

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: A belief 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.*

Sheriff's Message



Sheriff Andrea J. Cabral

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 contributors’ 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 ongoing art program, which was implemented just over years ago at the House of Correction, and literary contributions from members of “*Voices*” – a poetry group comprised of male detainees which was launched in early 2008 at the Nashua Street Jail.

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 they continue their rehabilitation and, ultimately, reentry into society.

The poetry group was created with the intent to provide detainees with the tools to begin learning how to channel negative energies into positive, non-aggressive self-expression.

I want to commend Director of Education Dorothy Dunford for her efforts around implementation of the art program, and art instructor Kirstie Tuffs-Kugler for her work with the men enrolled in the class, as well as the Nashua Street Jail’s Assistant Deputy Superintendent of Program Services Carole Cafferty and Caseworker Lindsay Talbot for their achievements with the *Voices* poetry group.

With every good wish,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Andrea'.

Sheriff Andrea J. Cabral

About The Inmate Art Program & “Voices” Poetry Group

Under the auspices of the Suffolk County Sheriff’s Department and Director of Education Dorothy Dunford, Kirstie Tuffs-Kugler -- who holds a Master of Fine Arts from the Winchester School of Art in England -- conducts a comprehensive art program at the House of Correction in which participants of the class are taught the principles of a variety of artistic techniques including pastels, watercolors, pencil and ink, tempera, oil pastels, and a host of mixed media. During the class, inmates learn how to calmly focus and express themselves in a creative and non-violent fashion.



Kirstie Tuffs-Kugler

Under the supervision of Assistant Deputy Superintendent of Program Services Carole Cafferty, Caseworker Lindsay Talbot runs the “*Voices*” poetry group at the Nashua Street Jail for male detainees. As a primary focus of the group, detainees are encouraged to channel their thoughts and feelings



Lindsay Talbot

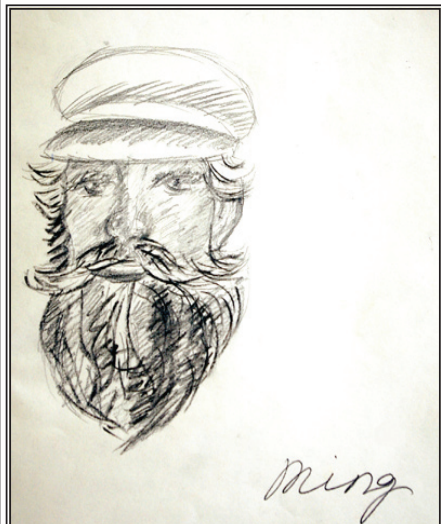
into the written word in an effort to provide them with a contemplative and constructive outlet for some of the emotions that can lead to undesirable behaviors. As with all of the programing within the Department, the rehabilitative value is key, and by teaching participants to move outside of some of their familiar and comfortable behaviors while introducing new ones, a potential first step is taken towards accepting real change in their lives.



