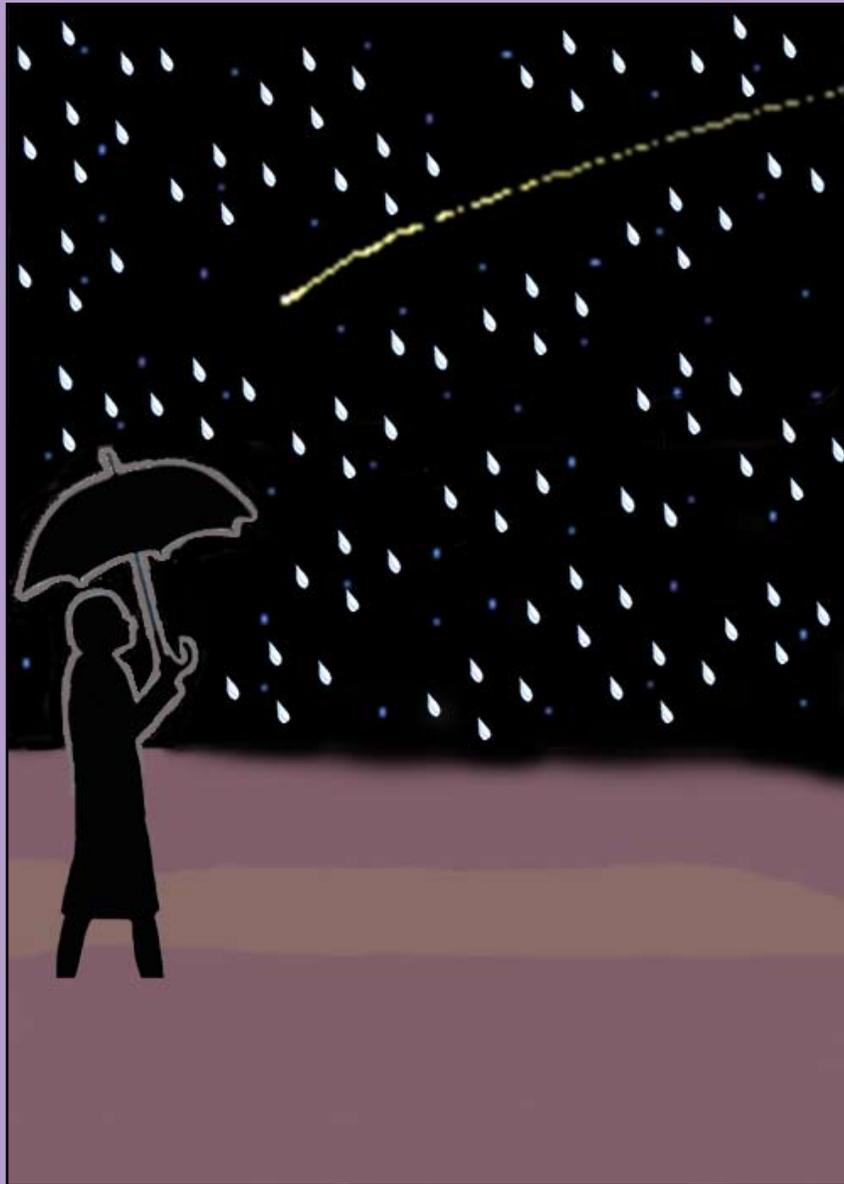


Not Beyond Hope

Artwork, Poetry, and Prose Presented by the Inmates
of the South Bay House of Correction & Detainees
of the Nashua Street Jail



*Hope implies a certain amount of
perseverance--i.e., believing that a positive outcome is possible even
when there is some evidence to the contrary.*



Suffolk County Sheriff's Department

Jail
200 Nashua Street
Boston, MA 02114
(617) 635-1100

House of Correction
20 Bradston Street
Boston, MA 02118
(617) 635-1000



Welcome to “Not Beyond Hope”, a quarterly compilation of art, poetry, and essays from the inmates at the Suffolk County House of Correction and detainees from the Nashua Street Jail.

Not Beyond Hope is designed to provide a positive outlet for creativity and expression by inmates and detainees housed in our facilities, and each edition will include contributor’s reflections on a variety of topics. We hope that you enjoy and appreciate the feelings shared in these pages.

