

UNLOCKED

HMP Nottingham,
Nottinghamshire



1st Edition of **Unlocked:**
Writing from HMP Nottingham.

Cartonera Publishing, 2019

Texts written and books crafted with dignity
by imprisoned men from HMP Nottingham.

Edited by Joey Whitfield and Lucy Bell.



Arts & Humanities
Research Council



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Writing
from HMP Nottingham



PROLOGUE

This collection is the result of a Prisoner Publishing pilot project inspired by the work of nine imprisoned writers from Puente Grande prison in Jalisco, Mexico. The Puente Grande project was facilitated by DIY publishers Sergio Fong (La Rueda Cartonera) and Israel Soberanes (Viento Cartonero), who encouraged participants to put their pens to paper and taught them to make their own books by hand, using recycled cardboard to produce unique, colourful covers.

This practice, a way of making low-cost books in resource-poor, imagination-rich contexts, is known as *cartonera* publishing. *Cartón* refers to the cardboard used to bind the books through participatory community workshops. *Cartoneros* are the waste-pickers who first inspired a group of young artists and writers to set up their craft book-making workshop in 2003 in the aftermath of a deep economic crisis that left vast numbers of people unemployed, and picking waste as a means to make ends meet. Since Eloísa Cartonera, over 250 *cartonera* collectives have cropped up across and beyond Latin America.

Inspired by the cartonera model, and the work of Sergio and Israel in Puente Grande, we decided to trial a new 5-day prisoner publishing programme at HMP Nottingham, in response to the high turnover of prisoners

in this Category B, short-sentence prison. Rather than taking a pre-established programme to the prison, we designed a loose course that one participant, Mick, later referred to as “creative writing with a twist of art”. As the week progressed, the programme took shape, guided by the participants and their interests.

Over these four days, we facilitated structured and less structured activities, from writing sense poems and rap lyrics to discussing what it would take to have a world without prisons. *Unlocked* is result of a process that brings together learners and teachers on a horizontal plane of co-production; a process whereby participants learn new skills and techniques, but also get the opportunity to share their existing skills and knowledge; a process that encourages self-reflection and team work; a process that fosters self-confidence and mutual trust; a process that unlocked creativity, vitality, and imagination.

What follows is a selection of poems, raps, micro-fiction, biographical snapshots, and short discursive pieces. The themes around which the texts are structured came from both real and imagined experiences from the participants’ lives inside and outside prison – burgers and curries, cells and cell toilets, gangster movies and prison radio, deportation and abuse, vulnerability and strength, faith and god, childhood trauma and neglect, family and bereavement, mothers and children, love and loss, imagination and desire, forests and silvine spirits.

We hope that reading *Unlocked* will give you a special insight into the world as these men have experienced it – a world tarnished by violence, pain, and abandonment but also one transformed by determination, faith and love.

Lucy Bell and Joey Whitfield

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We would like to thank all seventeen participants, fifteen of which are featured in this collection, from whom we have learnt so much, who have added new words to our vocabulary. You have given us new insights into the pain of homelessness and the strategies for living on the streets and have helped us understand how to “keep it real”. The pages of this collection reflect your courage and your honesty, your struggles but also your humour.

On a personal note, we would like to thank:

Mick *Tuf:Honk*, thank you for your uplifting energy and fizzing creativity, your insights into survival on the street, and your spirited sense of humour.

Mike, thank you for being willing to share your vulnerability as well as your strength.

James, thank you for holding yourself with such resolve, and for some great paintings.

Patrick, thank you for sharing your story and your dreams, if only briefly.

Lewis, thank you for your energy and enthusiasm, and for embracing the opportunity to write and reflect.

Mikes, thank you for your perseverance and thoughtfulness.

J. G., thank you for your wicked golden grin and subversive sense of humour.

Tyler, thank you for your quiet, respectful presence.

Raq, thank you for being constantly entertaining and exacting (when it came to definitions!).

Sunny, thank you for your sunny disposition and for sharing your food fantasies so freely... We hope you get your burger soon.

Paul, thank you for your intelligent, witty contributions.

Abid, thank you for your positive attitude.

Uddin, thank you for your reflectiveness and empathy.

Habibullah, thank you for your quiet stoicism, and for the trust you showed in us.

Ihsanne, thank you for expressing yourself not only in anger, but also in love.

Iffy, thank you for your humour and creativity, for overcoming distraction and managing to concentrate on your writing.