Marquias Bartee



Claudino Correia



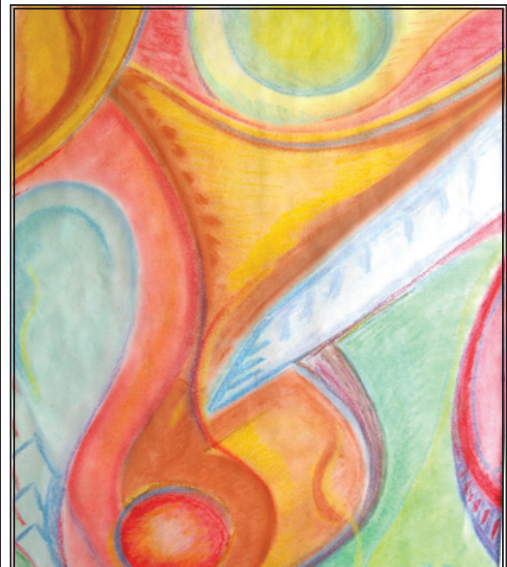
Ming Liu



Robert Mallard

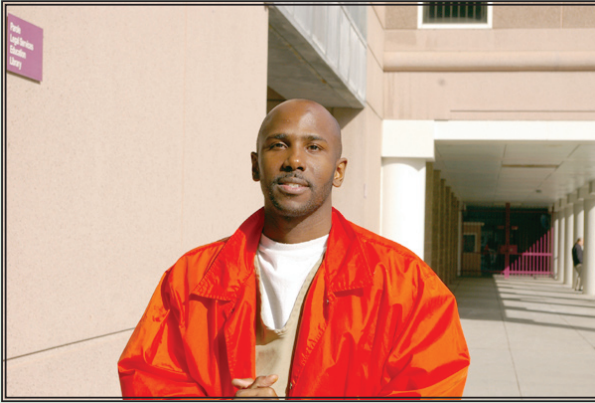


Vick Gregory

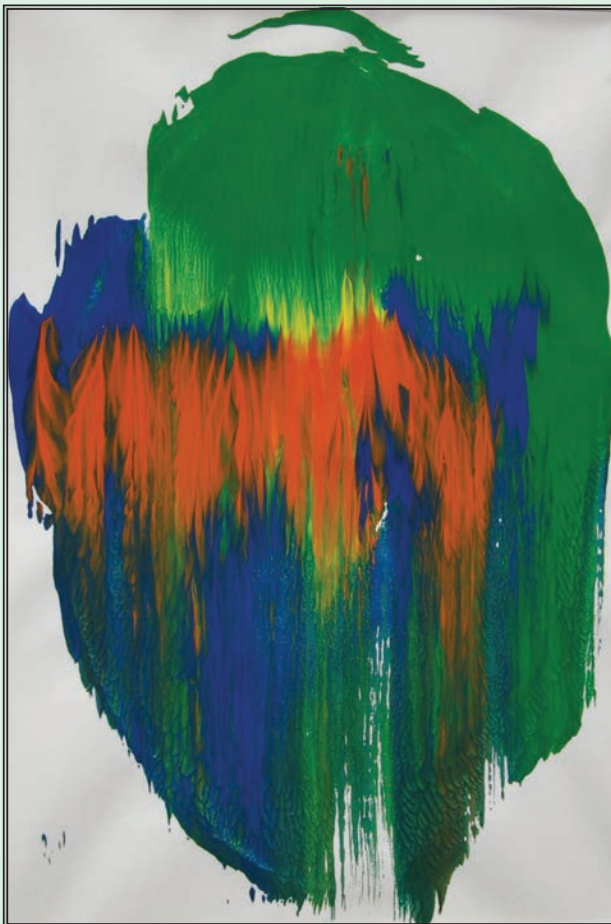


Douglas Savory

Robert Mallard



☞ “I think that creating art - any kind of art - is very important. It’s a way of expressing a voice freely that you’re not able to speak. That’s especially important in here because the rest of your time is so restricted”



When I created the portrait of the two faces, I wanted to think out of the box and not allow my creativity to be boxed in. The painting is a physical representation of that. The shackles represent captivity of knowledge.

I first thought that Kirstie was the craziest lady because of how intense she was and how she went about everything. But, it’s really a beautiful class.

Working on art in this class reminds me of the song ‘*The Right Side Of The Mountain.*’ It promotes calmness. When I sit down to do it, it gives me solitude and allows me to reflect on things personally. ☞



Michael Duff

Momma

BY CALVIN CARNES

I'M A RHYME POET

TRAPPED IN A MINDSTATE OF NOT KNOWING
ASKED MYSELF "WHY'D YOU LEAVE?"

IT'S BEEN 20 YEARS BUT THE PAIN'S STILL WITH ME
AND IT RUNS DEEP LIKE A BOTTOMLESS PIT

I CAN'T SHAKE THE PAIN SO I WRITE ABOUT IT IN PEN
CAN YOU IMAGINE THE PAIN OF FEELING NOT WANTED

A YOUNG MAN IN HIS TEENS NO LOVE FLOWING

SO I USED TO SMOKE WEED TO PUT MY MIND AT EASE
AS I STARE IN THE MIRROR AND ASK MYSELF "WAS IT ME?"

DID I CRY AT NIGHT WHILE YOU WERE TRYING TO SLEEP?

DID YOU WANT A BABY GIRL AND INSTEAD HAVE ME?

WHAT WAS THE REASON THAT YOU LEFT ME ALONE

IN THIS WORLD WITH NO MOMMA TO PROTECT ME

AND RUN TO AT HOME

DID YOU GET ON YOUR KNEES AND PRAY FOR YOUR LOST CHILD?

