Dispatches from a Political Prisoner

September 11, 2001

Marilyn Buck
not in dyke
there is no answer in death
I know too much
I know nothing
I look around me
but comprehension is not completely
conceive why
I a political prisoner, can

(Feigns either)
(chickens won't roost here again
dazed dishefeld
everything creeps

do chickens come home to roost?
the other follows
one lower fails
not Hollywood special effects
not a disaster film
not a made-for-TV movie
slow motion, dyke mourning
reply: collapse
reply: plane crash
video monitor
live on TV
maybe
would they?
no one would make that up
she's not insane

exploding
the world trade center's
come see
Julian Holters
I move
morning-slow
before

Dublin, CA, 94568
Camp Parks, Unit A
5201 S. Sheet

Martin Bick

Rebellion, March 2003
America's Political Prisoners Write on Life, Liberation, and This poem appeared in Joy James's editor, Impressed Intellectuals:
December 2001

back into the routine prisoner's plight
four o'clock unfolding, shadow in the shadine light
I step out
THIRTEEN

Four

I don't think so
I shake my head

They will show all the prisoners' rooms today?
With Kim's phone in my cell

I shudder and walk away
used as wheadless
civilian

All American suicide killers
a man in Michoacan
Colombian high school boys
a young postal worker
looking civilian with them
who commit suicide
I can't comprehend

Many will the dead upon the hand
Muslims? Arabs?
(Palestinians are always suspected)
The Palestinians
many will read the eagle
I know

They will blame the Muslims
a Muslim visitor watches
eyes locked on the shocking scene

Sponsor for revenge
the eagle's nation
chindia of wrath
dark smoke spreads
soon others will die
I know
FIVE

sound streams woman’s babble
insecurity in my sleep
wooden-shoe noises
inside their blind
not quite please no, my eyes blink

I turn on the radio talk to me
I go to sleep

A deep shade’s doom
what time is it?

a ghost voice rises
in the stillness
I escape electric light
around my face
I wrap a candle’s wound
I must be awake

the Cypresses shap my eye

am I awake?
shadow prints disappear
across the desert space

graze my eyes and my breath
poises here the shadows of my death

my chest is pled rock-heavy

is this my tomb falling on me?
beneath a concrete rockslide

my limbs locked
whet time is it?

I wake cold-throated

THE ORDER: 9 AM P.M.

keep the glassess
I need my glasses!
everything taken
ill and commended
striped naked
I am

just for your safety
you must be locked up
not for my safety
not for my safety

you are privileged you know why
you are privileged you know why

I stand before the captain
I won’t return today

come with me
a guard
in

I turn to sweep the floor

find things of the ordinary
about the 4:30 pm
what do I know
the corners of my mouth
question marks
I hope not

Where are they?
ELEVEN

I will miss the sunspots
not my decision
my will

out with the others
in with the others

I break silence
no ground comes
no light comes

I will

leaves - yellow, then the chocolates
joy rings louder than the chimes

outside - cages
one by one mems are led
handcuffs clink

voices thread through the metal doors
leaves - until nearly

THE "SHH" SPECIAL HOUSING UNIT

the concrete cocoon swallows me
metal chains swallow sound
I swallow anger
wrapped within my fists

I keep outside
and hip-hops
cad in the yellow for position

handcuffed behind the back
I keep a neutral face

The dream stirs

with neither notice
no mail
no visits
no more calls
not something did
Small Relief is political -- Washington --
a legal call

silence, everyone behind door listens
where are the terrorists?.
overheard voices

you may not speak to you.

what did she do?
she heard in a show
where was an old woman

I dream of Dresen-Hannah Bagheld
I fell exhausted into sleep
night comes
I do. Who wants reception?
the sun stops just behind the wall
Prime. Pass. Shift change 2:00

I rise my lip
I sift down

Back. Bank
my head is wrapped in metallic changer
the sun is our
we want our
we want rice
we want rice
we want rice

Two-women bent plastic bowls on metal doors
silence. Days before sudden cacophony

I swallow in silence

Pink. Weekend brunch

cold coffee the color of our clothes

the food opens

like gas past
then it’s gone.

Travelers hurry across
on the edge of board-faced windows

A glacier. Daffodil advances

The Weekend

without a hint of
without clocks of minutes
inside.

These: I must seek cycles

daylight creeps inside

Shift change

Changing keys. Slimming metal taps
NINE

...the cyclops watches
...as last I doze

I shudder in this cell
into ice shards of will, they desecrate
will my bones break
how long will this go on?
I lose between the thin-thick walls
the cyclops peers
the high, damn the high
except the void of sleep
I will pin no other
my void is this cell

cells smaller than a conventional box
inside inky cocoons
I remember Afghan women hold hostage

of my brain and reputation
self-inflicted misreadings
justifiable timeouts
I remember: the u.s. hands the fundamentalists
Christian Zionists
the collective damned
blood wines and walls
I think of other polemics
I meditate
I don’t want to think of!

through a broken window
through the glass shards
sentenced to closed visions
I’ve been here since the beginning
beside women
the suicide cell has ghosts

EIGHT

...just in case

mead refreshments for hands and feet
in air for vengeful gods
and the meals of a cyclops light flimsy me
I lay down on suspect blankets

Night

cold into a coffin box
frozen chrysalis
I drop
a handful of tablets
a transparent silver I measure
I swing hope on a thread
so cold

which while choking cold

dark rises in my throat

in silence breath to weave sweet dreams
in butterflies to break one
suspected amnesia
walls press against my edges
cold, decades with eyes closed

what edges do the Palestinians walk?
how many walk on edges?
I walk around the edges

(1) Susan is back

(2) Special forces and blankets beat
me, I have not heard before

(3) Has this happened before?