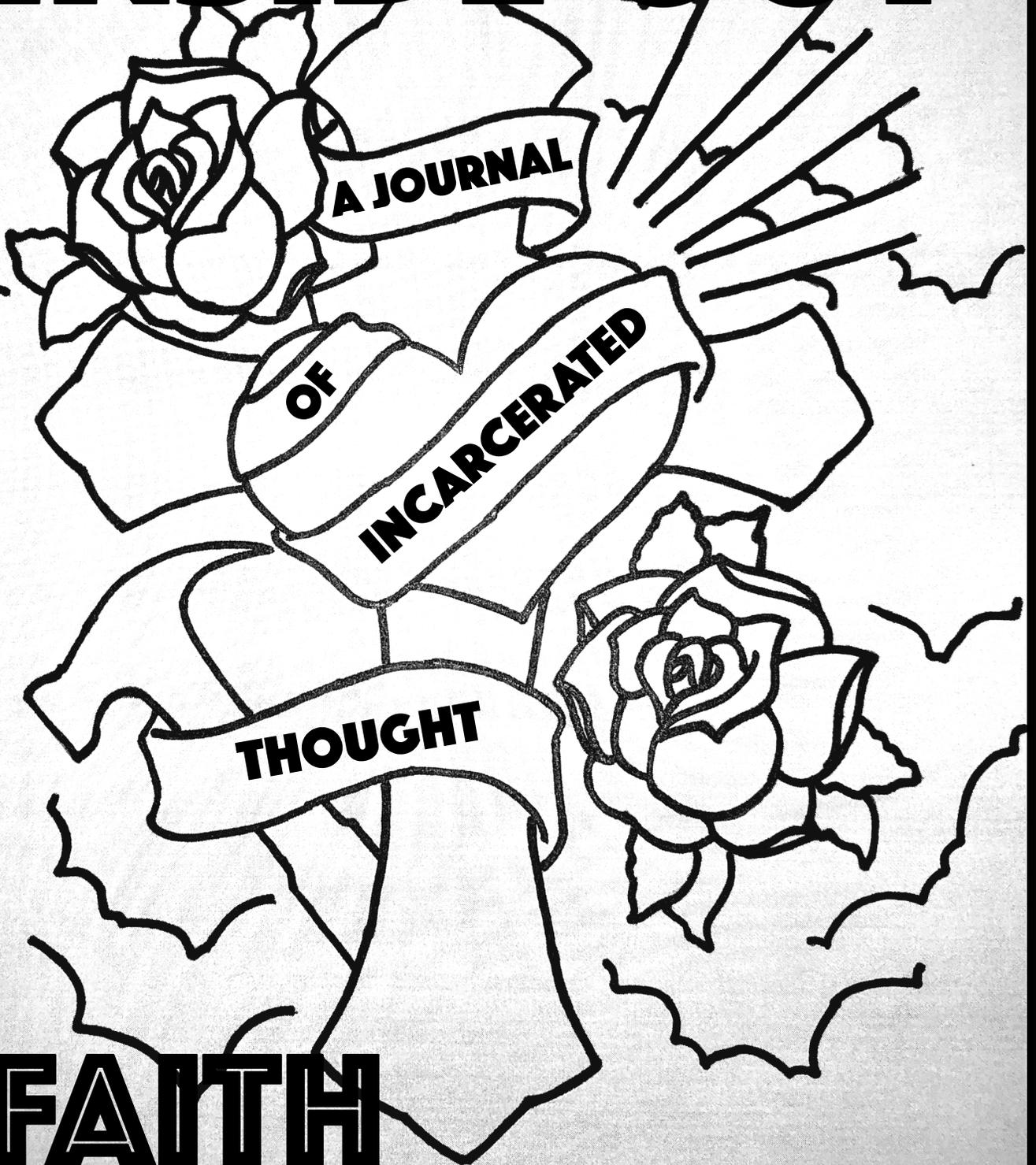


**ISSUE #3**

**OCTOBER 2017**

# **INSIDE OUT**



**FAITH**

# INSIDE OUT

## A JOURNAL OF INCARCERATED THOUGHT

“Faithless is he that says farewell when the road darkens.”

