

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The
Essays &
Poetry of
Abdul-
Shaheed
Muslim

December 15, 1999

Dedication

I dedicate this book to my children; and to my Mother - and the rest of my family; to the Pasha family; to Lene Pantawapirom; Barry Carpenter & family; to all prisoners - those conscious and principled, as well as those yet to have awakened from their slumber; to the families of all prisoners; to Anthony Rayson (who is responsible for the putting together of this book you are reading,) A.R.A. and to all of you who support prisoners, in any manner. Without you, we are forgotten! All of you have been of great support and are even greater friends. Thank you. I also dedicate this book to my brother, Donald, and to all those who have passed away. We see your faces in our dreams. You are not forgotten.

I hope you enjoy this book...
Abdul-Shaheed Saleem Muslim



TABLE OF CONTENTS

I Essays

- A. A Self-Appraisal
- B. A Beginner's Thoughts / Conscious prisoner
- C. Arise! - And Rise One Next To You!
- D. We Can Only Do So Much - Without You!
- E. A Real Crime
- F. Yes, I Am Talking To You!
- G. I.C.C. and the U.S.

II Poems

- A. An Unforgivable Sin
- B. Hidden Victims of Crime
- C. R - U - Lonely - 2? / A Mother's Child
- D. Unforgettable Tears
- E. To Protect and Serve? / It Is The Time
- F. Behold the Sign / Break of Dawning
- G. Partners: The Past and the Future
- H. A Thought I Had This Morning
- I. Another Thought I Had This Morning
- J. Found And Then Lost / Counted Sorrows
- K. No Early Release / Turned Away / Poverty:
- L. Revolution / It's My Turn / Sellout
- M. Truth / Chicken Hawks
- N. My Words / Realise the Real Needs
- O. Can't Stop - Won't Stop
- P. Beat of a Warrior / Wake Up Society
- Q. Truth Is Extreme
- R. Proud and Strong / Woke Up

If everyone who ever broke a law of God or man were to spend time behind bars, none of us would be spared. Wrong is wrong no matter to what degree is involved. Taking a penny or a million dollars, each act is the work of a thief. Yet we tend to overlook many wrongs, especially our own.

The people behind bars are the ones that got caught or were wrongfully convicted of a crime. So often there is cruel treatment for these people by the people who hold power over them. People who themselves are far from perfect. But they will be made aware of that one day when they give account for their actions. Mankind, the greatest of creation on earth, yet the most cruel.

There is much to be learned from the poems of Bro. Abd'ul Shaheed Saleem Muslim. He tells it like it is with clear cut style. He has suffered much from life and from "justice". Yet he makes no excuses for himself. He is constantly striving to better himself and prepare for the time when he can go home and try to help his sons choose a different path from the one that he followed. These poems are an effort on his part to help others do the same.

It would be of such benefit to all mankind if we would instead of condemning those incarcerated, look into what made them do what they did. Reformation is a good thing, but to correct the cause would be so much better. But then, that takes a lot of effort and caring about someone besides ourselves.

So the cycle will continue until the cause is dealt with.

Jamilah D. Pasha



My full name is Abd'ul-Shaheed Saleem Wadūd Jami Muslim. i am a "Sunni" Muslim. i do consider myself a political prisoner and a prisoner of war - because of the things i have gone through, learned, and now believe in, and done for others and myself, in the prison struggles - and overall struggles against imperialism since my incarceration. i am in prison serving a 20 year, 230 day, sentence. i am doing extra years because of my battles against guards. i have been incarcerated for over 15 years of my life, so far. i have been in prison all of these years for 2 counts of burglary, 1 count of auto theft and 1 count of battery.



i received the battery charge in '94, while at the Indiana State Prison, from defending myself against a guard that is over 6 feet tall and over 250 pounds (i am 5'6" and only weighed around 145 lbs at the time!). i was charged in outside court - and the guard received a pat on the back! The guard claimed i just walked up to him and started beating him down with my hands and feet - for no reason. After i was in hand cuffs and shackles, i was choked and beat by that same guard and 3 others. i received various injuries and stitches. i filed a federal lawsuit against the 4 guards that beat me and 2 others that stood and watched. i won the suit. The courts ruled that the guards used excessive force and that the 2 who watched were deliberately indifferent by not stopping it.

My projected release date from prison is currently scheduled for September 9, 2000.

i am currently housed on the administrative idle of G-cellhouse, at the Pendleton Correctional Facility. i was finally released from the administrative segregation unit on

6
June 14, 1999. i was on A/S since 1996. In '96 a sergeant was allegedly struck several times with a club. i received a conduct report that was so bogus, the "conduct board" could do nothing but find me not guilty. So, the next day the prison claimed that they had "confidential information that i am involved in activities that the internal affairs investigator deems to be detrimental to the security and safety of the institution and its staff."

Before i came to the Pendleton Correctional Facility, i was housed at the notorious Maximum Control Complex at Westville, Indiana, for 2 years (94-96). While at this Supermax, i was put through all kinds of mental and physical abuse (as did all the prisoners there). This prison was built for the purpose of trying to destroy prisoners.

From the years '90-'94, i was housed on the IDU and NSB segregation units and the administrative idle cellhouse (I-cellhouse) at the Indiana State Prison. They claimed that i was "assaultive towards staff", "destructive", and "violent". i believe it was because of my political and religious beliefs/work. While in D-cellhouse, i attended the political study classes that was formed by the prisoners, for the prisoners. i, also, organized an Islamic study group for the Muslim prisoners housed in D-cellhouse. In 1991, i was charged with stabbing a prisoner and possession of a weapon, even though no one witnessed this alleged stabbing and no weapon was ever found! In '93, i was charged with possession of a weapon, but four months later i was able to get the charge overturned - by proving in court that there was no way i could of put the weapon where it was found - that only a guard could have done it!

i first had my eyes opened to the fact of just how corrupt the D.O.C. really is, in 1990, while i was at the Indiana State Farm Prison, when some guards were mistreating and physically abusing a prisoner. Another prisoner and i came to his aid. i ended up being charged with 2 counts of rioting, 2 counts of destruction of state property and 5 counts of assault on staff. i have been housed on various administrative and disciplinary segregation units since 1989.

