Who’s The Blame
By Mark A. Simien #90965 Camp J
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Who’s the blame, for this thing called crime,
We don’t receive decent jobs so we have not a dime;
But the minute we steal and rob in order to survive,
They’re hunting us down either dead or alive;
When we tried to be citizens they refused us the pleasure,
Which makes us not give a damn to use a different measure;
The question is, why was we neglected from the beginning,
Now that crimes involved there seems to be no ending;
Society, is the reason for today’s crime rate,
They even have baby’s [sic] through the prison gate.

Harvest Time
Carnies McMurray #90799 Magnolia 2
Published The Angolite Volume 8 No. 5
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Early morning’s grey sky backed the translucent plain. The musky smell of moist earth and cattle. A phantasmagoria of rustic stakes, furrows, and greeneries.
The hearty laughter; showy vernacular of the Mixed mass in line, dotting the plain, sometimes Barely visible; are heard ringing through the air. “O Larry! What’s happening?” ‘Ain’t about nothing, baby!’
The guards shouts rang ominously. “Tighten that line up over there! Get in line!” Dew lingers upon the grassy growth; and the plowed powdery earth, arrayed in uniformity, with its green caps of peppers, onions, and corn. Acknowledge the beginning of another day.
**Together is Not Enough**
Richard Dennard #108996 Magnolia 4
Published The Angolite Volume 13 No. 3
May/June 1988

Prison is a very lonely place, especially when you’re in love. You find explanations to feelings, that you knew nothing of.

But those emotions are harder, being incarcerated in a cage. Separation from your loved one, your emotions rage.

Walls, bars, fences, and gates, all of these obstacles in your way. Your heart pounds faster and faster, and hurts more each passing day.

Love makes you depressed and blue, especially when the love you wish to be with, is incarcerated with you.

**Reflections**
Andrew Lee Jones* Death Row
Published The Angolite Volume 16 No. 5
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A man without hope is a man without a dream, And without a dream a man has no purpose.

To be here on Death Row a man needs something to keep him alive. For I feel at times that I don’t have a purpose.

But I do have dreams and hopes. For one day I’ll be able to put the life on the row behind me. To be able to go on without the thought of not having a purpose. For I have been lonely, sad, I even tried to be happy here.

But tell me, how can a man be happy with the thought of his life Being ended with the push of a button? How can I help but keep the thought of not having a purpose? For my life here I live without the thought of a tomorrow, Now and today is what I must justify with.

For if I try to think of a tomorrow it only comes down to one thing, Sad, lonely and without a purpose.

*Jones was the last person executed in Louisiana’s electric chair (July 22, 1991) [Included with poem in Angolite]