-J.R.R. Tolkien

### Written, Illustrated, and Edited By:

Erik Barreto, Monte Barrett, Slice Billy,  
Santino Guerra, Daunte Gonzalez, Jazzy J,  
Brandon H., Bruno Mamwalee, Olanquan,  
Cesar Rivera, Malik Shabazz-Pizarro,  
Dominick Williams, Melvin Williams

Art by Dominick Williams and Cristian Juarez.

*A special thank you to the New York City  
Department of Correction Programs Office.*

Inside Out welcomes correspondence from our readers. We reserve the right to edit all letters and submissions for clarity and length. Please direct all correspondence to:

**450 Lexington Avenue, P.O. Box 2517  
New York, NY 10163**

**LiveWriteNYC@gmail.com**

**www.livewrite.org**

Inside Out is produced by incarcerated people in New York City. It is published by LiveWrite Inc., a non-profit organization.

## See

By Melvin Williams

As a young boy I remember momma saying, “Faith without work is nothing at all!” Therefore every morning I wake to grit and grind against the demons lurking in my American dream.

It is a dream similar to MLK’s, whose faith is infinitely rooted in humanity’s soil, scratching and clawing at its back ‘till bare-bone is identified. This is my faith, although faith is unknown to many.

It cannot be harnessed, caressed, held, or even disrespected.

*See momma gave me my faith.*

*See momma gave me my cross while crossing my chest twice before Sunday school on every given Sunday.*

I once too had faith but was robbed of its definition, never once replaced with reason or apology. I just nod and pray.

*Dear Lord, I do have faith.*

*Dear Allah, I do have faith.*

*Dear Buddha, I do have faith.*

*Dear Jah, I do have faith.*

See I recall singing along to the melody of faith’s symphony. No match were my baritone thoughts, but still I never surrendered the opportunity.

I wonder if I can transfer my faith onto my children, with hopes of finding my true interpretation. “Have faith my child,” Father Matt whispered before dunking my head beneath the Holygrail of my curiosity.

Faith stumbles through my blood like heroin tap-dancing on my equilibrium. I lean on the North Star, hoping to verify my existence, but the Star refuses to twinkle.

*Continued on page 2.*

*Continued from page 1.*

Who is responsible for the distribution of this thing called faith? Who gave my momma permission to pre-determine my faith? And what is the physical description of faith, so that I may Etch-a-Sketch my motivation on the ass cheeks of democracy.

---

I lean on the North Star, hoping to verify my existence, but the Star refuses to twinkle.

---

I have faith that President Trump will dress up like President Putin this coming Halloween. There are many tricks to how he mistreats immigrants and faith cannot be found.

I am confined to five letters.  
One syllable.  
And no purpose.

I am tested every day by the unspoken doubt.

---

Every time my black fist goes up,  
my black faith comes down.

---

I am summoned by expectation and ancestral obligation, but every time my black fist goes up, my black faith comes down.

So what is faith, you may ask. Unfortunately, I cannot explain. For I have been robbed of its definition. ■

# Faith

By Monte Barrett

Faith is you, faith is me, faith is we  
In all reality, faith becomes our destiny  
We have to split the personality  
And check the arms and feet  
To make sure he is me and I am he

And all the time it brings out the best in me  
Faith is more solid than a planted tree  
Faith is not knowing but always showing  
Growing from our blessings and learning from our lessons

We depend on oxygen, which we can't see  
Faith works the same way, how can it be  
Faith is about believing, receiving, and then achieving

Faith in the spiritual is a dynamic force  
Faith in the flesh became an overlooked source  
Faith is a precious jewel that can be taught  
Faith is a priceless gem that can't be bought

Faith is a new relationship with good things to come  
Faith is a powerful spirit that works  
But not at the beat of your own drum  
Faith is a desire to believe with great things to come

*Continued on page 4.*

## Table of Contents

See.....	Page 1
Faith.....	Page 2
Revenge Pt. 1.....	Page 3
Once Again.....	Page 4
Find Her Pt. 2.....	Page 5
Review: Blade Culture.....	Page 6
Quotations.....	Page 7

# Revenge Pt. 1

By Daunte Gonzalez

*“Once upon a time, there was a woman who discovered she had turned into the wrong person.”*

*-Anne Tyler*

The transformation started when she was just 13 years old and had to witness her family being murdered. Only she and her little sister survived the attack by hiding from the intruders. Her name was Storm and her little sister's name was Tanya. After the murders of their family, Storm vowed to always protect and take care of her sister. She also vowed to find and get revenge against the people who killed her family.

