DAMN HOODIE ON, NOW
 HES FOREVER GONE, MURDERED IN
 COLD BLOOD BY A 200 POUND COWARD
 WITH A BIG ASS GUN WHO CLAIMED HE
 WAS IN REAR FOR HIS LIFE, OUT ON BAIL
 THE COWARD CAN AND CONTINUES TO
 HIDE UNTIL THE GRANDDRAGON RULED
 IT WAS JUSTIFIABLE. HOMICIDE BEING
 THE HEARTLESS COWARD FEELS AND
 ALL WE DO TO CONFEST HIS GIVE ANOT-
 HER CLAIM PEACEFUL PROTEST FAR AND
 WERE YOUNG PEACEFUL BROTHER WHO'S JUST BEEN
 LAYED TO REST.
 TRAYVON MARTIN MURDERED
 FOR BEING YOUNG AND BLACK. CRIST IN PAPA-
 YOUNG BROTHER. BY BIG BANDIT

GUARDIAN ANGEL

LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM, A TALE TO TELL,
I DREAMT I SAW AN ANGEL, POOR THING WASN'T WELL.
HIS BODY BRUISED AND BATTERED, HIS WINGS WERE RIPPED AND TORN,
HE COULD HARDLY WALK, HE LOOKED SO TIRED AND WORN.
I WALKED RIGHT UP TO HIM, "ANGEL, HOW COULD THIS BE?"
HE TURNED AROUND, AND PAUSED A BIT, THEN SAID THESE WORDS TO ME:

"I'M YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL, A GREAT WISK, AS YOU CAN SEE,
YOU'VE RUN SO WILD ALL OF YOUR LIFE, LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME.
THESE BRUISES ARE FROM SHIELDING YOU IN TIMES WHEN YOU WERE ILL,
THOSE DANGEROUS DRUGS AND ALCOHOL, I'VE OFTEN PAID THE BILL,
YOU SAY MY WINGS ARE TORN AND BATTERED, IT'S A NOBEL BADGE I WEAR,
HOW OFTEN I'VE FLOWN YOU FROM EVIL WHEN YOU WERE UNWARE,
YOU'VE MADE ME WISH MORE THAN ONCE I WAS UNEMPLOYED,
WHEN FINALLY YOU CAN MAKE IT ON YOUR OWN,
YOU'LL NEED NOT FEAR OR WORRY, FOR I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU ALONE."

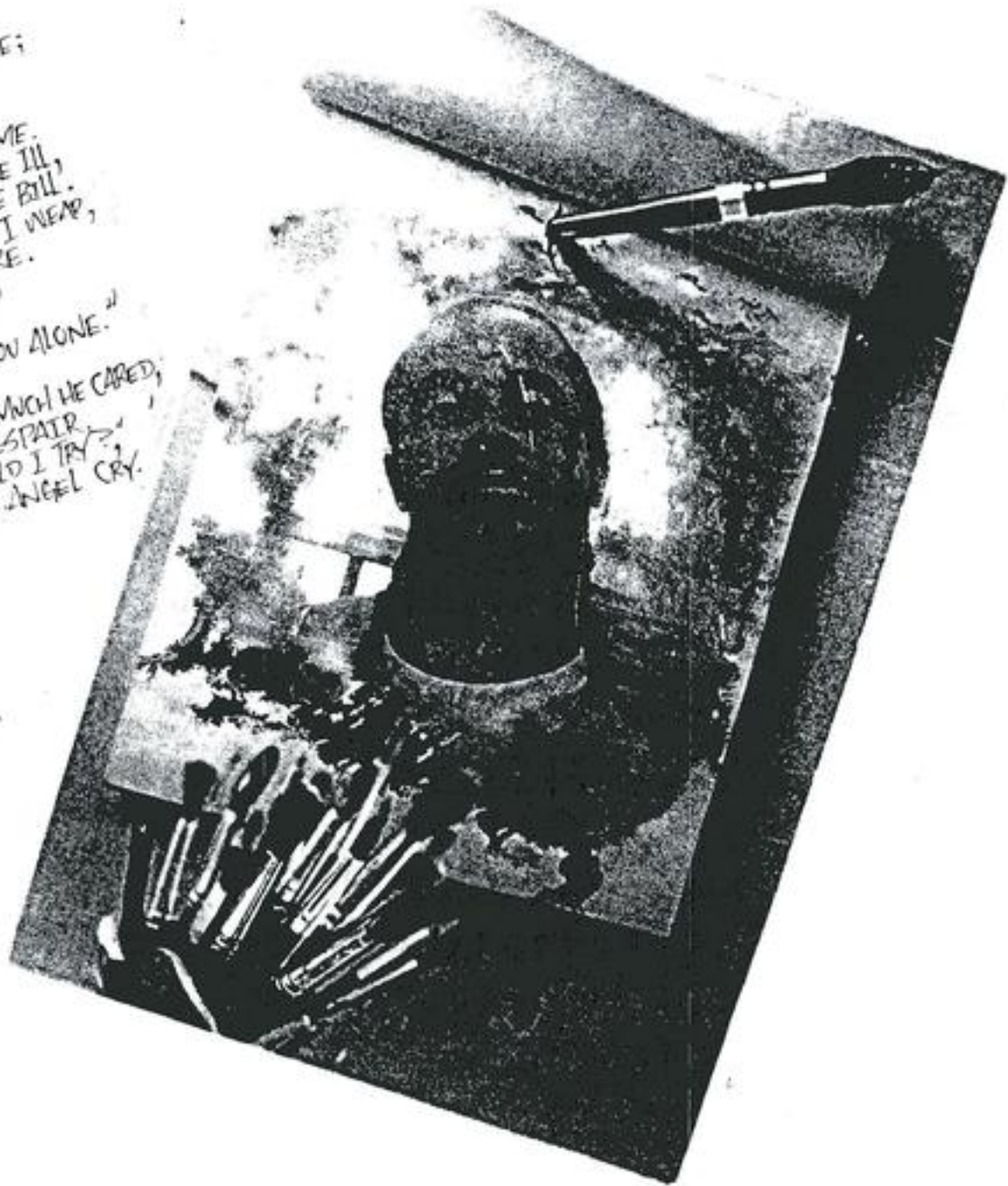
I COULD NOT BELIEVE ALL THAT I HEARD, MUCH LESS HOW MUCH HE CARED,
I CRIED UPON HIS SHOULDERS, THEN LEFT HIM IN DESPAIR,
THE NEXT MORNING, I SAW SIN AND WONDERED, "SHOULD I TRY?"
AND IN THE DISTANCE, I THOUGHT I HEARD MY GUARDIAN ANGEL CRY.

By: KIL HARRIS

(NOTE TO READER)

AND FOR THE RECORD,
I DON'T BELIEVE IN NO GOD,
SO THE CHURCH WAS FORCED ON ME AS A CHILD,
NEVA HAD ME!

-TAKO



"All In"

By: Murray (Neph) Sykes

Through this and that
Vamp or night from Lazing to the very end,
I'm always say nothing less
than all in...

Tell me have you ever seen me half as
or anything less than all in
With or without the stole
I'm that of which you do not want to feel
The last of both extremes
I could be your last night and a wet night
Try to double cross me
and still not see more than you're willing to pay
I'll double cross if you do
double down and be ware
Gotta breathe it all but they see me fall
cause its do or die in this life. I had
any man not with me is against me
but don't fear me open your ears and hear me
Such people and things till the end
cause I'm nothing less than all in...

