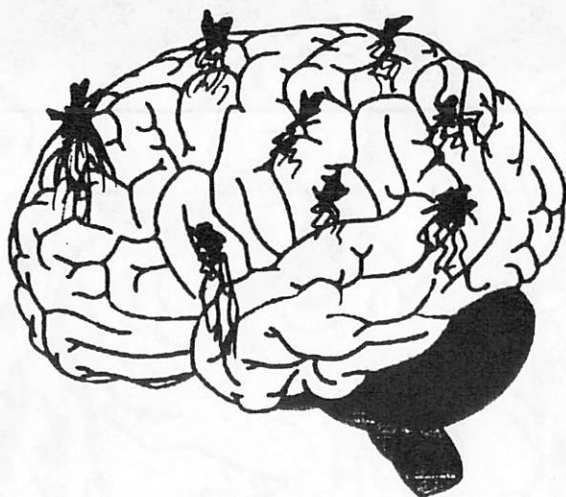


Shrapnel #1



**Bomb Fragments
for the Mind**

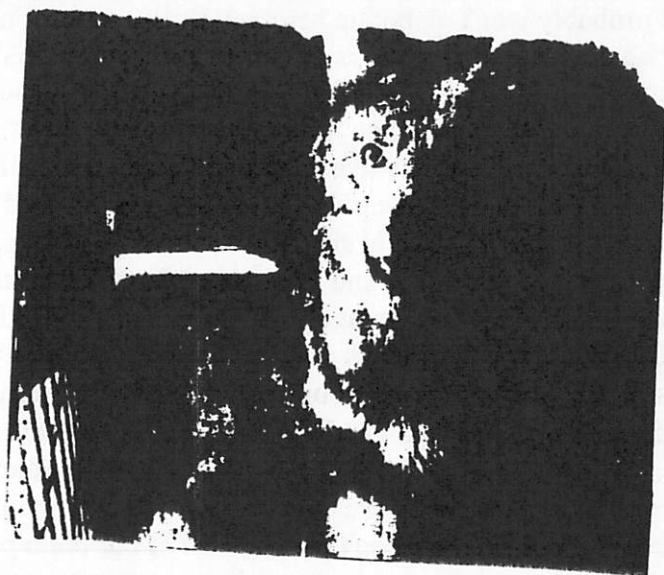


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WARREAR

- . Introduction- Bomb fragments for the mind. – Coyote
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- . An activist speaks out- Gina Shepard
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Bomb fragments for the mind

The thoughts that formulate, percolate, and then conglomerate from the center of my spider web are intended to aim, reach and land in the center of your heart. So you see, my intentions are pure, my point is direct, but the final absolution, of whether your heart receives what comes from my soul, is up to you. In my youth I spent a lot of time in solitary, but I am by no means, a solitary person. I like to socialize, I like to communicate and I like to interact with people. I like to talk, share and listen. Sitting here in the cell, in a maximum-security prison, my conversations and communications are limited. Like many others who dwell in this darkness alongside me, I've been in some dark places in my life, dark states of mind and in fucked up, painful situations. (Painful to the soul). There is nothing more agonizing than loneliness, and I know loneliness, I know what solitude feels like. I probably won't elaborate here, but I've spent a lot of time in my adolescent teenage years locked in "timeout rooms" and cells in mental hospitals, lower juvenile facilities, or in some kind of institution, or another. Just me and the four walls, me and my mind, my thoughts, my fears, my pain and most of all my anger. That's all I had to keep me going while locked and confined against my will. I would sit in the room and think and think and think, and I would plot and plan new strategies and methods of attack against the staff members and when they would let me out of the room I was ready to put my plans to action, so you see, it was back into the "timeout room", back in 4.11 or restraints, strapped to a bed, back into isolation, again. The mind is a powerful thing. The mind is dangerous. When we put our minds to something we are dangerous, because we can do anything that we put our minds to! We don't even use all of our brain power, but I think if we strive to make it a point to start using more of our brains that we normally do--- and I'm talking about doing this on a daily basis--- we would have to be locked down,