After the death of their family, Storm and Tanya was moved into their uncle's house. Storm hated living in her uncle's house because their Uncle Paul's wife, Peaches, always treated her unfairly. She tried to explain this to her Uncle Paul, but he always sided with Peaches.

Tanya, on the other hand, was always treated the best, so she loved living there despite what happened to her immediate family. Her uncle always showed Tanya more love and attention than Storm. Despite being treated different, Storm always made sure she kept her promise to her little sister. She always made sure she and her little sister stayed close.

As time went by, they got older and nothing changed. Storm continued to be mistreated, and her thirst for revenge continued to grow.

# Once Again

By Erik Barreto

Once again I find myself inside a cell  
Destroying everything in my path to find you  
Sometimes I just want to forget you but I can't  
I know it will be hard to live without you

Many years I seen you live thru my mother's eyes  
But for the pain that I made her suffer  
Is the reason I see you die every time she cries

I wish I was free to run to hug you  
But the steel doors let me know I can't

I remember the times when it was easy to make you proud  
Those days seem so long ago that now  
I don't know ever again will I hold your hand

I just pray and hope one day you could forgive me  
I just hope one day you could understand  
That you didn't fail to raise your child  
I failed you on the route I chose to become a man

I know you always wonder my whereabouts  
And I am so close to you that you can't see me  
Mother I miss you so much please forgive me  
I've changed please believe me

So at night I pray for you  
And I know that you pray for me  
And even though I'm a man now

The little boy you once raised  
Just wants to make you proud before it too late  
And as a man I got faith that one day I can

Once again I find myself inside a cell  
Destroying everything in my path to find you  
Because I know I can't live without you  
Faith come back into my life again

One morning, Storm woke up from a nightmare about her family being killed. The whole morning, she was angry because she missed her family and Peaches continued to mistreat her. As her anger boiled, she mumbled, "I hate this bitch." Peaches kept her promise to her sister. She always made sure she and her sister stayed close. Storm suspected she said something smart. Peaches jumped in Storm's face and asked, "What you said, you lil' bitch?" Storm told her, "Get the fuck out my face." Peaches smacked her and Storm countered with a two-piece. As Storm hooked her, Peaches fell and hollered for Paul. He ran downstairs to see what Storm did. He then turned on Storm, angered and face red as he yelled at her. Peaches continued to play victim as Storm tried to explain to Uncle Paul what happened. He refused to listen to her and put her on punishment. As Storm was on punishment, her lust for revenge continued to grow inside of her. She added Peaches to her list as she vowed to get revenge. A couple weeks went by and Storm saw her first opportunity to get revenge on Peaches. Uncle Paul was still at work and wouldn't be home any time soon. Tanya was in the living room at the bottom of the stairs, watching TV. Storm sat in her room and planned her next move against peaches. The moment for revenge presented itself when Peaches came into Storm's room. Storm caught an attitude and snapped at Peaches. "Don't you know how to knock when you see a door closed?" Storm asked. Peaches responded, "I shouldn't have to knock in my house and you better watch how you talk to me." Storm replied, "This ain't your fucking house, this is my uncle's house, and you're just the bitch he's fucking."

*Continued from page 2.*

If faith had arms would you want a hug  
 If faith had lips would you want a kiss  
 If faith had feet would you want to take  
 A walk on the beach with nothing to risk

If faith had a voice and could talk, what would you say  
 Hello faith I've been waiting for you most of the day  
 You first became my reality when I started to pray

Let's take a walk so I can give you a kiss and a great big hug  
 I ask you to say thank you to the man above  
 For carrying me when I couldn't see the steps  
 For allowing me to know it was him  
 That helped me breathe every breath

I am able to worship and praise him with a beautiful song  
 Knowing that you carried me all along  
 Thank you Jesus my savior, the rock that is higher than I  
 For helping me to point my faith toward the sky

For giving me a chance to see  
 To put a face to the word and know all along it abided in me  
 With your hand I was raised and with your faith I was saved

Amen

*To be continued.*

# Find Her Pt. 2

By Cesar Rivera

The sound of Apple's notorious chime filled the air. Everyone looked at their phones. It was Deon's. Without waiting for the caller ID he answered, "Yo."

"This time I'm not playing. You robbed the wrong nigga. You came from the sandbox with me. Say hello to this widow-ass nigga." There was a brief pause as the caller passed the phone.