Leigh, thank you and congratulations for finding a powerful voice, for throwing yourself into the programme with energy, determination and industriousness, and for using this course so productively to hone your considerable writing skills.

We would also like to express our sincere gratitude to an incredible teacher, Tony. Tony, thanks for opening the doors of your classroom to us, for supporting us and willing us on at all times with your sunny disposition and good humour, and for dedicating so much care and effort to your learners.

Finally, our thanks go to Phil Novis, the governor of HMP Nottingham, who has invested great energy and effort into overcoming the problems faced by the prison. His can-do attitude towards our project reflects his broader vision of placing rehabilitation at the heart of the prison's strategy. Thanks also to Mike Smith and Kerry Harvey, who were instrumental in organising and setting up this new programme, and to Verena Hewat, who embraced the cartonera project from day one and helped us to prepare the programme.

Lucy and Joey, 27th September 2019

MIKE

MY STORY

Growing up with my dad, stepmum and her two kids was hard, as I always knew the woman wasn't my mum. My dad had me from 16 months old. My mum didn't want me, she tried to suffocate me as a child. But she wanted my brother Chris. My dad was no fool, a scary character. Growing up on Wilmot Drive, Stoke-on-Trent, I used to see people wouldn't dare talk to him.

Growing up, my dad said my mum and brother were dead. I was 10 years old.

My dad would me out of bed and say: "we're off". I used to have to run to keep up with him. He had beaten my step mum up so we were off to my nan's. That's where I had to stay whenever I came home from primary school.

One day, aged 11, I came home from school, and there was a woman sitting in my nan's house with one of my uncles, called Frank. He said: "this is your mum". I started crying, and said: "no, my mum's dead", then I went up to the pub to my dad, crying and screaming. He was tanked up, he was fuming.

Later on, that night, my dad and step mum went down to the Hanging Gate Pub. My dad was on the war path and god help anyone who got in his way. He was standing there; my uncles were very scared. Frank went white, my dad beat him up as Frank was there with Janet, who, I discovered that day, was my mum.

From then, I start trying to run away from home, so I was put in care for my own safety. That's where I stayed for six years.

But then starting rebelling again, stealing cars. At 16, I got put by social services in a drug hostel on Samson Street, with prostitutes and drug dealers. That's when, from smoking weed, I went on to hard drugs.

That was my start in life.

On 17th July 2019, I became hopeless. I was on the streets. I went with nout except my drugs. I've been in a real bad way, smoking smack and monkey dust, thinking about being back with all the people I've lost: my two brothers, dad, nana, as the life I'm living is no life, so why go through all this pain. All I wanted was to be with my loved ones. I wanted to go to the sea, scatter my dad's ashes, and take my tablets so I could float away and be with them...

For three years I wanted to kill myself as I hate being on drugs. I could and should have been a pro footballer. I played for Stoke City, Vale, Crewe, Birmingham and Arsenal.

I feel like I have failed my three beautiful boys.

Sorry boys, your dad loves you the world.

It's 9th September 2019, I'm in the police station yet again. Some C.I.D. keeps coming wanting an interview. I wouldn't leave my cell as I've been on the streets from the 17th July. I cannot remember being interviewed, but the next minute I was charged with my offence and off to court. I went on remand, as they said I would have committed more offences, and you know what, I would, so they have helped me as I was remanded on Wednesday 11th September. On Sunday 15th, I stopped my meth.

Today it's the 26th September and it's been 13 days, no sleep, I'm tired, hungry, fed up.

I ring up my ex, mother of my boys. She is not happy one bit, as she keeps saying I've failed my three boys, but not the lad we fostered, when he was 16 months old, he's a cousin of my three boys who is now 14 and still lives with my ex. I've done everything for this kid, but failed my own.

MY BOYS

Well I am in jail, yet again, locked in my cell behind the door, yet again away from my loved ones, doing time yet again. But I'm glad to get away from drugs. I lie on my bed listening to the screws jangling their keys, thinking that all I want is my freedom. I look outside and see the sunshine, then see my three sons smile. I so want to be with you, my sons.

Love,

Your dad.

TO MY THREE BOYS: A, A AND A

When I'm home,

I'll see your smiles, your joy.

When I'm home,

I'll hear your laughs, your screams of excitement.

When I'm home,

I'll hold you, embrace you.

When I'm home,

I'll smell your fresh clothes.

When I'm home,

I'll feel your love.

