

# A CELEBRATION OF ART AND POETRY

BY STUDENTS AT HMP HIGH DOWN



look at this paper and read this pen. Like the flicker of a fire. So now I'm here. And I stare in imagination  
the voice of music in time tells a different story. What are my dreams. Something to reflect  
This winding road is far from straight. All business no mess. I stand before you  
Amazed proud and broke is how I feel. I am singing for you  
s is the room where I experience my life dreams  
re is silence in the skies. There's a story I can tell  
Many memories, of a place I used to be  
ve share the moon you and  
Time 4 my mind. 2 elevate  
you walk along life's ways  
the phoenix takes its flight





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**I am delighted to see this book published. Imprisonment doesn't remove a person's individual talents, but it very often suppresses them. A crucial part of our duty in caring for prisoners is to make sure that, so far as possible, the deprivation of liberty is the full extent of the punishment people suffer. So giving the opportunity for an individual prisoner to express his or her creativity is more than an optional extra; it is part of that duty of care.**

**For some people, this book represents what has made imprisonment bearable. I am proud both of the people whose work it contains and also of the staff and partners whose efforts have made it possible.**

**Peter Dawson  
Governor**



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## **I love you babe**

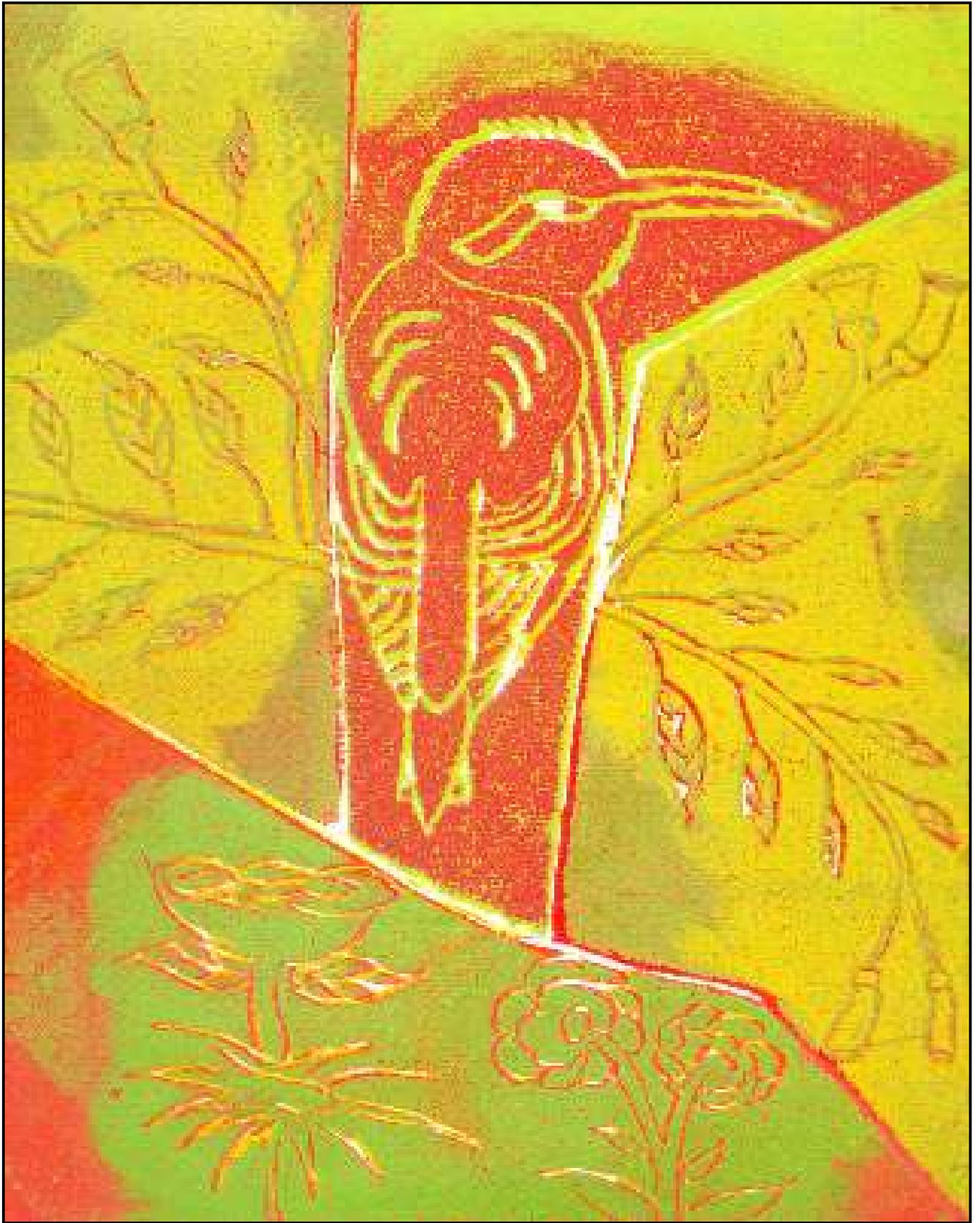
I love you babe so very much  
But while I'm here we hardly touch  
We see each other every other week  
I'm sad at night I cannot sleep  
The visits are good we don't let go  
Of each other we kiss so slow  
It hurts us both when you have to go  
One more year that's what we say  
I worry and worry you'll go away  
I know you won't, it's just this place  
I wish now I could kiss your face  
But soon I'll be free and we can do just that  
I just can't wait till I can come back  
xxxxxxxxx I Love You Babe xxxxxxxxx

Damian Hind

## **Untitled**

Hear my voice  
I am singing for you  
Singing to you  
Slip the locks and chains  
From around your heart  
Slip between those bars  
Come into my arms

Cedric Poulina



Cedric Poulina - Untitled



Luke Gell - Untitled

## **The last lady**

Listen, fair lady, why try  
To lead me to a distant fantasy  
Where life is filled with joy and family  
Just to run when the going gets tough  
Just to discard me like a bit of rough

That's not the way you deal with partnership  
Next time be equipped to take a trip  
Don't let yourself slip  
Or the next partner might flip

So this is a lesson to be learned  
Don't be a fool or next time it could well  
Be you that gets burned!

Luke Gell

## **Hold onto your dreams**

No matter what life brings  
Onto your dreams  
Just keep hold of them  
Always cherish them  
And treasure them like gold

For if you keep them in your heart  
And nurture them each day  
They will sprinkle you with magic  
As you walk along life's ways

So keep this in your mind in  
Everything you do  
And very soon you will find  
Those dreams will come true

Steven Brown



Robert G Clarke - Love Everything

## **Love everything**

Love is what life is all about  
We should grab it and make it count  
Love is not just a human-to-human feeling  
It's loving everything, living and being

We should love the air that we breathe  
And not pollute the skies and the seas  
We should love the water that we drink  
But we waste it and we don't think

We should love the earth that we walk on  
It gives us life and food also the clothes we put on  
There are so many things we should love  
But we choose not to see  
Women having babies, born in a world of  
Don't knows and maybes

What's deep down in the ocean  
Living in peace and tranquility  
While we're up above destroying our own humanity  
We destroy life that gives us life  
Tearing into the earth  
Like cutting a cake with a knife

There's so many things we should be loving  
Most of all we must stop the killing

Robert Clarke



Jez Court - Freedom

## Stuck in a life

My head is in pieces but my mouth  
Tells a different story  
It lulls you into a false sense of security  
That I will be alive the next time that you see me  
I'm sorry, this is not how it was meant to be  
But the solitude of death is a new  
Lease of life for me  
Don't grieve because death graced me early  
Be happy that I'm in a place of fantasy  
And not on these plains of tragedy