ASK GOD TO WATCH OVER ME AND HOLD ME DOWN?

OR DID YOU FORGET ABOUT ME

AFTER YOU WALKED OUT THE DOOR

LIKE A PIECE OF TRASH AFTER IT'S DROPPED ON THE FLOOR?

The Darkness Within

By Daniel Pinkney, Jr.

I smile, but deep down I'm not happy,
Internally vexed.
Hostility rises in my heart,
I wonder what hectic ways are released next.
Exposed to a cruel world where friends are foes,
Who do I trust?
I adapt to this habitat with rivals.
Survival is a must!
I seek liberation from such a life,
The life of venal and destruction.
But how could I escape the inevitable,
I learned from corruption.
Why am I overwhelmed when my tolerance has a
limitation,
Of this truculent world?
Believe me...
I can only take so much!
Vulnerable to the darkness,
I inherit and welcome what's not stopping.
Little hope, no faith is how I'm feeling...
No options!

No such thing as a smile or a laugh,
Only frowns and growls.
Anger, animosity, clenched teeth and scowls.
My nature is to hurt, not help,
But help I need 'cause I'm hurt.
Deep wounds inflicted,
It's harsh where I lurk.
Here I am, a frantic man within.
But I don't show this.
Naturally acting out vulgarly,
And I don't even notice.
Could my ways be mended for the better and benefit?
I don't think I'm eligible,
And there's no point pretending it.
So my fate is un-
predictable, be-
yond my grasp.
Sad thing I won-
der how long I
will last.
A massive issue.
My visual scopes
no happy
ending.
No hopes, no
rules...the evil
within trending.



Marquias Bartee

Prose By Darnell Thompson

I started smoking weed at the age of 15 in the streets of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. What got me started was the people I was hanging with. They didn't put a gun to my head. I just did it because everyone else did it. It got worse when a couple of my family members passed away. I needed to smoke to deal with their deaths and my problems and, most of all, to help me cope with things that were bothering me since I didn't trust nobody, which was a problem and still is in a big way.

I tried drinking, but it wasn't for me. I didn't like the taste or the burning feeling as it was going down and my first drink was home brew, so I left drinking alone altogether.

Then, I went to Connecticut for the summer to stay with my grandmother because I was too out of control. That's when I learned about the switch, no belt. So, I started hanging with my cousin -- who just passed away last month -- and I asked him where was the weed at and he rolled up what I thought was weed, but the way I felt, I knew it wasn't. When I ended up in the hospital for two days, he told me he was sorry as he cried by my bed and told me it was not weed and told me that's was what they did in Connecticut.



Vick Gregory

When I got out of the hospital, he gave me some pills to take for my headache. Come to find out, it was Ecstasy. I've been smoking weed and doing Ecstasy all my life. I started drinking on holidays, birthdays, and special events.

I know that there's consequences for everything I do, no matter what, and I know that all through life I just chose to do what I wanted to do when I wanted and that's what got me in here every time. I don't put the blame of me being in here on nobody but myself because I know what I was doing and could have stopped but didn't. I'm paying for it.

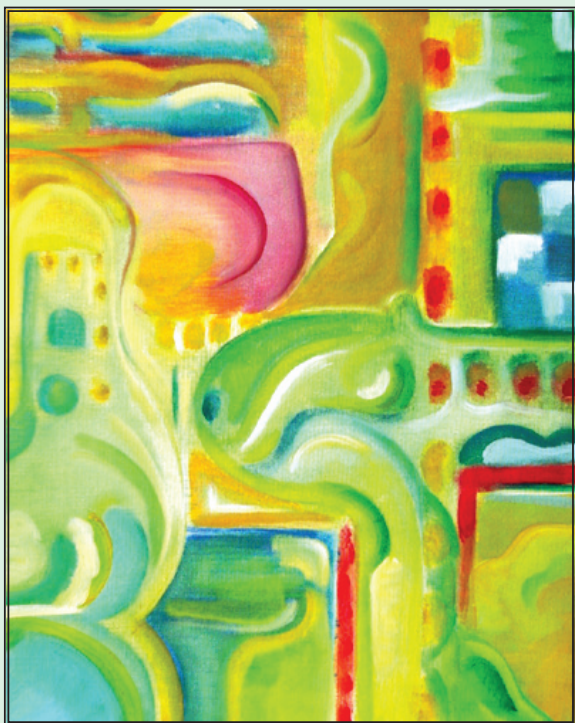
No, I wasn't high. The last time I drank was 2003 and I never been to a meeting. I just got knocked upside the head and my probation and the urine they've been taking keeps me clean. I still got locked up on another case.

