

**"When The Prison Speak's"
Brett May Sr. of Soledad California
\$75.00 3rd place**

**These walls tell truths, it's lips that tell lies,
Looks deceive, but through these window's I see clearer than these eye's. . .
Ear's, they have a tendency to be choosey and non-responsive;
"Hearing" all, but only "listening" to what's pleasing to the conscience. .
But when it's quiet on the tier, and role call has been spoken;
And it's so silent in the prison you can hear heart's broken. . .
The sincerest of soul searching, bear's the proof of your worth;
When the prison speaks, the truth hurts. . .
Is it the siren that scream's peace, and the flesh that is violent;
For those intent on living peacefully, change faces when we riot. . .
Yet the longer we are divided, shedding the blood of the shackled wrists,
Then we'll drown in our own blood and simply cease to exist. . .
But when the min-14 reports, eerie silence supercedes;
And we lay in prone position, while they gurney men who bleed. . .
And the ever-present reaper sifts his gems from the dirt;
When the prison speaks, the truth hurts . . .
Rehabilitation is propaganda, justification to quell the guilt;
That children's backs are the foundations, on which new prisons are built. . .
I'm saddened to no end, for my child is among that youth;
And I'm with life sentence, and want to tell him the truth. . .
That when the cell block is still, you can hear the sound of prison;
Sober minds lie awake, and reap torment of mental visions . . .
The wife in the throes of passion, wedding vows no longer relevant;**

Or daddy's little girl needing love, no longer celibate. . .

Prison induced remorse for the souls guilt ridden;

Confess regrets to the souls, of those no longer livin'. . .

We lay still in these beds we've made, here in this Hell on earth;

When the prison speaks, the truth hurts. . .