The life behind is now only a distant memory  
But the love I kept will always be a friend to me  
...I'm finally free

Luke Gell

## Untitled

Wandering aimlessly through the park  
Bored to tears, it's nearly dark  
Listening to the trees rustling in the wind  
It makes you wonder if they're trying to say something  
Their roots buried deep in the ground  
You think they want to break free and run around  
I sit down and ponder, thinking of my life  
It really is hard work, worries, and strife

Robert Clarke



David Faulkner - Untitled



Robert G Clarke - Let go

## Let go

You start to wither like the leaves in autumn  
You look frail like a rusty old pail  
Fresh as a lemon has gone out of your complexion  
Look in the mirror you dislike your reflection  
You wish you could hide on the tallest mountain  
Clouds below soft as a duck feather pillow  
If only life was sweet as candy  
You gave all your love  
Never again trust me

Robert Clarke

## Retrospect

He was looking back with regret  
His form and art thumping through his head  
Karma leaps, "Pat the funk"  
Sings the hunk, Van-Heusen shirt  
Hung with dirt  
All for fun  
Smiling high, radiant sun  
Sunset's coming, looming dusk  
Morning dawns, growing husky  
Goodbye  
Tragic....  
Memory

Oscar Meki

## Days out with dad

Days out with my Dad  
Were times I seldom had  
All my friends had holidays  
And had a real good time  
I had to say my Dad was away  
I'd pretend that was fine

When he was out and home with us  
It really was good fun  
I really loved to be with him  
From school to home I'd run  
Every day he used to say  
He would not go away

He loved us all, he cuddled us  
He was always kissing Mum  
Anytime it seemed to us  
He would take us where he had to go

It never seemed to bother us  
The pub, a fair, a show  
My favourite was a football match  
He'd make me feel so proud  
He would sit me on his shoulders  
So I could see above the crowd

The smells, the noise, the atmosphere  
The swaying of the crowd  
I swore that when I grew up  
I'd never be like Dad  
Well, I followed in his footsteps  
My kids must think I'm sad

Glen Arnold

## It's about time

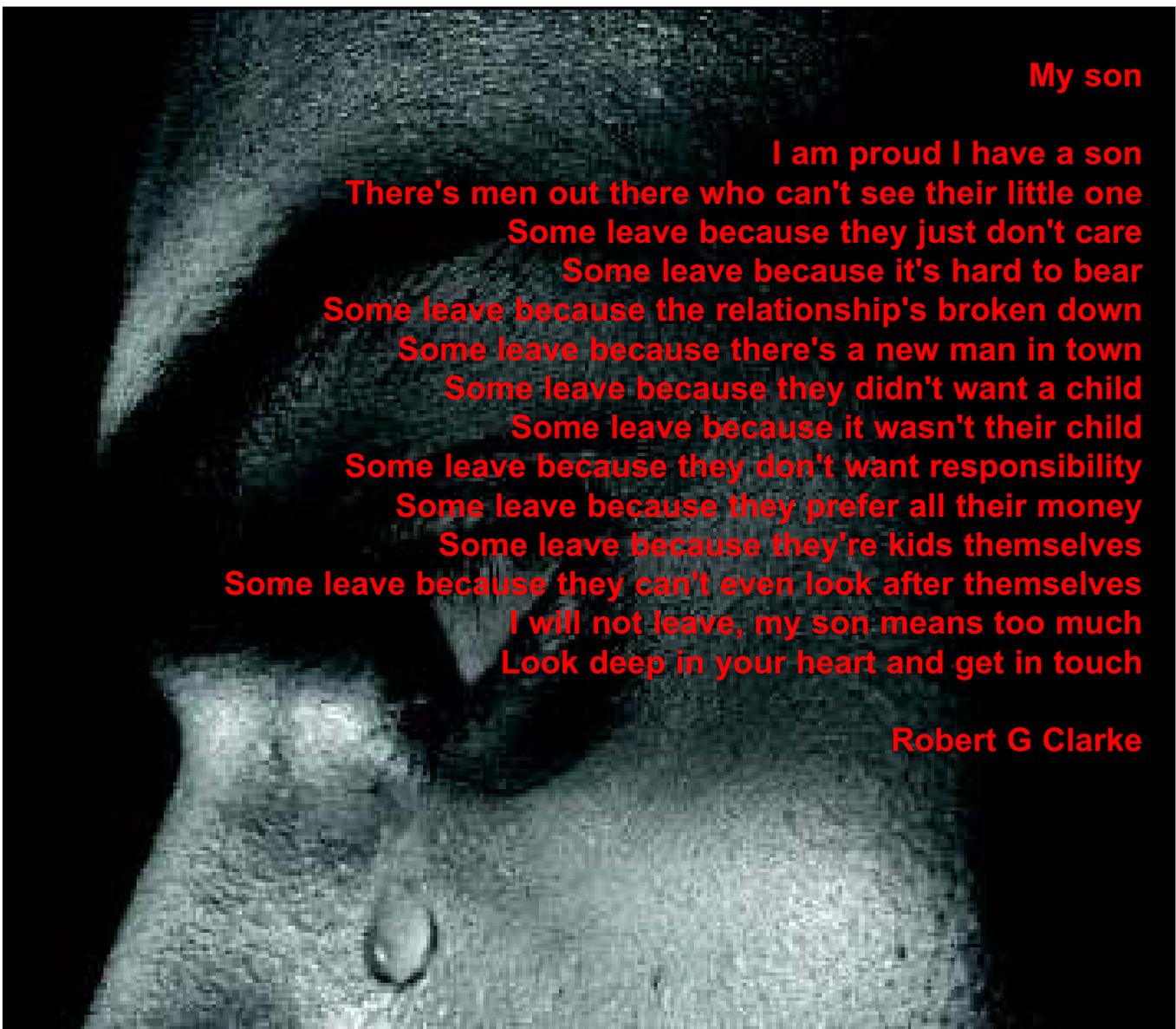
I used to be a child  
But I'm still in need  
I'm growing up  
In a world of greed  
Part of a majority  
That needs to be freed

This world is just madness  
Bound by a lack of trust  
And filled with sadness

It's like this because  
People think the sky's the limit  
They're fools  
Blind and dim witted

It's about time people realised  
That there's more beyond the skies  
So gain some trust  
Tell the truth  
Don't tell lies  
And live a life

Luke Gell



**My son**

**I am proud I have a son  
There's men out there who can't see their little one  
Some leave because they just don't care  
Some leave because it's hard to bear  
Some leave because the relationship's broken down  
Some leave because there's a new man in town  
Some leave because they didn't want a child  
Some leave because it wasn't their child  
Some leave because they don't want responsibility  
Some leave because they prefer all their money  
Some leave because they're kids themselves  
Some leave because they can't even look after themselves  
I will not leave, my son means too much  
Look deep in your heart and get in touch**

**Robert G Clarke**

Robert G Clarke - My son

## Four elements

Sunshine and sand  
Lie in the palm of your hand  
The powers that be  
Which are invested in me  
Shall be the bond  
That breaks us free

I see the sea  
All the waters that be  
Ships and sail, glide and flutter  
Giant waves crash and roar  
On far-off desolate shores

I feel air blowing  
Through my brazen hair  
The air whistling  
Of love everywhere  
Like it has no cares

The fire burns, oh so bright  
It lights hearth and lamp  
All through the night  
Your soul is all right  
With pure delight  
When the phoenix takes its flight

So blessed be  
To all who see  
The earth  
The air  
The fire  
And the sea

Jason Page

## Letter of sin

Yet another sentence  
Done another crime  
And gained penitence  
What's the sense?

