

Jan 3rd

I'm in the back of the room for about 45 min

It's the wee-hours of the morning. I've been sitting here on the toilet, foam under my butt, and my papers/notes on top of this overturned garbage can. This big piece of foam covers the toilet seat; the gray plastic garbage can turned upside down. The hard jail pillow is laid on top and the whole thing is brought flush against the front tip of the toilet bowl. And what do you have? An instant ingenious make-shift desk/seat combo. We veterans call this reading knowing how to "sail" when you can't get much to go with but 12 or 13 bunk beds, an average of 25 dudes, one shower, one "shitter" and one "pisser." Oh, and one sink. I happen to be on the toilet marked with a directional arrow "shitter." Eh, it's the clearest.

This is all in the back of the dorm and the only reason I'm back here now is because the general lights are turned off at 11:30 p.m. and the only one they leave on is this one in the back. I tend to think it's kept on for several reasons. One, in case someone has to use the toilets at any time between 12:00 a.m. of 6:45 a.m. when the lights come back on. We just like anybody else, sometimes you wake up in the wee-hours because your body tells you to go piss or your dream done woke you and you realized you and the mattress made some passionate love. Two, I think that these officials figure that "some" light should always be on, especially at night, to discourage potential booty banditry and other general foolishness.

Me, in particular, I enjoy this light arrangement. There are two long tables up front which are for eating and also used for card-playing and writing. But from morning till nite, it's too noisy to really have the peace and quiet I would like to get into my thug, which happens to be reading & writing or just reared back thinking, daydreaming. So when that boob-tube is turned off along with those lights at the uppoint activity, most fellow prisoners take their noisy selves to bed and only a few stragglers like myself will be up, enjoying the relative peace and aloneness! (solitude)

(2)

So, here I am! in the wee-hours of the morning at my make-shift desk, trying to get into my writings. If you only knew how difficult I make this, tho at the moment I seem to be doing okay and hope for no disturbances. . . Cops! I spoke too soon. Two brothers have just advanced upon me, gangster-style. Crazy Jesse and my homeboy. Following the rhythm of the game, I threw up my hands from the "shitter" position & announced "I aint got nothin!" We laughed - they left. I remember Jesse saying about a month ago, or was it Mulbarak?, how our people will find something to laugh about to keep from crying. Right.

Where was I? Oh yeah, my writings. Yesterday I laid lazily in the bed (top bunk) and wrote a poem on MLK. His birthday's this month. The poem came out kind of easy and usually when this happens it means I may be coming out of a writer's slump. And this too was in the wee-hours of Jan. 2nd. I named the poem "Ode to a Black Star General" and its a simply written one because before I got down to actually writing it I had my son's birthday in mind. I was thinking about writing him a poem and being that he'd be 8 I figured the poem would have to be kept simple. Well, I did keep it somewhat simple, but after re-reading it, I have my doubts and so am now debating whether to send it to him or not. hm?? gotta do something for him. Me & him have yet to really "bond;" at least ^(until) I dont feel it satisfactorily. Oh, its a long story. the short of it is that he'll be 8 yrs old Jan 4th (? - Barbara will curse me out for ^{guessing & not knowing!} not knowing the exact date!) and I have been in prison for 8 1/2 yrs. Cursous?

Uh-oh! It seems I'll have company tonight. Abdo cant sleep. He slept most of the day, he says. He and Jesse are two who I will at times loosen up & play around with. But Abdo is a trip! He's a 19 yr old Saudi Arabian who's been in the country, let him tell it, for 5 yrs. His pops owns some store on 42nd Street in New York. I dont know, tho. For

someone who's been in this country for 5 yrs he talks like he's born and raised in New York streets: Muthafucka-fuck u! That's a bad bitch. Look at the pussy on that bitch. Man, you're a dummy - Gee it the fuck outta my face! ... I tease him sometimes about it and tell him I refuse to believe he learn "that" language "that" well in 5 yrs! ha!

Okay, he's sitting down "reading" a Penthouse now, so I'll get back to my other thoughts. I had another poem out tonight. This one I'm still working on. It's for Sulaiman in Somers prison, a brother whom I've gotten very close to in the last year. He wanted a poem that describes how he felt when he had his first contact visit with a sister (Nadrah) whom he'd come to know and share intimacies with thru correspondence. It would be a challenge to me to see if I could come close to capturing what he experienced. Being we had sat and talked about what loving feelings were developing between them, I felt I could empathize and possibly express it in a poem. And the result will be for me to him, to "them", it'd be my pleasure.

Well, I was disturbed again, tho I'll confess: I asked for this one. I stopped writing and started reading aloud to Abdo (here sitting in front of me) what I'd written about him. At first I could tell he didn't believe I actually wrote something ^{about him}, and then when he dug it he jumped up to check it out. I snatched up the papers, he grabbed for them. He took abold several of my free pencils & playfully made stabbing motions but I remained cool and unrelenting. He gave up, picked up the Penthouse and continued to "read" it, limited his reading is. But he tries.

Coincidence: The Penthouse has an article on an interview with a Saudi Arabian king. That has caught his interest. He rarely gets serious into anything outside of eating, sleeping, playing cards,

watching TV or peering me (ha!). But as he's reading this article he tells me that this king is saying that Saudi Arabia is being used by another country. I ask him, by what other country. He goes on trying to figure out who. In the back of my mind, tho I've not read the article, I believe his country is a U.S. puppet. Matter of fact, it was just last nite that me, him, Teme and my homeboy were engaged in a discussion about "OK Arab countries" (it started from the question: Would they shelter BIA's Assata Shakur?). At that time I told Abdo that Saudi Arabia was not "OK" because of U.S. domination. He denied it strongly and I left it with, "Well, if I have the information I could show you!" ...

Well, he just discovered the truth right out of the King horse's mouth. Who's using his country? The U.S. of A. But he tricked me. When he said the USA, he really didn't read that. He said it only because I had said this last nite, so he put one over on me! Curses! But I made him go get the magazine so I could see if he were lying. Well, he wasn't lying. He'd only read the first page which didn't mention anything about the USA or anyone "using" his country. That was page 84. At the bottom read: continue on page 148, but Abdo didn't know how to find that page. Me, tho, I had to read the whole thing because he did put one over on me and I felt the slap. Ha! So I took the chance that somewhere in this article, ^{something} would support my point that Saudi Arabia is a puppet. And lo & behold, near the end of the article, on pg 150, this King (another misunderstanding on Abdo's part, he wasn't no king - he was a top echelon Saudi businessman) said himself: "At the moment in Saudi Arabia, we are at the crossroads between dependence upon the West and trying to understand ourselves."

(The Khashoggi Phenomenon by Andrew Duncan Penthouse July 79)

Case Closed. My fingers hurt. good-nite.