An icy chill ran through Deon's being when he heard Melissa's sobs come through his phone. "Mel baby!" he screamed. "Mel!"

"Listen!" the caller instructed.

"Deon. D-Deon baby. Baby!" Melissa cried.

"Are you okay? Have they hurt you?" Deon's tears ran rampant down his cheeks. "Who did this?"

"I want two-hundred-fifty thousand, two hours or she dies. If it is not paid an hour after that, your little brother is next." The caller hung up.

"Two-hundred-fifty. Where the fuck we gonna get that from?" Slice asked.

"I got one-fifty." Deon looked at his friend.

"Bro, dead-ass I got thirty to my name. It's yours." Both men looked at Jazmin.

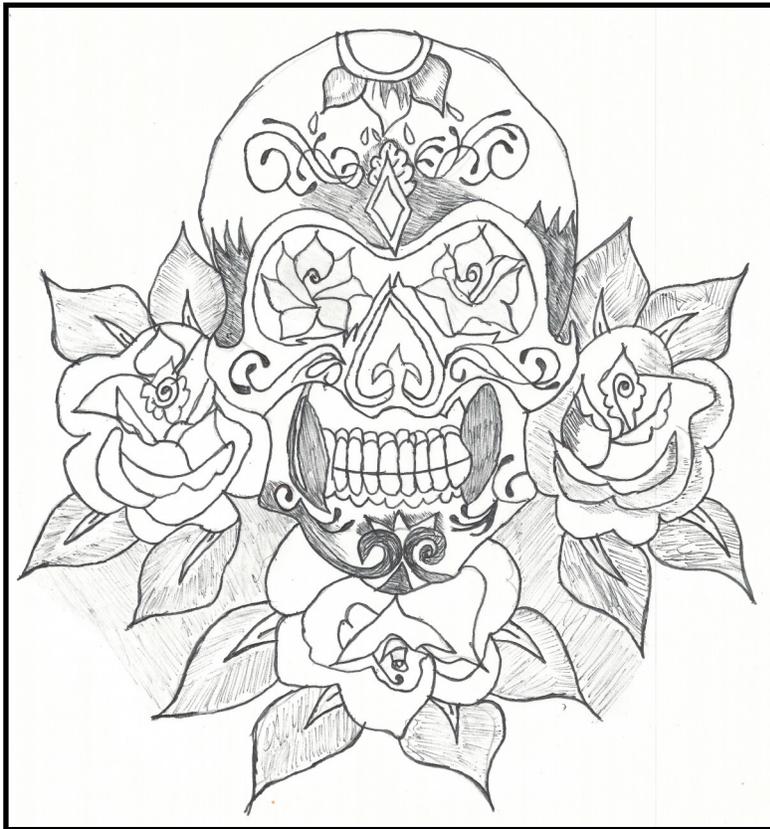
"I only got like forty-something hundred."

Deon began texting and calling every contact he

had in his phone, while Slice and Jazmin did the same.

"Let's say we have the money and call the police," Jazmin suggested.

"Won't risk it. Mel is my life. I'm get him his money and count my losses. Slice, come with me downtown, I can get at least another sixty for my chain and watch."



"You gonna sell your rollie?" Slice thought. "You right. This Mel. Here, sell my Auto." Slice passed his Audemar Piguet watch right off his wrist.

"You sure bro?" Deon paused before accepting the watch.

"Nigga you my brother. I can't believe Rah would do this."

"Rah?" Deon knew the voice was familiar.

"Bro, you couldn't tell?"

"Her dad got the rest!" Jazmin screamed, holding up her phone, showing the text.

Deon read the message at the same time his phone went off. A FaceTime request.

"Nigga you got my money?" Rah grilled.

"Yeah, I'm going to get the rest now."

"You know this isn't about the money."

"If you touch my lady."

"Nigga you in no position to make idle-ass threats. I told you, this time it is different."

*To be continued.*

## Review

# “Blade Culture” by Atticus Lish

By Brandon H.

For starters, I would like to mention that I like how this story is written out in its own style. The story develops nicely, and in my own opinion, it unravels in a cause and effect way of explaining the conclusion and factors that lead to it.

“Blade Culture” starts off by describing Randall’s occupation doing demolition jobs for his boss, and his boss appreciates his skill. Randall has no major felonies and grew up in a regular urban environment. He meets his significant other, Jane.