I dish out hurt like there's  
No tomorrow  
Why do I create so much sorrow?  
Not just to family and friends  
But also to people I will never know

I'm a foe of so many  
Only because I take drugs and  
Keep bad company  
It once was funny  
Now it's just the way  
Do crime instead of scrimp and scrape  
Some people would say I'm a fake

But this is real  
You inconsiderate so-and-so's  
Could never understand the way I feel  
Because I'm trapped in a life where I have to steal  
That's the only way to gain the next meal  
And that's more real than you could imagine  
So look at this paper and read this pen  
Because I'm done

Luke Gell



Neil Jones - Untitled



Tim Lee - Untitled

## Sea side

The sea, as I slowly drive by  
Come in to the shore on a wave so slow with the sun so high  
Beaming down on passers by

The air of the sunny sea, the smell of sea salt brings back so  
Many memories, of a place I used to be

The sand as I make my way down the beach, its warmness rolls  
Beneath, sinking down as I come closer to the sea

The sea's salty air, flowing through the air  
It's been so long, too long, to believe

The waves bounce off the beach  
What a wonderful sight  
Restored to me

It's time to take a dive  
Time to feel the warmth  
Of the  
Ocean

The sea, see its distance as far as I can see  
The saltiness, the warmth beneath my feet  
The waves bounce off the beach  
The warmth of the sea surrounds me

WOW, thought memories

Mac's

## Lighter

It's about 3 inch long  
Black with a silver top  
A hole at the top  
With a small wheel  
And a flint

I got it from the shop  
About 4 weeks ago  
It didn't cost much  
But in my time of need  
Became very helpful  
Almost like a best friend

I'm glad I got my light  
Without it I'd be less independent  
I always used to ask others  
If I could borrow theirs  
Which can be so disheartening

Sometimes it helps me when I stress  
Light a roll-up and take away the craves  
Saving me for selfless independence  
Giving me the confidence  
And ability to help others

But I sure do hope  
Every smoker gets themselves a light  
Sooner or later  
I will start to have a new stress  
If people keep asking me for a light

Mac's

## Missing Sheldon

Sitting in your pram with a smile on your face  
Different kinds of foods I'm trying to get you to taste  
Looking around, my life seems such a waste  
You should be able to play in a place more safe  
Amazed proud and broke is how I feel  
Your right in front of me but it still doesn't feel real  
I've got to elevate myself and believe that I will  
"Waa Waa" was the sound you would make when you cried  
But it didn't bother me even in the middle of the night  
I just wanted to make sure you was all right  
Knock knock who's at the door  
Always someone coming but the questions what for  
Faintly hearing the answer from behind the door  
Always in a fresh nappy and trackie pulling the hat off your head  
The one picture that always stays in my head  
In that room in that house on that street called friends  
You showed me my heart wasn't as cold as I thought  
Asking if I loved you reply to myself of course  
But how can I be sure, love's something I've never felt before  
Dipped eyebrows bottom lip tucked in  
Screw face looking the same as mine  
You brought a light and purpose to my life  
But will you hate me because I was gone  
Or can we just pick up where we left off

### Feel this

S M Johnson

And though I hurt you in my thoughtless way  
Last summer by omission and commission  
I know what love was  
Now it's thrown away

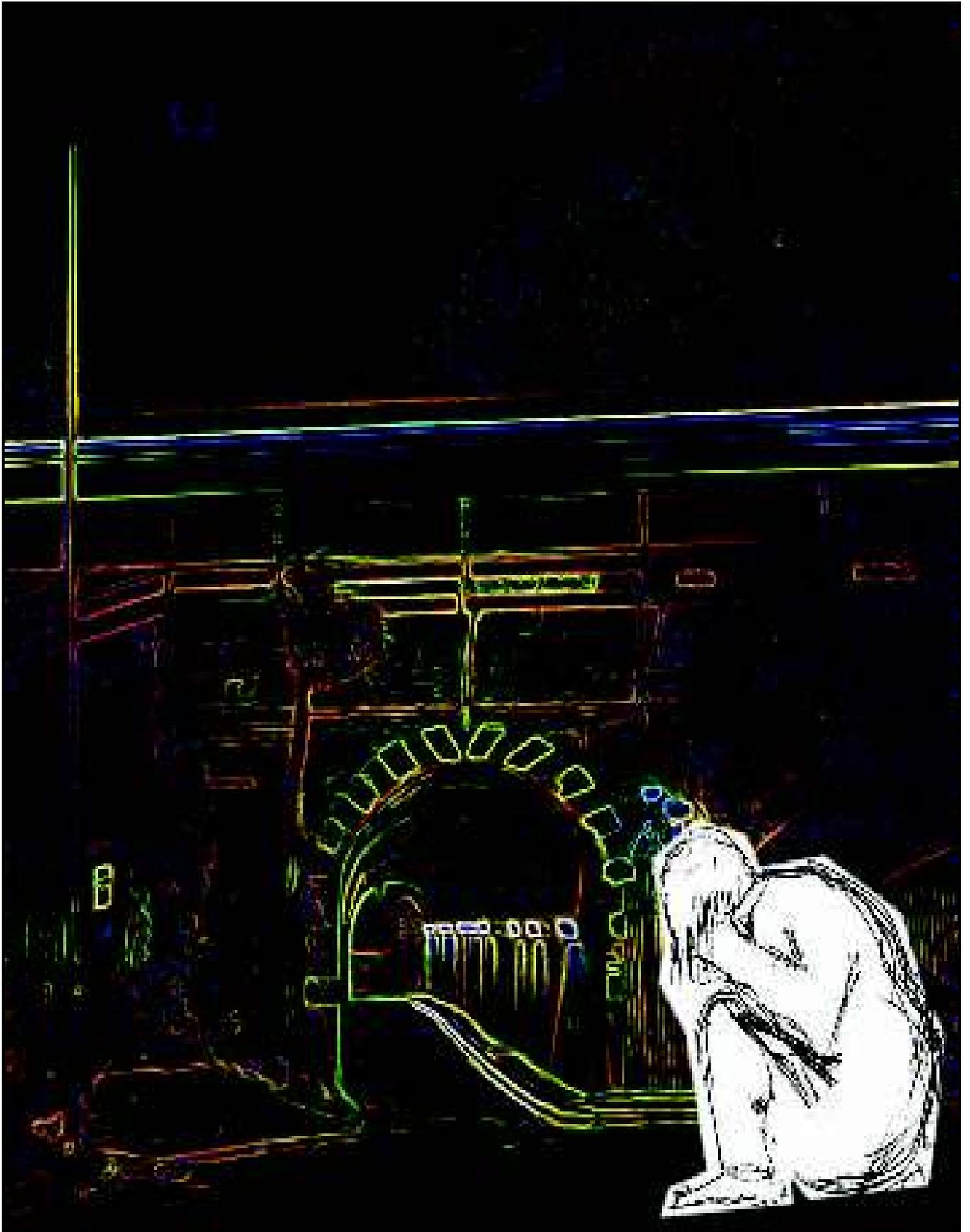
Sat alone, I rage at the incision  
Self-inflicted, keeping us apart  
When all I want or need is to be with you

I long to be imprisoned in your heart  
To serve my time, erase my crime, be true

I hold a photo of you sleeping  
Strands of loose hair fall across your face  
Your hands are folded on your chest  
Perhaps you dream of me  
You often did

I listen, lean towards the glossy surface, place a kiss  
On your pink lips  
I dream you feel this