Air tight in a super-duper maximum security prison, because we would be far too dangerous for the authorities to handle. Our minds are our most powerful weapons and the most useful gift that we've been given. Now, I'm sitting here 30 years old, locked down in a cell, all alone, learning the lessons of solitude all over again, and learning the lessons of loneliness, once again. Knowing the feeling of agony, understanding the concept of suffer in trying to figure out why a good, solid dude like me can sit here alone in this cell and be verbally attacked and persecuted by enemies, p.c.'s and pigs. Locked in the hole, locked in madness, as all these crazy things begin to eat me up inside, and you know when you get eaten up all inside you become bitter and when you mix bitterness with loneliness and add a little suffer and pain, you have a terrible recipe for emotional disaster. And sometimes violent thoughts of revenge and retaliation purveyed my mind. Being in this situation is a sickening situation and it takes a lot of strength (mental, emotional and spiritual), fortitude and a lot of "love for self" in order to endure. This is psychological in Vietnam, it's an experience that you come out of and never really recover from. "Shell shock". I have become shell-shocked from this maddening experience of being locked down in the hole. I have seen others turn out worse, they couldn't handle it, they couldn't endure, and they broke all the way down and lost it completely and now some of these "broken prisoners" are amongst the ranks of the p.c.'s and enemies who waged behind-the-door- psychological-warfare on me. I sit here in this cell with boxes and boxes full of literature and I pass it out to different prisoners in here. I know what type of stuff needs to be passed out, I know what will spark a flame in people's minds and I know what will ignite the vitality of life in people's hearts, so I take some of this stuff that comrades and friends (life is nothing without friends) send him to me and I send it back out to my two dear friends Gina and Katy, to get copies made and they will each send me about 20 to 30 manilas full of copies, and I am always excited to pass different materials out to different prisoners here at Ely State Prison with me. I remember how scarce good literature was in here when I first started to take my studies to the next level. I craved knowledge, I craved good, empowering the literature, I wanted to feed my mind, I wanted to

radicalize myself with knowledge, I was hungry and it was hard to find the materials I was looking for, and now here I am with boxes and boxes full of zines and pamphlets and copies of all kinds of good materials and I sit here passing it out freely to the prisoners here at E.S.P. who I know will put them to good use. The truth is, anything that will cause people in here to think is good! Anything that causes people to start looking outside the lines, outside the box, outside whatever the confinements they're restricted to and cause them to start taking a deeper, more critical look at things, is good! In this situation, thinking is absolutely necessary, thinking is more important than learning! When you're living-or trying to live-under these locked down conditions it becomes necessary and essential to keep your mind free and active, always. People in here who don't think, are people who don't care. They numb themselves, and dull themselves and numb themselves down with magazines, television, materialism, fantasies and gangster-ism. They've confined their thinking to every day bullshit. Life is over for them. This is it, the end of the road, and even if they're getting released one day, they've already surrendered to the fact that they'll be coming back one day, they don't give a damn. They gave up, there's no fight left in them. No spark in their eyes, no glimmer of hope, no passion for life, nothing. They don't think, simply because they don't care. But when the wheels of the mind start turning, things happen! Magic happens, revolution happens, progress happens, life happens! When the wheels of the mind start to turn, the world turns! I try to keep the wheels of my mind turning, but more importantly, I tried to crank the wheels in other prisoners' minds in here. I pass out literature, I write literature and when the situation permits, I hold discussions over the tier, or on paper, I'll get into deep dialogue when the comrades are around, and I'll try to engage others to think, talk, to get more active, to become more radical, or more progressive. That's what I do and that's what I've been doing. So, this is what shrapnel is about, bomb fragments for the mind. It's a tool, it's a weapon, it's life, it's love, it's truth. It's filled with different stuff, from different friends of mine and stuff I've picked up along the way. It's all packed into several zines, ready to ignite and explode the minds of the prisoner and the supporter. It's

resistance, its struggle, it's activism.

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The mind is a beautiful thing when cultivated.

Life is a beautiful thing when appreciated.

