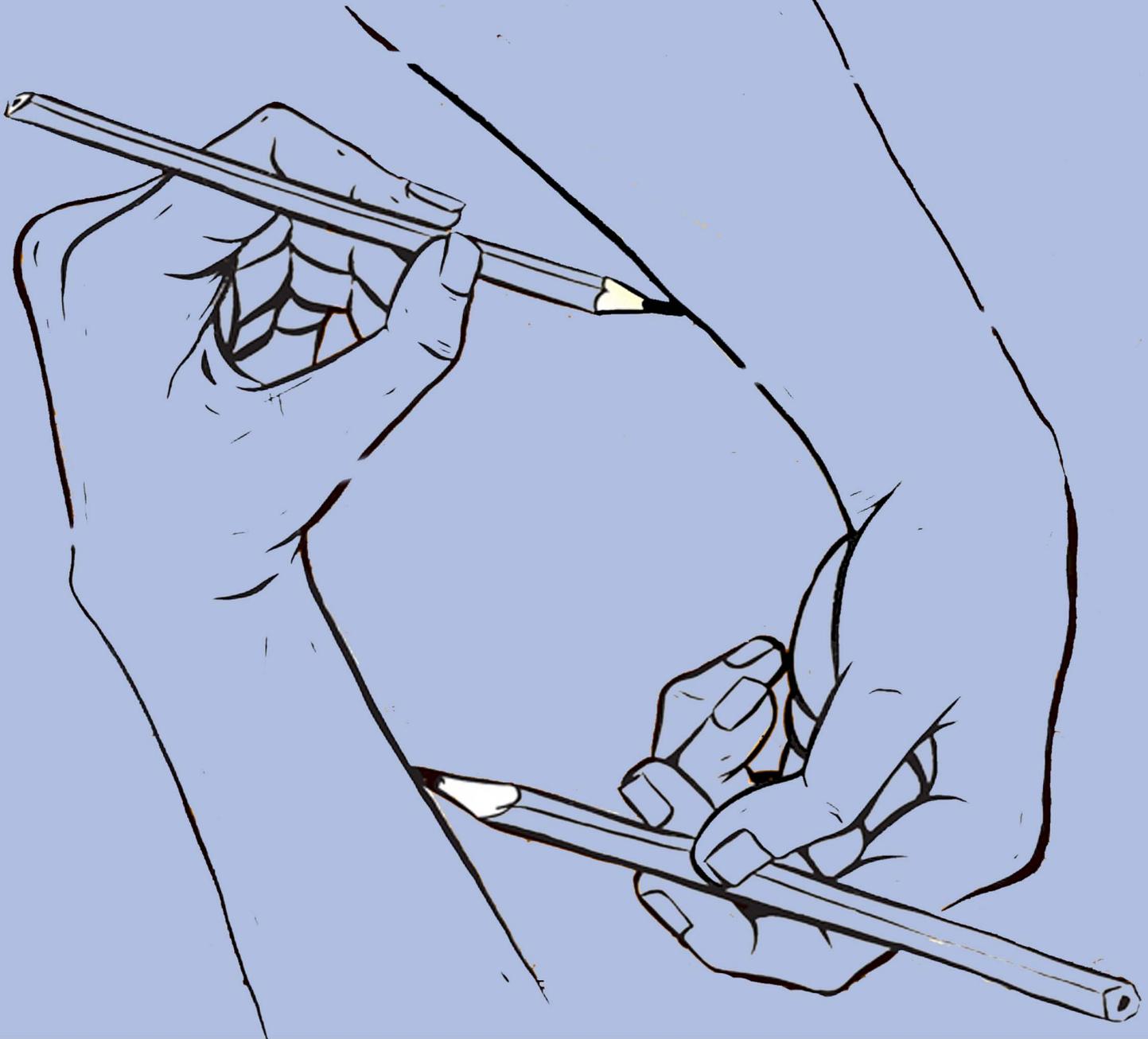


PAPER CHAINED



**A JOURNAL OF WRITINGS AND ARTISTIC
EXPRESSIONS FROM BEYOND THE BARS**

CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

WE WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

PRISONERS

EX-PRISONERS

FAMILY OF PRISONERS

If you are currently in prison, have experienced time in prison or have a loved one in prison, we welcome your contribution to the next edition of this journal. Submissions for Issue 4 close end of October, 2020.

RUNNING WILD

EMAIL:

runningwild@riseup.net

WEBSITE:

runningwild.noblogs.org

POST – **NEW SUBURB**

PO Box 516

Coorparoo, QLD, 4151

Australia

MORE ON CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions can be writings in any style. We ask that text does not exceed 1, 500 words per contribution.

Contributions can be anonymous.

Writers are welcome to include any/all of the following if they wish to, but we would like to stress that there is no obligation to include any identifying information about yourself at all.

- Your name or a pseudonym
- Your age
- Your charge/s
- Your sentence duration and expected release date
- Your occupation/hobbies prior to incarceration
- Any other details you would like published about yourself

You are also welcome to include the following, which would never be published or shared:

- An address for you to receive a copy of the published journal (this could either be your address in prison or an address on the outside you can access at a later date – we understand your prison address may not be reliable if you are moved or if the journal is deemed inappropriate by authorities)
- A return address if you would like us to let you know we have received your contribution.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

Handwritten contributions will be typed unless the author requests to have a scan of the original text presented in the journal. Contributions will be typed exactly as the original is written unless the contributor indicates "PLEASE EDIT" in their entry. We will then be happy to correct any spelling or grammar errors, however we do not feel that perfect spelling and grammar are in any way necessary to meaningful communication.

We will not publish any contributions that directly or indirectly contain: racism, sexism, transphobia, nationalism, xenophobia, ableism or any other form of oppressive language.

CONTENTS

A Note from the “Editor”; Launch of Penpal Initiative	4
Journey - Garry Davis	6
Trapped - Joe Moore	7
Letter - Arthur Lee Player	9
Scarred (Chapter 1) - Damien Linnane	10
Rotting Away in Prison - Joe Salazar	17
81 Years & This is My Story - Shondor Arcenaux	18
Smell It; Ode to 10 Wing - David McGettigan	20
By Understanding Ourselves... - Simon Evans	21
Prisoner’s Lives Matter; Prisoner’s Health Matter; I Am - Bobby Bostic	22
Humanity Lost Part II: “War Wounds” - Noah Coffin	26
Deadman Talkin’; Where Poetry Lives; Miscarriage of Justice - Crandell Ojore McKinnon	28
Heart in Hands - Ash Markey	35

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

We'd like to open as usual by thanking all those people who have written in to the journal this year – in addition to the submissions we have received and published here, we also received many notes of support for this project throughout the year and these have lifted us up.

We live in a society that, while hailed as free and prosperous, is in reality heavily controlling. From schooling, where children quickly become labelled as “naughty” or “nice”; to workplaces, where lack of job security makes conformity and obedience a sheer act of survival; to security and policing, monitoring and intimidating us to ensure “good behaviour”.

This control that we experience, from the youngest age, seeps into our own heads and teaches us that controlling others is necessary, that punishing others is necessary, as the only means of maintaining a harmonious existence. In reality, these systems of control do not prevent violence, inequality and injustice but rather prevent us all from working together to manage our lives and our interactions. We control ourselves and others even when no harm is being inflicted, such as the individual-turn-“hero” who chases down and apprehends someone who stole a small amount of food from a mass chain supermarket. This is the cop in our heads.

This mentality leads most on the outside to assume all people in prison deserve to be there, deserve their punishment, and deserve to be forgotten, without any consideration of the broader context and the diversity of reasons that individuals are incarcerated (from shoplifting, drug addiction/distribution, to violent crime).

We need to find ways to address harm inflicted in our communities that both empower and bring justice to the survivors/victims while also recognising the humanity, and potential for genuine rehabilitation, in the perpetrators. We need to open our eyes to the realities and complexities of crime and the criminal justice system.

Paper Chained aims to break through the mental barriers formed by the control we are raised under, to give a voice to those prisoners who face the extremes of a society that, in ways, imprisons us all.

Running Wild Collective

PEN-PAL INITIATIVE

We believe it could be beneficial for people in prison to be connected with others through a pen-pal initiative. This initiative would allow people who are interested to be added to a list with some details about themselves, which would be distributed to any others who are interested every three months: in March, June, September and December. People can then write to each other and further break the isolation of prison through this communication and connection. This initiative is open to anyone, whether you are in prison or not.