7
Since my incarceration i have learned much about oppression and imperialism. i have wrote, and had copyrighted, a book of 72 poems. These poems are society/prison/political/personal based. The title of that book is "Pieces of My Soul: Looking Back and Seeing Tomorrow". i am presently trying to get the book published. i have just completed a second book, "Pieces of My Soul: The Journey Continues". This is a book of poems and articles i have written since the first book. i am currently working on a book of Islamic articles and poetry.

Various prisoners, books and incidents have helped me to see the injustices that were (and still are!) going on around me - before and after i came to prison - because of a person's skin, social and economic status. My eyes were opened to all i was falsely taught in school concerning history. i truly look forward to my release - so i can be with my children and make sure they learn the truth. I, also, look forward to working with the environmentally conscious, anti-racist actions and anti-imperialist organizations, upon my release from prison.

i would enjoy, and look forward to working with any one interested in these areas, while i am still in prison. If any one wishes to, they can contact me at:

NAME Abdul-Shaheed Muslim
D.O.C. NO. 855090 Location 10-4C
Indiana Department of Correction
Pendleton Correctional Facility
P.O. Box 30
Pendleton, IN. 46064

**YOU CAN KILL
A REVOLUTIONARY
BUT YOU CAN'T KILL
THE REVOLUTION.**

A Beginner's Thoughts

By Abdul-Shaheed Muslim

8

I have only begun learning and fully being able to grasp various aspects of revolutionary life that I have heard and read about for years. Instead of just being given a book to read and trying to digest it myself, I have now been able to once again meet some brothers who will sit down with me and discuss what I have just read. To break it all down and correct me on anything I may have wrong - correct me on what I have been socialized to believe. I have never seen a successful revolution first hand. I have only been able to read on successful struggles, so I can only say what I believe as to what it takes for our struggles to improve and bring about a successful revolution.

To have a successful revolution we must first revolutionize our minds/ideas. We must keep our politics in check/command by keeping our personal emotions/actions in check. We must always talk, think and act as soldiers - we must not be reactionary and/or spontaneous (of course, I do realize that there are certain situations that may require a spontaneous reaction/defense/assault). We must walk the talk! To do this, we must support our words with our actions. It is not all right for us to battle ignorance, but then turn around and act ignorant.

If Battle does occur, it must be out of justice - not passion, anger, nor hatred. We must be conscious of the people through interacting and studying with the people on a primary contradiction, - colonialism. And from this networking, decolonize their minds.

A complete revolution is a complete change politically, economically and socially. We cannot allow ourselves to come from being the oppressed, to becoming the oppressors. The people must come together against the imperialists, to stop the super exploitation and oppression of the worlds humanity. We must end the division into groups that are hostile to one another. Men and women must learn to live together as equals and stop using one another for selfish gains.

We have to believe that revolution is the only way to free all of humanity from the imperialists. Let's put the direction of the revolution on forward drive. Let's take the revolution from a "nice idea" and "beautiful dream" and put it into our lives daily.

There are areas that I wrote on that I have to constantly and consciously live and put into effect. I pray that the brothers continue to have patience with me - and help me by continually pointing out my contradictions and misunderstandings. To simply keep my politics in command. Love to you all and I do thank you.

I am now nothing like I was before...

Abdul-Shaheed Muslim

Conscious Prisoner
By Abdul-Shaheed

9

I was transferred to the I.D.U. seg. unit at the Indiana State Prison (I.S.P.) in May of 1990, from the Maximum Security Unit at the Indiana State Farm. I had been charged with two counts of rioting, two counts of destruction of state property and five counts of assault on staff. As a result of these charges the conduct adjustment board set me with twelve years of seg. time and years of "good time" lost.

It was while I was on I.D.U. that I met many prisoners that would awaken a quest for learning in me. Among these prisoners were Khalfani and Shaka. I would also meet Becktemba, aifa, Kalonji and Pasha. I did not know at the time that most of us would end up doing many years on the various seg. units of Indiana, nor that Khalfani, Becktemba and I would all end up trapped on the A/s unit at the Pendleton Corr. Facility - where all three of us have been told we won't get off of!

When I think back on how much I have learned over the years, I laugh at how much I did not know. It reminds me of a saying I once heard, "never let how little you know blind you to just how little you really do know."

Since Nov. of '89, I have been on various seg. units, A/S units or "Administrative cellhouses". The prisons have used the lies that I am "violent", "destructive" and "involved in activities that are a threat to the security of the prisons", to keep me housed in these units. In 1991 a prisoner was stabbed on a seg. unit and I was charged with "assault with a weapon that resulted in an injury" and "possession of a weapon" (even though a weapon was never found!). In 1994, I was charged with "assault on staff", transferred to the Maximum Control Complex (M.C.C.) and given more prison time in an outside court (I was found guilty of a class

battery. In Oct. of 1996, a Sgt. was hit in the head and neck with a golf club. The prison investigator stated that I either did it or was involved in the situation - and since the local news media in Indianapolis got ahold of it and broadcast the story - I was placed on the A/S unit because of "confidential information" and "conduct history". I go for a hearing in June to see if I can get off of the unit. However, the counselor told me that he believes I will get off the unit only when I go home. I have a little over two years before my outdate comes around.

