



REMNANTS OF BEING

A 2025 NATIONAL POETRY WRITING MONTH ZINE



PRISON AND JUSTICE
WRITING PROGRAM

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National Poetry Writing Month (NaPoWriMo) was initiated in 2003 by poet Maureen Thorson, who was inspired by National Novel Writing Month and challenged herself to write and share a poem every day in April on her blog. What began as a personal writing experiment grew into a global community of writers committed to crafting 30 poems in 30 days. Each year, PEN America's Prison and Justice Writing Program invites incarcerated writers nationwide to participate in NaPoWriMo, providing prompts and other resources that help cultivate a consistent writing routine.

Remnants of Being: A 2025 National Poetry Writing Month Zine includes poems of memory and transformation written during this month-long journey, as well as journal entries where writers reflect on their creative practice.

Since the mid-1970s, PEN America's **Prison and Justice Writing Program (PJW)** has championed the voices of incarcerated writers and journalists through mentorship, publishing opportunities, and literary resources. Its foundational initiative, the PEN Prison Writing Awards, recognizes outstanding works of fiction, drama, nonfiction, and poetry with cash prizes, mentorship, and publication in an anthology series. The Prison Writing Mentorship Program connects incarcerated writers with volunteer writers and educators on the outside, fostering creative growth and meaningful connection. PJW's central resource, *The Sentences That Create Us: Crafting a Writer's Life in Prison* (Haymarket Books, 2022), is available to incarcerated individuals at no cost.

PEN America stands at the intersection of literature and human rights to protect free expression in the United States and worldwide. We champion the freedom to write, recognizing the power of the word to transform the world. Our mission is to unite writers and their allies to celebrate creative expression and defend the liberties that make it possible.

Learn more at pen.org/prison-and-justice-writing or write to: PEN America, Prison and Justice Writing, 120 Broadway, 26th Floor North, New York, NY 10271.

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April 1, 2025
Ken Meyers | Pennsylvania

Sitting here, knees pulled to chest, chessboard on knees, makeshift writing board lap desk, book light, 2231, cellie wheeze-sleeping in the bunk beneath, cursing myself for failing to carve out any time to write today's poem. Expectation fulfilled. My entire schedule, but especially my morning writing routine, completely upended by this new person with whom I am forced to share 90 sq. ft. of cluttered space. His 35 years of deep-cut wheel tracks do not run parallel to my 15-year ruts, and where they cross, we conflict. What was my writing space is now his television space. What was my pre-count, dark morning poetry time is now his desk lamp-lit Bible study time. An hour and a half to compose something of a first poem for the first day.

Origami **Fernando Rivas | Texas**

In the origami class in prison inmates learn to fold paper precisely into various geometries.
They fashion tiny triangular animals
dogs, goats, cats.
They make houses, cars, planes,
items they have only memories of and a distant hope of seeing again.
One ambitious inmate creates a
small origami town
unlike the impersonal city
that awaits his release.
Another creates a clown
remembered from a traveling circus.
The inmates learn to fold themselves
into different shapes that may be acceptable,
different
from their former selves.
The folding is quiet and introspective.
It takes them away from their
unfoldable reality.
The folding is a kind of ritual.
They fold and fold, follow the prescribed
lines.
Paper is malleable
unlike flesh.
Paper is forgiving
unlike courts.
They hope to fold themselves into new shapes.
Ones that will please
and not inspire disgust.
Creatively they pour themselves into the task.
Paper is the material used to condemn them:
well-crafted documents.
With it they explore freedom,
or at least a temporary
reprieve.
Salvation may be just one fold away
and a second attempt is always
possible

Fernando Rivas is a Cuban-born Emmy and Grammy award-winning composer and writer. His poetry and essays can be found online at Minutes Before Six and Evening Street Press. He has written for the Marshall Project and Prison Journalism Project. In 2026, he will leave prison to reside in Charleston, South Carolina.

Be/Long
Mario Castro | New York

Where do you belong is the question
you ask me out of the hue darker than blue
Your five-year-old
fascinated-with-Bluey-and-Godzilla mind
processes our limited time
together
Alongside painful departures
our distant visits
trouble the little mathematician
you've become this year in kindergarten
calculating the sum of my crimes
the sum of our supervised encounters
where despots calloused enough
to usher you through small doses of radiation
are scathing and sadistic enough
to confine our games inside arbitrary rules:
No shoulder rides
on regular visits
No cheek-to-cheek kisses
or hugs over the phone
No absence of armed guards
towering over us on trailer visits
How much time is what you ask
10 days?
80 minutes?
Forever?

I brace

praying your development not be arrested
holding back tears behind warranted fears
Should I
hold your 50 pounds through iron or WiFi any longer
I'll shed more than my heart can withstand

You have one minute left

The father I am
the one wrought by guilt's furnace
the one beat and bent
in and out of deformity
says No matter where I am
I belong to you and Mommy

Thank you for using Securus

Goodbye

Alone

head rested on cinder blocks
I answer
your time sensitive question

I won't be long

I won't be long

I won't belong to prison

Mario Castro: "The imposed life sentence I am serving does not determine my outcome—writing does. Who and what I write about gives me more than everything this system has attempted to steal."

Folders, Mackerel, and Toothbrushes
Emilio Fernandez | Florida

The contraband orange in my locker
ages slowly, like rusted steel, dampened
by Miami's mid-morning mugginess

Remembering when citrus was legal
nine years, sun-colored dimples, brine pouches
of mackerel, tears tart on thirsty lips

Who else will cry while I sit atop this
charcoal gray blanket, counting all of my
possessions, four and a half cubic feet?

My mother as she passes my old room?
My sister, hearing our favorite song?
Or will the answer always be, no one?

Emilio Fernandez is a son, brother, and uncle. His writing opens a door into his mind and tells the story of the incarcerated. He is infatuated with alliteration.

Dictionary
Charles Hill | Texas

Ode to all the dictionaries
keeping my words checked for writing
Dictionary, Dictionary
could I write without thee?
Dyslexia struggled fighting
battling wording and spelling
only Dictionary added me
So without a book like you
no writing would come true.
Ode to all the dictionaries
who have words through and through.

Charles Hill has a BA in Humanities and has published a dozen books. His most popular books are Hot Pot Chef: Texas Prison Cookbook, How To Write a Book from Prison: Steps to Write, Publish, and Market Your Book, and Ekphastic Poetry.