This edition of *Not Beyond Hope* features artwork created by inmates who took part in an art program, which was implemented years ago at the House of Correction, in addition to poetry and essays produced by inmates of the creative writing workshop. The art program was designed to not only provide inmates with an introduction to art history and technical instruction, but also with the means through which to practice discipline, focus and self control--valuable skills that will prove useful as the continue their rehabilitation and, ultimately, reentry into society. The creative workshop group, comprised of female inmates, provides detainees with the tools to begin learning how to channel negative energies into positive, non-aggressive self-expression.

I’d like to commend Peggy Rambach for her work with the inmates and detainees of the creative writing workshop, and for providing an outlet that stimulates their growth, harnesses their passions, and ensures them that hope is not beyond their reach.

Sincerely Yours,

Sheriff Steven W. Tompkins

Life Exchange
By Yamiley Mathurin

Would you trade in
your Tiffany's
bracelet for these iron cuffs?

Would you switch out
your Fusion & Jordan's for
these size 9 Bobo's?

Could you kick in your Hollister
sweatsuit for

this orange jumpsuit?

Could you throw out
your Victoria's Secret

boy shorts for

state issued "granny panties"?

Might you be willing
to lose your four bedroom apartment
for a two man cell?

Or how about

changing your name
to inmate #1005420?

Why give up your life

when you'll

end up with mine?



Artwork by Leslie Burton



Artwork by Harvey Wiggins

The Two Things I know
By Stephanie Fox

I have wounds no one can see
wounds never to be healed
hidden in the deepest part of my soul
like buried treasure without a map.

Artwork by Donny Peguero

I know hurt. I know anger.
I've felt the jab of knives
words like darts, my heart the target.
Each drawing closer and closer to the
bull's eye.
"You're useless. You'll never amount
to anything."

The chorus of my life
sung by the supposed source of end-
less encouragement,
the mother who really doesn't care.
"Loser. Bitch. No good."
"Get out. Leave. Never come back."
Yelled and meant by the supposed
sole provider,
the mother who cares only for herself.

But I know happiness.
I've felt the warmth behind a smile
that's sincere,
the joy of scoring the winning run,
The kindness of the neighbors who took
me in.
I know how the child forgives
the faults and only sees the good.
I know how the child loves.



Artwork by Moses Yiga



*Replication of Me
By Kita McKoy*

Wondering will I ever
be the same? Hurt no more.
Wishing you'll walk through the door.

The almond shaped, light-brown eyes.
Innocence of your smile,
determination of your stare,
makes you a replication of me.

Coco-brown complexion
with a slim stature, powerful
yet calming voice,
to let
the world know
you are a replication of me.

Now I close my eyes
to see your face
to make it not the last
replication of me.

*Forever
By Yamiley Mathurin*

Your friends who swore to always ride it through
Got off at the last stop and forgot about you.

Instead of your sister's voice when you call home,
"That number's restricted" is spoken through the phone.

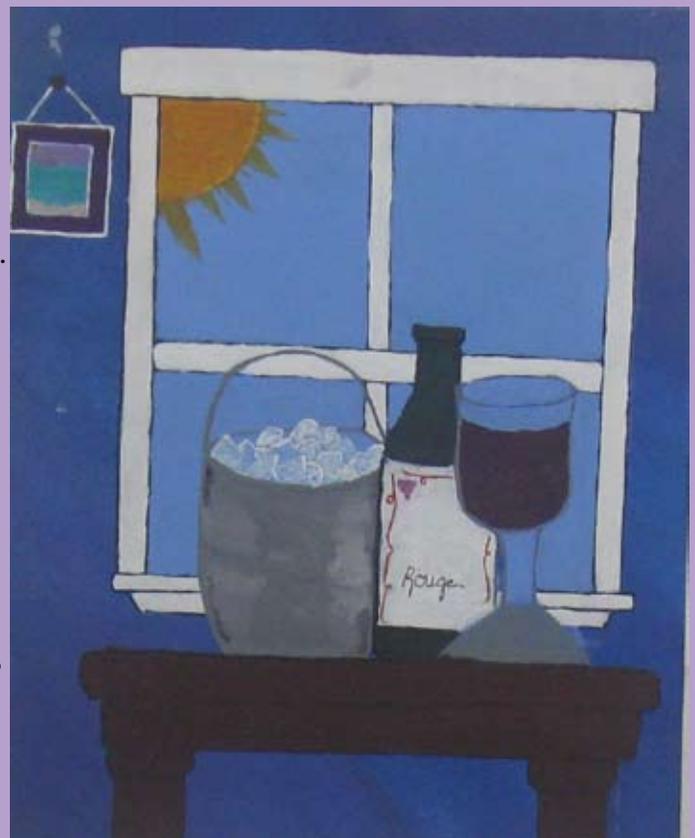
Showered and dressed...hair done and all
You're watching the clock, anticipating the call