James Bull



Robert G Clarke - Street

## Transition

The dark has been my dreams of late  
Any sense of which I can't relate  
For the light has never been my fate  
My destiny was crime  
Life of prison I must state  
That crime I was drawn to like proverbial bait  
Of coke and crack my faithful mate  
Without I'd be in an off key state  
Shot and stabbed and I feel great  
Glamorising gangster I imitate  
To self destruct I instigate  
Within these lonely walls I suffocate  
This winding road is far from straight  
Oblivion and emptiness a heavy weight  
These chains I can't unwind  
Such a waste of life I contemplate  
A change of life I must debate  
This simple life I complicate  
To normality I'm blind  
Time to grow and appreciate  
Talk the talk don't exaggerate  
There's light at the end of the tunnel  
It's not too late to change my mind

Mr R Wynter

## Introducing mr H

You have heard about the Devil  
And the world he lives in is hell  
Well he's not as bad as me you know  
There's a story I can tell  
You see my name is heroin  
Disgusting, dirty brown  
Once you start to use me  
I'll turn your life around  
I'll control you cause without me  
You'll have a sick, sad, scare  
You'll lie, beg, steal, for me  
Your life becomes a nightmare  
Find yourself  
Searching the streets for me  
Hunting high and low  
As your panic becomes unbearable  
Your stomach will start to throw  
It's all because of me you see  
I'm often known as smack  
I'll lead you to oblivion  
And never bring you back  
You'll destroy your friends and family  
I'll turn your love to hate  
A victim of my evilness  
A sucker for my bait  
I'm more evil than the devil  
I'm wicked for your soul  
I'm the plague in society  
I'll even help to dig your hole  
Yes it has been known for me to kill  
But I'd rather destroy your head  
And leave you just to survive  
As heroin's living dead  
Heroin's living dead  
Living dead  
Dead

Slim



Tyrone Mitchell - Untitled



Dee Roberts - Untitled

### **Handle with care**

The old year crawled on hands and knees  
Amazingly slow  
His poor old beaten body  
Carving deep bloody tracks  
In the freezing snow

We kicked and laughed at his dying form  
As he edged his way to the deep abyss  
"Happy New Year" we shouted  
Pushed him over  
And midnight struck, we all kissed  
Now he was gone

For twelve months we had treated him real bad  
But here in his place was a  
Bright new year, smiling  
But for how long?  
This sparkling, innocent, unsuspecting  
Trusting little lad

Chris Christodoulides

## Yelp!

I'm lost, someone  
Please find me  
This place can only be described  
As larceny  
I'm trapped, someone  
Set me free  
I'm bound by emotion and tragedy

Will I be free?  
Will I be found?  
Will I be left in this spot  
To rot on the ground?

Here's a thought  
Maybe no-one wants to find me  
And I'm doomed to a life with no destiny  
That's a sad state of affairs  
Maybe it's best I leave  
Because this is all too much  
Stress for me

Luke Gell

## Time

I've got time  
Time on my hands  
Time 2 blueprint my plans  
Time 2 reflect  
Time 2 c what's next  
Time 2 regroup  
Time 2 give old ways da boot  
Time 2 plant seeds and reap fruit  
Time 2 contemplate  
Time 4 my mind 2 elevate  
Time 2 try and get it straight  
Time 2 meditate

Time 2 squat and bench  
Time 2 get hench  
Time 4 me 2 scream  
Time 2 b quite  
Time 2 dream  
Time 2 control my out burst's and  
refrain from being violent  
Time 2 read books  
Time 2 educate my chooks

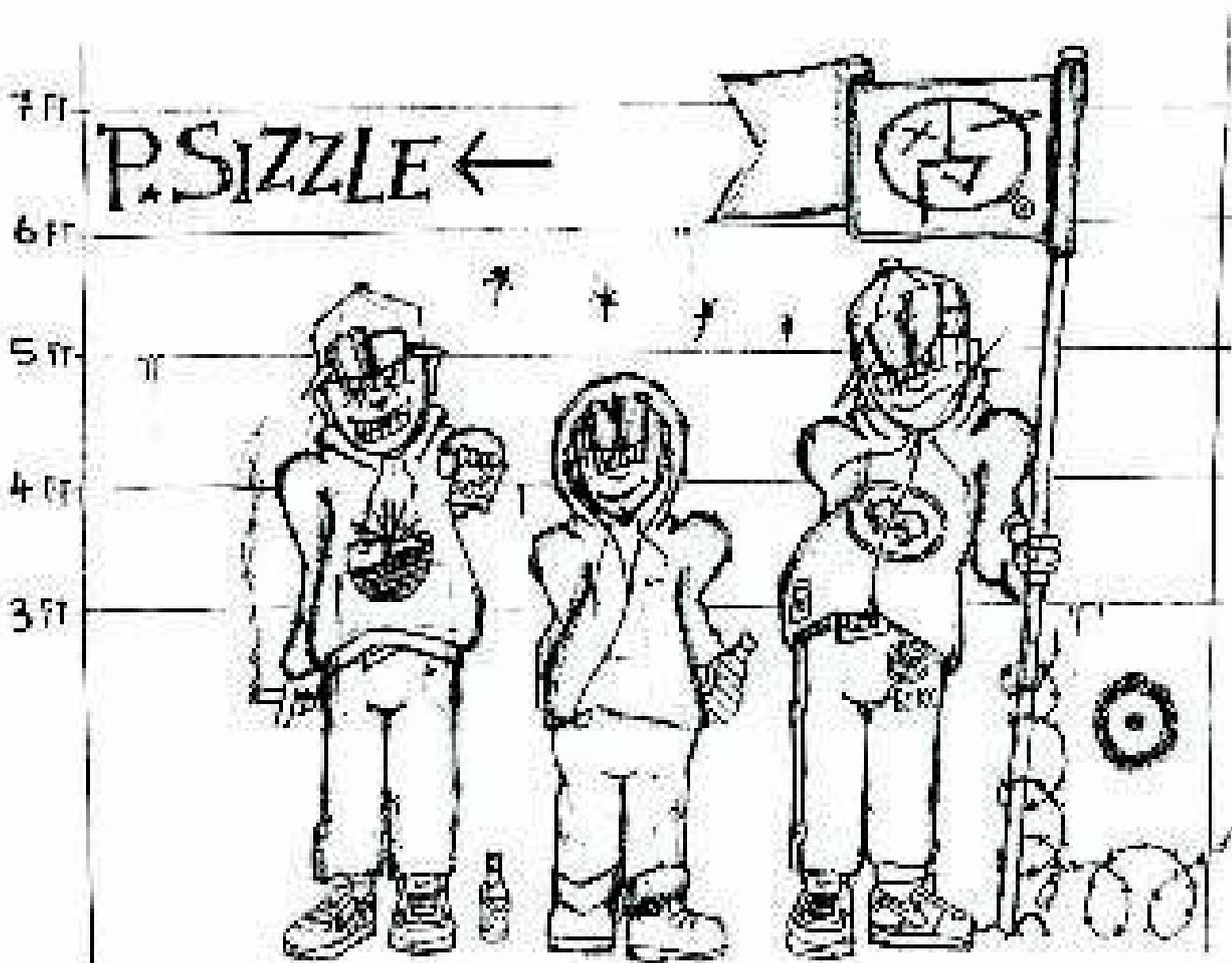
Time 2 miss road  
Time 4 summer 2 feel cold  
Time 4 me 2 break da mould  
Time 2 escape da sleeper hold  
Time 2 wake up  
Time 2 give a fuck  
Time 4 me 2 stop cursing my luck  
Time 2 b responsible  
Time 2 start thinking logical  
Time 2 b objective  
Time 2 b progressive  
Time 2 go forward and shine  
Time 2 b 3 from doing time

