

## Cell Literature/Liberation

*"A Letter from Lincolnton Jail, April 16, 2008"*

Within these walls of lathered brick lies the aroma of despair. At any hour, the television resonates with the occasional bickering of those so consumed with their present involvement and the need to hold true to individuality and ego. There is no right or wrong for we all lie here confined against our will. I think I may be different, given the morality of my crime and the mental liberation I have received, but yet, I still remain in the same box, with the same amenities, so I say I am no better than they.

To be wrongfully persecuted, condemned, and to be wrongfully confined, has taught me perseverance, forgiveness, and allowed a new sense of discipline to arise. The men that bestow these offenses upon me cannot even begin to understand this. I live with limited resources where even the mild intellect becomes a creative genius. There is a large part of residents that live here based on non-violent drug charges and have become subjects to the friction of the machine. I have risen beyond the fear and above the machine.

This place, the people, and the facility has humbled me to dig to the depths and fully understand the concerns of these politicians. We have all lost our sense of individuality and become but screws and bolts to a smaller machine, which is in part, sadly that of a bigger machine. Freedom, life, justice, and liberty are the supposed characteristics in which democracy provides, but the beliefs behind this system suggest these traits for all humanity, not just our own.

We have fought the communist and become the communist. We have fought the dictator and become the dictator. We have fought the socialist only to fail to fully understand it, and its entirety without totalitarian command. We now have fought the terrorist, and we have become the terrorist. The life of the individual should supersede that of the state or the federal government. We must preserve life at all costs, but not way of life. To take life to simply preserve a way of life is terror.

Therefore, I sit here with these thoughts and understanding and feel compelled to make a difference. I have loved ones and a woman who I hold very dear to my heart, in which I fear for the corruption they continue to be subject to. For it is difficult to raise a child with full understanding of principles, morals, and ethics with the current surroundings they belong to. I can do only but to try and lead a life of example. How do you effectively tell a child your government has wrongfully imprisoned you and they are more corrupt than that of history's worst criminals? Nonetheless, I feel liberated and free within my conscience and regret nothing in my conquest to simply rise above, and peacefully rage against the machine. I am enslaved by no government, organization, or entity, but instead enslaved by my own conscience, which remains in good nature with the utmost respect for what is morally right.

*\*I wrote this from Lincolnton Jail, on 16 APR, inspired by MLK's Birmingham jail letter!*

## Heroism

I have come to find the humanities. To live a scrupulous life, seems ever so frivolous to me. I have researched the depths of my life, the sins, atrocities, damnation, and I see the blackness clearly. Purity is the only vengeance I chase and admire. Peaceful resolution resembles heroism and I find these acts adorning my dreams. I am but a wave, a small ripple in a vast ocean. Given the right conditions and supporting factors, I may make everlasting impact.

The heroes before me have fought the political troops despite their assumed credibility of righteousness. The heroes I speak of, put on no helmet, nor did they bare arms to obtain their accolades and recognition. These put their heart and conscience on the line with morality being the belt fed ammo to drive their points into the ground so that another shall live to see tomorrow. These men were the real heroes that our utopia of decorated war vets often puts to the wayside. I am here and writing this literature to express the necessity and demand for more like them, who learned that resolution better, comes from the mind than of the rifle.

The site of a tragic battlefield could be similarly compared to a photo of a big, white, house in Washington. The tragedy and sadness would engulf the mind of a conscientious intellect in a rather similar fashion. Columbine, or Virginia Tech, would relate almost instantly with the passion for a peaceful society and what it offers. The sacrifices are known, the description of violence is deemed unnecessary. I feel their pain and remain compelled to seek outreach of a better means.

New York City and this nation as a whole can generally relate to violent tragedies. This is the source of a most recent, vengeful attitude directed toward what we know as "terrorists." Can Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and all of Japan not relate to such tragedy? What of Mexico? What of the Jewish population, Poland, Czech Republic? What of Korea, Germany, Kuwait, the Iraqi's, and countless others? Have we all not faced death, destruction, and tragedy? Most recently, what of the people in Tibet and Darfur? We actively protest the Olympics and in majority do not support China's decisions. The pain, sadness, and anger we have felt in the time of our own tragedies and adversities, do we in good conscience wish upon any other being?

Henry David Thoreau, Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr., Howard Zinn, and many more have led the way in heroics. These men may be common names, but by no means common men. They are heroes of virtue and conscience, and as they, will I, call for revolution, call for leaders of peace. I am begging for support, for leaders to emerge, for the people to truly, honestly, justly, and peacefully rule beyond political ploy. May we honor the fallen, with a promise to not allow anymore to follow, and they shall not be gone in vain. I am but a wave, a small ripple in a vast ocean. While I remain, not alone, but without unity, I shall be swept upon the sand. Unity and solidarity may bring the first, peaceful tsunami. Shall another man die to feel a bit more just, lest we should all be so ashamed? Let us go in love, peace, and solidarity.

## Peaceful Truths

My mind is a sponge, and I have become lost with the ringing of the water. To begin is but a daze, to start is to have a clue, and I must find these essential points. They are crucial to my efficiency. Paper has become armor, a pen to have a spear, may my peaceful war continue. Through the coats of this battle, I arrange this gear in its most prioritized forms.

Let the ink seep through the skin of mine enemies, straight to the heart, and I shall live free, amazingly, so shall they. An ear to listen would be a gift of the gods. This is all I require, and a mute may still be thy enemy, may he provide the goodness buried within his conscience. This is all I ask. My war is of the most unorthodox fashion, and I find no shame in this. I call to those who know no better than they currently adhere to, and desire to be above their current stature. Peace is of no cost, but the cost to oblige to the betterment of one's self, and the agreement to resist violence in all its forms.

I walk on the ground of those fallen, the blood they have shed, and may I promise none to follow, so we may proceed to learn from our flagrant, blind mistakes. I would say sorry to the mom of that man, substitute a flag for literature, filled with peaceful conviction, showing her how to make a stand. A stand she shall make for the future mom, with a doorbell she will soon begin to hate.

There is a man with a suit, a letter, a word, and a regretful salute. This man haunts every mom, and dad of their soldier in the sand. A box, and a tree to create the cell of his soul, owed to my country 'tis of thee. I say rather a plea that no man follow, for he is a hero to the future, symbolizing the past, and for that, I graciously thank this man, will tell of his story, so another shall not embrace such a painful, tragic, and unforgiving mistake.

May another man lie in the sand to become of such tearful wood? Is there a stamp large enough for the conscience of this brave soul? His flesh and bone, but a blender, and one-step closer are we not than further, and we damn our enemies with the most malicious intentions, while their spirits see the non-fiction in our political conspiracies. I lay awake in the dead of the night and my soul begins to shake, shall there be such a thing, hardened from the violence among us. I pray to any and all gods, that conviction of peaceful reform may possess us all to be of such a better nature.

Let a mom read my words and ignore these peaceful truths, and I too, shall pray for her. If you shall peacefully protest my lyrics, a step towards revolution has been made. May the softening of your hearts in search of your calm resolve, heed to the philosophy you've so blindly already incorporated in your quest, and be applied to all your trials of conflict in such a similar fashion. In response, what come of this may be but a letter of hate, a protest of a patriot declaring my treason, and I shall say such a man has no reason, intellect, or flame to so blindly damn my conscience, deny peace, condone such violence, and live with honor greater than that of his shame.