But sadly 6:30 comes and goes
And to your disappointment Mama never shows.

You used to hit the studio every other week;
Now you need to keep it down so your cellie can sleep.

Remember drinking and dancing with Nisha back then?
Wouldn't make it home till maybe 2 a.m.

We'll party forever! Isn't that what you told her?
Well, lock-in's 9:30, guess forever is over.



Artwork by Harvey Wiggins

I hear
By Kita McKoy

I hear her cries
loud, like a freight train.
I hear the cracking of her
voice, sadness. The quivering
of her lips when she asks,
Mommy,
Where are you?

I ignore the I love yous.
Every time I inhale, the smoke
clouds the vision of her smile
that haunts me night and day.

I hear her say, Mommy,
can I come with you?
Dark alleys, hallways and
back seats. Places a child
should not be. Welcome
the tears as I retrieve
crumpled bills off his leather
seats.

She reaches for my back
everytime I disappear.
Streets calling
Kita! Kita! Kita!
I answer.

She hears my excuses
when I reappear.
Then I imagine the sound
of her breaking heart
shattered glass!
I ignore.

My Mother's House
By Ruth DeLéon

My
mom's house
is like a beautiful
garden full of red and
white roses, green bamboo,
the smell of food, the smell of
clean floors with the noise of the
fish tank. It feels like looking for paradise.
The special place where I can give love and
receive love. At the end of the beautiful garden
are my mother's arms. Her warm arms that keep me
strong, that make me believe, that give me hope and faith.



Artwork by Leslie Burton

Wall Shadow
By Courtney Schneider



Artwork by Leslie Burton

This house is not my house.
This bed is not my bed.
The man lying next to me
is no friend of mine.
I've woken up beside him
more times than I recall.
My bruised, blistered feet
hit the dirty splintered floor.
Sweat crystals roll down
between my bulging shoulder blades.
The clothes I slept in feel
like they are made of ice.
My stomach leaves a sour trail
as I run to find my syringe.
I load it up, red flag,
and hit home.
Looking up, I touch the one
part of the wall that's not smokestained.
Gray eyes, blonde hair
eyebrows drawn with a Keno pencil.
Gone. Only a shadow staring
back where the mirror used to be.

Broken Home
By Courtney Schneider

A little girl sits
waiting at the top of the stairs
for the sounds
of flesh hitting flesh.
A cry for help
Running to your rescue
I ran away from home.
You chose him over me.
I chose to dance with the devil.
I have nobody to blame.
I can no longer
point my finger in your face.
You were helpless and
I was your savior
time and time again.
That little girl is gone now
She disappeared
when the streets came calling.

Artwork by Harvey Wiggins



Sister
By Tuwana Bowles

My hair kinky, your long
fingers parted it with ease.
In the dark you stood on
tiptoes to find the bread
to make our salad dressing
sandwiches.
When we laid side by side
on our full mattress taking
a nap, I peeked through
squinted lids to see you
staring at me, pinching me to
make me sleep, so we could
receive our afternoon
gingerbread with lots of
Cool Whip on top.
Your thin arms
pulled me into your flat
chest to shield me from
the blows our parents
threw at one another.
You were a child who
made me your baby.
Nana's cherished one.
Your bright smile and
thin legs our mother's
substitute.