If you are interested in being listed on our Pen-Pal List, please send in your information following the template below. This information will be made available to anyone else on the Pen-Pal list, but will not be published in any public contexts. To have your information removed at any time, just send us a letter and we will remove your name from the next listing that is sent out.

TEMPLATE FOR ADDITION TO PEN-PAL LIST

Name:
MIN (if in prison):
Charges (if in prison – optional):
Address:
Hobbies/interests:
Why you'd like a pen-pal:

Send your request to:

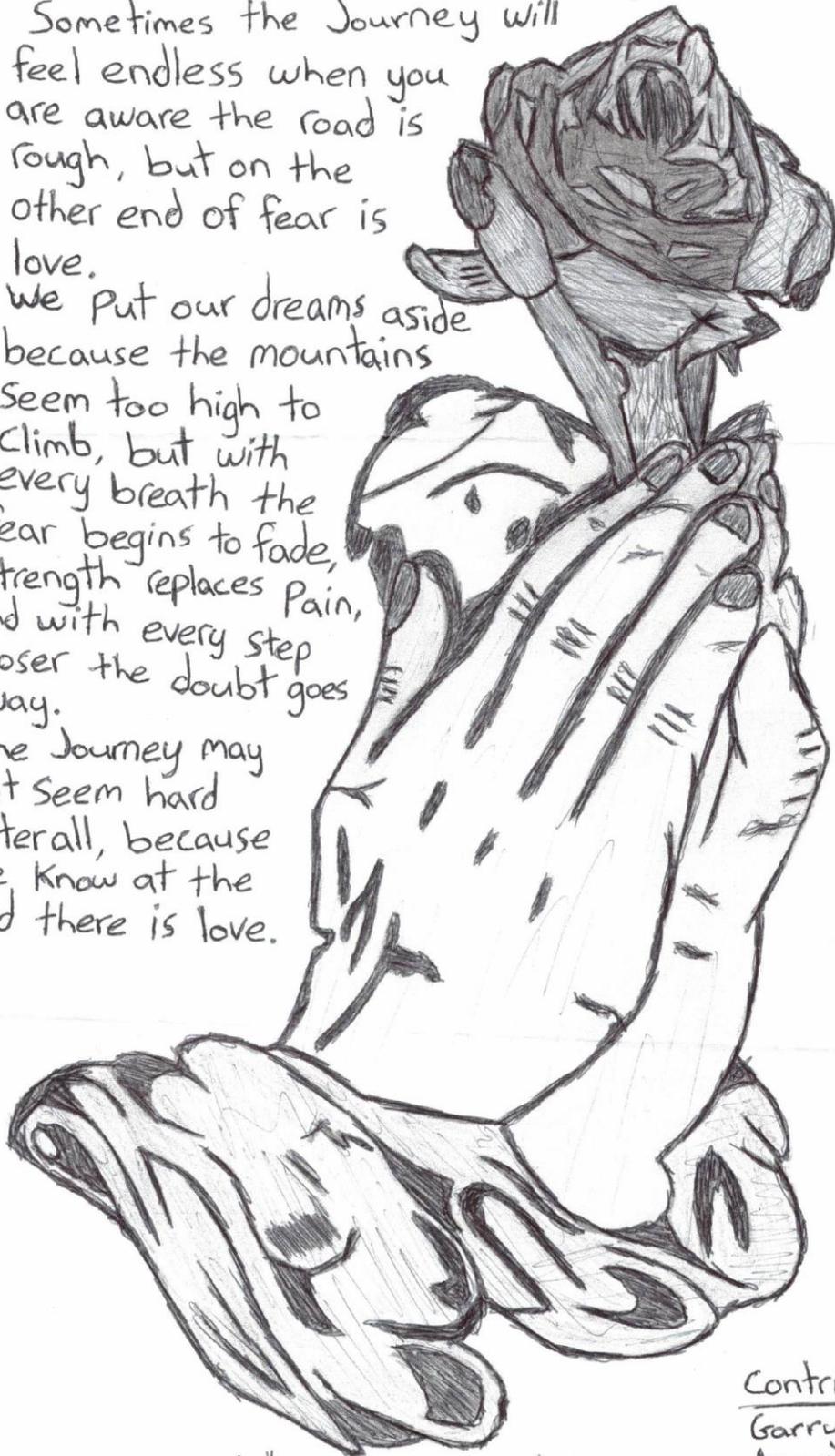
Paper Chained
PO Box 516
Coorparoo, QLD
4151 AUSTRALIA

Journey...

Sometimes the Journey will feel endless when you are aware the road is rough, but on the other end of fear is love.

We put our dreams aside because the mountains seem too high to climb, but with every breath the fear begins to fade, strength replaces pain, and with every step closer the doubt goes away.

The Journey may not seem hard after all, because we know at the end there is love.



Artwork and Poem by
GARRY DAVIS
*550608# -2019-

Contributor Details

Garry Davis. Aged 32.
Accused of murder and
attempted murder.
Sentenced to 40 years
MEN 550608 MNC.C.C

TRAPPED

Never been so scared
In this whole new world
Strange noises
100, 000, 000 people's
Stories
Down this dark lonely road

No heating to keep warm
No cooling in the summer steam
Left broken in this small cell
Humiliation, confrontation
Unfamiliar bad smells.

Try to catch a break
No, no matter how hard you try
The more you're known, the less you grow
The deeper you're trapped in the hole

No justice served
Just money made
We become the cash flow
Of this legal game.

I sometimes wonder our lives and fate
Are used and abused to facilitate
Though it's easy for new cases but harder to prove
So we just chuck people inside
Ruin their lives and re-use

Now already fallen from grace
It's easy to disgrace

No-one to say sorry



When they make a mistake
Your person's still fractured
Name damaged, bad taste

No rehabilitation
Just a number
Even your rights are
A joke to the boys

Gender equality, no where to be seen
Personal opinion granted and welcomed freely
Professionalism very rarely can be seen

The screws know your charges
But always fail to see
That charges are before convictions
With miles in between

Yesterday we were just like them
Tomorrow they could be just like me
Locked in a cell far away
No way to be heard
No-one is here to hear your screams

CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

Joe Moore
Aged 39
Charged with 2 x possession of illegal drugs
(extremely small amount, 1x jumping a red light, 2 x
possession of child abuse material)

A LETTER

Hello. Hopefully I'm not intruding but since I'm in search of friendship & companionship maybe I'm just in time if you're searching as well. I'm due for release soon and felt the need to find someone to keep me grounded, out of trouble, and a reason to be happy. I had a very rough and unusual childhood, so growing up on the street's of Los Angeles California has made me bitter and weary of trusting anybody. Love is something I'm not familiar with but would like to discover, if possible. Understanding, patience, and committment is commendable if you're capable of dealing with me. At the end of the day, I mean no harm. I'm just trying to find my way in life to see you smile, share a laugh or two and see you happy is my goal. Since I have been incarcerated in solitary confinement, I have grown passion's for meeting new people and writing letter's sharing my inner-most thought's. which bring's a sense of calm and a welcoming escape from the pressure's that come with being incarcerated in solitary confinement. So, whatever you wish to discuss, I'm open-minded and ready when you are. I enjoy conversation's about all the thing's that flow's out of all the depth's of one's heart.

There's a long road to travel and I do not wish to walk it alone. So much to say, yet not enough canvas to paint a clear picture of what's in my mind for you to see. I'll do my best to be good enough to communicate with and know. Please do not stereo-type me with the rest. I am in my own lane and zone. I'm chasing happiness, yet it has been real elusive lately. I just want to sit & talk and find out what you're thinking, how you're feeling, look at some picture's of you and your world, and your way of living. Maybe we'll both come out better knowing each other, learning as we go. Only you know who you are, I would like to know also if you let me. With that said, please be good, stay safe, pray and think on my word's. I'm focused on tomorrow with you in it. That's my goal; to know you. Take care!

Sincerely your potential friend & pen-pal: Arthur

CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

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USA



The following is the first chapter of the novel *Scarred*, written by Damien Linnane and published by Tenth Street Press on November 28, 2019. *Scarred* was written in 2016 while Linnane was serving a 10-month prison sentence in New South Wales, Australia.