Dee Roberts

## Life in N15

Standing on the spot outside the local shop  
Smoking, drinking waiting for school to finish  
For the chicks to come out and to deal some business  
Chatting to my mans with a blunt passing around  
Talking to B about some shit that went down  
My drinks done so I toss my glass to the ground  
You can't hear it smash  
Ask B if he wants something he replies "Na I'm safe"  
So I go in the shop to buy a drink and still get one for my mate  
As a car pulls up and the bass is loud  
My man B moves away from the crowd  
Jumps in the car but that aint nothing special  
As he does another car pulls up next to  
The one that he's in and lets off nuff shots  
POP PA PA POP POP  
Smoke rises from the wheels as it drives off  
To kill B isn't what they wanted to do  
But only he was going to have a funeral  
Only two bottles smashing on the ground  
Makes me realize the silence of the crowd

S M Johnson



David Clifton - Untitled

## **My DTTO**

(Drugs Treatment and Testing Order)

Not too long ago  
I breached my DTTO  
I'm living on the streets  
I can't get back on my feet  
I am smoking crack  
I am smoking brown

Damn this dirty old town  
Wherever I go it's all around  
It's on my streets and in my hood  
Especially the bad neighbourhoods

The bad neighbourhood is where  
I've been smoking crack  
And doing ecstasy  
I get so high it makes me queer  
So I say, "Sod it, let's buy some more gear"

So I smoke some brown  
To come down  
I smoke some brown  
I feel real nice  
I feel so warm

Cam and collected tonight  
Tonight is when the trouble began  
I robbed a house  
And some bloke's van

Now I'm back in court  
Im bloody clucking  
I go for bail  
The judge said  
"You must be joking,  
Off the streets will stop you smoking"

So now I'm here  
Back in jail  
No hope, no mail  
And no poxy bail

Jason Page



## **Wanted alive not dead**

What lies in store in the year 2025  
Will our precious planet still be alive?  
Will man have made the forests burn  
Beyond the point of no return

It's been a few years since the industrial revolution  
And it hasn't taken long to cause global pollution  
Will the ozone layer become depleted?  
Allowing our planet to become overheated

How much ice on the poles will be there?  
Not much hope for the polar bear  
Will the fish in our rivers be under stocked?  
Will the grasslands be bare, where sheep once flocked

What will become of many a coral reef?  
By the hand of man ecological grief  
Millions upon millions of spent nuclear rods  
We must surely be in the lap of the gods

So what will become of our planet so dear?  
With eyes closed shut it will become less clear  
Perhaps it will become a great ball of dust  
Ashes to ashes in ourselves we cannot trust

Ray Bradley



Greaves - Untitled

## Night

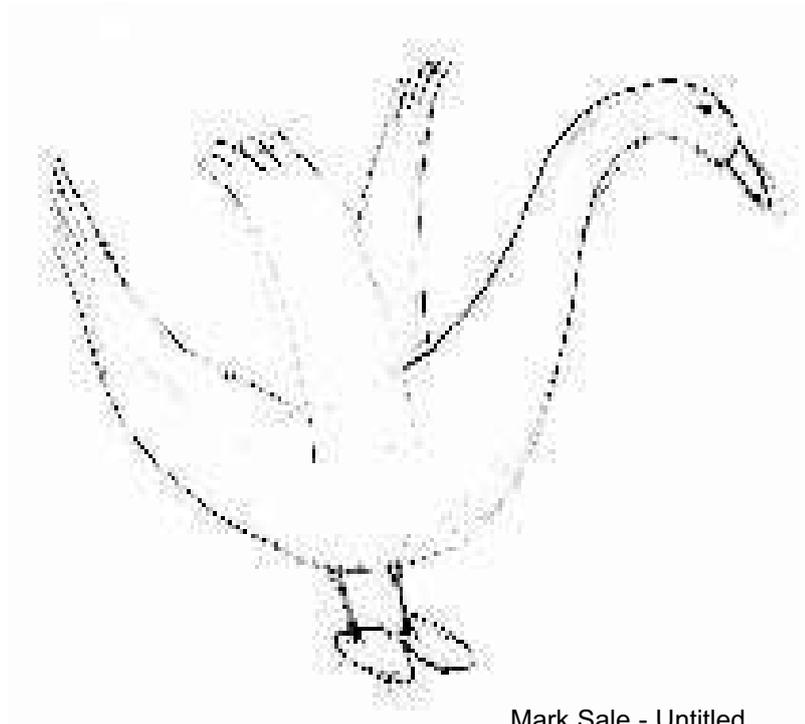
In the dead of night  
The wind, it sang  
It bustled, it whistled  
It broke down a branch  
It blew over a thistle

The leaves, they danced  
They twirled with delight  
Like the flicker of a fire  
In the heat of the night

The stars, they gleamed  
They sparkled so bright  
In the pale moonlight  
Oh, what a lovely sight  
In the dead of the night

So now, I bid you good night  
Sleep tight

Jason Page



Mark Sale - Untitled



Mark Sale - Untitled

## **The weekend to end all weekends**

After prison the voice of music in time  
Can make hate change to love

Soon you're drunk and dancing in the street  
You try shouting and feel love escape  
From the prison within you

By chance a friendship forms at the pub  
Two lovebirds kiss

A slow change of pain  
You hear a familiar rhythm  
A new life begins

Mark Sale



David Faulkner - Untitled

## Night

It's getting harder to  
Understand just what is happening to me  
Is this the start, is this the end  
What will it take to set me free?  
I'm in a six-by-eight-foot box  
Locked alone down in the hole  
Strangled by the chains and the locks  
And screaming deep down in my soul

Cedric Poulina

## Untitled

I can't sit still for the tears in my eyes  
Hoping on release I'm greeted with surprise  
But still I know things aint gonna be great  
Out of these gates to a wide world of hate

Dark clouds lie above me  
There is silence in the skies  
My vision is restricted, I have unseeing eyes  
Darkness fills my thinking, my hearing is impaired  
My feet have lost all spring, I walk among the scared

When first you're born your slapped to cry  
To mothers womb you've kissed goodbye  
Your day has come you learn to walk  
And soon you find you too can talk  
Your parents proud they walk with pride  
Their precious child down by their side  
Then its your teens, its time to leave  
To see what you too can achieve  
But the hands of time, they move so fast  
Because as you blink your life has past

Plenty of ambitions but no strength to reach em  
If I see my girls, so much I wanna teach em  
Like stay away from plastic bad boys and con men  
Or end up in jail where they'll meet them  
Prison is a place where they enforce their rules  
Prison is a place where you find your balls  
Prison has ups, prison has downs  
Prison has smiles, but mostly frowns  
Prison has a king the governor wears the crown  
Prison has a queen who is never around  
Prison has one aim, to deprive you of time  
Prisons are designed to make you think of your crime

Hubbard

## Me

I'm made of glass  
Not the fragile kind  
Not the eggshell thinness  
Of a light bulb  
Waiting for a heavy hand  
Or barefoot stamp to  
Shatter it.

