



Image from Wamu.org

PRISON POET

To a Civilian

W/n a building

I call on you——from

a cell, on

a tier,

both a few feet wide——

breathing overstrung:

dying by 7362

another blackamoor suspect:

come consider me.

While the moon rots,

I am here——early morning cops

issuing surplus Rule Violation Reports

rapid & untrained,

and never once ran out of bullets——

hoarding masks, gloves & soap

as if that were the only El Dorado.

I'd murder as many as I could

but there isn't hand sanitizer.

W/n the COVID-gym

I call on you, quarantined

w/ a couple rats

& hundreds infected.

Here I am, laid on an eagle

while they——feed the disease.

This was b/f
C.D.C.R. committed
49 counts of murder:
death by COVID——for which
they hide in hindsight.

Writing this poem,
I call on you
masked,
gloved
&
gowned
in
rules & rank.

PRISON POET, Prisoner #BJ0177, is an artist serving a life sentence in the California Prison System. In 2013, the Regents of the University of California—on the nomination of the Faculty of the College of Letters and Science—conferred on her the degree of Bachelor of Arts with majors in English and Philosophy, and a sub-specialization in Shakespeare Studies.