Learn more at damienlinnane.com

SCARRED

CHAPTER 1

Jason Ennis smiled warmly as he filled the old man's Styrofoam bowl with soup, the rich smell of tomato stock and vegetables filling the air yet again before he replaced the lid on the giant simmering pot. The old man returned a large, mostly toothless grin. He looked very happy to have made it to the soup kitchen in Redfern, just a few kilometres from Sydney's Central Business District, in time to receive a free meal. Most nights the small soup kitchen and its crew of volunteers could not feed all of the hungry people waiting. It relied largely on donations and as often was the case when it came to charity, the demand outweighed the supply. Jason couldn't help everybody, but it gave him a warm feeling to think that some people, and particularly children, wouldn't be going hungry because of his actions. He was making a difference. A small difference, but a difference all the same. Somebody had to do something about the problem, and he was happy to take that responsibility upon himself. It was a frequently satisfying role, though unfortunately it did have its drawbacks. Most of the patrons were well-mannered and appreciative, but the drug-addicts and drunks that were inevitably attracted by free meals could sometimes be loud and unruly, occasionally even violent. Tonight, however, had gone without incident. More importantly, everyone in the line had been fed, and there was even food left over for the volunteers to take home if they wanted. As the old man took one of the empty seats at the kitchen, a feeling of pride and accomplishment came over Jason.

'Good job tonight as usual Jason,' said Margaret Pappas, a short stout woman with grey curly hair framing the radiant glow of her face. Margaret was always in such a good mood Jason wouldn't have been surprised if she was putting a fifth of rum in her coffee each night. Nobody else he knew was constantly in a good mood. Margaret was one of the other two volunteers at the kitchen tonight, and officially the manager, though she never flaunted this sliver of authority. Margaret was one of the few people who volunteered at the kitchen more than Jason did. She was retired, and had much more free time than Jason, who often stressed

himself trying to make it there on time after coming from his lectures at the University of Sydney or his job at a warehouse in Marrickville, depending on which day it was. He hated running late all the time.

'Oh, it was nothing.' Jason shuffled awkwardly on his feet and held Margaret's gaze for a split second.

Jason liked working with Margaret. At least as much as he enjoyed working with anybody. He didn't have much in common with her, but Margaret was friendly, and more importantly, she was quiet. She rarely spoke just to fill the silence, or felt the need to gossip about the patrons or other volunteers. He was convinced some people volunteered purely because they couldn't find any other place that would tolerate their garrulous chatter.

'That reminds me, Max called me earlier to say he's going to a funeral this weekend, so I need someone else to cover the Saturday night shift now. Any chance you can do it Jason?' Margaret asked.

'Yeah sure, I mean, of course I can help you out,' he replied. He had actually been looking forward to his first Saturday night off in a long time, but Margaret needed help, and besides, he couldn't bear the thought of her being disappointed with him.

'Thanks, I knew I could count on you.' Margaret smiled and patted Jason on the back as she stepped past him to make herself a tea. Jason beamed. He took a single deep breath and allowed himself a few seconds to bask in what felt like the warmth of the morning sun.

'God, there's so much left over I won't have to buy food for a week!,' said Caroline Barnett, the other volunteer working tonight, as she joined Jason and Margaret behind the counter. Caroline was studying at the University of Sydney as well, though she was a first-year arts student and he was final year psychology, meaning they rarely saw each other on campus. Jason also didn't mind working with Caroline. She was bright and bubbly and she talked more than he generally liked a person to, but she was attractive, and like most men, Jason had an enhanced tolerance for attractive women. He wasn't overly fond of her eyebrow piercing, which he thought looked unprofessional, and it annoyed him how she frequently dyed her shoulder length hair. *Just pick a colour and stick with it*, he often thought. For the last two weeks it had been a washy mauve colour, which Jason thought looked rather gaudy, though it didn't detract from her smile which seemed to light up the otherwise dull evenings at work.

Jason frowned. 'I really don't think you'd get a week's worth', he said, 'I'd say three days at most, oh, well, you're a bit smaller than me so maybe you could get four ... out of ...'

Jason's voice trailed off as Caroline started giggling. 'Geez Jason I was being sarcastic', she said with a kind smile, 'why do you always take everything so literally?'

Jason blushed. It was the kind of question he'd been getting all his life. Through experience he was well aware that he had trouble reading between the lines, as the saying went. He could still remember the embarrassment when he was in year one, and the teacher had told him to 'pull his socks up' after he'd been late back into class from recess. Eager to make up for his tardiness, Jason had promptly reached down to his ankles and complied with the request, which had confusingly earned him a trip to the time-out area for being a smart alec. Trial and error had since taught him the actual meaning of commonly used idioms, though he had never managed to wrap his head around exaggeration or sarcasm. How everyone else seemed to understand it remained a mystery. Embarrassed, he decided to change the subject.

'Oh, right, so, when are you working next anyway?' He already knew the answer. The roster was printed and posted on the staff noticeboard and Jason had looked at it earlier in the week. People often commented on how good his memory was.

'Not till Sunday, but I've got a whole heap of essays to write this week. That should keep me busy.'

'Oh me too,' said Jason, reminded of his own unfinished essay at home. The deadline for submission was midnight tonight. He had hoped to finish it before he left for work that morning but he hadn't had enough time. If he hurried home after his shift he should be able to complete it. He was good at writing and it was nearly done.

'I'm really struggling with the one I'm working on at the moment, fundamentals of literature, uhh, give me a break,' she chuckled.

'I'm sure you'll do well. That last essay you wrote was great,' said Jason. His attempted compliment seemed to have gone well. Caroline blushed slightly and smiled. He had offered to proofread an essay of hers a couple weeks ago. It was decent, but more than anything he had hoped to make Caroline feel better.

'Thanks, and thanks again for helping me with it.' Jason could tell by the way she smiled with her eyes that she genuinely meant it. He usually struggled with recognising facial expressions, but a first-year psychology lecture he attended which had covered recognising genuine smiles, the 'Duchenne smile' as it was termed, had proved very informative.

'Anytime,' he replied.

Jason helped clean and tidy the kitchen as the last diners finished their meals. He was particularly thorough when it came to cleaning and organising things. Margaret observed that as usual he was putting in more effort than necessary. She considered him to be a quiet achiever, albeit an awkward and odd one. Even though he was busy cleaning, Jason took the time to wave, smile and nod at each person as they left.

‘Did’ja get that jacket from Mad Max or somethin’?’ asked the last patron as he walked past, a middle-aged man with a friendly smile.

Jason looked down at his jacket as if he’d never seen it before. People more frequently asked him if he rode a motorcycle when they asked about it, an assumption that wasn’t helped by army style pants that were always tucked into combat boots. The jacket though, with reinforced padding seemingly placed everywhere it would fit and its unusual style had struck him as having a post-apocalyptic vibe when he found it online. He didn’t mind the comment, but before he could think of a good reply the man was already out the door.

‘Thanks for the help again,’ said Margaret as Jason put the cleaning cloth and spray back under the counter.

Jason smiled, considering that to be a reply in itself to her thanks. ‘See you Saturday Margaret, and I’ll see you Sunday Caroline.’

Caroline looked up from her phone. ‘Geez you’re always here, I don’t know how you fit it all in. I struggle with just one or two shifts here and uni.’

Jason shrugged. The truth was he constantly stressed himself keeping all the commitments he made, but he couldn’t help himself. He was driven by a constant need to be productive. He attributed it, along with his teetotalism, to his alcoholic mother, who to the best of his knowledge hadn’t accomplished a damn thing since giving birth to him. *We all rebel against our parents*, he thought. For him rebelling had meant getting a job, staying off drugs and going to university. After an awkward silence Jason smiled again, waved goodbye to Margaret and Caroline and went out the door. He put on his wrap-around sunglasses with the protective clear lenses and began walking home.

His apartment in Newtown was only a thirty-odd minute walk, and late at night was the best time to go walking, despite where he was. While the council had made an effort to improve Redfern’s reputation as Sydney’s ghetto in recent years, the process was far from perfect. The few people who knew about his volunteering were surprised to learn that Jason walked home alone at night through the area. He shrugged off their concern, knowing from

experience that while the neighbourhood's reputation wasn't completely undeserved, it was grossly exaggerated.