To This Place
Jason Centrone | Oregon

This emotionally
secure facility, you're right,
insofar as I've settled
where comfort is the soft
unspoiled face
I turn to, I follow like a duckling.

Tap, tap spooning
pap-to-plate,
a little regurgitation, the fresh wears off.
Where are you going? Like an anxious
boyfriend. Like a mid-life cantillation

to this place: you aren't my first
choice, you know. A finer-haired
comfort consists
directly up the hill. Lavendered, a hill
too uncomfortable to climb.

To this place, then,
this bower
of neurons, like a backyard fort:
you're right,
insofar as I've settled: the flounder
to your tide pool, draping all the best
sediment.

***Jason Centrone** writes what he can from a medium-security facility in the Eastern Oregon high desert. As a clerk with the Office of Transition, he is able to provide logistical support to those preparing to be released back into their communities.*

Dead Time
Jevon Jackson | Wisconsin

When a cage
sarcophaguses the body
the minute hands
hack away, calmly,
the black dull blades,
mowing down
another gorgeous mass of asters
in the everlasting mind.

Within this eon, here,
the mighty paws of patience
will not slow your trouble
down;
the exigence of consequence
gnarls a noose
inside every single second.

Slow summer, bold winter,
did I miss autumn
again, it rains this spring
and if I drown
beneath this long, iron bumbershoot

how many epochs
before I breathe again?

Jevon Jackson currently trains guide dogs for the blind. He enjoys listening to Hidden Brain podcasts and watching college football (Go Badgers!).

April 4, 2025

W. Jason Duncan | Tennessee

Today is one of those piecemeal days, when I sort of feel it but mostly don't. I've started two other prompts and simply cannot move past the first line on one and the second stanza on another. Days like this make me feel inadequate. I just look at the scant phrases scattered across the page and hate myself for not being able to be creative in the way I long to be. Then I remember: the poem isn't the end result. It is the vessel, and it doesn't matter what it looks like, really. It'll be the masterpiece I want it to be only when I've gotten out what needs to come out. So, there's never a need to worry about how it looks. It'll come.

I Can Fix It
Jack Morgan | Indiana

Mending a heart requires so little
All you need is a spirit of care
We don't, and that's our problem
It is not difficult to reach out in love
What we fear is the outcome
Kindness bound by cowardice
Bravery spurs the gears to great deeds
But fixing what is broken is a small task
Beneath the notice of our history books
Compassion withheld by pride.
Of all the vices that hold us back
Not one of them is stronger than virtue
Except in the garden of our soul
Where what we cultivate proliferates
We creak and stutter like broken automatons
Each bearing hidden bruises, secret faults.
If you want to fix it
Attendance is simply a matter of effort
Love shown is an action in motion
That repairs a broken heart

Incarcerated for attempting to save his wife from prostitution, Jack Morgan strives every day to live faithful to Christ's calling. He loves all things Japan and is seeking a tutor for Japanese. See his art on Instagram: [_jackmorganart](#).

Abel at the Club
J.A. Davis | Texas

I know you think death
is a 10-dimensional enclave, rolling fields
spread out like a desktop
background, each peak and valley
beyond the reach of recent pain.

But after you descend the long staircase
which is death, you'll see a door
to a nightclub called Elysium. It opens.

You walk in and a hundred hands
strip you of the garment of yourself,
and whatever steam was inside you
fills the room with pressure and purpose.

Then the music begins, sonic pulsing
endless like true night.

No stars nor wind, just a dance floor
jewel-toned like an oil slick or pelagic sea
and shadows throbbing
along the rim of the eternal.

I danced for centuries in that
fabled afterglow, plunging into sublimity
that was like being pulled through pure polish.

I saw the gleam of life on earth,
saw what I couldn't see then
like an ethnographer without preconceived
notions or feeling.

I staggered to the bar
searching for an answer in the cipher,
the fire beneath the fury

and the self that emerged
on the floor was so far away from the woods
I once stood in, craning my neck upward
at the discrete chaos of stars.

Maybe someday when you're dead
and your children,
and your children's children,

I'll meet you here in contemplation
of the innumerable things one leaves behind.

It's cruel, but after the first beginning
everything's an ending.

And I know the kind of ending you want.
Pyrotechnics and swagger.
A vengeful god swoops down out of the blue.
One hit, and you're left for dead in the road
like a punctured deer.

A death like that
might have meaning for you.

Or do you want to be forgiven?
Is that what you're reaching toward
with hands that never give?

Hands that pluck and serve
dead wheat from shallow trenches,
come up empty and mournful,

and though you are alive,
in fact your belly is swollen
with breath,

you aren't full,
you aren't giving life,
you still have nothing
but envy

for the party
you weren't invited to.

J.A. Davis is an incarcerated poet from NY whose work has been published in The Comstock Review, The Iowa Review, and elsewhere. He won First Place in Poetry in the 2025 PEN Prison Writing Awards.

The Savage Arc
Ken Meyers | Pennsylvania

lashing waves of security light
refracted through security glass

photon barrage scattered
across scarred steel desk:

the predawn light | scavenge
to write to resist

Ken Meyers is thankful that a change of cells (and cellies) brought a new quality to the savage light by which he can once again work on his predawn writing.

Penitentiary Theater
Larry N. Stromberg | Pennsylvania

Plays are my Psalms sung unto God, someone once told me

Stories staged to bless the condemned

Written pages of accountability and freedom coming to life

A portrait of deliverance or chaos, freeing the hopeless for just
a few short hours

We are all actors behind the razor wire and concrete walls
of condemnation

Moment by moment, one scene at a time

I feel alive portraying these roles of realism

The struggles of the confined

This is where my redemption dwells

A purpose revealed to this mass population

A dedicated legacy defined

Prison theatrical dreams fulfilled

Standing ovation

The curtain closes

The cage remains

While incarcerated, Larry N. Stromberg has written and staged over sixty plays. His play, I'm Here For You, earned a 2019 PEN Prison Writing Award with PEN America. His play, Behind the Dark Gray Wall, was staged at The Conyers Rockdale Council for the Arts in Georgia in 2025. His film, Spiritual Warfare, is distributed online. Larry is currently getting his associate's and bachelor's degrees from Villanova University's Phoenix Program, and serves as a Certified Peer Support Specialist. He is forever remorseful for the horrible choice that he had made decades ago that hurt so many.