When I first met Khalfani in '90, we were both still in our "reactionary stage". Both of us have learned much and advanced much since then. In '92, I was let off of seg. and placed in the Administrative cellhouse (D-cell house) at I.S.P. and Khalfani was placed there in '93. We both attended political and Islamic study classes. I took the Islamic declaration of faith - the Shahada - in Dec. of '91 and Khalfani took his in either June or July of '93. I was transferred to M.C.C. on April 26, 1994, and he was sent there on Dec. 13, 1994. When he was transferred to this A./S. unit on Jan. 16, 1997. These last eight years have been full of travel and learning for us both. They can continue to throw up all of the roadblocks they want, but all of us will continue to strive. There is still much for us to learn and we are doing so each day. There are very few prisoners that I have such a history with, besides Pasha and Khalfani. I am glad I met them all.

I am now nothing like I was before

Abdul-Shaheed

3/98

Arise - And Rise One Next To You!

By Abdul-Shaheed Muslim

"I have often reflected upon the new vistas that reading opened to me. I knew right there in prison that reading had changed forever the course of my life." - Malik Shabazz (Malcolm X), from the Autobiography of Malcolm X, pg. 179.

I wrote the above quotation because since I have been incarcerated, I have read many books that have forever changed (and affected) my own life. Books I would never have picked up, let alone known about, when I was "free."

I remember that as a child and teenager I never watched the news (that was for "old people"), read the newspaper (that was for "nerds" and the "really old people") - other than the comic section! Smile. - nor read a book, outside of school, that is. This carried over into the first few years of my incarceration. I just plain was not interested in investing my time in reading.

All of that changed when I was transferred to the Indiana State Prison in 1990. I was sent directly to the I.D.U. segregation unit and had to wait for a week before I received my property. Thus, I had nothing to do. My neighbor was Shaka. I was listening to this man talk over the range and he was saying things I had never heard before. I said to myself, "who is this strange man with the strange hair?" "Is he some type of preacher?" No one talked like that at the State Farm Prison - and no one had locks in their hair.

When he was done talking, I heard a knock on the wall and saw an arm holding a mirror in front of the bars. He asked me my name and introduced himself, then he asked me if I'd like something to read. When I said I would, he handed me a newspaper. I got the paper and sat down to read it, when I noticed that it was a Revolutionary Worker - and then I saw the words "Communist Party." I gave it back to him and said "man, I am not into that commie stuff."

He laughed at that, but it was not a mocking laugh. He asked me what I knew about communism. I told him that I did not know anything about it "besides Russians being Communists and I didn't want anything to do with them!" And so began my first lesson.

After hours of explaining to me what communism really is, and how people are programmed by the schools and media, etc., to be against it - and against any one not "American", he gave me a book going into deeper (yet easy reading) of what Socialism and Communism is.

Then the next two books I read were Attention MOVE - This Is America and The Dragon^{H&S} Come. Each of these books had me hooked from the beginning to the last page. I had never heard of MOVE, and I had definitely never heard of what was done to them. I had never heard of George Jackson, either. It was "on" after those books!

These books awoke a yearning within me, a yearning to learn. I felt deprived and cheated. No one taught me these things in school and no one cared to ever tell me the truth. I had been lied to all those years!

10

I started writing people I knew and telling them the stuff (knowledge) I was reading/learning. One person wrote me back and said, "have you been hanging around them Muslims? They are always trying to convert people and get them to believe their ways," and "why do people get to prison and want to change?" Even to this day my oldest son's mother does not like to speak to me much on the phone. I can hear her in the background saying I've changed too much and I'm now "too positive all the time."

Well... I did not meet some Muslims until later, and, yes, I did become a practicing Muslim (a year and a half later). Since that first conversation with Shaka, I have read hundreds of books. I am still reading. Yes, books have forever changed my life.

Arise - And Rise One Next to You!

I am now nothing like I was before...

Abdul-Shaheed Muslim

We Can Only Do So Much - Without You!

By Abdul-Shaheed Muslim

When i first came to prison, i learned about the struggles and sacrifices that were made by prisoners, to bring about change, before i even arrived. While in prison i have met, and participated with, the prisoners who continue to struggle and sacrifice for change. Over the years there have been positive changes. However, with every positive change, the DOC does that much more to make things worst.

There is much change that still needs to be made. That means there is still much struggle and sacrifice ahead.

We all know that prisons are one of many battlefields in the larger struggle for true freedom. We prisoners can struggle each and every moment, but the fact remains we cannot do it alone. We have to have outside support - and this support must be continuous. True, we have some support, but, let's be honest - it is not as it should be, nor are the various supporters united as they should be.

The prisoners, as well as the supporters, need to put aside the petty differences that are keeping us divided - thus, not allowing a result of continuous change for the better. Let us not fool ourselves, we are being watched. We prisoners know how we are being watched - and the support groups/individuals are also being watched, be it over the Internet or through various other COINTELPRO methods. They are sitting back and saying, "they cannot even unite amongst themselves, so what do we have to fear of them?"

When M.C.C., in Westville, IN, first opened, prisoners were beaten, chained to beds, gassed, etc. because of their striving to make a difference. There was a little bit of unorganized outside support. Many of these were newly formed groups that came to be because of M.C.C., many of the "big", well known, groups were not really (better read truly) interested in being involved. However, when prisoners started starving themselves and a prisoner cut off his finger tip, and M.C.C. started getting national media attention - then all kind of groups wanted to support the prisoners.

Does all of that have to happen again, before the prisoners on the G.-A.S., S.H.U. and various other control units, get the support - a unified support - they deserve?

11

Right now i happen to be on the G.-A.S. unit, and much needs to be done for the prisoners on the unit. So, i will speak about that. We are not allowed to take the G.E.D. or get substance abuse and anger management help. These are things prisoners must have to regain "lost good time" or receive even a chance of a sentence reduction in court. The prisoners receive bogus conduct reports, are harassed by the guards and denied most of the rights we are supposed to have. For example: We are supposed to have one hour of recreation daily, but most times we only get 20-45 minutes (usually 20-30 mins.). It depends on which guards are working that day. They literally tell you, "so what, file a grievance." Most grievances are never returned or ruled on! We've even had a guard go so far as to tell us, "we use the grievances to wipe our asses with." (Well... if so, i hope they get some paper cuts on their rearend and the ink causes an infection). i could go on and on about the things occurring on this unit, but it would take up pages of this newsletter, so i will move on.

