

## Group Poems - Lyrics on Lockdown PIC Workshop

pARTicpate, July 19, 2004

### Group 1

You torture me into thinking prison makes  
Everything all right, all good  
Empower me and make art my tool  
Not the pick, the shovel, or the metal press  
No sweatshops or sewing machines making my pretty pink dress  
Where are my books? Where are my instruments for change?  
The prisms of prisons distort color of justice  
Disenfranchisement steals my identity  
Deprives my mind ... where is my knowledge?  
Where is my identity?  
In 2010....  
Paradigms of change free my mind=  
Free my body. Break the chains  
Today

### Group 2

The chair I'm sitting in was built by the PIC

Imbalanced, pain, blackmail, black male  
Unattached, demoralizing, dead end

Children come home to empty homes  
We need food for the soul, after school programs,  
And poems  
We must have a community connection  
That has an immediate reflection  
To change medias deception

Imbalanced, pain, blackmail, black male  
Unattached, demoralizing, dead end

The time has come to find the  
Passion in our heart  
To rise up from our chairs  
And rebuild what has been done

### Group 3

#### Despair

Industrial genocide a loss of pride  
It hurts to be on the inside  
Brown like me means despair,  
When can I hope to breath the fresh air  
Everything is taken  
My soul is shaken  
I sit all day in a concrete cell  
In someone else's profitable hell  
In the mirror I see despair  
And inequity no room for reflection  
Only red of anger  
The black of my people  
And the green of the greedy...  
Halliburton.