My plan for the future when I get out is to go and see my daughters who are both 22 year-old twins and my grandson. Then, I'm going to go get my license back, then go back to college for business and accounting. Then, I'm going to go to see my peoples and family since I didn't burn none of my bridges with anyone in my family. And last and most important, when my grandmother died a month before I came in here, she left me an apartment building with 10 apartments and I am going to deal with that and open my own business in another state with some help.

Douglas Savory



“I get influences from all around me. A conversation, music – life. The colors that I use can reflect a feeling that I have or some thoughts that I’m trying to work through. The everyday things in life have an effect on you and how you feel all the time and sometimes you can’t express that. Doing this artwork helps me to express some of the things that I haven’t been able to express in speaking.



Working this way allows me to become introspective and think about what I’ve done and why I am where I am. When someone asks me in the future about my past, I can tell them about it with a new perspective. I’ve made mistakes and it’s important to be able to tell people about them so that maybe they won’t make the same ones that I’ve made.”



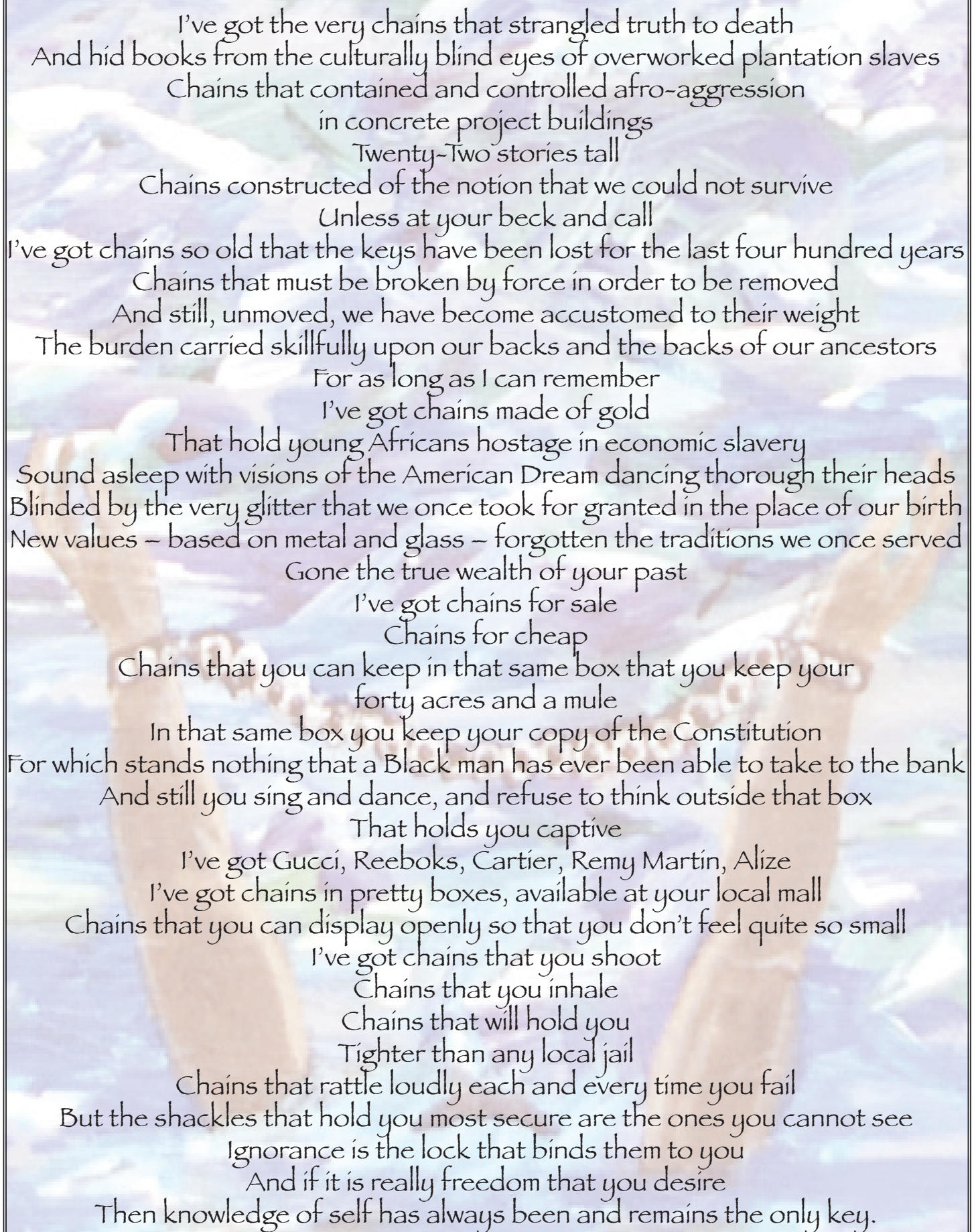
Chains For Sale

By Michael Duff

Chains for sale! I've got chains for sale!
I got chains rusted solid from seawater
Antiques that bound Black bodies
Securely in the hull of slave ships
I've got chains decorated with blood
Fit for a Sunday morning lynching
Chains that locked dark minds away
In dungeons of despair

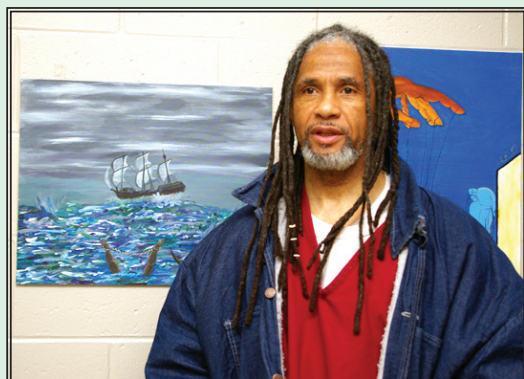


Michael Duff

The background of the page features a soft-focus image of two hands, one light-skinned and one dark-skinned, gently cupping a small globe. The hands are positioned at the bottom, with fingers spread, supporting the globe which is centered in the lower half of the frame. The overall tone is peaceful and symbolic, representing global unity and care.

I've got the very chains that strangled truth to death
And hid books from the culturally blind eyes of overworked plantation slaves
Chains that contained and controlled afro-aggression
in concrete project buildings
Twenty-Two stories tall
Chains constructed of the notion that we could not survive
Unless at your beck and call
