

as Salomon Alakinn

To My Husband,

6/16

My later thoughts of you

Each day the pain of loneliness for you grows deeper & deeper. Each time I visit you I have this desire to crash that glass into just to touch you, if only for a moment. These prisons must have a thing for imprisonment I think of how they take the animals from the jungle and imprison them. How miserable they must feel being all caged up no longer knowing the freedom of the jungle.

Monday 1:15 AM.

Another weekend, another day, another Tuesday I'll have to sit and talk to you behind that small glass, watching the man that I love, a human being - being denied the right to exist as a man. How did this evil all start? Who gave these prisons the right to do the things they do.

Tues. June 19

Today, you cried. I cried because I was not near you to dry your tears away - to hold you in my arms. To comfort you. You know I never saw you cry before. I hate these prisons for every tear that you shed. I guess all along I've known that this was building up inside of you. I've seen it in your face heard it in your voice for quite sometime. Not very many know the hurt that's inside of you - I know, I have known, I knew those nights we went for ~~short~~ walks, the nights you laid quietly in bed

thinking, those days out in Calif. George Jackson's death.
Always making the people's plight your's

Somewhere along the line we must have some
piece of mind. These past weeks have been hell. All
of those nice lovely things that I would like to write
just doesn't come easy anymore. Even as I write
now I'm filled with such bitterness. I've got to re-
lease it. that all I seem to think of now-a-days^{is} getting
these swine and of course you are constantly on my
mind.

It seems so strange that you need me so much
I remember when I told you those exact^{some}
~~words~~ I never thought that you would ever
need me as much as I needed you when we
first met, remember? Do you remember when my mind
use to go through changes and I would just hop to
you and you'd listen?

There were quite a few things that we never did
because these swines put a limit on our time
together. Someday our day will come. Some of my
most sensitive natural parts react to the thought.

Behind what you're going through in there I really
don't feel that it's to good for me to write all of the
thing I feel inside. it could only add to your frustration.
when I cried papa kissed me and told me

that it's going to be alright and I believe him
I'm blessed to have sons like the ones we've got
they give me visions - Just being able to touch and
hug them makes things a little lighter. One of these
days they're going to strike out against these park-
chops for the misery that they've caused them and the
ones they love.

For us to love is a pain under these conditions. but
this won't go on forever I feel this. I'm looking forward
to that day when you can just be your wife and a
good mother.

June 22

You should home this by 6/23/73. Sat.

That old dude is messing around again this whole
day has been foul. I wonder how much longer before
the breaking point comes. they say that everyone has
a breaking point. Do you believe that? I think of the
things that one could do to escape this madness. There
is no scapegoat to rid me of this bitterness I home
for the boys they must pay their debt.

Love to you later. Love you always

your wife
Malika