Lets get involved in this thing called life!

Coyote, E.S.P. Nevada June 29 '08

The law of no law.

Lets take a walk on the slippery rocks, where we leave no footsteps in the sand, but only grenades in the hand. Grenades in the heart. Grenades in the brain. Lets blow up the minds of the dull, confused and deceived, and replace them with seeds of true, intellectual thought.

As an Anarchist, I feel that life is about connection. it is my belief that we are all connected. We are all related, not only people, but we are all related with all living things. I sit here in solitary, locked away in a cell, confined to 4 walls and a steel door. but I've still been able to connect myself with a solid network of people on the outs, I've still been able to make necessary and proper connections with people both in and out of prison. I still feel connected to life, I still feel connected to struggle, and I do what I can to maintain a sense of connection to nature.

It is 2007, and the big thing this year, the thing everybody has been talking about is the book called "The Secret" which stems from the ancient "Law of Attraction". But people seem to have forgotten about the law of connection, not that I'm a big fan of laws or anything, but if I was, I know I wouldn't live my whole life, or even the rest of my life by only one law, and especially not by a law that is only about me, me, me.

The real secret behind "The Secret" is that the law of attraction is also the law of selfishness, which should be "against the law", in my book, but that is only if I believed in laws and

government. There are different kinds of laws though. I don't believe in governmental rule or law enforcement because those are usually laws that serve the rich white, oppressing the poor, and I'm not a fan of capitalism. There are principles that can be called laws, which each person can define and adopt for themselves, and then there are laws of constriction, which are the kind that will even make you my cellmate if you break them or that will enforce you to pay a fine with your hard earned money that will end up being used to further promote the means of capitalism. Principles allow you to breathe and be in the world and live freely and just, while laws are designed to constrain, enslave and serve only the needs of the rich and powerful. 8

The law of attraction is something else, from ancient times. Modern people who try to apply ancient wisdom tend to forget that we do not think or live like our ancestors did, so you'd really have to know what you were doing before you try to apply ancient wisdom to modern times and that's a law of respect. Not only respect for our ancestors, but also respect for the world we live in today. The reason that there is so much conflict and turmoil in the world we live in today is because people have no respect for life or truth or justice, namely the rulers of the world, who only respect the greed, power, money and corruption.

The law of attraction, if not used respectfully and properly is no better than capitalism, or even Satanism, which also promotes selfishness. I'm not saying that the law of attraction is a hoax, farce or scam, I'm just saying that if your heart is not in the right place then you might get bit in the ass by the law of karma

It can be said that I, myself have used the law of attraction to make the connections that I've made, from my prison cell of all places, but once these connections have been made and established, I've used those connections to try to do good things for others, who are mostly prisoners.

I feel that it's sad to see so many people so caught up in themselves, only thinking about me, me, me, when we've got all

these helpless people who have not. The law of attraction is supposed to be a sacred, magical thing, but so is life. We all live in this same world together, on the same sacred earth, but we've chosen to allow ourselves to stay divided because of things like money, laws, power, race and religion. The people who are trying to make connections and then use those connections to do good things, even great things, understand that life is about connection. But those rocks might be too slippery for everybody to walk on right now, so here I am, just skipping them over the surface of the water one by one...

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I don't believe in slavery, I believe in liberty. I don't believe in selfishness, I believe in mutual aid. I don't believe in oppression, I believe in freedom. I don't believe in chaos or destruction, I believe in kindness, solidarity and compassion. I believe in nature and I believe in humanity. I am an Anarchist. I am a self definer.

El Coyote
ABC-Nevada
Prison Chapter
2007

“ Anarchy calls for every single person not to be menaced by government and allowed to do their own thing- as long as they don't infringe on the lives and rights of others. Libertarians are the bourgeois class and anarchy is with the proles and unemployed, the downtrodden and incarcerated, the migrant worker and drifter. Anarchy is for everybody who wants to live a real life and be willing to fight for it. Anarchy is for those who want to embrace the truth-and all the danger that this may bring. Anarchy is concerned about the fate of humanity and goes to bat for the sake of humanity, even though they know they will be pilloried for it. its all about love and all about respect for life- not privilege.”