LEIGH

BEE REE B: THE BEAUTY I SEE

Every street I choose to go down,
every walk with attitude and beat,
it's you I see,
which helps wipe away my frown.
Every breeze that blows
carries your smell,
which makes me stop, turn,
and my yearning
for you is all that grows.
In the chaos of the crowd,
like the chiming of the midtown bell,
stripping from my ears the shroud,
your distinctive yell
drops out of the cloud,
calling out to shout my name.
Like your saltfish and ackee,
as I close my eyes, it's you I taste,
which drives me wild,
and turns me totally whacky.
It's when I'm lying next to you,
as you stroke my hair strand by strand,
and you pick and touch your way through,
it's your hold and touch
that I miss so so much.

A TRANCING GIRL

Finding such a trancing girl
that can stop hearts beating
and stop clocks ticking,
just glancing such a person
is so hypnotically trancing.
She's one of a kind,
She's the kind of girl all lads imagine,
one night at the ball, hand in hand,
eyes captivated at her dancing.
She is all most ever want,
so keeping Ree just for me
has been harder than most will ever see.
But I hope all the time I've set aside
will make her see me,
as this lady is the holder
of what unlocks my happiness.
Rhian's my key.

MOTIVATION

Money in my pocket, build it up enough to fill and safe
and lock it.

Obtain all the goods for me and find my honey, start
straining off the duds, brim up my heart till my
feelings are funny.

Time to aim so much higher, no more nickel and dime,
as I'm sick of being the sigher.

Intellect, time for self-education, instead of complete
self-neglect.

Voids, I know it's time to fill them, instead of following
the droids and stop being a dill.

Attack and move forward, no more rear-view mirror, no
more looking back.

The start of my new day, starters gun quick off the line,
I must, this time, dart not yawn.

Intuition isn't always right, even with what I've been
told, in spite of all the times to fight, this time
I must hold my judgment and anger, and pick
tuition.

Overcome my personal hills, now I can freewheel all
my way back down, it gives me time to stop and
look at my stills.

Now it's time to move on from life bitterness of lime,
now I must find my own stride and groove.

MY EVERYTHING, “WIBBSY”: MUM

When you vanished out of my life,
no matter how bad I wanted to cry,
I was so scared to let it out,
all I did was constantly shy.

In your life you were called Wibbsy
he apple of everyone’s eye
and I tell you now
that was far from any kind of lie.

Listening to your advice
turned me into this kind of guy,
you gave words of guidance
that no one could buy.

Most of my life hearing your voice
would make me high
and seeing you turn up was sweeter
than any homemade pie.

At any time, on any day, the question strikes me,
Time standing so still
Why oh why,
I know it wasn’t your time to die
But as one of God’s angels it was your time
To answer your calling to the sky.

STRUTTING AND BUTTING

Sometimes in life, I feel like I'm running head first straight into walls, making my head feel like a teabag getting slapped against the side of a mug, leaving me feeling embarrassed, left wishing life was like on TV, which gives me inspiration.

LUCY AND JOEY

Learning

from a new direction was a source to feed my yearning,

Unconditionally showing us respect

was a way of helping my writing start to grow,

Contemporary, in a new style,

brought to my work a whole new smile,

You put a whole new twist

on this class without leaving me feeling in the mist.

&

Just in a week,

you two helped it to not feel as bleak

Once these new styles had been taught,

it put in my pen miles that couldn't be bought

English to me before was all about commas and spelling,

got me so frustrated I felt like yelling,

You two I can only say thanks,

you stopped my pen from writing blanks.

ENLIGHTENED BY THE DARK

Inspired by Jack London's White Fang

As I stumbled across the seemingly dark spruce forest, which seemed to feed itself on my own inner fear, dark and lifeless, it made my veins feel like a crossroads of frozen waterways.

I ventured inside. As I did, I began to feel as lifeless as the forest, and colder than the frozen waterways of blood running through me. I was now stripped of all warmth, feeling like it had stripped me even of my clothing.

As I dared to venture deeper, now stripped back to my bare self, I could see in my breath so much evil. I felt as if my clothes were covered in frost, so much cold in front of me. The sunlight had started to struggle to penetrate the foliage. It got dark quickly, one could almost say black.

Any possibility of leaving this forest began to feel ominous. The further I looked, the deeper the light was fading along with the noise, it began to feel like the silence was deafening.