Jason passed the familiar murals encompassing the entire sides of buildings. One, of a young Indigenous girl staring out into the street with a sad expression, had always touched him. The one next to it changed every couple of months. Last week it had been a woman sleeping on a pile of bones, which he had quite liked. Now it was an odd series of technicolour swirls, which he did not think was an improvement on any level. He often wished his own art would reach as many people as these, though he was far too shy to even show it to anyone. Turning off the main road into a side street, the art became somewhat less professional. Undecipherable graffiti tags covered walls, doors, and even the footpath in some places. The vandalism was broken up every now and then by the tell-tale uneven dark grey squares of a paint roller. The cover up effort only highlighted how many decades old the original paintwork all around it was.

Jason noticed a syringe on the ground. He took a cursory look around, made sure nobody was watching him, before he carefully picked it up. He smashed the needle into a brick wall, snapping it clean off, before he placed it in the next garbage bin he walked past. It belonged in a proper sharps bin, of course, but now the needle part was broken Jason thought it was safe enough to dispose of in this way. Better than leaving it on the street where some child could step on it. Somebody had to do something about the problem, and he was happy to take that responsibility upon himself. As much as Jason liked making the neighbourhood safer, he liked keeping a low profile even more, and seldom did anything that he thought would draw the attention of strangers. Had anyone been watching, he would have left the syringe where it was.

He was in a particularly good mood tonight. His shift at the kitchen had gone without incident or stress, and more importantly, everyone had approved of him. He didn't notice his pace slow as he enjoyed his walk, all concerns about his essay falling from his thoughts. He was usually in such a hurry but tonight for a change, he felt relaxed. He looked up at the moon and smiled. The lights of the city made few stars visible, but the three-quarter moon seemed to be glowing particularly bright.

'Oi! Gimme all ya fuckin' money!' Snapped out of his fixation on the sky, Jason stopped and turned in the direction of the aggressive, slurred male voice. A skinny man wearing a tracksuit in dire need of washing and an old pair of sneakers was approaching him from a nearby alleyway. He had a small kitchen knife in his hand which was pointed in line with Jason's face. Jason stared expressionlessly at the man, considering him. How old was he? Mid-forties? It was hard to tell. The man had the worn-out look that only years of substance

abuse could generate. The sunken look in his eyes reminded Jason of his father. His scruffy light brown hair looked like it hadn't been washed in weeks. His nose was running and the man seemed to be a little drunk, swaying as if he was a reed and there was a breeze.

From his experiences at the soup kitchen, and at most of his other jobs which somehow always seemed to attract the dregs of society, Jason concluded that the man couldn't be reasoned with. The man was a danger to society. That much was evident. Somebody had to do something about the problem, and he was happy to take that responsibility upon himself.

'Didn't ya hear me cunt? I said gimme ya fuckin' money!' The man was getting agitated. He'd done this many times before but a stoic and expressionless target wasn't the typical response.

'I'm gonna to count to—' The man stopped mid-sentence as Jason pulled out a pistol from behind him and aimed it at his forehead. Jason saw the man's eyes widen, and estimated he had about two-thirds of a second to realise he'd picked the wrong victim.

Jason's face remained expressionless as his finger squeezed around the trigger. The silencer removing all but the faintest noise. A small red circle appeared in the middle of the man's forehead and a spray of red mist and pinkish chunks blew rearward from the back of his skull. He fell to his knees and crumpled to his right side. The kitchen knife dropped from his hand to the street.

Jason squatted down and tilted his head to his left side, examining the fresh corpse. He liked how you couldn't predict exactly how a body would fall or how the blood would spray from an exit wound, or even where the exit wound would be in relation to the entry wound, if there was one at all. Bullets often ricocheted around tissue and bone and left the body somewhere unexpected. Tonight, while the bullet had entered the skull dead centre it had exited distinctly to the right at the back. Jason thought the entry wound looked comically small in comparison to the gaping hole at the back of the skull, which he could have easily stuck his fist in.

Jason felt like he'd made a difference, albeit a small one. One less criminal in the world. He had stepped on one cockroach in a city with thousands, but it was a difference all the same. He frowned at the kitchen knife. It was a poor choice of weapon; a cheap thing that only would have cost a few dollars. He picked it up with his left hand then stood, looking around to make sure there were no witnesses. He wasn't sure what he would have done if there had of been an innocent witness, and was relieved to find the street deserted. He holstered his pistol and recommenced walking home. He threw the small knife down a drain a couple blocks away. He had no use for it, and knives shouldn't be left lying in the street

where children could find them. Jason looked back up at the moon as he walked. Was it just his imagination, or did it seem brighter now than it had before? He suddenly remembered about his essay due tonight and cursed himself. He had dawdled on his way home and now this unexpected incident had delayed him even more. He picked up the pace, worried now that he wouldn't be able to submit his essay before the deadline. He hated running late all the time.



ROTTING AWAY IN PRISON

The only way I see peace and happiness is with my mind and art
Other than that I was raised with emptiness in my heart
For years I haven't felt the sunshine nor rain
Behind bars all I see is darkness and pain
I'm caged in a world without joy and peace
Doing hard times knowing I'll never be set free
I find the strength to take it day by day
It's a struggle to survive, but that's the only way
It's hard with no help from family and friends
Being abandoned, that's how my life will come to an end
No one ever gave a fuck about me
They had just faked it and pretended to be
They don't miss me with tears in their eyes
All they ever told me was a bunch of lies
Excuses is all I ever got from them
No pictures, no visit, nor money to send
That's what it feels like rotting away in prison
Everyone forgot that I was human, even my son



CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

Joe Salazar #1057110
Coffield Unit
2661 FM 2054
Tennessee Colony TX 75882
USA

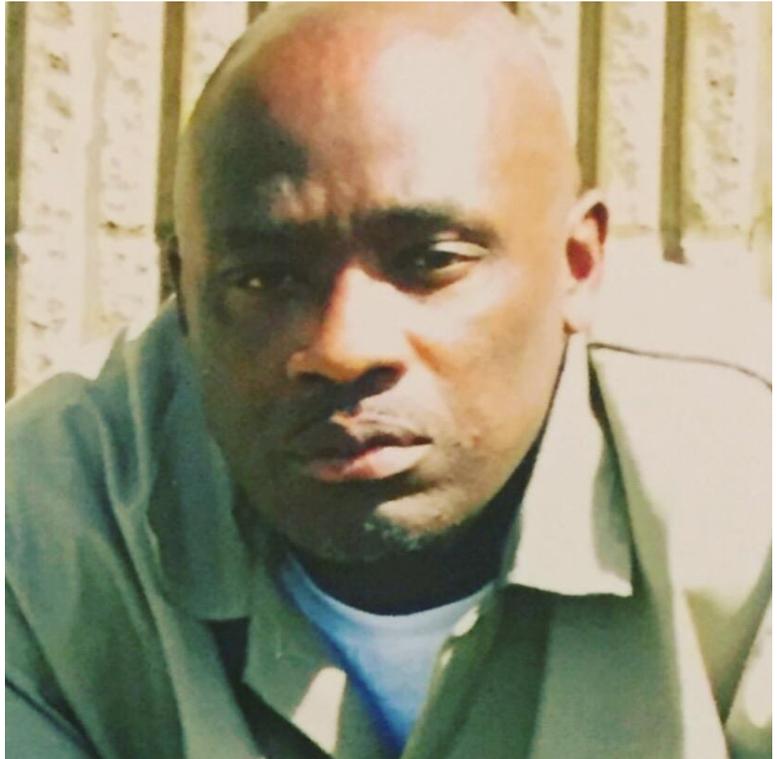
Please note: Joe is incarcerated in Texas and inmates in Texas are only allowed to be pen pals with people who are not currently incarcerated

81 YEARS & THIS IS MY STORY

Hi My name is Shondor Arceneaux,

I am unfortunately serving a very long sentence due to harsh and unfair mandatory minimum sentencing statutes that cause a first-time offender like myself to be unfairly punished as if I had many priors.

I was given two 25-year sentences, a 7 year sentence, to be ran consecutive to each other, and another 24 year sentence also to be ran consecutively. For a total sentence of 81 years in prison, all for bank robberies that another person committed, and robberies that I was nowhere near. But because I knew about the robberies the government was able to charge me under the aiding and abetting theory which then allowed the courts to sentence me as if I committed the crimes myself.



The two 25-year sentences and the 7 year sentence were for the principle's use of a firearm when they robbed the three banks, as the firearms statue has mandatory minimums that require consecutive sentences if a person uses or carries a firearm during a robbery.

I was given the same sentences for using the firearm when in reality I was never present at any of the bank robbery scenes. But through association, I have been charged under the aiding and abetting theory.