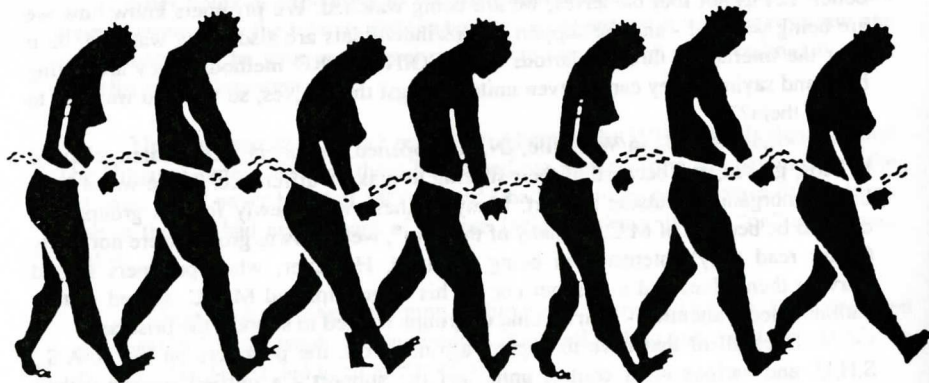
Beatings of prisoners by guards is a major and growing problem throughout the state of Indiana, especially on the control units of SHU, NSB, DS, MSU, MCC and D-cell house.

Many of the prisoners being beaten are the mentally ill and political prisoners (many are harassed and singled out for physical assault because of their filing complaints and litigation against prison officials and guards). Our lives here in Indiana DOC are not safe due to the extreme conditions and the possibility of brutality we must face daily.

We are fed up with this injustice. Are you? We call upon you, the people, to be real with us and with yourselves. Please contact the prisoners who write in this newsletter for more detailed info about what is occurring on the units they live in. Continuously contact the elected legislative members, the governor, members of the news media and the Indiana DOC and let them know that you are aware of the gross lack of regard for our rights as human beings - and that you will not stand for it (then, once you do this, please do not stand for it!) Help us expose the wrongs, the conditions, the racism and the brutality against prisoners in the Indiana DOC - and demand that an independent investigation is initiated into the beatings and assaults (past and present) of prisoners by guards (i know of these personally, i have the scars to show it does occur).

We call upon you to assist and help us now - not after a prisoner has been resorted to starving himself, cutting off a finger (or been beaten to death by guards, which will occur eventually - again), because they need your assistance.

We prisoners continue to look back at yesterday - and seeing tomorrow. What do we do next? Please support prisoners. We can only do so much - without you!



A Real Crime

By Abdul-Shaheed Muslim

The judicial system sends a person to prison and they then feel as though the "problem" ends there. They feel that is the only way to solve the "problem of crime": Time - years, decades and centuries! They feel that is the great cureall. They dump a person in one of these cesspools, then let them rot for years and put them through every indignity you can think of (until eventually some prisoners break emotionally and psychologically, and begin to feel as though they cannot succeed in life anymore - just as the prison system wants them to feel).

If the prisoner is "good" and does not get in the administration's hair, and if they agree with the prison's idea of what is right or wrong, then the system will let them go and tell society that they are rehabilitated. But, if the prisoner does not go along with the administration's program, then the prison just piles on more time, more troubles and tells society that the prisoner is incorrigible and a threat to society.

While the battle is going on with the administration, the prisoner sits and festers - or educates themselves and struggles for their liberation - all the while the hate and bitterness may be growing all the time. Many prisoners may even become too concentrated with survival - staying alive (physically and mentally) - in these shark tanks they have been placed in, to really be able to concentrate and prepare for what they are going to do once they get out - if they get out. (However, we must prepare for that day. Many do not - and they usually return. Start now!).

If the prisoner is able to survive and keep their sanity, when they do get out, they are considered "misfits." The ex-prisoner is made to feel conspicuous and out of place. When they suddenly find themselves back in society after years of being locked away, they may (for a time) feel alienated and confused - much will have changed for, and in them, and their surroundings. The ex-prisoner will look upon ordinary things, taken for granted by those who are free, with a sense of awe (especially where technology is concerned). Inconsequential things such as eating with a knife or steel fork and spoon, the simple act of walking in a crowded room with males and females together, the sound of a child's laughter, etc., etc. They have to develop a whole new behavior pattern in order to cope with this "strange" environment so vaguely remembered. To some ex-prisoners life in the "free world" can become too complicated, and the feeling of "not fitting in," of "not belonging," this results in frustration and anger. On top of these difficulties, nobody really wants the ex-prisoner living next door to them (even those who may say it does not matter, may never really trust you) or working in their companies. A lot of ex-prisoners find the transition from prison to "freedom" not only difficult, but impossible. So, the next thing you know, the ex-prisoner is forced to go back to the principle of "survival of the fittest," that they have been taught so well - inevitably leading them back to prison. Then society will have the nerve to ask why!

That is a real crime - one that few people will ever understand or care about.

My fellow prisoners, we often concern ourselves about how to better society or change things, or how to attack the powers-that-be, but we do not do much about changing ourselves and preparing ourselves for our release - we take much of that for granted! Talk to prisoners who have returned. Ask them about the problems they faced and of where they errored in their getting prepared for their release. Listen to them! Do not think it cannot happen to us! Some of the most political get out and return. Why? I do not believe we can blame all of it on "lack of sincerity," as we often tend to do. It takes preparation and support - start now. Get yourself together and your support!

Yes, I am Talking to You!