The day they took you
I went mute.
My new foster home
swallowed up my small
frame with outstretched
arms, honey brown skin
and grey eyes, a woman
who hugged me so tight
I could feel her heart
beating against my face.
My bed felt strange
without you next to me.
Years passed me
by, my elbows holding
up my face, staring out
the window, headlights show.
I see your silhouette in
the car. I know it by heart.
I skip the porch stairs
two at a time to the
open car door.
You drop your bag
and hold me close to
your flat chest.
You say, "I missed you."
I say, "I missed you
more."

Artwork by Donny Peguero



Pencil (#2 For Short) By Amanda Demmons

My name is Pencil, #2 for short.
I'm shiny gray, but some of my friends
are pink, blue, yellow even green.
I help people remember
what to do for the day or
what to get from the store.
I help people express themselves
And can be a
silent voice.

I don't know worry about anything I do because my
bubble gum pink eraser will make it go away.
I've traveled many places until someone
tied me to a string and taped the other end
to the counter.

When I was first born (made in China)
I was so long,
but through time, I became short
and I have dents all over.

When I am used, I try
so hard not to break.

I don't want to go in
that metal thing and be ground to a point.
Sometimes the weight is just too much
And I snap like a toothpick.



Artwork by Harvey Wiggins



Artwork by Donny Peguero

Artwork by Moses Yiga

Yesterday

By Rebecca Allas

A part of me
died in the dark
alone.
A part of me that
was a stranger.
A part
I will never know.
I felt the cry
as he slowly drowned
while he said good bye.
No funeral
No casket
No white satin lining.
Just a person behind a desk.
\$300.00 miss, she said.
Preferably in cash,
Or check.



Candy *By Bonnie Greene*

**I'm in a candy store picking every piece,
even the flavors I don't like.**

**I browse each row of my everlasting wants
until I reach my designated spot.**

**I grab a fistful of 'Now and Laters'
and stuff my transparent candy bag.**

**Five dollars a pound; love has no limit.
I pay and head to paradise,**

**Use my front teeth to tear the green wrapper.
My mouth waters, anticipating that sour apple.**

**My cavities fill with artificial sticky sugar
as I empty my fifty pound bag of desire
only to leave my enamel at the door.**

**Now, I'm forced daily to brush in little circles.
To reconstruct. Afterall –**

I've only got my smile.

Nature's Walk
By Syretta Copeland

Walking along paths early Fall.
It's windy outside, but the sun still shines
hot; the trees are beginning to bare.
I can feel the stillness of this
place in this space.

I notice something moving,
a rustle of cracking branches, followed by
a beautiful sight.
A family of deer.

Before this moment
I'd felt the weight of judgment
on my shoulders. I look deeper
into what is before me, yards away
in stillness. I know they hear me.
I can feel their gaze.

Small first, large, then larger.
Their white hooves with black soles
that are pure.
The brown of ancestors'
antlers that symbolize strength for protection
from long before.
Big, big black eyes that are far away
and appear to have no pupil.

Do they feel threatened by me?
The fact that I have sinned?
I'm not that innocent.
I'm out here trying to survive,
just like them.



Artwork by Oscar Sanchez

Outside

By Barriann Garcia Resto

Pulling off the Original Style skin and shoving it into my mouth not caring about greasy fingers; biting into the juicy tender chicken beneath; ohhh K.F.C!

To wear street clothes: silk panties and blue jeans, a satin shirt bright red. V-neck; a push-up bra—oooooh, showing cleavage.

To lay in the soft green grass, the tickling on my face, the feeling Of each blade as my hands brush across them. Mmmm, nice!

The twitters of birds, occasional screech, their own language; the horns beeping in traffic the roar of a train and waves crashing.

Soft lips on my sensitive throat, strong hot hands on my ass, making slow love or doing it fast and hard; the smell of sex – Yesss!

Options; the power of choice. I can go here and there, do this or that. Taking my time or in a rush. It's up to me.

The feeling of a whole pen in my hand and not just the flexible ink stick from “inside”. A pen that flows and doesn't cut off in mid-wo...