I am asking that my time be commuted to 20years. In these last 16 years serving time, I find myself very remorseful of the things I've done. I've matured and I can actually say that I'm more educated now then I was on the streets.

There is so much work that needs to be done to save my community.

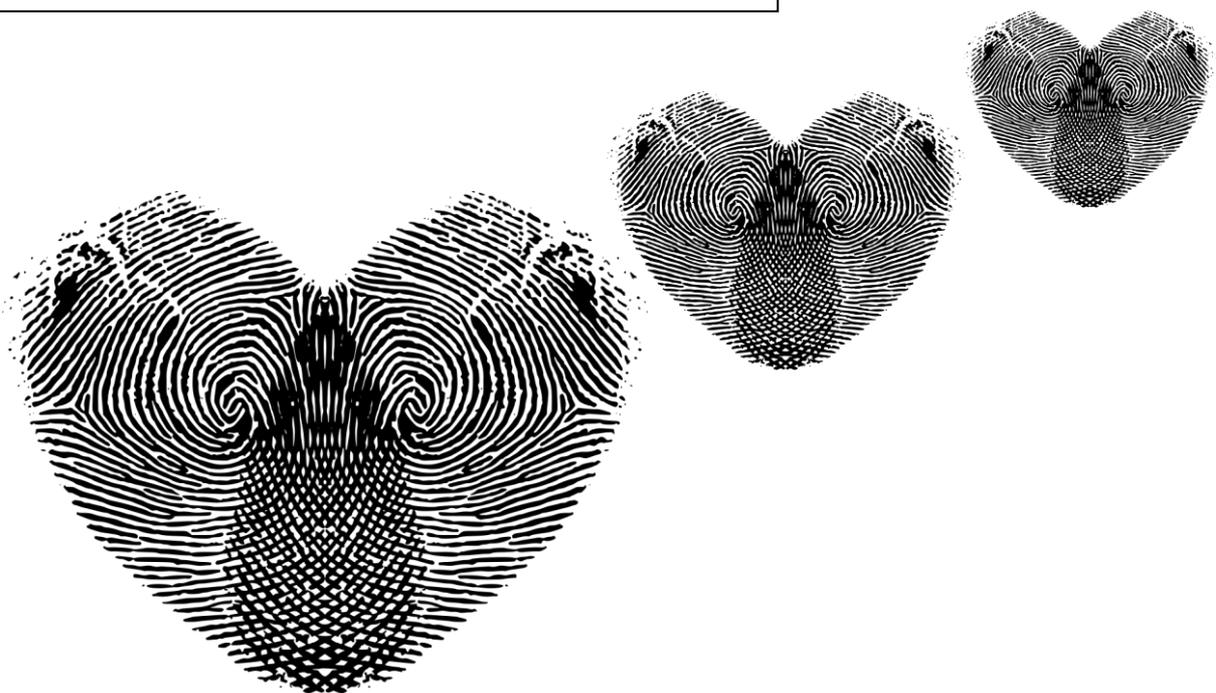
I would like to Advocate for Juveniles and other young men in order for them to change their lives. And direct them away from being a negative statistic. I also have a great desire to work on the homeless situation in my Community.

I have a lot to prove, as well as a lot to do all I'm asking for is the opportunity. I'm asking for a Second chance to right all my wrongs. And return to my family.

Shondor's wife, Tamika, is currently petitioning for support of her husband. You can support the petition by signing online here:

<https://www.change.org/p/california-governor-i-need-all-of-my-husbands-state-offenses-cleared-by-the-governor>

You can also follow Shondor's Instagram: @ightyoneyears



SMELL IT

HEAD IN A BOOK
DARE YOU TO LOOK
THE ANGER AND HATE
ITS MATE AGAINST MATE.

GREEN UP AGAINST GREEN
VIOLENCE GOES UNSEEN
OMNISCIENCE IS NOT A TRAIT
OF OFFICERS AT THE GATE.

TENSION IS IN THE AIR
NOT SEEN BUT SURELY THERE
LOCK INS BRING PEACEFUL NIGHTS
NOT A WITHDRAWAL OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

SOME MEN LOUD, DISPLAY THEIR POWER
THE VIOLENT SHROUD, IS IN THE SHOWER
THE WOUNDED SILENT TO THE EVIL STARE
RELY ON CAMERAS? THEY'RE JUST NOT THERE.



CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

David McGettigan

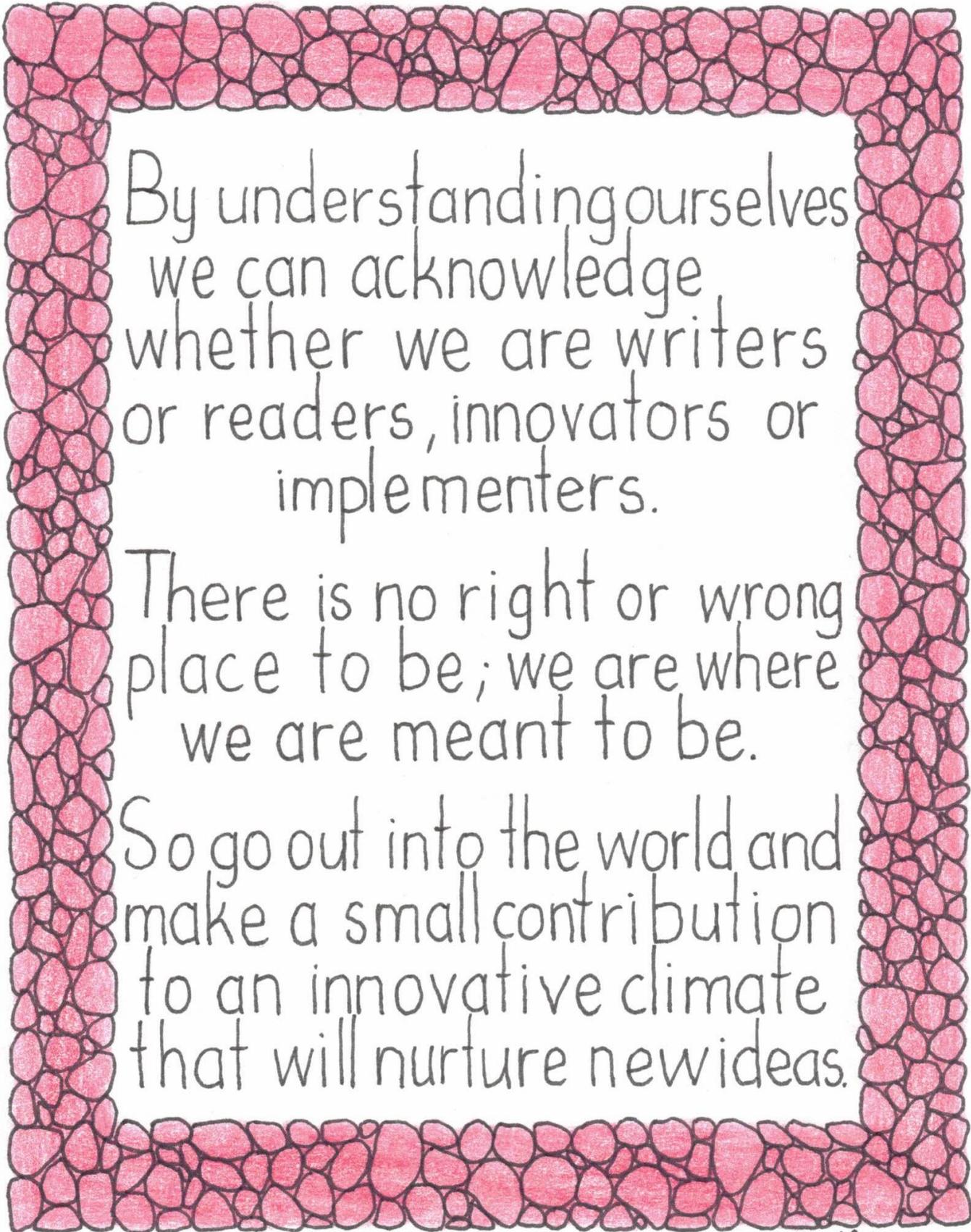
ODE TO TEN WING

APATHY, APATHY EVERYWHERE.
TELL A NURSE, THEY JUST DON'T CARE
LOCKED OUTSIDE – IN STORMS, SHINE OR RAIN.
MEDICAL WING? HA! SICK OR IN PAIN?
DON'T TELL ME! PUT A FORM IN AGAIN.