I Am From
Leo Cardez | Illinois

I am from shrines to the Virgen Maria and shrines to capitalism.
I am from the smell of refried beans and the taste of love.
(warm, lingering hugs)
I am from the guayaba tree off of avenida arizona
the Mulberry
whose long gangly limbs I remember
as if they were my own.

I am from quinceañeras and the Gracey pub,
from Uncle David and Tio Alfonso.
I'm from fútbol and football,
and from dancing cumbia until your legs give out.

I am from I swear I'm innocent and found guilty,
and human warehouses on the outskirts of society.
I'm from pizza and movie Sundays,
from moving all the furniture and laying on the living room floor.
I'm from El Norte and La Raza,
pozole and mac and cheese.

From black sheep and family disgrace,
proof you cannot outrun what lives inside of you.
Time worn letters reread and yellow-aged photos of the before-world
in the back of my prison property box.

I'm from here and there
nowhere and everywhere.

Leo Cardez is an award-winning person-in-custody writer. Cardez's various awards include a Society of Professional Journalists' Stillwater Award, two PEN Prison Writing Awards for drama and nonfiction, respectively, and Pushcart Prize and Best American Essays nominations. His drama has been published by Haymarket Books, in PEN America's Visiting the Blues, and produced in NYC and Chicago. His nonfiction and poetry have been featured or are scheduled to be published in The Harbinger, NYU Review of Law and Social Justice, Michigan Quarterly Review, Tadpole Press (published anthology), and Midwest Writers (published anthology), among others. Cardez can be contacted via email: leo.cardez.writer@gmail.com

Do Not Tarry
Paris Atréju Chantelle | Colorado

Do not tarry at this mound,
My soul has left;
What lies beneath once breathed sweet air,
Now—no breath exists.

Do not tarry at this stone;
Given me by chance at birth
 The name inscribed is not my own,
Now like my flesh returned to earth.

Do not tarry at this plot,
My soul's aloft;
What lies beneath once loved you true,
But freed of mortal bonds I flew
 And left the pains of age and ills;
'Tis heaven now I patient dwell,
 Awaiting my love's soul as well.

Paris Atréju Chantelle: "I write to exist in a land of my imagination, and to show my legacy that there is more to me than a prison number."

April 7, 2025
Benny Rios DonJuan | Illinois

Prayer for "Forbidden Love"

Heavenly Father, GOD of love, thank you for giving me the ability to love with your impossible love. I pray that your love spreads like wildfire to unite enemies from foes to friends.

Amen

Impasse
Kenneth Andrus | Texas

I open my eyes, blink a few times
to get my bearings
I can't remember where I am
or who I am
Stranger still, I'm not panicking
but somehow I feel I should be
Perhaps it's a quiet fear
a subconscious one
one that lurks just beneath the surface
like some predator waiting for the right moment
to swallow me whole
I blink again, and the idea passes
I look around and recognize nothing
feel nothing
not the dampness at the front of my shorts
nor the embarrassment that should come with it
not even the noose around my neck

The world comes into focus
sharp, almost too much so
almost enough to blind
The details of everything are too dialed in:
the motes of dust cascading through the sunbeam,
each splinter in the floorboard,
the rusty nails holding it all together,
the floating man who watches me

I try to scream. Try

This sensation is not entirely new to me
the man does nothing and neither do I
we appear to be having an impasse, a standoff
when I recognize something in him, in the way he hovers
as if he were flying instead of being perpetually pulled Earthward
then I realize that I am looking at a mirror
one that was deliberately put there
then I notice the dust blanketing the floor
There is only one set of footprints

Kenneth Andrus is the winner of the 2024 Insider Prize in nonfiction. When not actively writing, he can be found gazing at the clouds or the stars. He longs to see every astronomical event.

Beyond the Razor Wire
Steven Perez | Texas

Inmates on the rec yard
Reminisce about the free.

Beyond the razor wire
Are trees as far as he can see.

It's been twenty years
Since he touched a tree.

Steven Perez's writings have been published by PEN America, American Short Fiction, Literary Hub, The Texas Observer, and the University of Texas Austin English Department. He is a member of the Pen City Writers creative writing team. He is incarcerated at the Connally Unit in Kenedy, Texas.

See
Terry Little | Ohio

An impenetrable structure distorts my vision,
Cinderblock directions and cinderblock trees
Creating so much tension,
Hopes and Dreams crushed by uncertainty,
Typical patterns caused by the forces that be
Subtle drops of water soothe me
Condensate my troubled soul so potently,
 Yet hold fast the math disdains the
division,
 Unlocks critical neurons and synapses
Often I relapse,
 When dark skies interfere with
my horizon,
I'm deeply blinded,
 But it lasts little,
 I keep fighting until I find it,
 I'm reminded of hereditary pain on
Cinderblocks and chains,
 Then there's a crack,
 In the cinderblock directions,
 In the cinderblock trees that I
breathe,
 Then I see...

Terry Little is a frequent writer on the website MinutesBeforeSix—with contributions such as "Conversations with the Paroled"—and he is the author of the self-published book, Puppets. In 2024, Terry and his mentor, Lori, were among the recipients of the PEN America/L'Engle-Rahman Prize for Mentorship.

The Glacier is Melting
Tracy Leigh | Michigan

The glacier is melting

I first witnessed the water tickling
unsure of its unobserved source
either the mount sprung a leak
or storm residue besieged

Soon the flow did increase
the mount began to weep
should I attempt to stop it
or allow the flood to seep

Chunks of ice now intertwined
at times obstruct ebbs flow
the glacier is melting quicker
a river of ice and snow floats

The water with ice begins thinning
runs clearer faster than before
those tears tickling my face
meltage results from this place

Tracy Leigh is a singer, writer, and artist from Michigan who considers herself a fine arts junkie. She has published poetry or short stories in eight states and is currently learning to write songs. She is working on two books for publishing soon.

Dear Jesus, Love Judas
Victor Chunga | New York

You took us in and made us
belong, healed our scars, forgave our crimes.
You loved me best, I loved you most.
A story bound in the haze of our glory days.
I wish I could say no regrets, no mistakes or debts—
just memories made.
I wish I could say it was my choice, my responsibility.

Your love erased everything I was, leaving only the darkness
of my betrayal.
Tell me how I should feel knowing what I know now.
Tell me how I should feel knowing your dream came true
at my expense.

