

POETRY

GERALD D. FULLER†

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 . . .