DOUBLE BUNKS IN A CELL.
THEY DON'T CARE WHEN YOU TELL
THEM YOU CAN'T CLIMB ANYMORE.
SLEEP ON THE FLOOR, SLAM THE DOOR.

BLUE EYES CLOSED, THEY DO NOT SEE
DRUGS PASS HANDS SO EASILY.
WANT A DOCTOR? YOU MUST WAIT.
YOU'RE NOT DEAD YET? HEY, THAT'S GREAT!

* 10 WING AT LONG BAY IS A WING WHERE THEY SEND PROTECTION INMATES, NEEDING TO BE SEEN TO BY MEDICAL PEOPLE AT PRINCE OF WALES OR LONG BAY HOSPITAL. IT IS BEING USED BY THE SYSTEM AS A SUPPOSITORY FOR DRUG AFFECTED AND MENTALLY UNSTABLE INMATES AS WELL AS GERIATRIC PEOPLE IN NEED OF CARE. HOWEVER APPOINTMENTS ARE BASED ON BUDGET RATHER THAN NEED.



By understanding ourselves
we can acknowledge
whether we are writers
or readers, innovators or
implementers.

There is no right or wrong
place to be; we are where
we are meant to be.

So go out into the world and
make a small contribution
to an innovative climate
that will nurture new ideas.

SIMON EVANS

PRISONER'S LIVES MATTER

People don't stop being humans when they offend society or commit crime
On the contrary we lose some of our best citizens at their prime
In fact it is inside their cell that many prisoners rehabilitate themselves
Coming out into society as reformed people having left the older version of their lives behind
on prison shelves

Instead of breaking the fallen down we should pick them back up
Let them drink from the fountain of change till they do away with their hiccup
They did wrong and must be held responsible for their acts
Recidivism is a blight on society and statistics prove these facts

It's not always the worst of the worst inside a prison
These are our fellow citizens who went astray and lost their vision
A prison number doesn't make them less of a human being
We all just have to guide their sight back to a civilized way of seeing

Drugs play a major role in their fall
Addicted to chemical substances under the influence of alcohol
Many were at their lowest common denominator when they became criminals
Therefore we must all stand up and mentor better choices for the millennials

We can't just lock up our citizens and throw away the key
The ultimate goal is to rehabilitate them so they can contribute to society
The world can't afford to only see incarcerated people through the lens of their past clutter
and clutter
Although we must never forget the victims of crime prisoner's lives matter



PRISONER'S HEALTH MATTER

Although they have committed crimes prisoners are still entitled to adequate healthcare
They are human beings that are entitled to medical treatment that's fair
To be captured and denied care by your captor is a form of torture
As a result you also suffer mentally and emotionally from your internal physical scorcher

Locked away from society you have no one to call out and cry to
You file your medial grievances to demand the treatment that you are due
For many decades prison advocated have been litigating against for-profit medical providers
Battling against powerful law firms hired by government insiders

During the height of the prison reform movement this led to the landmark case of Estelle V.
Gamble

Therein the Eight Amendment was held to guarantee medical care as part of a prisoner's
right preamble

In spite of this the prisoncrats have continued to be deliberately indifferent to the average
prisoner's serious medical need

All because the prison healthcare provide puts profits first due to corporate greed

Sometimes it feels hopeless as prisoners lay dying on the verge of death

Profits come before a prisoner's health

Although there is cure for the prisoner's curable disease

It will cost too much so the prisoner suffers silently in the prison infirmary while hardly ill at
ease

As a society we must care about what goes on behind prison walls

Prisoner's health will only become an important issue if we protest and make the calls

The citizens pay taxes for their care so we must not sit by idly while the corporation's pockets
get fatter

Society must take a stand and declare that prisoner's health must also matter

I AM

I am because I am alive

I am because I have suffered and still survive

I am because I see the light

I am because I am one with mankind's plight

I am because I feel

I am because I hurt and I heal

I am because I exist

I am because I stand up to oppression and resist

I am because I am a human being

One who has felt and seen many a thing

I am because I am here

I am because I love and I care

I am because I make mistakes

To become better I am doing whatever it takes

I am because I am not perfect in my doing

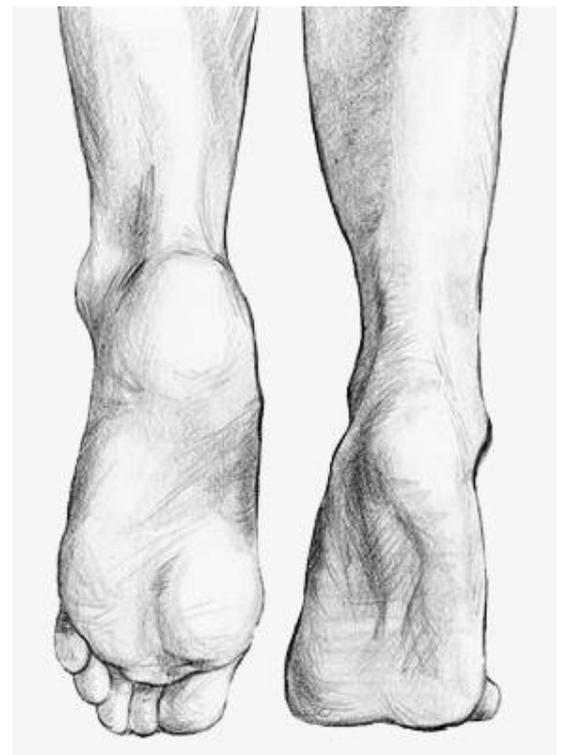
Many failures have resulted in the goals that I am pursuing

I am because I keep on trying

I am now but one day I will be dying

I am because I came and went

I am because when I left the earth I left my footprint



CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

(Prisoner's Lives Matter; Prisoner's Health Matter; I Am)

Bobby Bostic was sentenced to 241 years in prison in Missouri for armed robbery and other non-homicide/non-sexual crimes he commit over the course of one day when he was 16-years-old. Due to mistakes he made one day as a child, Bobby cannot re-join society as an adult, no matter how much he rehabilitates himself.

There is, however, a campaign for Bobby's release. Even the judge who sentenced him, Evelyn Baker, states she regrets giving him such a severe sentence and is now advocating for his release; she is retired and cannot overturn the sentence she gave him herself.

For those of you outside prison, you can help Bobby's campaign by going to FreeBobbyBostic.com and signing the petitions for his release. You can also follow the handle [@FreeBobbyBostic](https://www.instagram.com/FreeBobbyBostic) on Instagram and Twitter and help by sharing his story. Both current inmates and those outside prison are welcome to send letters of support to Bobby.

Bobby Bostic #526795

Jefferson County Correctional Center

8200 No More Victims Road

Jefferson City, MO 65101, USA

HUMANITY LOST PART II: "WAR WOUNDS"

We live in a world perpetually at war. If you want to know the horrors of conflict, just switch on world news and listen or watch for a time. All you need is a few moments before you'll learn of some travesty or another. Children orphaned and people's lives snatched from them in wars they often want nothing to do with. But I want to open your eyes to how deep the wounds of war penetrate.

We may be unconscious of much that many nations face when it comes to wartime, as American conflicts are fought abroad. When the remnant of war returns to our land, it's a silent shadow of destruction which haunts the victims called soldiers and bleeds through into every life connected to their own. Just ask any child raised in a home where post-war fathers or mothers struggle to maintain any semblance of normalcy, often damaging the children in terrible ways.

When we consider damages of wartime, things like missing limbs or lives lost come to mind, however the damage which effects the most people runs much deeper than flesh and bone. A person disturbed by the carnage of war and the stress of military training will cope with it in many ways. Some will fall into depression so absolute that nothing short of substance abuse could be effective enough to drown out the memory. Others try to maintain sanity by keeping up the mechanical process of military discipline and pushing it onto the family. That discipline was not meant for children, but for creating minds of a single focus while disregarding things like emotion. This discipline is needed to train people to charge out into a hail of bullets, but in the home it destroys families.

What's the cost of war? Look at the vagrant population and you'll find 1 in 6 homeless are veterans. I can guarantee you that 99.9% of them are substance abusers and most if not all of them became so following enlistment. Vietnam was notorious for turning young men into casualties, amputees, and heroin addicts too. Opiates are brutally addictive and the physical withdrawal alone can kill. This article is to expose the many lives that were destroyed in one home by the ugliness of war.