By Abdul-Shaheed Muslim

14

"I thought I'd leave you with these words of experience - and maybe wisdom. When I first saw you I noticed that you had a fighting spirit, but I also saw that you lacked the discipline and emotional development to control and direct this spirit in a way that would benefit (more than harm) you."

"Since you have become aware of some of the injustices of the system; of power; of power in the hands of psychopathic authority figures - you have developed a strong emotional cesspool of animosity, disappointment, pain and outrage. It is right to have these feelings toward injustice - but, it is reactionary to be blindly and spontaneously manipulated into self-destruction by them. To "go off" impulsively as you have done before is more a sign of weakness than strength. You should continue to struggle against this weakness and develop a mind that is immune to the mental games of guards (and some prisoners). Dignity and "manhood" have nothing to do with whether you miss a shower one day, get a pass canceled, lose recreation or commissary - and other little stuff like this. They have the power to take all of this and you cannot stop it. They have control of your life in almost every essential way: food, water, heat, lights, medical treatment, etc., etc. They can even put your body in any cell or location they choose. All you have is your soul/mind. Don't let it, too, be controlled and moved at their will by circumstances and conditions they create."

"I still make this mistake myself sometimes - even though I know it is foolish. Even though I know that it is a weakness that soldiers cannot afford. In the Manual of the Urban Guerrilla, "impulsive behavior" is one of the seven deadly sins."

"Always struggle with intelligence and control of your decisions/actions. Learn to break reactionary habits. It is an everyday struggle, I know. And even with myself it must be constantly kept in mind."

"The nature of the human mind is more sensitive than many of us truly understand or realize. We can spend all our lives suffering and facing sudden set-backs because of emotional pains and traumas that we could not deal with. Some mistakes in life can never be mended/some misfortunes can never be erased. But, how do you know unless you try?"

"The things in your heart and mind are in need of a revolution just as much as the social society we live in. So, learn to struggle with your personal problems, also. Try to wake up each day saying, "I've made mistakes in life, but I'm working on correcting them. I've got a lot to live for and I will not allow anyone destroy my present or future!"

— (A conversation I had with my reflection in the mirror one morning!)

I am now nothing like I was before...

Abdul-Shaheed Muslim

NAME Abdul-Shaheed Muslim
D.O.C. NO. 855090 Location 10-4C
Indiana Department of Correction
Pendleton Correctional Facility
P.O. Box 30
Pendleton, IN. 46064

I.C.C. and the U.S.

By Abd'ul-Shaheed Muslim

15

Recently 20 governments voted to set up a International Criminal Court (I.C.C.) to prosecute genocide cases and war crimes. The biggest opposition to this court comes from the U.S.. They refuse to become a part of it.

I wonder if this is because they have used genocide to colonize lands, and that they may become the first defendants on trial? To those who do not believe the U.S. has used - and will continue to use - genocide, ask the people of Puerto Rico, Iraq, Cuba, Afrika - and, of course, this land.

I'd like to speak on Puerto Rico for a moment. Puerto Rico has been a colonized land of the U.S. since 1898, since the end of the "Spanish-American War" (before that, it was a colony of Spain). No one asked the people of Puerto Rico if they wanted to become a "commonwealth" of the U.S.

The U.S. knew the people would rebel, and feared this, so they imposed martial law and installed a U.S. governor. The people still had the potential, and want, to challenge the U.S., so the U.S. destroyed Puerto Rico's agrarian economy; devalued its money; imposed citizenship on the people so it could draft the men of Puerto Rico into the U.S. army to fight the U.S. wars; imposed the teaching of the English language; polluted its air, land and water - and installed 21 U.S. military bases on some of the best land.

The people of Puerto Rico cannot even vote, but can be drafted! In fact, their "representative" in congress does not even have a vote there.

Recently 16 Puerto Rican political prisoners and prisoners of war were offered clemency (11 imprisoned and 5 already released - the 5 were offered reduced fines). It is believed Clinton did this to gain support for his wife, who is planning on running for a senate seat in New York, which has a very large Puerto Rican population. We know he did not do it out of the kindness of his heart! Many of these men and women have been in prison for 15-20 years - for "crimes" they allegedly committed for the liberation of their land.

On Sept. 7, nine of the 11 imprisoned heroes accepted the offer, one decided to serve the remaining 5 years on one of his charges, another, Oscar Lopez Rivera, refused the offer outright. Oscar refused to denounce the fight to free Puerto Rico from U.S. control, and will continue his 55 year sentence. He "considers parole an insult fit for a criminal, not a hero." He also stated, "accepting what they are offering, is like a prison without a prison."

The other heroes were released on Sept. 10. Nine of them returned to Puerto Rico. One of them, Edwin Cortes, said, "I'm sure that we'll be received as patriots in our country, not the criminals we've been labeled as in the U.S." Even though they accepted clemency, all still believe Puerto Rico should be its own country and not part of the U.S.

The "House of Representatives" condemned the clemency 311-14.

To the released men and women: Bienvenidos a casa (welcome home).

Back to the U.S. and the I.C.C. - even though the U.S. opposes the I.C.C., they are quick to cite international law to denounce colonialism, genocide and war crimes, when they see an advantage for them to do so.

The U.S. prisons are full of political prisoners and prisoners of war that have fought the U.S. genocide, but the U.S. labels them terrorists and/or criminals. Once in prison, the P.P.'s and P.O.W.'s are subjected to psychological and physical torture to destroy them (once again, acts of genocide).

Abd'ul-Shaheed Muslim
#855090
P.C.F.
PO Box 30
Pendleton, IN 46064

Some times you may feel your best is not enough.
 So you feel like giving up.
 Then you sit down to write your goodbye letter.
 Filled with false dreams what you're about to do
 Will make things better.

"I'm sorry" - is what you wrote.
 Even went so far as to say "That it's for the best - I hope."
 You swallowed your potion,
 Thinking it would set everlasting peace in motion.
 How good you thought it would be,
 To finally be set "free".