- Anthony Rayson, South Chicago ABC

"An activist speaks out"

By Gina Shepard

I have been interested in working with prisoners since I was a young meditation teacher. It seemed to me that one of the best uses of time in prison was to meditate many hours of the day. I have been approved by my teacher to hold meditation workshops in prison, but then life got in the way of my plans. I had a young child and had to work to support us, so decades went by before I could start to reanimate my dream of prison involvement.

During the intervening years, I had become a literacy teacher, and had taught people to read both here in California and in Guatemala. I became involved in a program in the Bay Area to teach inmates to read. It's quite shocking how many people can't read, and how many of these people are in prison. Because I love to read, and also because I believe in the power of words, the program seemed ideal for me. I started out with a Spanish speaking prisoner in the Oakland city Jail, and worked with him until he was deported. My second student was an 18-year-old African American prisoner in the Santa Rita Jail- the Alameda County facility.

I ran into problems almost immediately with the prison guards. Being an educated middle class white woman, I am not use to the guards rudeness and love of control. So when they arbitrarily would not allow me in because they wanted to assert their authority, I was not self effacing or passive. I yelled back. Now I see what a mistake this behavior was (though completely natural and understandable), because the inmates were the ones who suffered. I could just leave, but they ended up without any lessons. It was obvious that they wanted to get rid of me. So they rescinded my clearance to get into the jails. Why? because they said I was doing favors for the prisoners. That is totally true. But the "favor" they accused me of was blatantly ridiculous. My 18-year-old student asked me to call his mother and let her know he was learning to read, which I of course did. How they found out I will never know. I was devastated. More than ever I wanted to do some kind of prison

work, but had no idea how to go about it.

Then I saw a flyer in a bookstore for the Prison Literature Project, which seemed perfect for me as it combined two things I hold dear-books and prisoners. I have been with this group now for about eight years.

We send books to prisoners all over the country, with the exception of Texas. (there are so many prisoners in Texas, that we would have no time for prisoners anywhere else.) Currently, we are five months behind answering requests, because of the lack of volunteers. We have a core of about six people and have other volunteers who are more or less regular. Lately we've been getting a lot of help from a group of play school students who belong to a group called Building with Books. They are almost all girls from upper middle class families with incredible awareness. When I compare myself in high school with these girls, I feel nothing but shame for my superficiality and lack of consciousness. Thanks to them we are only four months behind. The Prison Literature Project is about 20 years old, and it is quite a miracle that we are still afloat. It is an Anarchist organization (which is a contradiction in terms), and shows how Anarchism can really work when you have a responsible group of people. In my years with PLP, we have had one meeting. We have no telephone, no computer and no paid staff. We operate out of a room crammed with books in a communal house. All of our time is spent on answering requests of books, packaging them and sending them out. What we do should be done by the prisons themselves, but it's not. So many prisoners, all of them poor, want to use their time in prison to learn something- either a skill so they can earn a living legally when they get out, a way to understand the society and politics that put them behind bars, or just basic educational subjects like math or history that they never had a chance to learn before being locked up.

We received some very moving letters of gratitude. One man taught himself to read in prison and kept track of all the books he'd read since becoming literate (hundreds). Another man said he cried when he read the short note that I sent with the books, because it was the first time in years someone had addressed him with kindness. Another prisoner in solitary

confinement arranged a sort of book club bypassing the books to others in solitary along with an essay on the book.

I am constantly shocked by the requests we get. These men and women read deep books! one of our biggest requests is for philosophy books. Very few people on the outside read philosophy. Many of them learn foreign languages. Our most common request is the dictionary. It's important to remember that Malcolm X. read the dictionary while in prison. The thirst for knowledge is incredible.

