

POETRY

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CITY OF VOICES

In my mind  
I know much pain  
many pleading voices  
lonely strangers of my past

I want to be free to enjoy another day  
to hold my woman and watch our children play  
I want to live my life the way god intended  
to give love from my guts  
I've changed and my ways are mended

I live in a city of loners  
with voices of pain  
and emotion so raw  
it turns on its owner  
pleading eyes  
search the sky  
for it's a valley of fear  
where miseries lie

Life is cheap  
in the city of voices  
where miles of slimy slate  
run slick with tears  
and wasted guts  
the surfaces are blanketed  
with those who've made choices

There's the pleading cries  
that are heard in the air  
they float from the tomb

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where men live in their fear  
it clings to their hearts  
it smothers their lair

Oh God,  
please save me from this decay  
it's a vicious city  
there is never no pity  
it's such a miserable thing  
this that I know  
it steals into my mind  
and twists it so  
I am always hungry  
for those things I'm denied  
it turns me into a being  
I can't identify  
please help me oh God  
save me from this  
even if it means  
that I must die

They speak from their cages  
despair is their wages  
they live in a hell  
called locked in a cell

disco  
neverson  
gray  
tunstall  
preston  
cool  
new york  
hop  
bus driver  
sticky  
moe  
chambers  
rudi gee

they all shared a horror world  
that slowly ate their youth away  
they hid in chemical solutions

slaving to preserve their sanity  
but what they earned  
was a devil's pay

Kitty had a ham bone  
nearly two feet long  
it was round like a bat  
with a knuckle just as fat  
he'd grease it down  
to screw himself  
now he's graveyard bound

There is no love  
peace cannot be found  
empty souls drift  
all alone  
in an ocean of fear . . .

C.D. SEGREGATION II

Grime hangs from the walls  
men scream for relief  
flies light upon suffering souls  
you feel dirty all over . . .

Can we love  
trapped in its fungus  
itching from the cruel punishment  
inflicted by those who can't  
understand the life we must live . . .

Can we think  
trying to live from day to day  
desiring to escape the fate  
the misery of our past . . .

It's a world of funky air  
our emotions are tattered  
stained from the intrusion  
of the ache that we endure . . .

We fled from slavery to second class  
citizen  
prison we know as intimately  
as the infant his mother's breast . . .

We don't desire this condition  
so helpless are we within it  
we are made by the system  
we know it's restriction  
it's wasting our bodies  
withering our minds . . .