Artwork by Donny Peguero

Memoir
in-progress
By Barriann Garcia Resto

I felt the initial pain when I tried to break the tape. Finally, I rubbed the tape, thus my arms against the bark. It could have been the cold that made my skin numb thereafter, or just pure adrenaline from fear. I didn't feel the bark rub my arms and break the skin open. I just had to get free. This motherfucker had really taped me to a tree. Duct tape wound around my wrists. I felt anger and fear and one of the last times I felt compassion; not for myself. Fuck me! I felt for my unborn, the little boy inside me. I cried because he'd feel the pain of being torn apart as I miscarried. He had to already be in a panic because of my accelerated heartbeat, my yelling and strong emotion. Could the baby feel my fear? I think he did.

I don't know how long he left me there deep in the woods by Hathaway Pond, but it was cold and delirium had set in. I laughed at the plane flying above. "I'm down here!" I laughed hysterically cause it was silly. I knew they couldn't hear me.

No one could hear me.

Empty
By Kita McKoy

Sun shines on some.
Darkness devours all.
Feelings unbearable.
Does anyone notice?
Can they see the vacant
world I live--through
my lifeless eyes?
Sleepless nights
and dead end streets.
Empty thoughts and
deep dark pupils.
Is there hope
for me?



Artwork by Moses Yiga



Artwork by Donny Peguero

Bennington Street

by Antonietta Giugliano

When I was living on Bennington St., across from A.J.'S Liquor store in East Boston, my mother told me she was going to bring the car back to her friend and that she would be right back. She never came back. I thought someone had murdered her.

I remember standing out front of the off-white brick house and just watching the cars go by, thinking "What is going on?" I remember it was beautiful and sunny; everyone was sitting outside enjoying the day. I went into the house and walked up the stairs and I remember how empty I felt.

I felt bad for my family because there was no one around to take care of them. I thought I will take care of my brothers and my father. I would do the cooking and cleaning because I was the girl and that was my duty. My mother had been gone a few days and the house was a mess. The dishes were piled up covered with steak bones and other kinds of food. The laundry was also piled up, too. The house was so neglected. It definitely needed a woman's touch.

I remember walking over to the sink. I started picking up the dishes to wash them off and the smell was so bad. It smelled like death. I wanted to vomit. I looked down and there were maggots all over the sink and the dishes. I pressed my back up against the wall and dropped to the floor and sobbed.