Your Father wrote the script, but You chose the cast.
“One closest to you will betray you,” Your Father granted.
You’re a slave to prophecy, I know,
but did you know we’d be too?
I’m the villain, the proverbial apostate. I hurt
you and I wouldn’t presume an apology for leaving
me at the potter’s field.
Just answer me this, if betrayal by your favorite was ordained, and
you loved me best, who truly stuck the knife in first?

Victor Chunga is enrolled in Mount Saint Mary College through Hudson Link. He thanks their tireless devotion and the 2025 Writing Workshop: Poetry class for this achievement.

**Freedom Rings for Some
Jerry Metcalf | Michigan**

Crimson sky
Comets racing across our molten orb
Crickets chirp and fiddle
Fairies dance

I weep

Chains jingle and jangle
Tear gas permeates
the morning air
like water sopped up
with a moldy kitchen sponge

Copper and Iron and Concrete settle
as Mother Earth heaves
and sighs

I weep

Petals like velvet
glisten with nectar
Honey bees hover above
Heavy boots tread

I weep

Rivers roar
Ancient oaks strain
for the sky
Millions of ants hike
millions of miles
backs laden with succor

I weep

Handcuffs chafe
tasers tase
cold slop served
on filthy trays
sustains the zombie-like masses

I weep

Freedom rings

the world spins
electrons whirl
and neutrons
neutralize the stench
of captivity and corruption and systemic abuse

I weep

The justice of ripe raspberries
caress the tongue
sweetness explodes
together atop Her scales we exhale

I no longer weep

I celebrate

I embrace

I kneel

I pray

I die

I live

I am grateful

Jerry Metcalf is a self-taught writer and artist who has spent the past 30 years behind bars. He will soon be released and is looking forward to the next chapter of his life. If you would like to learn more about him, please Google his name or add him as a friend on Facebook: [jerrymetcalf.jr](https://www.facebook.com/jerrymetcalf.jr)

April 13, 2025

W. Jason Duncan | Tennessee

I've not been too inspired to write this month, so I started reading my "scraps" to create sparks for new things...maybe. Sometimes just getting things back into my subconscious helps. I let it mull over the words and connect with them again. Sometimes it'll spark something days later. I can be watching TV, and a line or two will get triggered by a show I'm watching, and I'll have to stop and grab my journal.

23 Years of a Day **Benny Rios DonJuan | Illinois**

I'm trying to remember yesterday
It's so hard to recall, when a day never ends
Did I kiss my girlfriend goodbye?
Did I have a heart-to-heart with my brother?
Did I give my mom a long, tight embrace?

Every day my eyes open to the same day
Stuck in time as the years fly on by
No difference in my yesterdays, today, and tomorrows
Just an annoying day powered by the Energizer Bunny

23 years and counting, living this long day of horror
A day sparked by one word from a judge "GUILTY!"
That's when my yesterday became a blur
I try to grasp for my yesterday and enter into my tomorrow
But I'm stuck, while everyone's tomorrows multiply

I pray to wake up to tomorrow
Like Groundhog's Day it's the same ol' tune for me
I keep hoping for my tomorrow in this limbo
I refuse to give another year searching for my tomorrow

PRAYER

LORD GOD, you are the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Thank you for keeping me sustained as I wait for my day of freedom to come tomorrow. Please LORD, bless me with your undeserved mercy, and bring me home to my loved ones.

Amen

Benny Rios DonJuan is a follower of Christ serving a 45-year sentence. He has earned a bachelor's and a master's degree while incarcerated and is a writer, artist, activist, and educator. He can be reached at DonJuan B. Rios #R26343, P.O. Box 999, Canton, IL. 61520 and on Corrlinks.com.

bewitched
Elizabeth Hawes | Minnesota

a wheat-hued streak of white-
tailed deer springs onto lawn, flies
across alley & gone

two second drop-in company
gifts me heaven's strange phenom
witness in forgotten gratitude

beyond potted purple basil
lemon thymes & Crate
& Barrel patio chairs

beauty balm voodoo bliss
of all wonder now ours
in the wilding

Elizabeth Hawes (she/her) writes in poetry, drama, and prose. In 2025, she received the Haymarket Freedom Writing Fellowship with the Mellon Foundation and the Art for Justice Fund.

Ad Infinitum—Counterclockwise
Alex Friedmann | Tennessee

walking around the rec yard
in ceaseless circles—
always counterclockwise,
as if trying to turn back time

to before I was arrested,
charged, convicted and caged
when I had a life
beyond razor-wire fences;

my time now spent
in quiet contemplation
and self-recrimination,
thinking, grieving, and

my past existence erased,
reduced to a prison number
and the years I must serve,
outcast and incarcerated,

Alex Friedmann is the former managing editor of Prison Legal News, the former resources editor of Prison Life Magazine, and a three-time winner of the PEN Prison Writing Awards. He is serving a 40-year sentence for vandalism.

American Tragedy
Amber Martens | Michigan

Free Tour: 7 Circles of Hell
Where dreams die the slowest deaths.
Spirits linger down hallways
Imprint themselves on rooms
No physical touch. No skin to skin contact except
for Full-Body Strip searches /
State-sanctioned Sexual Assault
No longer amber
Property of the state
Identification 746578.
Two years in the water still tastes funny.
Food not for human consumption;
Fruits low in fiber.
Chemical content chock-full.
Another fresh coat of paint to cover black mold.
A Band-Aid added to the years of layers.
Raised voices, clanging metal slammed doors.
Purge siren warns as caution.
Blood spills on the floor, toilet, wall
Menstruation massacre.
Observation while you pee, eat, shower, sleep
degradation and humiliation
No expectation of privacy
Rape of spirit daily
but remember
Be a good girl now.

Amber Martens is a General Studies major at Eastern Michigan University in the College in Prison Program (CiP). She is passionate about prison reform, hoping her writing helps shift the paradigm of incarcerated people.

Heart, Body, and Soul
Franklin Lee | Colorado

Mental capacity compounded with conundrums
Paradoxical juxtapositions with confoundisms
A blitz of psychosis and schisms
With a tincture of irrationalism.

Embodied containers of hydro-liquid
Tangled in plasma vessels
Sparked with God's lightning
A potter's clay in creation.

A ghastly haunt existed by thought.
Imprisoned in a mortal realm
Released upon existential expectancy
Returned to the astros of creation.