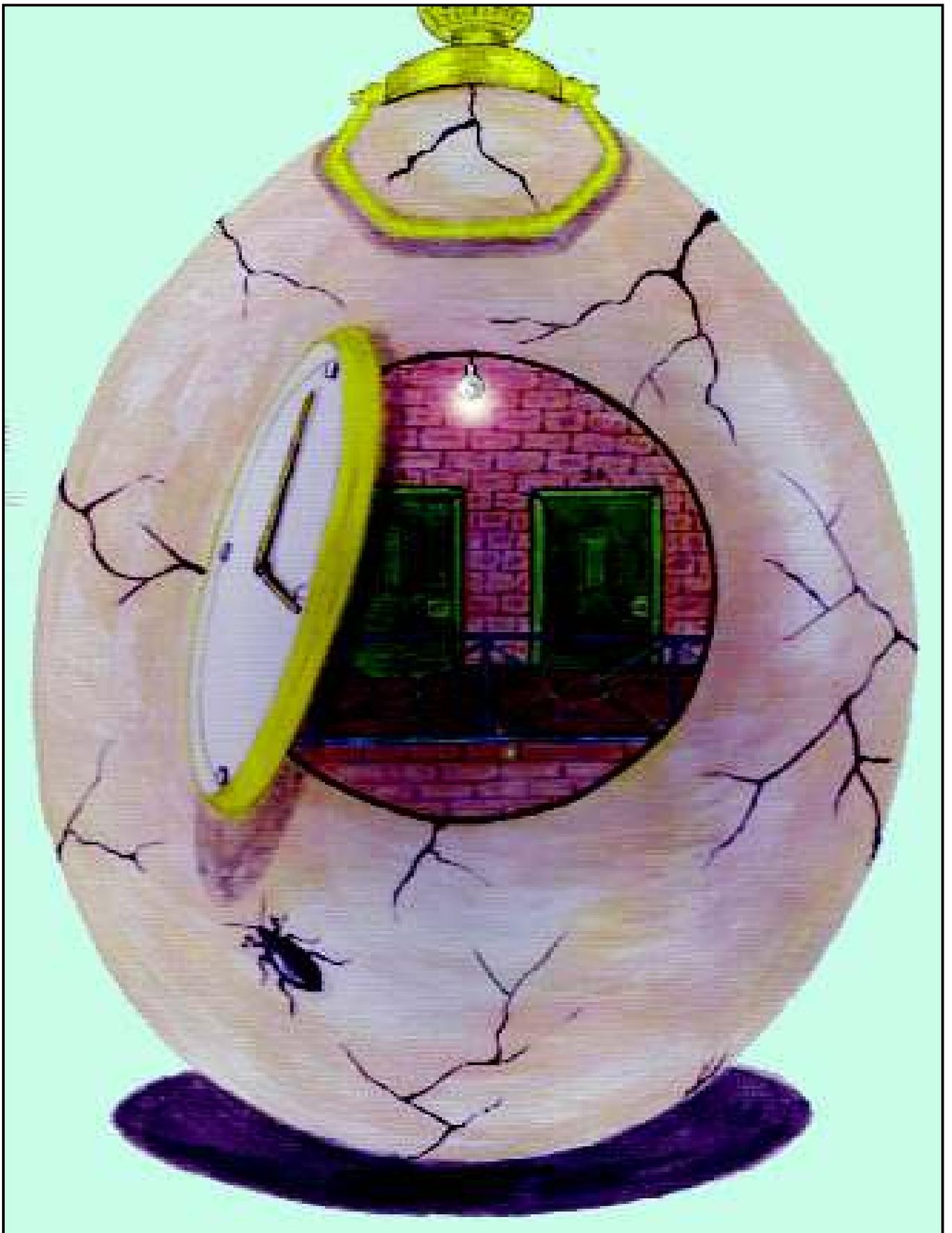
What I feel is heavy  
The heft of the bottom of  
A bottle made of thick  
Green glass  
That catches light and  
Holds it in itself  
Reflecting inward

I am unreactive.

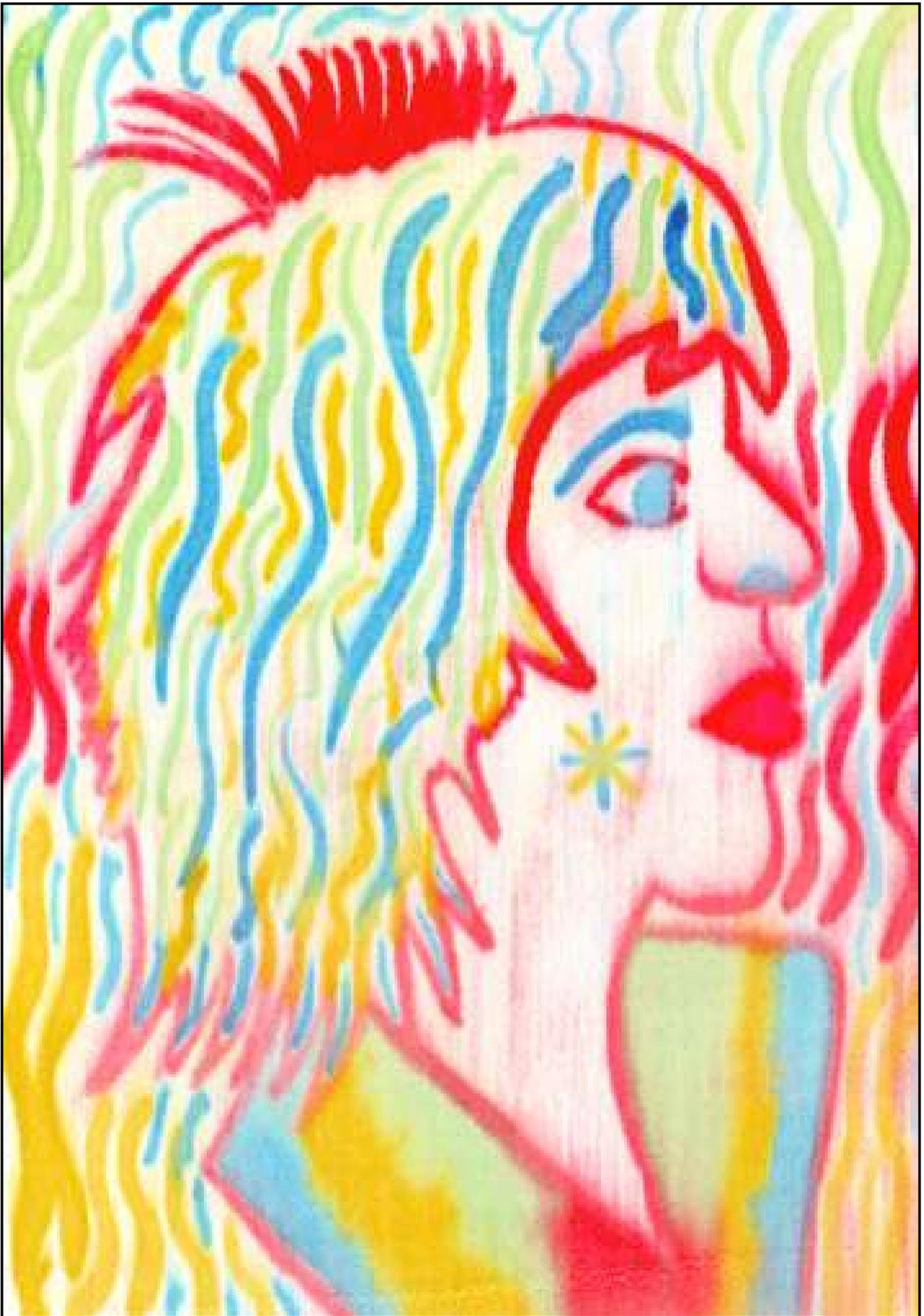
My only action is a  
Millennial slump.  
I'm not quite solid,  
Imperceptibly flowing in a  
Glacial spread.  
I count in geological units  
The time until I sleep  
It tires me.  
What's a day or night when  
Every hour's like this?