The Degen brothers were raised in a WWII veteran's home. Dad coped by keeping up the harsh and emotionless military discipline and pushing it at home with an iron fist. George escapes the physical and emotional punishment by running away. As children, we all want only to please our parents, and in a desperate attempt to do so, George Degen volunteers to

join the Vietnam War. During this time, young Richard remains at home, suffering military discipline while racked with emotions that he must bury while his brother and best friend has gone off to one of the most terrible wars in history.

Like many who returned from 'Nam, George came back haunted by the conflict and hopelessly addicted to heroin. That addiction led to another tragedy, which destroyed so very many who were then unaware that such a destroyer even existed: H.I.V. This killer sucked the life out of George Degen, who never knew the monster lurked inside the loaded needle which held the only escape from his personal hell. But this is still not the end. This destructive path which trickled down from WWII and saw the despair of yet another war, claiming life along the way, still continues to haunt even now.

My dear friend Richard Degen has borne all the turmoil and carries the wounds of wars which he never saw, didn't want and cannot shake. He's still struggling to keep the memory and love of George Degen alive and share the tragic story of George's stolen life while he himself is on the laughable "government assistance", can barely keep his tortured and damaged mind straight, and is facing another New York winter ahead as "government assistance" can't seem to approve him for housing, leaving him homeless – some assistance that is!

My name is Noah and I'm a victim of another kind of war. A class war, a domestic war and I'm a P.O.W. languishing in a Texas prison, which is where I write these little rants. My request for you today is that you consider the war victims of the world. Most of all the Degens...

We all in some way suffer from the greed and corruption of the elite who never fight the wars they wage, nor do they suffer from them. What will you do to help to push back against the tyranny, or help to aid in the aftermath?

In Love & Rage, Noah Coffin

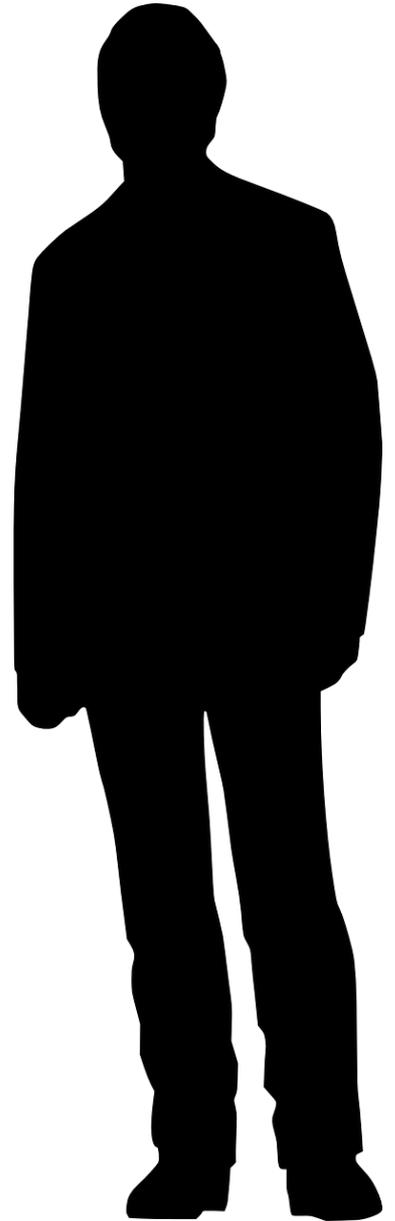
Love and support Richard at:
Richard Degen
PO BO 1581
NYC, NY 10276

Love & support to me:
Noah Coffin #1795167
2665 Prison Road #1
Lovelady, Texas
75851



DEADMAN TALKIN

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN,
A DEADMAN WALKIN,
COMIN LIVE FROM DEATHROW,
PAYIN A DEBT A JURY SAYS I OWE,
MY LIFE, WAS DECIDED BY WHO PUT ON THE BEST SHOW,
MY INNOCENCE, NEVER WAS AN ISSUE,
THE D.A. SAID, "I'M OUT TO GET YOU,"
NOW I'M WAITIN IN THE ATTORNEY LINE,
BEHIND THE GUILTY, WHO ADMITTED THEIR CRIMES,
WHERE ARE THE PROTESTERS FOR MY INJUSTICE,
WHERE ARE THE PEOPLE I ENTRUSTED,
I'MA DEADMAN TALKIN WITH DISGUST,
AFTER THIS, THEY WILL WANT TO CENSOR MY WRITTEN TALK,
THEY ALREADY SCAN MYY NUTS
AND EYE MY BUTT,
BUT I HAVE NO INTENTIONS ON SHUTTIN UP.
LET ME TELL YA, THE DEATH PENALTY IS NO DETERRENT
WHEN MURDER CONTINUES TO BE A REOCCURRENCE,
JUST ADMIT, IT'S REVENGE
A SYSTEMS' MEANS TO AN END,
SIN BEGET'S SIN,
CRUEL AND INHUMANE TREATMENT IS YOUR TREND
BUT I WILL BARE IT AND GRIN,
EVEN WHEN YOUR TORTURE MAKES ME BEND.
SENTENCED UNDER THE ANTI-TERRORISM EFFECTIVE DEATH PENALTY ACT,
MY TERROR, MY RIGHTS BEING ATTACKED,
SUSPENDING MY DUE PROCESS AND ILLEGAL SEARCH AND SEIZURE UNDER YOUR
Patriot Act,
THIS HAS HAPPENED,
FOR TALKIN, I'M LABELED AN ENEMY COMBATANT,
HOW DO I FIGHT AGAINST YOUR TERRORISM
AND STATE BRED RACISM
AND EVERY OTHER ONE OF YOUR ISMS,
MY PUBLIC TRIBUNAL WAS OF YOUR PEERS,
JUDGIN ME NOT ON EVIDENCE, BUT, ON THEIR FEARS.



INSTANT TERRORIST,
AND UNITED SNAKKKES POLITRICKS,
THE SAME DICK AND BUSH SHIT
THEY FUCKIN YOU AND ME WIT
AND GOT ME COMMUNICATIN WITH THE T.V.,
RESPONDIN TO THE PROPAGANDA I HEAR AND SEE.
A DEADMAN TALKIN
GOT TO WATCH WHERE HE'S WALKIN,
I LIVE UNDER THE GUN,
WALK UNDER THE GUN
AND SLEEP UNDER THE GUN,
PATIENTLY WAITIN ON MY EXECUTION DATE TO COME
AND LIVE T.V., WILL BE BANNED
BUT I SEEN THE EXECUTION OF A WOMAN IN AFGHANISTAN.
YES, THEY WILL EXECUTE THE INNOCENT,
THEY HAVE DONE IT BEFORE, WHAT MAKES ME DIFFERENT?
THE SAME THEY, THAT PROFESSED THE INNOCENCE OF JEWS IN IRAN
AND WENT AS FAR AS MAKIN RELEASE DEMANDS,
DAMN!
AND I'M A STIPULATED AMERIKAN.
YALL DON'T HEAR ME,
DID I TELL YA, MOST PLED GUILTY?
SOCIETY I OBJECT,
TO YOUR LEGAL RIGHT TO INJECT,
ME WITH MURDEROUS POSIONS,
YOU ALREADY GOT ME ILLEGALLY IN PRISON,
TOLD ME IGNORANCE OF THE LAW IS NO EXCUSE,
YOU SHOULD'VE TOLD THAT TO THE ATTORNEY YOU APPOINTED FOR MY USE
AND ADDRESSED THE GOVERNMENT'S MISCONDUCT AND ABUSE.
YOU MAKE 'EM, YOU BREAK 'EM,
THEY ARE YOUR LAWS,
YOU RAISED REASONABLE DOUBT AND WON ON PROBABLE CAUSE,
I'M TOO BLACK FOR YOU TO SEE YOUR FLAWS
AND THE NERVE OF YOU, TO REQUIRE ME TO SIGN THE DEATH CERTIFICATE
OR IT'S THE CHOICE OF YOUR WISH,
GAS OR ELECTRICITY,
ISN'T THIS A CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY?

WHERE POETRY LIVES

Here Poetry Lives.

Restricted to penal institutions.

Playing out as theatrical war-stories on mainlines.

And descriptive raw details of life on deathrow,

All the while contemplating lethal injection.