Franklin Lee is an incarcerated person serving federal time at FCI Englewood in Colorado. An incarcerated writer, he has served as Lead Reporter at Mule Creek State Prison in California for the Mule Creek Post (an inmate-run newspaper) and has been published in several chapbooks, newsletters, and magazines.

April 19, 2025
Jason Centrone | Oregon

Could be down at the tables, brawny collegiate,
a little primer poetry to set the tone. Jack
Gilbert today; and sad, sad music moving me
head to heart—I'd uploaded a reflecting pool of
instrumentals, knowing lyrics to interfere,
before our MP3 service discontinued. Or—or,
could be scrunched up in the old bunk under
flexible reading light, hand towel drawn over
head like baffles, portable dictionary slid
down to me in my crater, and absolutely
tattered composition book bandying knee to
knee. Third day, fourth poem in, and having to
diversify already. Same voice peeking through.
Like songs all in the same key. Helps me
appreciate everyone else's work—refreshing.

When It Hungers
W. Jason Duncan | Tennessee

I ask,
Do you know what addiction is?

That urge, drive to thrive
clenching at your heart.

The incessant need, wanton greed,
longing thirst, and ache for more
calling out to be fulfilled.

It threatens to squeeze your life,
stifle it with strife
unless you satisfy that beast within.

It can't be sated—by any attempt,
yet you try, still.

You give in,
you let it take all it wants,
as it erodes the you inside.

And then,
when it's done feeding,
it retreats into
the remnants of your being.
It moans for more because
what it takes is never enough.

And then,
the husk that is you remains,
withered and wasted.
Cast aside with indifference,
like the refuse it sees you as, how
you see yourself.

And then,
you look at yourself
with such anger and disgust,
at the miserable failure
you think you are
for letting it out again.

And then,
you scream at yourself
inside your mind
for the hate you feel.
More for yourself than anything else,
and the ugly thing you feel you've become.

And then...Shhhh
Can you hear it stirring?

Quick now tell me,
before it wakes again.

Do you know what addiction is?

W. Jason Duncan: "I am an incarcerated college student who writes for the joy of it, but with adversity being the great motivator that it is, makes writing more for release these days. I am trying to relate to the world one word at a time."

South Haven
Ashleigh Smith | Michigan

Does the old green house on 76th Street still contain
sweet lazy days full of play?
Is my scream still trapped on the top floor
of the pink house, where the drill marks from
when he barricaded us into that tiny bathroom, scar
the wall? Can my gaze be caught peeking
in the backyard of the house on the bluff each 4th of July?
Does the breeze still carry the heady scent of
marijuana burning at the top of the blue steps?
Did the initials I scratched into the side of the
dollhouse on the corner ever get sanded over or replaced?
Is that secret path we used to hurl ourselves down
grown over and wild these days? Could I still spend whole
days window shopping for treasures my imaginable future
self must have? Do the beach's endless sands still hold
the impression of my foot? Would the teeth chattering
waters of Lake Michigan greet me as one does an old friend?
Would it whisk me away from my problems on land?
Carry my swimming body out to the sandbar?
Will the shoreline look small enough to crush in my hand?
Will this heartbreak I carry become tidal?

Ashleigh Smith is a writer across several genres and was awarded the Cellar Roots Jury's Choice Honor for her poem, "Beautiful Monster." She enjoys sunshine, reading, and preparing for her upcoming release.

Time Spent
Lars Günther Parker | Tennessee

How I spend my time reflects who I am.
When you say, "I Can't!"—this reflects a clouded mind.
If you spend your time wisely then you can.
When you apply your heart, it unlocks any bind.
Time misspent, where did it go?

Often, throughout my youth, I squandered time.
Non-relevance, consumed by things hindering my life's growth.
My day had no rhythm nor rhyme...
This abuse of time led me to feel the great unknown.
Time unspent, will anyone know?

The Universe has become my teacher, providing a clear sense of time.
I've learned to listen to my heart,
slicing through confusion and distractions.

After continual practice, you will achieve a harmonious life,
Not repeating, "(in the same) old style as always," Kyutai-izen.
Time well spent will fertilize your growth.

Lars Günther Parker is committed to bettering himself through higher education, contributing to society by publishing his writings and expanding his support network. If you are interested in speaking with Mr. Parker, please write him at Lars Parker #527880, P.O. Box 247, Phoenix, MD 21131.

Accountability Letter
Trevor Reese | Louisiana

Dear Jackson,

I'm sorry.
Sorry isn't
good enough,
Sorry is a reconciliatory word—
and I never knew you.
I never will.

There is no restoration.
There is no justice.
No exchange of eyes could make us even,
and we can't just swap a hole in your family
for a hole in mine.

You are more than merely absent.
True equity would require I die screaming,
and we'd have to make a twin for me
so I could be properly mourned

(I have siblings but it's not the same).

We would have to call into question the goodness of God,
erase security as a concept
and make the world a scary scary place
before we could be square.

No court can give us that.

That's not the kind of justice they traffic in.

Insult upon injury, your name is absent the indictment:
Louisiana v. Reese
I killed a person not one of the fifty nifty
Attuso v.
Attusos v.
Humanity v.
These would be acceptable.

Which would you prefer?
What would you want?
What would you call paid in full?

No one asked your opinion, I know,
that's a shame
because they did ask mine.
Don't worry, they ignored me.

Would you feel better knowing I'm better,
Or would improvement piss you off?
"Why did you wait?"
"Too little too late."

There is no restoration.
There is no justice.
Resurrection would pay the principal,
But there'd still be all that interest.

So we return,
to words not good enough:

Dear Jackson,
I'm sorry.

Trevor Reese is an incarcerated writer at Louisiana State Prison. He has forthcoming publications in bottle rockets, Beyond Bars, and Inquest.

Sunshine in My Window
Bennie Ray Hale, Jr. | Texas

Impenetrable
darkness hangs heavily.
Words uttered.
A thread appears
on the horizon.
Darkness lifts slowly
like the curtain of
the next act.
Illumination.
Radiance reflected.
Ominous objects observable.
Words uttered.
Silence shattered.
Desire defined as
the veil rises slowly.
Inspiration:
A luminous life.
Let there be light.
Creative capabilities channeled.
Infinite insight.
Space expands.
Evening
gives way to morning.
I can see clearly;
there's sunshine
in my window.

Bennie Ray Hale, Jr. is a writer, artist, and judicial activist. He has self-published two poetry books: The Prison Poet and How I See It.