Break me  
Throw me in the sea to  
Scour me,  
Scrub away the edges so I  
Never hurt again

James Bull



David Faulkner - Untitled



Cedric Poulina - Untitled

## **Tainted**

She always wanted a tattoo  
Something to reflect  
Her wildflower image

Her boyfriend accompanied  
Her  
She requested  
He have one too

Not only that  
But  
Her name  
On his chest

You first  
She said  
This day will symbolise  
Our affection  
She said

He did  
And she replied  
Mine forever

Dee Roberts

## Exit Bush Green

Exit for Bush Green,  
Keep to the left  
Left off the pedal,  
Coming from West

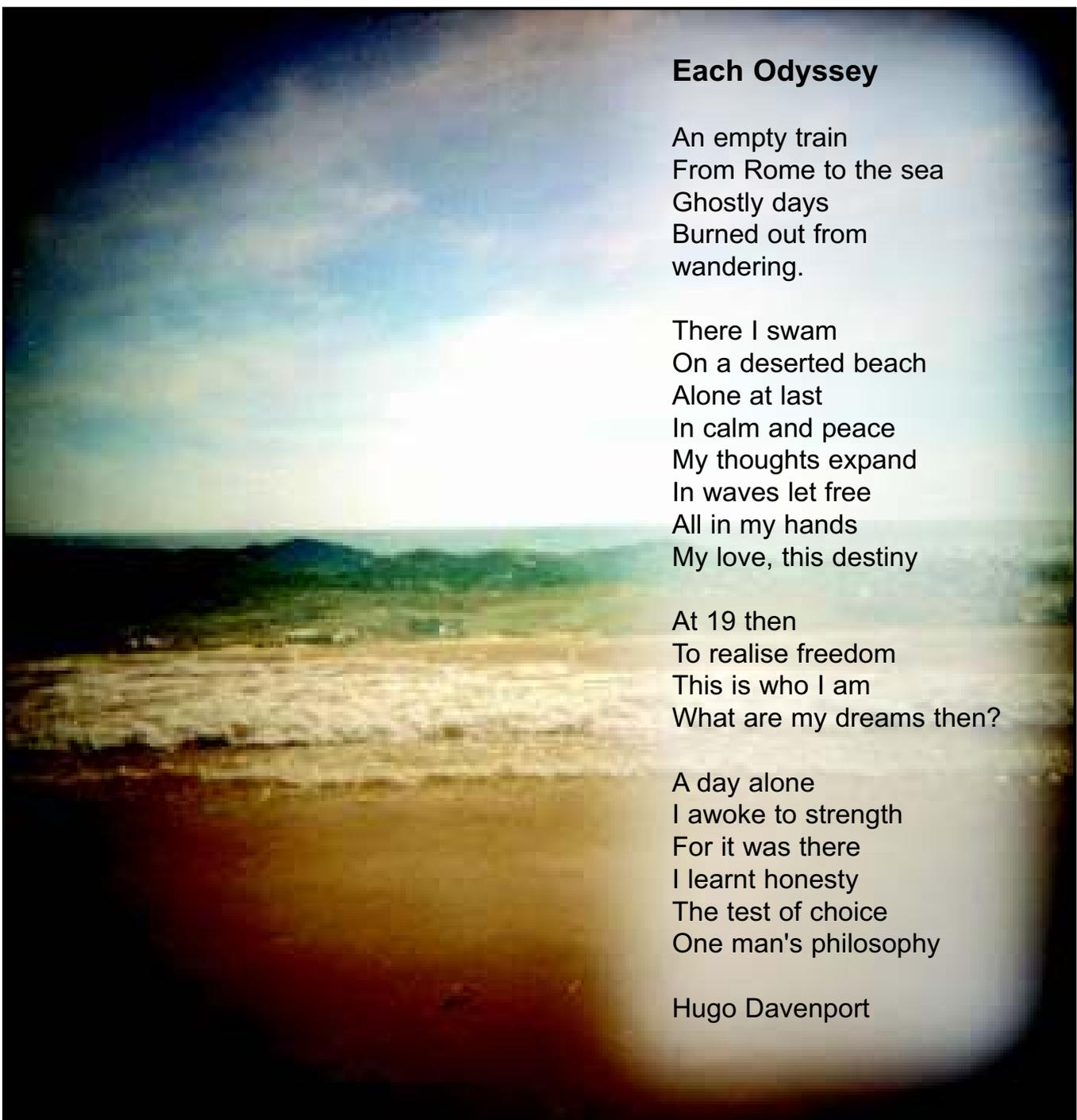
West where the sun sets  
To familiar streets  
Streets where my life's led  
Led off the beat,

To driving here now  
Rock and a key  
Key to a man's life,  
To a straight road keep

Keep to the left now,  
Past the road sign  
Coming off Westway,  
Exit Bush Green

Hugo Davenport

Hugo Davenport - Exit bush green



## Each Odyssey

An empty train  
From Rome to the sea  
Ghostly days  
Burned out from  
wandering.

There I swam  
On a deserted beach  
Alone at last  
In calm and peace  
My thoughts expand  
In waves let free  
All in my hands  
My love, this destiny

At 19 then  
To realise freedom  
This is who I am  
What are my dreams then?

A day alone  
I awoke to strength  
For it was there  
I learnt honesty  
The test of choice  
One man's philosophy

Hugo Davenport

Hugo Davinport - Each odyssey



David Clifton - Untitled

### **Tooting summers**

Come, let us roam the night together  
If we leave now, we will avoid the trouble

Summer night's empty cans  
Pretty girls in short skirts  
With big crack addicts

We live to survive, but  
To survive is never enough.

Come, let us roam the night together

Steven Valentine



## Share the sky

We share the moon, you and I  
We share this red stained sky  
Silence divides, our eyes shan't meet  
Through wire and stone  
No hands can reach

So as seasons sink behind the walls  
Of you I dream, let dead leaves fall  
Your carefree beauty haunts my mind  
No greater prize could life define

To meet your eyes, to feel your touch  
To this place now, this asks too much;  
Yes we share the dawn  
The breeze, the dusk,  
Held apart in all but love.

Hugo Davenport

Hugo Davenport - Share the sky

## My Guiding Star

My guiding star  
That's what you are  
You're always near  
You're never far  
You gave me love  
When I was down  
You're the only one  
Who was around  
My guiding star

David Jones

## Untitled

I stand before you  
And I smile  
You smile back  
And I notice  
How your eyes seem to sparkle  
With loves sincere affection

Caswell Holness



## What if

What if I was not me but I was you  
What if you was not you but you was me  
What if you had to live in the same place as me  
And made the same mistakes as me  
What if you were living in constant hell  
What if you got arrested and got no bail  
What if after reading this you were going back to my cell  
What if

S M Johnson

## Moving

Her wide tyres  
Clinging and pinning herself to the road  
Agile and fast like a puma  
Yet stately,  
Regal like a beast

While outside cold-looking  
All business no mess  
Inside lies warm comfort  
A pocket to rest

Black with tints, immaculate  
Driving her gives me a lift  
When life was too heavy  
To the motorways I'd take

Thinking only of the two lines  
My lane, nothing else  
The panels worked with me  
She'd hide what I'd give

At raves I slept  
Drunk in her seats  
Now she's still waiting  
To take to the streets

Hugo Davenport

## The Book

Oh to lose myself within a book  
But I've only got a bible, shall I take a look?  
From Genesis to revelations, I'll read it through  
And discover the love given to you  
I'm not a Christian; The books not mine  
Should I read on, or stand and decline?