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I see our mission as two-fold. One, of course, is to foster agitation and increase knowledge. But just as important is a way to pass the time. I myself, a book addict, would probably go crazy in a day without something to read. We get many letters of thanks stating that without a book to read, the prisoner would have become insane. So I don't mind sending out what we call "pulp fiction". We have a division in the Prison Literature Project between those opposed to spending our precious resources on sending out "trashy" books and others opposed to any kind of censorship. However, we all agree on a certain kind of censorship. We don't carry or send out racist or sexist books. we also don't carry Bibles or Christian literature. There are plenty of Christian groups that cover that territory. I am well aware that our project does nothing to change the overall prison industrial complex. But to paraphrase Bo Lozoff, a Buddhist prison activist, what we do makes a great difference for each individual who receives a book. And that's of great importance to me.

Going with the Flow and Writing to a Man in Prison by Katy O'Leary

This is a story about going with the flow. Now that it's many months later it recedes into everyday life and is forgotten, but I woke up this morning KNOWING that this was an AMASING THING IN MY LIFE!

I had been writing to a guy named Coyote Sheff, in a Nevada State Prison, for about a year. He connected me to Flo Jones, whose two sons have been in prison for 26 years and she, along with other women, is active in prison reform. Through the help of a good assemblyman they authorized a bill that was being heard before the Nevada State Senate. People were invited to let their voice be heard on the issue.

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When I discovered that Carson City, Nevada was only 4 hours from the Bay Area I decided to make the trip. Traveling by car at 70 miles per hour through the Sierra Nevada Mountain Range was a gift itself. We live in a beautiful place! When I arrived at the State Capital, which road signs guided me easily, as I neared the building a hawk circled above the peak to the entrance. It was an awesome site to behold and I found my way easily into the senate meeting room. The meeting was well underway, yet I placed my name on the list of people to talk. Soon after I found myself at the podium sharing my story with the Nevada State Senate!

I told them I had known nothing about prison before writing Coyote, except what I had seen in the movie about prison called the Shawshank Redemption. Everyone nodded their heads because it was a popular movie about a man who couldn't get paroled to the streets no matter how good he was. He was "dumped" back into the system over and over. The movie, it turns out, is much like what goes on today even though it was set in the 1930's! I told them that my friend, Coyote had told me he was cold at night and needed blankets. Ely State Prison is in northern Nevada where the winters are very harsh. I told them that Coyote had been in solitary confinement for most of the time I had been writing him, and even though I was naïve something about that felt VERY WRONG!

Finally, I shared that Coyote told me there is no library at Ely and the men are left with hours of time and nothing to do. I told them that Coyote says the food in prison isn't good for their health. He tells me there are many mentally ill inmates mixed

with other men affecting their daily lives.

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Coyote is a prison activist. He has written a letter called "Greetings from the Graveyard" and asks anyone who is interested to write to him or other prisoners. There are many men in prison who receive no mail. Have no books. I've learned that most men in prison come from poor families. Otherwise, they wouldn't be in prison. They would have had a good lawyer to make their case appropriately. I've learned that everything in prison is marked way up in price. Phone calls are made through a company that makes a big profit. On and on and on. Its been a big eye opener to me.

Coyote has me copy material to share with other inmates in a study group he creates there with anyone who is interested. The material I copy is on history, the Mayan calendar, consciousness and Native American spirituality. These are his favorite topics. Currently we are co creating a library for the prison. As Coyote says "I don't want no bullshit books!" ONLY books on spirituality of all kinds. The chaplain library had a few books on Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Science of Mind, Native American Spirituality, books on Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King and many others. I am collecting more books now and vision everyone in my community to share one or two of their favorite books. Donate them to our library. Co create the library with us! Its fun!!

I found that writing Coyote is enjoyable. Writing with a pen and paper with my own hand. Receiving handwritten letters in the mail is fun too! Connecting with people in this way has been very enlightening and empowering to me. I have found that Coyotes letters contain light and love even though they originate from a very dark place. He doesn't wallow in self pity or give up. I've learned a lot from our letter writing.