As secure brave expressions

from those in protective custody.

Here poetry lives.

Amongst the prison population.

Amongst those who escape between the lines.

Freeing their poetry from mental bondage

that it may find freedom

beyond the walls, fences, barbwire and bars.

That define the Department of Corrections.

Where does poetry live?

Inside the cells.

Germinating organically within the

universal space of confined thoughts.

Stimulated by a confined existence.

The noise, the beat;

Conversations, the inspiration.

Poetry lives in the pens.

Formless in the pigment, that exit pen-fillers

of poets who need to document it.

Inking letters and compositions

arranged to form words, sentences and prose

that were once invisible narrations

conjured up within the vast imagination

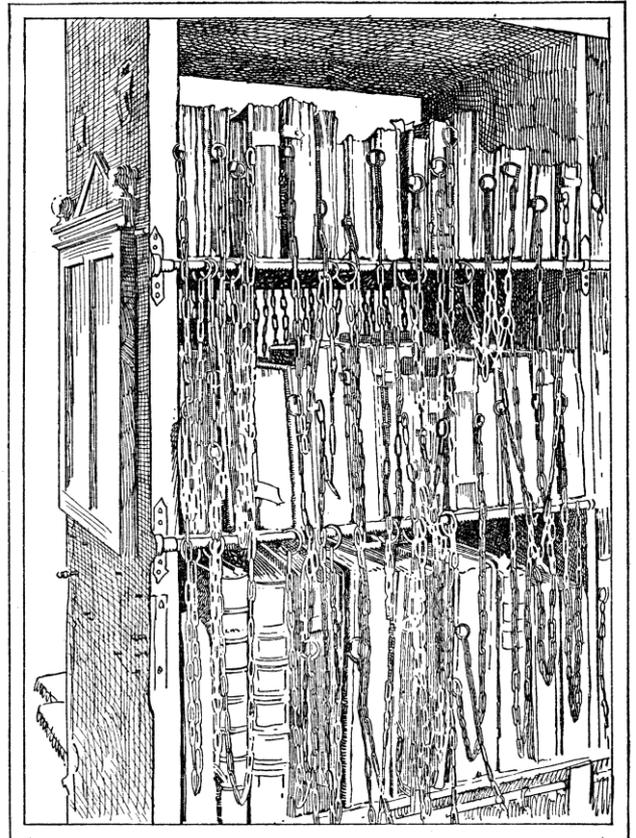
of prisoners.

Here poetry lives

behind enemy lines.

Where does poetry live?

In "The Belly of the Beast".



CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

Crandell Ojore McKinnon

(detailed info about Ojore in the following pages)

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

Crandell Ojore Mckinnon was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1967, months after the Newark uprising, that left parts of the city broken, shattered, and burnt-out. Out of the Uprising and amongst the righteous anger of the people I was raised by my single mother and grandfather, along with my three siblings.

As a child I was confronted with the harsh reality of my brick tenement environment. My young life in the tenement Housing Projects introduced me to violence, gangs, drugs and hustling, moreover, a poverty I was oblivious to. Learning to survive in this environment was part of me Pre-K education.

From those I idolized, I was schooled in the ways of the Housing Projects and taught to navigate a predaceous and chaotic neighbourhood. This education shaped my perspective of society and instilled an ambitious focus within me which spurred me into the street life. At the age of nine, my family and I relocated to Los Angeles, California (eventually throughout Riverside and San Bernardino Counties), for a better life and change of scenery. Though I now resided in a different state, the environment, struggles and troubles were fairly similar in nature.

By the age of thirteen I was dissolute and entrenched in the street life of gangs, drugs and hustling. Engaging in the street life-style I forged a commitment to gang membership that appeared to hold camaraderie, solidarity and loyalty, but eventually came to realize it held none of those qualities, but stripped me of my family obligations and commitment to my daughter. This realization was not a moment of epiphany, but many years of trials and tribulations, contemplation and self-reflection. It took work to detach myself from those psychological attachments developed from childhood and brought me hardships, trouble and confinement.

While in the process of actively changing my life and mentality, there were those who only seen me as incorrigible and maintained a dogged pursuit of me with the intent of seeing my imprisoned for life or dead.

Harboring this attitude were lose minded, wayward, unscrupulous and racist police who framed me for two homicides, which led to me being kidnapped from my family for crimes I DID NOT COMMIT!

Viewing me as their adversary, these paddy-rollers were compelled to manufacture evidence against me and portray a misleading account of my involvement in the crimes for which I am now stranded on Death Row for.

Never have I waived on my INNOCENCE and for refusing to accept a sentence of “Life Without Parole” and the waiver of my appeal, the Death Penalty was vehemently pursued.

In January 1999, I was wrongfully convicted of two separate homicides, weeks later the Death Penalty was imposed and in March I was shipped to San Quentin State Prison, Death Row.

I leave it to you to study my legal predicament and peruse the information on my website www.crandellmckinnon.wixsite.com/freejore and come to your own conclusion as to the nature of my circumstances. If you agree with me: I am INNOCENT or that a SERIOUS MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE occurred, I ask you for your support and help in saving my life and procuring my freedom!

- The following is a brief list of the key facts that prove that Crandell McKinnon's INNOCENCE and there is documented evidence to prove each claim:
 - 1) The prosecutor intentionally used perjured testimony against Crandell McKinnon.
 - 2) The prosecutor paid some witnesses to testify.
 - 3) The prosecutor and police intimidated, threatened and coerced witnesses.
 - 4) Police intentionally destroyed key evidence; including but not limited to investigation notes, witness reports and physical evidence.
 - 5) Police intentionally committed perjury during testimony.
 - 6) Lead detective testified against Crandell McKinnon while under an “Internal Affairs Investigation”; and was subsequently “terminated” from the department for “corruption”.
 - 7) The Banning police department has, at least twice, faced “Racial Discrimination Suits” by African American officers.
 - 8) No physical or scientific evidence linking Crandell McKinnon to either homicide.
 - 9) Eyewitness identified suspect of another race.
 - 10) Negligence and ineffective assistance of counsel for failing to investigate evidence of previous suspects, call eyewitnesses and alibi witnesses.

TO SUPPORT OJORE/MORE INFORMATION

Financial Support

Donation Fund Paypal: ifindjustice@gmail.com

CDC Account: <http://offers.jpays.com/california>

www.inmatedeposits.com



Ojore has also called for help with photoshopping/editing and file formatting; establishing a website; and editing his written works for publication. Please contact Ojore directly if you are interested and willing to commit to supporting him.

CONTACT OJORE:

Crandell Ojore Mckinnon
#P-32800
CSP-S.Q.-E/B
San Quentin, CA. 94974, USA

Email: freeojore@gmail.com

Website: www.crandellmckinnon.wixsite/freeojore

Blog: <http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/7375>

Twitter: www.twitter.com/freeojore

Instagram: [@freeojore](https://www.instagram.com/freeojore)

Facebook: www.facebook.com/Free-Ojore-202437593849528 (community site)

www.facebook.com/groups/1977117892606078 (group)

Inmate Online Mail Service:

[Jmail.cc](mailto:jmail.cc); snailmail.com; letterquick.com

Gifts or human kindness:

To send US stamps: www.zazzle.com

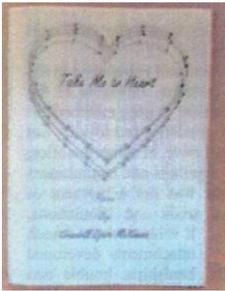
Books or periodicals: must come directly from the Publisher, Book Store or Online Vendors

Maat Fund Shop:

U.S. <https://shop.spreadshirt.com/freeojore>

E.U. <https://shop.spreadshirt.net/free-ojore>

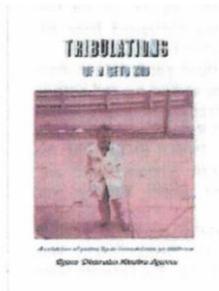
Publications:



First poem booklet "Take My Heart"

Price: \$6 (postage included)

Order and money transfer possible via Paypal: freeojore@gmail.com



Second book "Tribulations of a Geto Kid"

Price: \$15

Please order here: <http://www.lulu.com/shop/ojore-dhoruba-khafra-ajamu/tribulations-of-a-geto-kid/paperback/product-23361419.html>

COMING SOON: Death Row Arrival: A Memoir and Death Row Thespian



Contributed by Ash Markey