I had now reached a depth of complete desolation, a lifelessness beyond compare. Decomposition could be seen all around. Sunk in such a depression, it produced a spirit the likes of which couldn't even be blessed with the name of sadness.

It pulled a cloth of mirthlessness over my whole being, making my complete presence there have no meaning, making me lose any sense of self-worth. I could not see this spirit, but I knew it carried the smile of a sphinx. A smile as cold, if not even colder than the frost.

I felt so lost, so little, spinning around, even the trees laughing at me. For the first time in my life, I felt the grimness of their infallibility.

I felt so weak, the control over mind, body and soul had been taken and shared between the forest and this intangible spirit.

The way it was taken from me was masterful. Something I found profound was that, if I could get any understanding of this power, I could become just as mighty... But I was unable to do so. It was an incommunicable wisdom. For humanity to reach this level of collective knowledge and spirituality would take an eternity and having a complete and full understanding of humanity's futility was laughable. As a species we were still untamed, in fact, wild, most still at the level of homo erectus. Still a place of savageness, almost inhumane, frozen-hearted.

So just as I had a total fear for where I had stumbled, I also had a respect, almost a jealousy.

IFTY

COLD WORLD

Inspired by Jack London's White Fang

In the forest I lie with my cold heart, a vast silence. I lay so cold in the forest I can feel the goosebumps and hairs rising down my arms. I find it difficult to stand up with the cold. I find it so difficult to stand. Slowly and surely, I stand on my feet and a noise of laughter I hear from afar. I walk slowly to the noise. It gets louder and louder. I quicken my pace the louder it gets; I start running through the trees as I am getting closer, I start running through the trees I see the light through the trees as I can hear a group of people laughing and talking. I make it to the other side of the trees I can see a group of maybe five or six people sitting round a camp fire. As they turn their eyes towards me, shocked to see me, I stand there bare-footed with only my shorts on. I walk towards the campfire the lovely warm heat hitting my body making me feel better, the group of people asking me questions and trying to talk to me but it's going in one ear and out the other because all I care about is warming myself up. As I come back to my senses, I start to listen to what everyone is saying. They are suspicious and as I turn my head, I can see my clothes and shoes are by the tent. I think to myself I can see these people are not trustworthy, so I

grab my stuff and run and as I am running, they start shouting,

“Why are you running?” but for some reason no one runs after me so I carry on running. As the heavens open and it starts raining heavily so there is no chance of me starting a fire to keep myself warm. Running through my head is what other options do I have. Let me look for a place to sleep and think about plans in the morning. I find a spot that looks good and safe to sleep and I lay down my head and instantly I’m asleep. All I feel is a tapping on my arm and I open my eyes and it’s my mother shouting at me, complaining I have been sleeping all day. Shock in my body that I was dreaming about being in a forest...

The end

J. G.

FAMILY

Family you're my strength
And the same time you're my blessing
Miss you all like crazy
Inside I am stressing
Love you to the death
You're my happy ending.

SHARING A CELL

I saw my pad mate head towards the toilet
His ass touched the ring of the bowl
I heard a fart and I heard a plop
I smelt shit and could taste it on the tip of my tongue
That's the downfall of sharing a cell.

PRISON RAP

I may have lived a life of sin
And I hide my pain through a golden grin
There's hate and shame from built up guilt
And when the lights go dim I clench my quilt
Yet there's sleepless nights and hopeless dreams
All that shines ain't sweet like cream
The days seem dark and the weeks feel long
And when times get hard there's no phoning mom.

SUNNY

NATASHA

Not knowing how long I've got is a killer
Another day done when I wake up
Tash I'm sorry and I promise to change
Angry with myself full of shame
Soon be home I long for your loving touch
Happiness is around the corner I feel it
Another court date no bail I'm going to appeal it

IF I WERE A CURRY

If I were a curry
Then you'd be a naan
If I were a spoon
Then you'd be a pan

SUNSHINE/LOCKS

I was outside enjoying the sunshine. There was nothing better than freedom. I was pushing keys I did it with love, drugs paid my bills but little did I know time was running out. Now I'm in jail with all the other inmates all behind our doors all waiting for the locks to be unlocked.

LIVED LEXIS – To be continued...

Canteen: one of the only things that makes prison bearable, the crux of the week.

Pad: prison cell, generally a small square box that stinks of farts housing two unfortunate individuals.

Paul

Prison: a form of incarceration which keeps your body banged up. Your mind can run free in dreams but you still wake up in the slammer.