Reminiscence **Shakir Salih | Pennsylvania**

Sitting in darkness hunched over on the bottom bunk confined to a 7 x 11 cage, a parking spot illuminates more space. Eyes sore, heart hurting from negative news and images displayed on the RCA. Children dying, elderly disrespected and uncared for women unprotected and dishonored, prices high and airplanes keep falling from the sky.

The country I once loved is unrecognizable, the city I grew up in no longer beautiful deteriorating on all sides, searching for happy memories to prevent my cries.

I remember when happiness only cost one cent, a long trip from Philadelphia to Uncle Molly's store in North Carolina where penny candy starred in the building. No, not because of the delicious taste, but because a black ant or three was stuck to every piece of candy after unwrapping. Uncle Molly's black toenails and rugged feet thumped across the tiled floor to the back of the store to retrieve more ant-filled candy, en route smashing dozens of cockroaches. Dirt bikes and 3-wheelers given away for free, anything for his favorite great Nephew, he joked with my father.

Our journey continued to South Carolina where small towns carried mother's maiden name. A family barbecue presented by Aunt Patricia and Mary B awaited us. After a few days I realized this was an everyday event. A never-ending supply of food. This was the first time I witnessed a human being crying for having to eat pounds of delicious food. A game called pinochle dominated the festivities.

Our vacation home in Florida was supposed to be our final destination, where the sun is an unforgiving 100 plus degrees, but Water Mania and Wet 'n Wild are two terrific places to cool off. Funnel cake, wave pools and a host of water slides, who would've thought funnel cake and water slides would mix.

Definitely my favorite water parks. Our home was a place of entertainment and action, motion pictures were filmed there, family comedy and suspense thrillers. I adopted the habit of duck feeding and fishing in our lake, a time of tranquility and peace. The scenery and atmosphere was magic, birds singing, no flower bringing, just a time of joy.

My parents used to take my siblings and I hiking through parks and ranges.

We climbed what we considered to be mini mountains, as children we thought we were conquering the world.

A sound outside my cell jolts me back to reality.

Where sad and difficult times exist in the city of Philadelphia today.

Shawn Williams (aka Shakir Salih): *"I was born and raised in Philadelphia, PA by my loving mother and father. I have been writing songs and poetry since I was 8 years old. At one point in my adult life, I stopped writing, but my best friend Monica Davis, who I love dearly, inspired me to continue my writing. Thank you, Monica, for being my inspiration."*

Question
Franklin McPherson | New York

2007 it happened.
The world changed in the blink of an eye.
It wasn't great.
Not for me. Not for my family, or for the wolf and his pack.
2008 trust me when I tell you my sentence
Hit me just a little late. 2014 saw my air, my life began
to deflate. That's when it smacked me...
25 to Life made me crawl into a corner, had me boiled
Up, snot running down my lips, wondering
If this was it; the life I had lived.

Franklin McPherson #08A6326 is 38 years old and has been incarcerated since the age of 20. He is a mentor, protector, and superhero in his own right. He is a scholar with a BS in Social Science and a public speaker helping to enlist other incarcerated individuals in higher education through Hudson Link for Higher Education. He is a supporter of uplifting those who can't speak for themselves behind prison walls. He raises money for the families of incarcerated individuals and for supplies needed for furthering their education. Franklin is a literary sponge, finding new inspiring ideas to bring readers his unique perspective.

Years You Never Understood **Michael John Wiese | Texas**

In the beginning there is pain, like you never knew existed, it is a sun flare burning out your core, your throat, it is burning out your being. It is your funeral pyre, your warmth, but your breath is still clouded and cold.

That first year you learn too much. How the ember in a person's

eyes will wink out. How the fire in a soul is doused, snuffed down, how a spirit is torn in half as easily as a child's Crayola drawing, ripped off the refrigerator. You learn that people forget what is not seen. The second & third years are like seven bottles of Zoloft standing empty in a dark cabinet. They are sadness unconquered. They

are like yellow paint mixing with blue, still itself but changed irreparably, still feeling like a sunflower, but seen as a single blade of baby wheat. The fourth year you are raped. You are mad at yourself, because you knew better than to hope it wouldn't happen. It is like a pomegranate being halved. You are also pretty sure you deserved it, but you don't tell anyone this.

You start forgetting, but it happens again in the fifth year; that you'll never forget. The sixth through ninth years are the mentally depressive years. You seem to remember everything from before, the taste of vanilla bean ice cream, the third time you kissed someone, you remember the first year like it happened yesterday, not like it happened on earth, but rather on the burnt-out husk of Alpha Centauri.

Year ten is terrifying because you start believing you may survive. It feels like you're a forest-green kite whose white string is cut in midflight. It is three hundred & sixty-four days of being blown around. Your grandbaby's birth is the only day you are grounded, like an olivine erratic left by a passing glacier. Eleven is a weird number, but the year isn't all that bad. Year five keeps creeping

into your mind, but you still haven't told anyone you believe you deserved it.

You've always been suspicious of odd numbers &
mica chipped granite sidewalks
that are fractured, but you're an orphan & so you don't have
to avoid the cracks.
Twelve & thirteen are the numbing years, the chloroform meets
Novocain years,
they are the years you don't mind you've lost. They are the years
you realize

you are still alive, you haven't gone yet, & that too is scary.
These years are like Día de los Muertos,
but people wear no masks & are so much worse than they pretend.
This year is fourteen & you are holding a basket of "never wills." Never
will you hold your dying parent's hand, never will you see your child
walk down the aisle, you will never be able to handle loud noises,

fast movements, you will never know you didn't deserve year five.
Fifteen is the first year that really matters. They have promised,
if you are good, they might let you back into the world:
broken, bloodied, violated.
Back into the "free world." You will be a sparrow with clipped
wings who no longer dreams of flight, but still cannot help
but hum.

Years sixteen through nineteen you come to understand, they lied.
Your hope is withered & dull, it is a sharp-edged thing. It cuts.
Finally, in year twenty they let you go. You carry year five
in your cupped hand or shirt pocket, but forever with you.
You will always be paying that price they never speak of,
the true atonement for your sin.