You laid back and closed your eyes,
 waiting for that one last sigh.
 Your mind started swimming,
 Your stomach was turning.
 Then the pain hit like a bomb.
 So you start calling out for your Mom.
 No answer. You think, "Doesn't she care?"
 Then you remember that you planned it so that
 No one would be there.

You are all confused because you feel there is something
 You must have missed.
 You had no idea it would go like this.
 It was supposed to be easy.
 Well, my friend - welcome to reality!
 Tears start to fall,
 As you reach out to make that call.
 "Help me" is what you manage to say.
 "Help, I need help right away."

You try to get a drink of water, but you drop the cup.
 Then you get sick and proceed to throw up.
 In the background you hear the ambulance arriving.
 The last thing you remember is sitting there crying.
 Everything gets black.
 Your body goes slack.
 Help is too late.
 Welcome to hell's gate!
 Free?
 Haha - Ho ho - Hee hee.
 No such luck my friend.
 True suffering is about to begin.
 A suffering you cannot ever run from again.
 Because my friend,
 -- Suicide is an unforgivable sin.

PPWC
Political Prisoners of War Coalition
In the Trenches...

Hidden Victims of Crime

Children of incarcerated parents -
 a hidden population.

Children of incarcerated parents -
 public assistance?

Children of incarcerated parents -
 traumatic stress
 and families in crisis.

Friends outside?

Prison Mothers.

Prison Fathers.

Intergeneration incarceration?

How do you tell your child you are in prison?

How do you celebrate a birthday while you are

Over the phone or through a letter! away?

Possibly during a visit.

Prisoners family?

They, too, are in a form of solitary confinement.

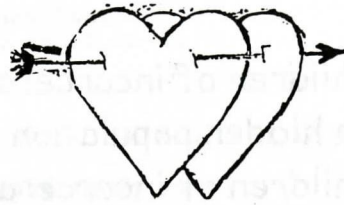
Parental absense -

Child's negative behavior reaction?

One reason of many.

Parenting -
from behind bars?
Difficult, at best.

18



Parenting Education,
While in prison?
Family ties -
desirable -
but very difficult.

Children of incarcerated parents -
hidden, innocent, victims of crime -
forgotten victims.

R-U-LONELY-2?

Every day I C a thousand faces--
But I'm still lonely.
All I ever wanted,
Is 4 someone 2 love me.

I thought you'd be the one,
Who'd B there through thick and thin.
I honestly believed,
You'd B by my side N the end.

But U just turned,
And left me N the cold.
You tore apart my heart,
And stepped on my soul.

I still find myself,
Thinking of U.
Tell me,
R U lonely 2?

19



A Mother's Child

In prison no one will hear your cries,
Not a tear - not a sound.
Always having to keep up your guard,
You can never let it down.

You thought a life of crime would get you
Where you wanted to be.
It got you sent to prison, instead,
Wishing you could once again be free.

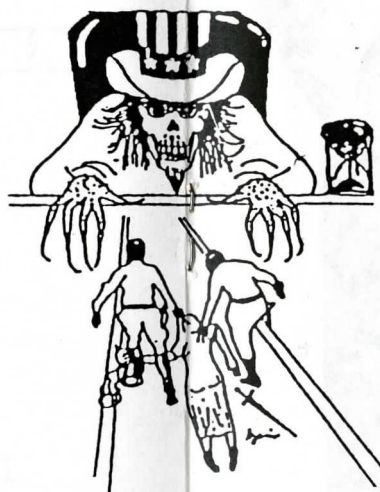
On your first day you saw death,
Complete with its toe-tag.
How fast you thought of getting home,
And staying out of a prison body bag.

You sat down and wrote your mother,
Asking her just to pray.
Telling her that if you could do it all over,
You'd do it different today.

How you miss your sweetheart.
That last special moment you will always remember
You left her with a pain in her soul,
And a new family member.

You will always hear the judge's voice,
And your family's cry.
You hurt more than yourself,
On that day you let freedom fly.

You thought you had it figured.
Thought it was "cool" to get high.
But now - every day,
Reality reminds you that any day you could die.



The stories pass through your mind,
Which you chose to ignore.
Now here you are, surrounded, yet so alone,
fighting your own terrible war.

You made a mistake.
You learned your lesson.
You are ready to learn more,
but the prison holds you in its aggression.

Prison will try to break you.
Try to rub your face in its sand.
Though sometimes you may get weary,
You must continue to stand and be a man.



LOW-INCOME
HOUSING PROGRAM

Unforgettable Tears

Bang goes the bell.
 Everything is far from being well.
 Love denied.
 Daddy lied.
 Fatherless baby.
 Homeless lady.
 Now baby cries,
 As tears fill Momma's eyes.

To Protect And Serve?

A child is murdered.
 Murdered by another child.

 Police give chase.
 Police bust down door.

 Innocent child gets beaten.

 No arrests.
 Wrong address.

 No apologies - no anything.
 Innocent child stays bleeding.



IT IS THE TIME

24

You stole our land-
Then forced us to work upon it.
Told us we have no rights-
You treat us like an animal.
We protest-
You kick us out.
You try to brainwash us-
You want us to believe it is our own fault.

We do not just want freedom from something-
We, also, want freedom to be someone-
To be something.
We want our land back!
Keep your "political" freedom-
That does not feed hungry people.

You have stolen everything from us-
Except our honor!
So, we will fight!
Take your whip-
Turn it into our sword.

We will NEVER crawl on our knees.
We will not beg for what should rightfully be ours.
NO! We will die on our feet!

Do not tell us, "Now is not the time."
If not now, then when?
It is the time!

No more "me", "mine", or "I".
From this day forward-
It must be "us" and "we".
Confront yourselves!
Confront Society!
Kick away the fear!
Help make freedom a reality-
A reality no one can ever again take.