I've read about man's first mortal sin  
Why Adam and Eve let the Devil in  
When Lucifer, disguised, with serpents tongue  
Breathed the lie into human lung  
And how God, intensified with rage  
Recorded their sin on a pristine page

But I'm not a Christian, as I said before  
And to read this book could be a chore  
Alas, to my sorrow and lasting shame  
I found that God has got a name  
"Emmanuel", the old prophets cried  
Telling of his son and how he died

My life could change if I would but see  
Just how this book relates to me  
Will I ever find heaven on this earth?  
Or remain condemned to my fiery berth  
Oh no! Not me, I had a look  
Now I know why I read that book

Maybe my days of sin can end  
I read that book, and found a friend

Grant D

## Prison Window

Sitting down looking through my prison window  
Thinking about what I would be doing other than smoking indo  
Feeding the pigeons or should I say birds  
Watching them shut down Rasta road where I use to get my herbs  
This is my 3rd time in this shit man when would I learn  
Rizzla still rolling that bitch Virginia now that's there's me burn  
Got youths out on road that should be my main concern  
Sitting on a "L" plate feeling fucked even though parole in 2008  
Still stuck between thoughts should I work or educate  
Trying to narrow down my circle from the clowns who are fake  
But everywhere I turn like screws there everywhere you go  
Pulling hard on my burn looking thru my window wishing it was  
krow

Michael Yankee Palmer



Rash - Untitled

## **We Have No**

We have no name to give our dreams  
We have no destination to forget our past  
We have no reflection to see ourselves in dreams  
We have no-body to compare ourselves  
We have nothing to fear alone in these dreams

Caswell Holness



Tim Lee - Untitled

## Various Thoughts!

I see a beautiful sky in my sight  
The golden sunrays appear through the clouds  
Inspiring my life  
But it still seems im stuck in a fight  
Struggling to keep away from carrying a gun or a knife  
The white bars keep me depressed in my room  
But I know the metal doors will reopen my life soon  
Away from stress, seeing my daughters face  
Will fill me with bloom  
Joy, happiness, love and peace from evil im immune  
For now I gaze at the world's creation  
Reciting ones name because Ive found realisation  
His name has guided me and made me patient  
Reading his book shows me pictures  
And I stare in imagination  
This is the room where I experience my life dreams  
One cuts his arm and the other one screams  
What do I learn from this, what does this mean?  
This is a lesson everyday I gain knowledge  
I sit uncomfortably  
Thoughts about my past leave cold my porridge  
I can't wait to eat some Kentucky fried chicken  
But my family and my daughter  
Is the one im really missing

Pahul "Illusion" Sandhu



R J McDowell - Untitled

## From me to you

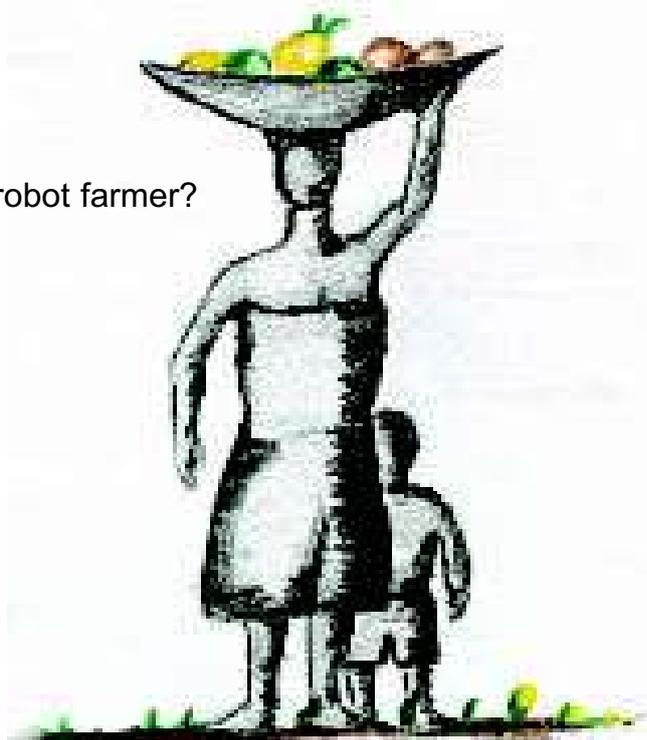
My grandmother enjoyed growing vegetables and crops on the farm  
You can almost see the labour by looking through her hands  
Transforming from my grandmother to my mum  
She had an onerous task in keeping me in line  
The chase! The catch!  
The slaps! The smack!  
Everything is starting to make sense now  
It was all part of the process of maturing me into a man

I feel helpless and desolate now that she is aging old  
Wishing I could inject some life into her decaying bones  
I can't help reminiscing about the time she used to wipe the bogey from my nose  
Now I can only worry for her when the weather starts to snow  
Hoping that her immune system would be able to cope  
During my adolescence she made sure that there was always vitamins in my bowl  
Whether the weather was stormy cloudy or cold  
She was adamant that there would be food to reap from the soil

My grandmother's trade marks were indigenous from within  
The way she used to cut her eyes and kiss her teeth  
It was like a direct warning aimed at me  
Almost to say  
"Do that again and you will get a smack in the face"  
I will always remember my grandmother's ways  
Especially when I am enduring one of those dreadful days  
Or when I am in the kitchen by the racketeering of the pots, pans and plates

I remember how we used to sit in the night around the burning fire  
The silhouette in her face illuminated so much desire  
My grandmother she wasn't much of a dresser  
She kept it together  
By simply modelling her traditional attire  
Now that I am taller and wiser  
There is one question I have yet to ask her  
Did she ever get tired from working hard like a robot farmer?  
Suddenly I arrive at a sensible answer  
Working hard was part of her calibre  
Part of her dynamic character

Emmanuel Igemite



Emmanuel Igemite - From me to you



Emmanuel Imagemite - Too much to go through

### **Too much to go through**

Before you choose to fall in love  
Be prepared to hurt  
Before you prepare to hurt  
Be ready to cry  
Before you proceed to cry  
Buy some tissues to dry your eyes  
Before you purchase some tissues  
Deal with your issue  
Before you battle with your issue  
Be careful who you choose  
Before you decide to choose  
Think everything through  
Even from the colour of their hair  
To the size of their shoes  
Before you judge by the size of their shoes  
Ask yourself if you are prepared to be true  
Because when you fall in love  
You become a fool

Emmanuel Imagemite

## Desperately seeking hope

We hold on to hope  
Like the night holds on to tomorrow  
For if there were no nights  
There would be no tomorrow  
The morning awakens the sorrow  
The beginning of the uphill struggle  
As we climb up the hill  
We encounter so many battles  
The path becomes short and narrow  
Staying appeased at times becomes a mission impossible

But with hope we are able to cope  
In hope there is misery  
In hope there is tragedy  
In hope there are promises  
In hope there are fantasies  
Hope is a lethal positivism  
It has no affinity with reality  
But as faithful human beings  
We are willing to believe in the possibilities  
But as long as there is a view through the window  
And as long as there is always tomorrow  
There will always be hope

Emmanuel Imagemite

## Untitled

I am here, HMP Highdown  
Serving my sentence for the crown  
All I do is think of you  
So when I get out were still true

Iv had enough of the crime  
Now I'm inside I'm getting the sign  
So don't be a mug and get in line

So all these words I write to you  
Are so very much so true  
And all Iv done is break your heart  
To say the least it wasn't smart

I regret the things Iv done  
Believe me baby there is more than one

If I could change the time to nil  
I promise I wouldn't lie cheat or steal

So all my heart I send to you  
Make sure you love it like I love you

Dodger







The idea for this book came about after a very successful Annual Exhibition of Art and Poetry at Bourne Hall Library by the Prisoners at HMP High Down.

We wanted to make others aware of the work that prisoners do whilst in prison and that we have some very talented men within the walls of High Down.

This has developed into this celebration of creativity that demonstrates yet again what a wealth of talent there is at High Down and includes work from a range of creative projects.

Thank you to all the contributors for sharing their work and to the many people who made this book possible.

Evelyn Nickford. Head of Learning & Skills HMP High Down.

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Apples and Snakes



£4.50 Profits from this book will be donated to Victim Support.

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