

Poems of Veronica Gowers

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E/R

Federal Penitentiary
Atlanta Georgia

From Tompoc 6/24/77

1 I lay here and wonder
Is it as cold as it seems
Or does it seem as cold
as it is?

This bed, with only the
wall as company,
is sure lonely.

2 My thoughts are of the
past—

the present—

and of the future past—

No, I'm not mad,

Just in Prison.

3 With each puff
of my cigarette
The darkness engulfs the fire.
But the glow shines thru.

4 My fellow prisoners speak
hungrily of each lost day
he has spent here
as each one might be a lost
year.

5 This morning we had cold
cereal in a box—
But we are in a box
everyday.

6 The trustees laugh gaily
But not because they are
Trusted! Is it because
they're not?

7 The dope wagon drives up
Pill call—

Man, what d'ya get?

500 milligrams of Vitamin C

What a wake up!

8 The doc has a spoon
at his side.

What that spoon for
Doc?

"A spoon by noon
On the floor by four"
What a cheerful 'ole
Man!

9 Black, green, gray, cracks
These are the colors one
can see—

Only because the sun shines
thru the screen!

10 Learning Hung Fu
Block, block, strike
So it is with the
oppressor!

11 The Sargeant informs us
that he's not here to
change the channel.
What then is he
here
for?

sentences the one who "steals"?
stealing money is a crime,
but taking control of Nations
of people
and taking their lives is an
honor & duty for
God & country!

12 For the "criminal" who is
weak & poor,
a narrow cell of death
awaits.

shall they fight "crime" with
corruption and say this is LAW?
shall they stop "crimes" with
greater massive crimes against
humanity and proclaim to the

13 Enclosed within this steel &
cement tomb
there is still the smell
of nature -

"gods" "this is justice"?
To me this is just the
brutality of the rich!

Apples -
Fermenting apples -
We call it Jailhouse wine.

15

The price of bread is up,
The price of milk is up,
The price of meat is up,
The "crisis" of energy is up,
The needs of the people is up,
The guard last night
Told us to "keep the noise
down".

14 Let me ask you -
What justice does authority
display
when it kills the "killer"?

What a strange Request!
It seems as though the State
is losing control.

when it imprisons the "robber"?
when it descends on a neighboring
country or Nation and enslaves
& slays its people?

What justice is it
when a killer punished the
one who "kills"?

16

I can hear the trays of
dishes rattling.
Since I'm in Prison
it must be time to eat.

And a thief larger than me

17

I am a man locked in a
dark cell

and condemned by those
who are rich.

They would seek to "reform"
me by corrupting me.

I would not sell my soul
for a mess of pottage.

18 America is constructed upon our dead
The right to love and to walk,
these are not ours:

In our own lives we are slaves
Alas! The time is nigh for us,

as conscious slaves, to rise -
To rise out of anger and proclaim
it to the skies:

that the time has come
For us, as rebellious slaves,
to rebel -

To redeem the work that we
ourselves constructed!

Names left blank for the purpose of anonymity.

Loving A Revolutionist

Loving a revolutionist is not always gay,
and loving him seems a high price to pay.
It's mostly loving him with nothing to hold,
being young, yet feeling so old.

It's having him whisper his love to you,
and whispering back that you love him too.

Then comes a kiss, and a promise to wait,
knowing the revolution now holds your fate,
while you're dying inside from needing him so.

Watching him leave with eyes full of tears
eyes sweet —, standing alone with your
hopes, dreams and fears.

And even though he is near yet so far away,
you keep loving him more each day.

Being in love with a revolutionist leaves you only
your dreams,

yes, dear —, being in love with a revolutionist
is exactly what it seems.

Days go by — no mail for a spell,
you wait for a word to hear he is well.
If there is a "god" who listens, then tell me
please, when do you end all this hell.

Then weeks turn into months & months
become years...

Time presses slow, yet it's here gone at least,
you're barely aware that it's here, till it's past.
You being in love with a revolutionist brings
bitterness and tears, loneliness, sadness and
despondent years.

So remember, I'm thinking of you everyday,
and I'm sad and lonely from being away.
So love me and miss me and tell me so,
because —, you love a revolutionist, you know!