We are Latino.
We are Afrikan.
We are Asian.
We are Native.
We are European.
We are the oppressed.
We are the poor.
I am you.
You are me.

Divided we fall. United we can stand!
Stand together!.

IT IS THE TIME!

BEHOLD THE SIGN 25

During pleasure and pain -- During life.
Behold the man!
Behold the sign!

I learn by teaching.
I give that you may give.
While I breathe - I hope.
While I live, let me live.

Alas! The fleeting years glide by.
Quickly.

To be, rather than to seem.
I am what I seem to be.

Why must fools be taught by the result?
Experience can also instruct fools.
There is a method in all things.
Thus, having experience, I fear it.

Deeds, along with words.
By faith and love.
Beyond these walls--

I am still a son of the people.

I look to the end.

We travel the same road by different steps.
In this sign is my hope.
I am not what I once was.
I am now NOTHING like I was before.

I AM MORE!

Break of Dawning

26

Warning:

Parental Advisory

Strong Content!!

(or so "they" claim.)

"Convicted felon"

Trapped inside a "correctional" facility,

A.K.A. the belly of the beast.

Do not judge me,
Before you take the time
To get to know me.

i know you heard what i said,
Because i know you are not deaf!

Instantaneous

Devastation.

A freight train derailed: Stereotyping.

i am a soul survuvor!

Manifest -

i must bring the truth to the light.

If you do not know

- You will!

27
If you continue to refuse helping yourself,
How can you help me,
or anyone else?

Why does it take some of you so long to change?
Why do some of you refuse to ever change?

Am i speaking knowledge from the tongue only,
Or knowledge from the soul?
Can you feel me?
i feel you!

What is next?



PARTNERS: THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

I look forward to the future,
Even though it may be unjust
and insufferable.
Who knows...

I do know that I cannot continue
to live in the past.
because,
my past
is part of who I am.
Without identity
I am nothing.

Another thing I know -
I will not try to blur the differences,
Nor will I sell it to "Hollywood".
Too many have done that already!

A Thought I Had This Morning

28

Even though I am in prison
i am still walking tall.

i walk with my shoulders squared

And my head held up straight

- with my eyes level to the world!

Even on the days when loneliness tries to pull me
down.

i will be free one day

And i will not let prison break me

- or my faith.

No matter how hard it tries.

Even though all of that is true

A part of my soul will always remain damaged
because of prison.

Another Thought I Had This Morning

Prison is lonely.

It is a "hell."

So much horror and noise.

In prison you are never able to "relax."

You have to seem to be "tough."

Not being able to trust adds to the misery.

i looked inside myself, found myself,

And i now know who i am.

i know those who are my friends,

and those who are my enemies.

i cannot be intimidated -

nor am i afraid to question.

The "system" cannot beat me.

Young Man grew up in a rural area where the people
lived off the land.

He was one with nature.

His days were lazy and his nights relaxed.

Then one day he gets drafted and is sent to fight
In someone's else's land.

The war is over and Young Man comes home.

He finds his rural area gone - destroyed!

He finds it replaced with a city of concrete and steel.

It is unplowable.

His people were forced out with little or no compensation.
Urban renewal?

More like poor removal!

Gone are the rows of corn and peas.

Also gone are all the trees.

In their place are rows of buildings and hot streets.

The streets are filled with cold and unfriendly strangers.

No eye contact!

When they do look at Young Man, they do not see him.

There are no friendly or open conversations.

Nothing but whispers.

Too many people.

Lots of rushing and shoving.

Such loud noise.

Young Man is lost - in many ways.

How will he survive in THIS war zone?

Counted Sorrows

1. The love lost never to be found again.
2. The far away look of a one time best friend.
3. The days wasted that can never again be lived.
4. The time i swore the truth, only to have lied.
5. The crimes i committed for which i am now in prison.
6. The time i broke my one true love's heart
for no reason.
7. The fact that my children are growing with -
out their father by their side.
8. The days i've tried to say i'm sorry, but could
not, because of my "pride,"

Oh, how this list could go on and on...

But, there's not enough today's or tomorrow's.

So, i must bring to an end

this list of counted sorrows.

30

occurring everyday...

31

You try to make us hate ourselves and keep an
ugly mindstate.
You are one of many locks that keep us from
Unity's gate.
One day we will find the key and toss you aside.
Together we will be, hand in hand and stride by stride.

"Powers - that - be"
of the World
- you know who you are:
the exploiters,
the oppressors,
the slavemasters, etc.
- you shall be overthrown!
By the people.
For the people.

Women, men and children - seize control!
Rise up
And fight.

Be
Conscious.
Be
Ready to fight.
Be
Ready to seize control
Away from the abusers:
The "powers - that - be."

Unity
Among the people
Has taken over.
No more
dividing.

A total liberation.
Complete change.
Radical change.
Economic. Political. Social.

All people
Come together.
Men and women
live together
As equals.

Care
for the people,
the land,
the animals.



Every man, woman and child
Must be
Equally housed, clothed
And fed.

The people
have the abilities,
the means.

Time to go into action

Not just a "nice idea"
or a "beautiful dream."
The people
are moving!
Forward!

United
Conscious People.
Fight!

"Powers - that - be"
of the world
- you know who you are.
Keep looking over your shoulders.
The people are coming!



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE

It's My Turn

34

Accused of committing a crime,
So they labeled me a savage.
Beat me in the side of my head
- they tried to cause brain damage.

They put their foot on my neck,
that crushed some bones.
Then they filled me full of drugs,
- now i've got a jones.

They topped that off with a long prison sentence,
that broke my back.
Now i'm tired of the pain,
- it's my turn to attack.

i've took all i can take.
i'm far from crazy.
i'm a warrior,
- and i'm just plain angry.

Sellout

Had lunch with the president
And took your "cut."
Now you want to condemn us?
You try to confuse the people
- by calling us extremists!
You call yourself a leader of the people,
but, you are nothing more than a Sell Out.