At the meeting at the Senate Building we all shared our stories. A woman talked about her father, who had been in prison over 25 years and was now 75 years old. She wanted him to be part of her daily life and was tired of visiting him in a prison

waiting room. She wanted her children to know and be with him. The ACLU lawyer, a young man, shared that there but by the grace of god he could have taken the prison path himself. We all knew it was true. Together we shared our stories to co create a hearing that not one of us could do alone. We were coming together to let our voices be heard and it was empowering to all who participated.

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Now, many months later the bill passed but nothing has changed much. The parole board is not overseen by anyone other than the prison system itself. It has a conflict of interest and doesn't want to change. As a people we can forget about it and go about our business, but as we know we are all one and everything is connected. I will continue to write to Coyote, make copies for him, gather books to send. Persistence is what is needed here, until people see the light.

When I drove home through the mountains it was night and snowing. My little car plowed through the snow yet I was not afraid. I knew that I was divinely guided and would be safe. My dog, Buddy was my co pilot.

My challenge is to not forget that I am a voice for those who live in prison. Not to let it slide by the wayside. To Join together with people on the inside and the outside of prison to keep on keeping on, until we are all free people. Really free. Until we are all free, none of us are free.

Rant and Rave

The pen rants as the paper raves, against the machine I rage. Another struggle in this day and age, told from a prisoner who refuses to sit silently in his cage...

How can one person be so rich while another can be so poor? What in life sets us apart or even against each other like that (I sometimes wonder)? Materialism. What a tragedy, what a shame. Sad. Sad. Sad

The heart beats, the blood flows, everybody's looking for the answers, because nobody seems to know. The tongue speaks, the mind glows, when we speak from the heart because that's just the way it goes...

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How can there be so much going on, right in front of our faces and yet everybody seems to act like they don't know what's going on, or like nothings happening (I sometimes wonder)? Why do people do what they do and why don't they do when its time to do, and when is it really the "time to do", because if the time is good for me, that doesn't necessarily mean its good for you, and let me find someone who can say, " that isn't necessarily true"...

The pen and the page, the rants and the raves. The heart and the blood that flows through the veins. The mind, the body, the tongue that speaks of names in vain, but who am I? But just another prisoner in chains...

It's the sign of the times at its finest hour, just before the sun sinks into the brink. It should make you act if it makes you think. It's the sign of the times. I'm not saying it's the "end of the world". I don't believe in the end of the world. To me, that's nothing but a bunch of religious propaganda designed to strike fear and to conform the masses towards Christianity. Not really my thing. I'm not saying the "end of the world", but the end of the world as we know it. Change is on the horizon. Its in the air. You can taste it on your lips. You can smell it. Its just around the corner. Waiting, Like a dormant dormouse, silently slipping under the door and through the cracks of the walls. Change is here, almost...

Almost doesn't count. Only in horseshoes and hand-grenades. Are we playing horseshoes or are we throwing hand-grenades? Does anything we say or do really count, if we almost mean what we say or if we almost accomplish what we've set out to do? I don't know, but I think horseshoes could probably make good hand-grenades. But it depends on who you're throwing

them at, I guess. But that's one of those situations where "almost doesn't count". You have to hit your target to make it count. I think I almost had an idea there.

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There are all kinds of things going on in this world right now. Bad things. Sad things. Devastating and tragic things. People dying, people killing, people starving, people trying to get back on their feet and survive after suffering from natural disasters. The stories are out there, for those who want to know about what's going on. But there are so many people in the world who don't want to know, who don't want to acknowledge the everyday tragedies. Let 'em kill. Let 'em die. Let 'em starve. Let 'em fix it themselves. They don't want to know about it, cuz then maybe then they'd have to feel guilty for not doing anything about it. They would rather turn a blind eye and stay home and watch "The Simpsons". Sit back and say "oh well", thinking that things will fix themselves. The people who say "oh well", are basically saying "oh well" to humanity. These are people's lives that we are talking about here, but "oh well".

Imagine if everybody said "oh well" when you were born. Imagine if everybody said "oh well" when you died. Your life means nothing. That's what they're saying. That's what you're saying, when you sit back and say "oh well" to all the tragedies going on around you. Imagine if your house burned to the ground, and everybody just said, "oh well".