Police: are necessary but can use their own egos a lot and when they step out of line their fellow officers are always there to back em up. That's why we always have a wide range of names for them. I personally am wary of them and can spot em a mile away.

Cannabis: I can't see myself ever giving it up. Gets me to sleep, calms my volatility. I smoke an 8th a night. Gworn, weed or green are other words for it.

Tuf:Honk

A WORLD WITHOUT PRISONS

Thoughts after a discussion about the possibility of a world with no prisons.

STOPPING ALCOHOL

Stop people drinking!

When you drink you start to like it.

You see yourself go down a wrong path but it's too late to change it.

Then you end up doing things you didn't realise.

Then you end up in prison.

More help with where to go.

More places in rehab.

Mikes

I think if people were given chances to turn their lives around when they have done wrong, with the right help and motivation to guide them down the right path and help them to be where they want to be then there would be fewer crimes and fewer depressed people around the world. We could do this by offering rehabilitation to people who need it, by helping people with addictions or money problems, or just finding the root of the problem in the first place, whether that be trouble at home with family or whatever the case. We could support them just

by being there. Another option could be offering college courses to help people find what they want to do in life then at the end helping them get into apprenticeships leading to a lifelong job that they could aspire to do well in. I think if more support was offered to young people with no inspiration then the world would be a better place.

James

Replace jail with community service. People could avoid prison by learning about ways to reduce crime in a school-type environment. Teach criminology to people who might commit crime instead of just to people in universities. Youth clubs at young ages should be invested so people can get into sport or music or cooking skills instead of committing crime.

Raq

I think for minor crimes, people should be put in community service or manual labour starting from 3 months and up. This method might reduce the percentage with mental health problems. Most crimes are committed when people have mental health problems, and may not know they have them. So help needs to be available to these people. Jail also causes mental health issues.

You wouldn't keep your dog caged up, so why do it to humans.

Sunny

PRISON ABOLISHMENT

Addicts get free drugs.

Poverty abolished.

Alcohol banned.

Homeless people given somewhere to sleep.

A form of communism would have to rule.

No class divide.

Quarrels between men should be settled by duel.

More rehabilitation, social services and probation funding in respect of this. One to one education with offenders, more cleaner hospitals with bonus incentives to work on jobs with job satisfaction. Personal preferences association with all areas of looking after the individual. More training to outreach workers so they have better understanding of their clients.

Tuf:Honk

LEWIS

STOP AND SEARCH

I was on the road on a summer day
Fedz came past me and clocked my face
So I did a U-turn and turned to the place
Flashed the blue lights
Slammed on the brakes
Then jumped out of the vehicle
To get away I'm gonna need a miracle
Seen the handcuffs and the cosh was visible
I know the force ain't gonna be minimal
Served me 3 months, finish with jail
Try and put me back in, without no bail
Why do the police want me to fail?
I know I can get through plain and sail
Why do the police try and bother me?
Asking about another street robbery
I swore on my mother's life it wasn't me
So leave me alone, I'm on the straight path, honestly.

HABIBULLAH

FAMILY

Hugging my son fills me with excitement.

I cannot wait to see him again.

His voice rings in my mind every night.

When I go to bed.

I remember when we went to a restaurant together to eat kebabs where the smell of halal meat lingered in the air.

ABID

PRISON

Same thing every day
Dirty sheets, banging shouting, 3am
Dry food, no flavour
Literally white, the chicken is white but black inside
Smell changes every day, drugs, if I'm honest
One or two out of five alright
Keep you caged up
This is my first time
I'm never coming back

MONEY

Motivation for a good life
Objective in life
Never give up
Everybody wants it
You all need it

UDDIN

MISTAKES

Dark feeling house cold night
Frosty sad wild milf effort
Check phone message run off
Tazer ask stop didn't listen
Tired out stamina enough arrested
Next day court end up prison
Sleep tab blanket all day sleep

TRUE BRUDDA

My padmate got a deportation order. Bro, if I got two wishes that could come true I would change your life. All I know is you've been real and showed me bare love. I wish they could understand your pain and tears. Don't worry, your mum is watching and praying for you from up there. I know your parents must be in heaven because ISIS killed them. My bro, it don't matter wherever you are. Just to let you know I got you. My true brudda.