Truth

35

*You think you have me underground,
in hiding
And on the run?*

You don't!

*I'm in the communities,
being loved
by the people.
I am truth
- And I am stronger than ever!*

CHICKEN HAWKS

I see you chicken hawks flying around my home.
You want to strip my flesh from the bone.
No, I do not want a \$20 piece!
When will all this madness cease?

The chicken hawks fly around killing our children
Mentally and physically.
Who will be next - you or me?

Chicken hawks fly ever so high
Looking upon the people with a sneaky eye.
Floating and waiting for someone to walk by -
So they can swoop down out of the sky.

Chicken hawks walk the earth in human form.
They seem like you and I - the norm.
They prey upon the weak and are anxious to attack.
They will do anything and go anywhere
Just to sell you a dope sack.

Here comes another one.
Somebody hand me my shotgun!

My words can be like fire from the mountain -
 A blaze that can consume you.
 A spark to start you.
 A warmth to care for you,
 Or a warmth to survive on.

My words can be like water feeding into a waterfall-
 Slow flowing and peaceful.
 Gaining momentum with time and distance.
 Becoming powerful at the right time.

My words can be like the air that surrounds us unnoticed -
 Too much taken in at a time may cause dizziness.
 The right amount may cause life consciousness.
 Not enough may cause death.

My words can be like the earth we live upon -
 It takes a seed planted, and produces something needed -
 or not. It can sustain us if cared for properly.

REALIZE THE REAL NEEDS

\$150 shoes.
 \$90 jeans.
 Cars the price of houses.
 Credit debt.
 Consumption (And I don't mean tuberculosis).
 Forced to find illegal means to get the money.
 Modern day slaves of capitalism and greed!

Too busy buying more.
 You do not even realize the real needs:
 COMMUNITY
 SOLIDARITY
 FREEDOM--FROM IMPERIALISM AND IT'S OPPRESSION.

CAN'T STOP - WON'T STOP

You kick me, beat me and lie to me.
 --Everything it takes to try to get me in a blind rage.
 You cage me, chain me and dehumanize me.
 --You think this trap you've put me in is an unsolvable maze.

You turn off the cage light.
 You turn on the cage light.
 Over and over again you try to make me fight.

Like vampires you try to drain my soul.
 How much more blood do I owe?

To begin with--
 You will never win,
 Because you do not have what it takes within.

I will not break, bend or change in the least.
 I look forward to Judgement Day and the believers feast.

Until the very last blood drop---
 I can't stop -- won't stop.

i hear the beat of a drum.
 The beat gets louder and louder,
 faster and faster.
 The beat is the only sound of the night.

i walk to the top of a hill
 to try to get closer to the sound.
 Except - it sounds as if the drum beat is following me.
 i turn and look all around me.
 No one is there!
 i sit down to ponder the situation.
 The beat of the drum gets quieter and quieter,
 Slower and slower.

As dawn appears in the sky -
 And a lone wolf howls -
 i realize where the drum beat is coming from -
 ME!
 It is the beat of my heart.
 The beat of a warrior.

Wake Up Society

Society -
 Why do we allow the "powers-that-be"
 to continue to lie to us?

Wake up! Open your eyes - Realize -
 that their words are full of lies.
 They do not care anything about the poor,
 for, if they did
 - then there would be no more.

Propaganda.
Manipulation.
Deceit.
Poverty.

Illiteracy:

Tools used to keep people separated
and hating each other.

Divide and conquer.
Use of force?

Ask the victims of MOVE in Philadelphia.
Or the victims at Kent State
and Jackson State Universities!

Too many examples to list them all!
Too many dead to count!

They have no loyalty to people -
they will sacrifice many,
to gain a little.

History shows it is true.
Truth is extreme.

Money.
Greed.
Secrecy.
Conspiracy.

"System" we did not choose!

Approximately 1% holding power over the remaining
Actions unanswered. 99%!
Until now!

Sounds of fury from the oppressed!

Forbidden to speak Spanish at school.
Told that it would be better to "Americanize" our names.
(So that we can "fit in.")
Then you force us to show an I.D. card,
to prove we are not here "illegally."
A (United States of America) citizen?
We are treated like strangers in our own land!

You tell us it would be best for us to call ourselves,
"Mexican/Americans" or "Hispanic."
No! We aew Latinos.

We are forced into poverty, and to take jobs you refuse to do,
then you get on T.V. and claim we are foreigners,
"stealing" jobs.
Who is the real foreigner?

You want to destroy us and our culture!
You want to strip us of our dignity!
You want us to be full of self-hatred!

We are the majority -
Not the minority in "America," the continent!
We were here long before you ever came.
Yet, you say you belong here and that we are the immigrants.
Liars!

How dare you call me a "wetback!"
Did you not cross an ocean to get here?

You came here and then colonized us.
You lied to us -
cheated us -
and used genocide on us!
The rest you tried to kick out.

Some left and many have returned -
Struggling to find work -
Struggling to survive.
Still you say we are "a lower class of people."

We are Latino! Full of pride!
Viva la Raza!

To my Latino brothers and sisters:
I send my love!

WOKE UP

I used to be unhappy,
Angry,
Bitter,
Frightened
Depressed and lonely.

I ignored my natural born instinct to help people.
I even ignored other people's feelings.
I helped to destroy people,
Land,
Plants
Water and animals.

Then I woke up!

I am no longer demented,
Nor an angry man.
No more inflicting of misery
And suffering upon the people,
Land,
Plants,
Water or animals.

I lost my psychopathic craving for money and power.
CAN YOU??

Abd'ul-Shaheed Muslim #855090
P.C.F. (10-4C)
PO Box 30
Pendleton, IN 46064

So. Chicago ABC Zine Distro
P O Box 721
Homewood, IL 60430