*Michael John Wiese has published fiction, nonfiction, and poetry in journals
across the country. His debut novel, Life Sucks and then You Die, can be found
under his fiction pen name, Micah Westing. More of his nonfiction and poetry
can be found at michaeljohnwiese.com*

The Gift

Brandi Wentworth | Michigan

I already know what Grandma's gift will be; my older cousins have theirs. Wildly, I look for her handwriting, tear away the lavender foil wrapping paper (she took such care with), rip open the white, oversized gift box and toss it aside. I sit there as frozen as the Straits of Mackinac in the middle of January, staring down through watery eyes, into the box that says, "You may be sixteen, but I will always be here to comfort you, even when I am not." With each pass of the hook, every loop has a piece of Grandma woven in. The deep violet afghan held close to my breast feels like a baby's cheek up against my own. The faint scent of Grandma's perfume lingers in the yarn from the hours it sat in her lap while she crocheted the 48 x 72 masterpiece. I run my fingers over the zigzagged edges of the two long sides after carefully laying it on top of my pink and white flowered bedspread. I wanted this afghan more than I wanted my driver's license. My chest ached at the thought of always having a piece of Grandma to share with my children and grandchildren one day. Grandma left us over 10 years ago and I am now in my fifties, but whenever I need encouragement, I still grab my violet afghan, with the fuzzy yarn balls that will forever be there, showing the years of use and wrap it around my downturned shoulders. Even though her perfume has long since faded away, I can still feel the tightness of her arms closing me into her embrace, the whisper of her voice, "There now, it will be okay." I close my eyes and sit with Grandma for as long as I need her.

Brandi Wentworth is a graduate of Eastern Michigan University with a bachelor's degree in General Studies with concentrations in Marketing, Management, Entrepreneurship; Auditing, Human Resources; and Community Leadership, Communication. She is a contributor and co-editor of EMU's newsletter, Behind the Wire. Wentworth has been published in Cellar Roots and was named one of the YpsiWrites honorees for 2025/2026.

Dream Distillery
Todd Winkler | California

I live in a desert.
A place burnt of love
and arid of caring.
A place surrounded by
tall walls and short men, where
every interaction is a transaction
and the calculation's always cold.

I trek across this desert
in a long, punishing race
to reach
the Shining Sea and
cleanse my aged body
before the sand and scorpions
claim it.

I follow the blue-robed Bedouins,
trekking from one calendar oasis
to the next,
date palm to date palm,
gathering sugary envelopes
fruited with
kind words and kindred faces.

Slowly changing weather withered
the dates for Valentine's and Father's,
but days for Birth,
namely mine and the Nazarene's,
monsoon with sticky manna.
My head inhales all it can hold
and then I box away the bounty.

Between these two birth anniversaries
lies a long calendar hump of adversity.
As eve arrives, and purple skies
chase away the day's blues, I crack
into my yellowed cache and warm it
in the lamp of mine eyes,
waking sweetness to arise.

When purple blacks out, these
bedtime images begin distilling...
steaming off their paper mountings,
filling with heat and breath,
animating into flesh
and flashing across the
flickering screen of my eyelids.

The scenes are fleeting,
barely living into new light's birth.
Yet these vaporous clips of love and caring
leave a condensate
that intoxicates my hardened heart...
plying this desert fortress
with desire.

Upon rising, renewed resolve pushes back
my concrete coffin's pressing walls
so eager to do their mortal duty.
I don a desert-blue robe and resume
my trek toward the cerulean sea,
cheating the sand and scorpions of flesh
for one more day.

Todd Winkler writes poetry, fiction, and screenplays that explore social issues like race, immigration, climate change, and technology. He won two 2025 PEN Prison Writing Awards and recently wrote and directed By Artificial Means, a short film (shot inside San Quentin) that imagines how AI chatbots might be used for companionship inside prison.

April 22, 2025
Ken Meyers | Pennsylvania

I mostly stopped writing new poems to start on revisions—same process as last year—not looking forward to what I'd done, feeling like most of it was crap: I'd already read over the drafts while trying desperately to force something out in the small gaps of time I had alone in the cell and wasn't impressed. So I was surprised when I figured 8 or 9 might have a chance and typed them up and started my usual revision process of reading through each draft & marking changes at least once a day (though having lost the opportunity for first-of-the-morning fresh eyes & ears), typing up the changes, reprinting to repeat the process. A couple look nearly done (for now), a couple more are falling into shape, from a few I've excised the healthy tissue to try to culture a different poem from the rotting mass of initial drafts. Kind of like dumpster diving for the edible parts of poems, to mix metaphors.

Prison, I'm Breaking Up with You
Matthew Mendoza | Texas

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
Yeah sorry.
And this time it's you.
And this time I'm not trying to work through it.
I don't even want to.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
I'm tired of being assaulted and insulted.
Prison you need to be desalinated.
Prison we both need a fresh start.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
I'm tired of being angry all the time.
I'm tired of you changing the rules.
Changing everything, every day
just to get your way.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
I'm tired of your obsession with colors.
Reds and Blues, Blacks, Browns and Whites.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
I'm tired of your obsession with violence.

It's you, Prison.
I'm turning blue with your poison.

Prison, I'm a reflection of you.
I admit that.
I am everything that's terrible about you.
I own that.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
Why do I always listen to you?
You never listen to me.

You're so judgmental.
I'm embarrassed by you.
I feel so ugly when I'm around you.

That's why I'm breaking up with you.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
I'm tired of you telling me that it's my fault that I'm unhappy.
I'm tired of you telling me to buck up.
I'm tired of you telling me to rub some dirt on it.
I'm tired of you telling me to make the best of a bad situation
while you rant about how expensive I am,
that I'm not worth it
and yet you won't let me go.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
I'm tired of doing all these humiliating things.
I'm tired of entertaining all your toxic whims.
I'm tired of you putting things in me.
I'm tired of you putting me in things.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
I'm just so tired of you.
Prison, I need some space.
I'm tired of your accusations.
I'm tired of the certainty of your assertions.
As if you know.
As if you've ever bothered to find out.
As if you've even ever asked.

If there's anybody that's always wrong it's you.
Ask anybody what they think about the justice system.
Do it now.
I can wait.
I've gotten good at it.
I've been waiting for it now for over twenty years.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
Sometimes prison is what you give away
but most of the time
prison is what they take from you.

That's why I'm breaking up with you.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
You keep saying that when this is over we'll be equal.
I can't believe I believed that shit.
Now I understand that you just want to be on top.

I'm tired, Prison.
I need a breath.
OK. I'm back.