IHSANNE

TAKING FROM YOU TO GIVE TO YOU

Show your weakness, your pain, your sadness... to He who knows that even before you show them to him. Talk, ask, plead, cry... to He who can listen to you at any time, in any place in this world you live in, whatever situation you're are in... He is a God, a God who has mercy on you more than your mum has mercy on you. You find yourself in terrible, horrible situations, you are in prison or in hospital or you are down... You are in the darkness of a darkness inside darkness... Don't give up, never give up... Maybe it is punishment for something you did, and you forgot all about it... but God didn't forget... You know even inside God's punishment you'll find mercy... Don't say how, don't be surprised... A punishment is to learn a lesson, it is discipline, but before you're punished, God gives you time, and time and time... He is patient and patient with you... Maybe then you wake up, you start behaving... If not you get what you need, you know you can't know the future, but God knows, he knows what's best for you. God takes from you to give to you.

Look: I say to my child, "don't eat too much chocolate, especially at night after you brush your teeth". But my child goes and hides and eat a chocolate, op! I'm not happy about it, but I smile, saying, "oh, you cheeky

thing! Come on, brush your teeth again!” Then I give her a kiss I pick her up and take her to bed, and I even tell her a bedtime story to help her sleep. Tomorrow the same, but she brushed her teeth a bit earlier than usual because she wanted me to read a story for her. Then she pretends she’s asleep, and when I go to my bedroom, she gets a chocolate that she was hiding under her pillow. I also pretend I don’t know, so I can come back to catch her... So, what for? To laugh and smile and to ask my treasure to brush her teeth again... Next day the same. I try to be more serious, but day after day, as time passes, I can’t. It is stronger than me. She is my soul, my breath, I love my treasure more than anything: I adore her. And it is because of that love, because of that huge emotion, that I stopped getting her chocolate: no more chocolate at home. Chocolate is sweet, and nice, but my treasure’s health comes first. I took from her to give to her... That is what God is like.

But as well as asking and praying and being honest to God, there is another side: to work out what you have to do, do your best to change for better, or get what you’re looking for, to learn asking God and do nothing that can’t help, because God helps those who help themselves. But if you do your best, with all the power you have, or money, or high position, and ignore God, and you say, “I have power, I have money, I have this”, that doesn’t work either if that is not God’s will... The power of God is a miracle. When he is Pharaoh, everybody goes to see his body? (he was saying: I am God, he did to men, wo-

men, children what he did...) When he is Ariel Sharon? Did someone hear about him? He was in hospital in bed, he couldn't move... But he didn't die! What he did to innocent people in Palestine, but God gave him time and time, he didn't behave, like a lot of people...

Be strong, be patient, be honest, try to do what is right and correct, be nice and kind and respect everybody, no matter what religion, colour, country... Treat people as you would like to them to treat you... Be like the fly, a creature with two wings and a head: one wing to ask from He who can help you and is all-powerful; the other wing to do your best, not staying still waiting for a miracle to happen; and the head is the faith that guides you.

It's not bad to ask people for help, but don't put all your faith in them, because even those people, in some situations, can't help themselves, even if they are a judge, an MP, a Queen, a President, a businessman, or a rich person with power.

TUF:HONK

THE DECIMATION OF OUR CLIMATE

The despair I feel as choice and greed spiral out of control, seems only to be matched by our children's desperation for a healthy long life. They've given up 20% of their education to stand against the tide of filth created by the West and also the East.

70% of wildlife has been destroyed in as many years, along with whole ecosystems! The same amount of time a queen has sat on a gilded throne in one of the most civilised countries in the world.

How is that so?

How can we sit here creating more choice...? While only 1% of humanity feel the wealth of the collective cog. The cog that destroys all the world's resources at an alarming rate.

We tell our children money doesn't grow on trees, but structure our whole lives like this is indeed the case!

Back to basics is our only option. We are a cancer on our great planet's back. She will find a way to cull us and vaccinate against her illness.

I for one cannot see an end to the greed. Only our children have their hands clean...Their innocence has not been spoiled yet!

I think it's too late.

Prove me wrong.

THE STREET LORDS'S PRAYER

Our creator
Riding on high
Sacred is your name
Let me come in from the cold
Only you can judge a man
Bless my days and water
Keep me from Satan daily
Holy is your name
Generous and invincible
From now until the depths of time
...So be it!

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UNLOCKED,
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Book Antiqua and Libre Baskerville
was used for the typographic
composition.
The first print run was 50 copies,
which were bound and painted in
HMP Nottingham on 3rd October
2019.