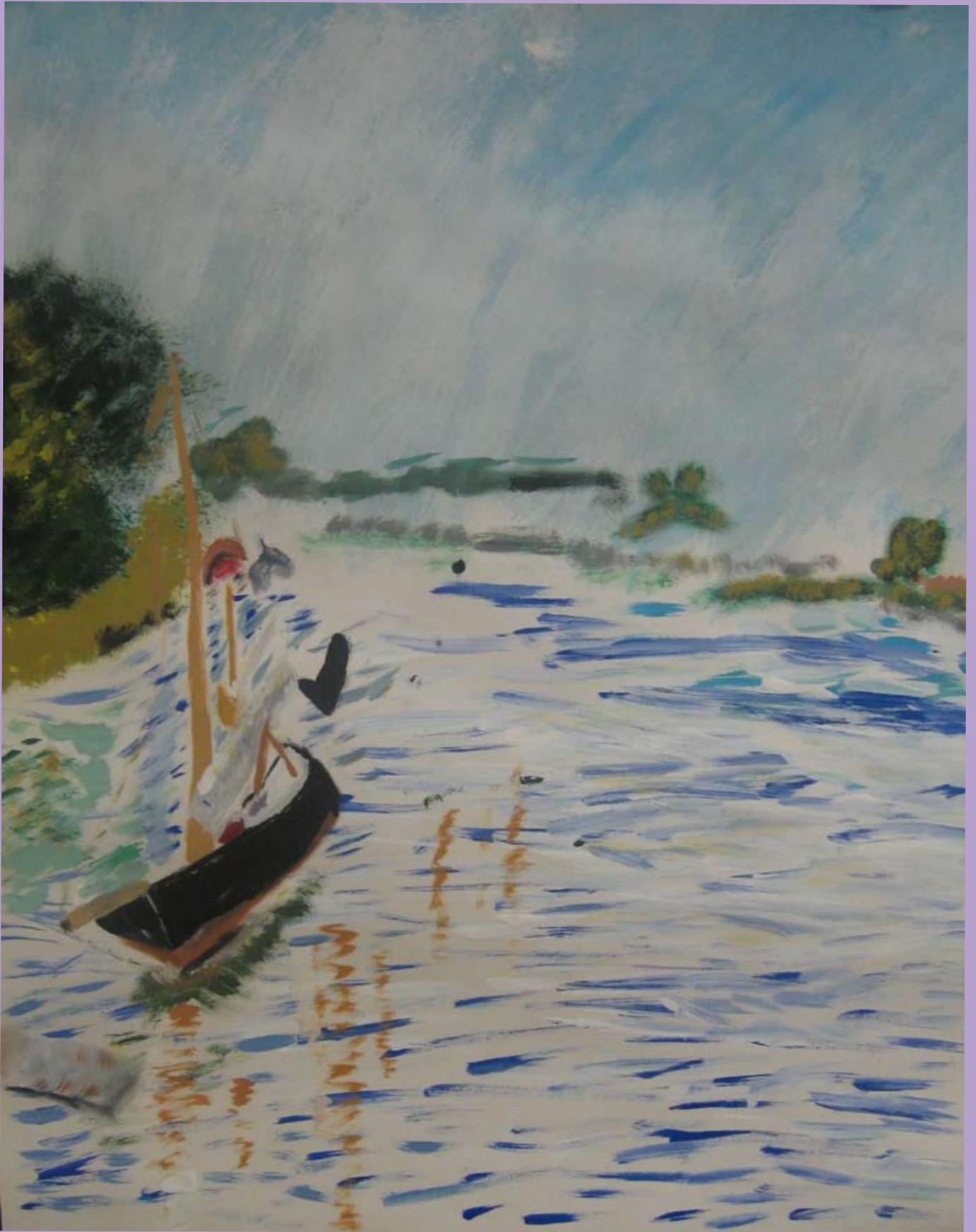
Then my Papa came in and asked me what was wrong. I told him what had just happened to me. He walked over to the sink and started picking up the maggots with his bare hands. He was telling me, See? It's okay, Antonietta. I will kill them.

I felt so bad for my father. He was such an honorable man. But he made all the wrong choices. I remember thinking maybe I could find my Papa a nice lady that could take care of me and my family. But my Papa said I would never allow you and your brothers to see me with another woman. I could never understand why he could let us see him on drugs, though. He could be so strong in some ways and yet so weak in others.

I remember I would lock myself in the bathroom and cry. I never thought my mother would just abandon me. I thought someone had to have murdered her. But six months went by and my Aunt Barbara got a phone call. It was my mother. She was having the time of her life hitchhiking across the country.

This is just one short story out of my life.

Artwork by Donny Peguero



What Hope Looks Like.....



Harvey Wiggins

“When we were kids, we learned that we weren’t supposed to color outside the lines. Here we were just encouraged to create art in the way we felt that we should express it.”



Moses Yiga

“Painting definitely helps you to imagine yourself in a different place. I tried to just let everything come out in the brush and see where it ended up.”

“He who has health, has hope; and he who has hope, has everything.”
Arabian Proverb

Not Beyond Hope

Artwork, Poetry, and Prose
Presented by the Inmates of the
South Bay House of Correction &
Detainees Of The Nashua Street Jail



Hope is held in a positive outcome related to events and circumstances in one's life. Hope implies a certain amount of perseverance — i.e., believing that a positive outcome is possible even when there is some evidence to the contrary.

Not Beyond Hope

Artwork, Poetry, and Prose
Presented by the Inmates of the
South Bay House of Correction



Hope is held in a positive outcome related to events and circumstances in one's life. Hope implies a certain amount of perseverance — i.e., believing that a positive outcome is possible even when there is some evidence to the contrary.

Not Beyond Hope



Hope: the desire and search for a future good, difficult but not impossible to attain.

Thoughts and artwork presented
by the inmates of the South Bay
House of Correction



Suffolk County Sheriff's Department
Office of Communications and External Affairs
200 Nashua Street
Boston, MA 02114
(617) 635-1100
www.scsdma.org