It appears that Jane is very promiscuous, based on the fact that when they got alone together, she resisted barely before giving in to intercourse.

The story moves forward, stating that June moves in with Randall, and describes a life of a regular nine-to-fiver’s day. It mentions a cousin of Randall’s was weaker in being influenced and lived a more serious thug life. Randall joined a gang, an Asian-Spanish clique.

It mentions further that a cousin of Randall’s was weaker in being influenced and lived a more serious thug life. There is a very serious brotherhood between members of his family,

who also had regular jobs, as members of the community would think, but “were people you did not want to mess with.”

Jane is an insecure, fat, but pretty girl that has a family (five siblings) who had all been in foster care.

The author slightly mentions her brother having warrants and been in jail, an older sister that was sexually assaulted at twelve, a younger sister that was mentally ill and lived in a shelter, and a younger brother that was homeless out in northern Florida, near the George border.

Also mentioned is that Jane “carried a great deal of resentment against her mother.”

I think Jane’s childhood greatly influenced how she developed into the woman she is in the story.

In contrast, Randall has good support from his family, stating “my moms driving an Avalanche

with two big F’s in the window, saying family first.” He also insinuates that if he had a wealthy family, he would have been able to exercise with real weights and maybe not be missing a tooth consequently from his use of improvised concrete weights.

There is a very serious brotherhood between members of Randall’s family, who also had regular jobs, as members of the community would think, but “were people you did not want to mess with.” Jane is described to be in a constant state of depression, which ultimately leads to her actions. She was even fried by her grandmother’s unorthodox methods of ritual. She even goes as far as incorporating Christianity as one of her resorts. “Christianity was forced on us.”

Randall mentions that she can go away with him. I don’t understand what manner he means, physically or mentally. “You’ve got to leave your family, they’re your devils,” he says. Jane ignores his advances on this subject in a dreamlike state.

A situation occurs between Randall and Danny, who is a carpenter’s assistant, after Danny mentions Jane being familiar with one of his boys.

*Continued on page 7.*

# Quotations

Curated by Slice Billy

**"Time is money."**

**-Benjamin Franklin**

**"May god have mercy upon my enemies, because I won't."**

**-George Patton**

**"Science may set limits to knowledge, but should not set limits to imagination."**

**-Bertrand Russell**

**"No one can make you feel inferior without your consent."**

**-Eleanor Roosevelt**

**"If you don't make mistakes, you're not working on hard enough problems."**

**-Frank Wilczek**

**"We must learn to live together as brothers, or perish together as fools."**

**-Martin Luther King, Jr.**

**"As a child of god, I am greater than anything that can happen to me."**

**-Abdul Kalam**

**"You can't win unless you learn how to lose."**

**-Kareem Abdul-Jabbar**

*Continued from page 6.*

Randall quits his job, revealing himself as the type to avoid his problems.

Randall confronts June about this. A fight occurs with the conclusion of Jane stating she only revealed her true heart to him and admitting that she cheated. Jane reveals that her reasons for falling for Randall are the choices he made in his life and not succumbing to the easy path that other members of his family are familiar with.

Randall momentarily welcomes the thought of confiding in someone new, but never really executes it.

At this point in the story, Randall catches Jane sexting. Randall foolishly thinks sex will cure her ailment. He engages in intercourse with her and feels as if their relationship is back to normal.

On return from a family reunion, Jane is in an angry state and fights with Randall upon their arrival home. Consequently, Randall gets "six months of jail time at Facility 8 from a judge who did not want to condone domestic violence," even though Jane refused to testify against him and begged to take the charges back. On Randall's first night in jail, he gets jumped, which leads to him joining a

gang. Jane, now his ex, gets contacted from the revenge porn that Randall posts on Facebook.

My interpretation of this story is that Randall is a regular guy with some influential energy around him. At first he does not give into this influence, but by the end, he does.

Maybe you can say he is a victim of his environment or his circumstances, but my own beliefs counter that. ■

*Congratulations to our contest winner and finalists!*

**Winner: "Faith" by Monte Barrett**

**Finalist: "Once Again" by Erik Bareto**

**Finalist: "Faith in Faith" by Bruno Mamwalee**

**Finalist: "Wait for It" by Malik Shabazz-Pizarro**

**Finalist: "See" by Melvin Williams**