Things are not going to fix themselves. If you think you can sit back and let the people in power fix things themselves then you need to get knocked in the head with a horseshoe. I mean, just take a look at the victims of hurricane Katrina. They are still waiting for some kind of relief. The people in power aren't in any hurry to help them. Because maybe, "just maybe", things are the way they are because of the people in power or, maybe, it's because the people in power know that you are just going to sit back and say "oh well", while they "fix things"...

I rant, you rave. Let's see who catches the first wave? If it's

you, will you be willing to ride it all the way to your grave? Or will you end up getting locked inside a cage, left to live your life in servitude, like a slave? Telling yourself, its just another day in life's crazy maze, like this is just a spot of ink on an old, worn out page...

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In my mind, I can see myself on a podium somewhere, beyone these prison walls, giving a speech, speaking from the heart, I can see myself saying these words.

...On the flipside (cuz you've got to look at things from both sides), if we don't begin to organize ourselves, If we don't start to take direct action, these times are going to pass us by like the stealth bomber passing over a town full of rebels--swoosh! You wont see it, you wont hear it, you wont even know it passed you by.

We can take a look back, lets say "10 years" and we can see that nothing much has changed, nothing has efficently changed from then to now. If you go back and read literature that was written 10 years ago you will see that people were complaing about the same things that we are complaining about today. Its all right there in black and white. You can be "color blind" and still see it. The same things are still being said about the same old, stale ass issues. The only thing that has changed are the complainers. The old complainers don't complain anymore, they've given up along time ago, so now we've got a new generation of complainers to take their place. Ten years. That's a decade. What has changed from then to now? What have we achieved? How have we progressed? How many prisons have been built in the last 10 years? How many more people are in prison now, compared to the amount of people in prison 10 years ago?

Nothing has changed and the things that have changed have mostly changed for the worst. Not for the better. We must embrace these times, we must embrace these struggles today. There are real things goin on right now! Now is the time to get

involved, now is the time to organize, now is the time to act!
Elsewise 30 years from now, we as a people will be looking
back to these times, and future generations will be scratching
their heads (just like we will be scratching ours), asking "how
the hell did they let this happen"

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I don't ever want to live my life looking backwards, with
regrets, asking myself why didn't I just do a little bit more, or
try a little bit harder. We shouldn't have to live our lives
thinking about what we could have done or should have done.
We have the chance to make a difference right now. Everyday of
our lives we have the chance to do something-no matter how
big, or how small- that will make a difference.

We are the creators of our destiny, we are the ones who can
shape the outcome of our future. If you're sitting around,
waiting for things to happen, waiting for things to come,
waiting for things to fix themselves, waiting for destiny to
manifest itself, then you really got your head stuck up your ass!
Things don't and wont happen unless you get up off your sorry
ass and make them happen!

That's what its all about, making things happen. Changing the
things that need to be changed, making a difference in peoples
lives. But you've got know whats happening before you can
make things happen! Don't be one of those assholes who likes
to sit back and watch things happen, while talking out the side
of his neck about "this, that, and the other". Fuck that! "Get
your hands dirty too asshole".

In my mind, that's how I see myself, beyond these prison
walls. Now theres a thought: beyond these prison walls!

My heart beats inside of me but it resonates beyond. You can
feel it too. With words of passion we speak about change, and
revolution. With words of passion we speak bout the goodness
in humanity, the wisdom in nature. We speak about life and
love, as we rant and rave about this and that, we do it with
passion.

Are words of passion stronger than words of wisdom (I sometimes wonder)? If life is about connection then how do we make that connection? How do we connect to people? Nature? Life? How do we get people to connect to us? How do we get them to connect our struggles?

Beyond these prison walls. Just because im ready to be released, dosent mean im ready to be received. Just because I choose to live by the truth, dosent mean im gonna be believed. The pen and the Sword, the heart and the mind, the body and the soul, the rants and the raves, but who am I, but just another prisoner in a cage, denying that im enslaved....

-El Coyote-
Nevada Abc Prison Chapter



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