I'm breaking up with you prison.
You're a crazy maker.
You're a blamer.
You won't take responsibility for anything.
Every day is drama with you.
I'm sick of it.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
And when I get out I'm hooking up with everybody.
Oh Hell No we can't still be friends.

Prison I'm breaking up with you.
I'm tired of you saying that you're a diamond in the rough.
I'm tired of you saying that I can't see the forest for the trees.
You're not who I thought you were.
Maybe I'm not who I thought I was.

But I know now.

Prison you're always talking about second chances.
Well, this is mine.
And I'm not coming back.
Even if you get your shit together.

Matthew Mendoza is a many-time PEN Prison Writing Award winner, a Webby Award Honoree, and a finalist for The Insider Prize. Get his Evening Street Review chapbook, DIY Prison Project, on Amazon.

Dear Mirror
Tyler Lewis | Michigan

Dear Mirror,

It couldn't be any clearer
even when looking through a fog,
I write HATE on your face,
to give words to our dialogue.
And I saw you staring,
daring me to say something nice,
but I draw a fine line under my eyes,
I don't dot them with hearts.
Every time I see you, I fall apart.
Except for those rare days I don't,
when this dysmorphia morphs back into
the old me,
and I can once again see
someone I love...

Until I shove my head closer,
and we fall under inspection,
caught between judgment and introspection.
My emotions show in your reflection.
Stop copying everything I do.
I wish I could wash my hands of you,
or find a piece of you that age has not shattered,
but time has left me battered.

Mirror mirror on the wall,
I get that you see me,
but I wish you'd fall.

Tyler Lewis is an incarcerated poet and artist from Michigan whose work has been featured in the University of Michigan's Prison Creative Arts Project. Tyler also teaches poetry to other incarcerated people.

There is a Wet Land
Michael J. Richardson | Virginia

buried in beauty crawling
like ivy caressing an old cemetery

where memories marry ashes
of prayers and promises scattered

by the breath of Betsy and Andrew
Audrey and Isaac and that truculent one

Katrina blowing down the bayou
a magnolia tempest soaked in fish

and creosote and strong coffee thick as mud
emanating from shotgun-shanty-shack shelters

hiding secrets behind the mossy veil
of sweet honeysuckle dreams

baptized in the blood of Atchafalaya
beneath the canopy of Evangeline

in the sanctuary of Tupelo
bearing mournful witness

on those sticky nights that never know silence
the solivagant begs for alms

between soiled cypress knees exposed
while the sun sizzles below dark water

Michael J. Richardson strives to weave words and draw dreams. "I want people to be able to read the story in my drawings and see the pictures in my words." Read more at michaeljrichardson.blogspot.com and contact him at realmjrichardson@gmail.com.

Spins **John Corley | Louisiana**

A wheel spins in a listless wind broken
by time-bent wishes wafting through
creosote
perimeters. One breath fits all.

A wheel, misshapen, tarnished, whining
in oblong
agony, anemic gatekeeper guarding
idealized
yesterdays. Where is everyone?

It's never the same,
the place from where we came.

Shadows arm in arm pirouette atop
jagged scenes and mezzanines,
ghostly obsessions from nether
regions.

The multiverse pulls, pulses, picks
and chooses winners, losers, echoes
blossom
across dimensions: can't go back.

Dreams are sweet, sure, sure, but shit.
We get no rewrites, even in dreamland.

Every thought, every choice, every
flicker flicked from the fire forces
forgotten
faces against the wall, blindfold and
cigarette,

balanced along razor spines above the
trench.
Young schoolmates died young,
prisoners
now to uninhibited unimaginables.

A wheel spins in the dark, a monotone
cry
peeling what's left of the paint from
Camelot.

Can't change it, can't recall the
whistle's shrill

announcement. Banality flows south.
Picture-perfect portrait, the clapboard
cabin
wavering in a cold sun, a brisk reminder

what's done is done.

John Corley is the associate editor of The Angolite, the news magazine of Louisiana State Penitentiary. His poetry has appeared in Bleakhouse Review, Hanging Loose, The Lens, and other publications.

Until the End of Time
Rayon Sampson | Illinois

Time grasps at our sense of being.
Unleashes urgency to uncoordinated steps.
Time desires no friends, does not seek to impress.
Time neither expresses jealousy nor partiality.
We pay with our souls for time to be on our side.
But time stands still for no one.
Time's existence asks for no permission.
We cling to snippets of its fabric as if it will heal.
Harping on occasions that were the happiest or the harshest.
Time evades our deepest understanding,
laughs at our perceived wisdom,
outlasts our strongest of wills.
Time weathers the severest of storms,
conditions the hardest of hearts.
Time is never lost or found yet we search.
Looking past its presence to see what's in front of us.
Time's abstract nature nurtures our relevance.
Time curates meaning of every moment.
We take time to give attention,
but to give time takes intention.
Patiently waiting for another time,
for "my time has yet to come,"
Says the Lord.

Rayon Sampson, MA is a graduate of North Park Theological Seminary and currently works as a peer educator. His debut poetry collections, Art I Fact and Writing From Both Sides of the Moon, are forthcoming. Other writings of his can be viewed at writersfromallsidesofthemoon.com, and he can be contacted at rcsampson422@gmail.com or on Instagram: [@writ.112sampson](https://www.instagram.com/writ.112sampson).

dreaming
Sean J. White | Wisconsin

when the sun retires its final reds
& stars flicker in rhythmic breathing
the white noise of waves crash end of a song fade out to silence
Neil Young the Decade after leaving
Crosby Stills & Nash remains
writing in the key of C
Venus dances while the conflict
with Mars escalates
& Neptune bloviates the importance
of a paleo diet in order
to meet the General Mills
good breakfast standard
Venus dances
& Jupiter & Pluto (no longer
the man he was) throws
dollar bills to celebrate
Uranus' birthday home
with a titan headache
Venus dances &
unable to turn his face away
draws hot-blooded
Mercury's leer
Venus dances
& dances while the two faces of Janus
wonder what the other is thinking

Sean J. White arrived at prison in 1997 at the age of nineteen. His work has appeared in print here and there over the years.



KEN MEYERS
FERNANDO RIVAS
MARIO CASTRO
EMILIO FERNANDEZ
CHARLES HILL
JASON CENTRONE
JEVON JACKSON
W. JASON DUNCAN
JACK MORGAN
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MATTHEW MENDOZA
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JOHN CORLEY
RAYON SAMPSON
SEAN J. WHITE

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