

GOODBYE BROTHER

from Behind Enemy Lines

SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MINDS ARE IN PRISON

The loss of life is the eventual reality of all living things. We come and we go, all living things perish, change, and decay. Yet, still, the passing of a human life is a commanding performance, saddening, sobering, and a tragic event to just about every feeling, caring individual. But, imagine if you will the senseless, vile, wanton slaughter of your life by another to literally watch your murders- murdering you and that is exactly what occurs to a black Refugee, a Political Prisoner on ameriKKK's Slave Plantations - condemned to death by long termed incarceration/enslavement for crimes that never even happened; DEATH by a slow agonizing dying. Yet alive walking around in these cages/prisons, cemeteries of the living dead; held hostage in this cold, concrete, and steel tomb. O'AMERIKa, you are such a sick creature. "You People" are truly the enemy of all humanity.

Every day, every decade, every fleeting, helpless second watching your precious life slipping away; watching the insanity of the murder of your life; expenditure of the irreparable, your life's precious energies slipping and fading away at the hands of bestial savages - and as we all know there are no do-overs in life. This is a one-time event, either you have life or you don't - then GAME OVER!

It is an ongoing grievous anguish, no ordinary dying as would occur from an accident or incurable disease. It is like attending your own funeral and the vulture (SS-PRISON GUARDS)

silently waiting for you to lie quietly in the casket. It is murder, civilized savagery; you are being killed by slow agonizing torture.

Day-by-day, year-by-year. A continuous daily hemorrhaging of your life being sucked and drained from you.

It is beyond and above any -lynching from a tree, gas chamber, or even crucifixion on a cross;

far worse than anything any human being ought to bear or endure.

A bullet between the eyes by the prison guards would be the merciful thing to do.

It is an avoidable dying, an avoidable death, and preventable.

At any moment my diseased murderous, cold-blooded captors could stop killing me, but they can't and they won't because there is no black slave dollarSSSSSS in that humane act of moral decency.

Only my death and dying in these Tombs of The Living Dead + -ripping off the stupid taxpayers.

MURDERS, MURDERS ENEMIES OF HUMANITY

I curse you racist sons-of-a-bitches and damn you to hell; you and ALL your family and friends.

BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR ME; MY LIFE IS NO MORE; I AM NO LONGER ALIVE. RIP IN MARTYRDOM THE IMMORTAL LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE ELDER, MR. OTIS LEE RODGERS, SR., AKA BROTHA ACHIM 18-

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GOD IS DEAD