I've got chains so old that the keys have been lost for the last four hundred years
Chains that must be broken by force in order to be removed
And still, unmoved, we have become accustomed to their weight
The burden carried skillfully upon our backs and the backs of our ancestors
For as long as I can remember
I've got chains made of gold
That hold young Africans hostage in economic slavery
Sound asleep with visions of the American Dream dancing thorough their heads
Blinded by the very glitter that we once took for granted in the place of our birth
New values – based on metal and glass – forgotten the traditions we once served
Gone the true wealth of your past
I've got chains for sale
Chains for cheap
Chains that you can keep in that same box that you keep your
forty acres and a mule
In that same box you keep your copy of the Constitution
For which stands nothing that a Black man has ever been able to take to the bank
And still you sing and dance, and refuse to think outside that box
That holds you captive
I've got Gucci, Reeboks, Cartier, Remy Martin, Alize
I've got chains in pretty boxes, available at your local mall
Chains that you can display openly so that you don't feel quite so small
I've got chains that you shoot
Chains that you inhale
Chains that will hold you
Tighter than any local jail
Chains that rattle loudly each and every time you fail
But the shackles that hold you most secure are the ones you cannot see
Ignorance is the lock that binds them to you
And if it is really freedom that you desire
Then knowledge of self has always been and remains the only key.

Michael Duff



“This class truly is an oasis. If you are dedicated to the arts...this is a very supportive and productive place to be. I believe that this activity allows one to reflect about their lives to this point and helps to put things into a positive perspective for the future.

I created ‘*The Entrance*’ (right) to symbolize moving out of the darkness and into the light.



I created ‘*The Trip*’ in recognition of Black History Month. It focuses on the expatriation of Blacks from Africa to America during the slave trade. They would tether people together sometimes eight at a time. On numerous occasions, during storms, slaves would sometimes be lost overboard. Other times, they were thrown overboard by slave traders while others sometimes tried to jump to freedom. I also wrote poetry to accompany the piece (pages 9 & 10).



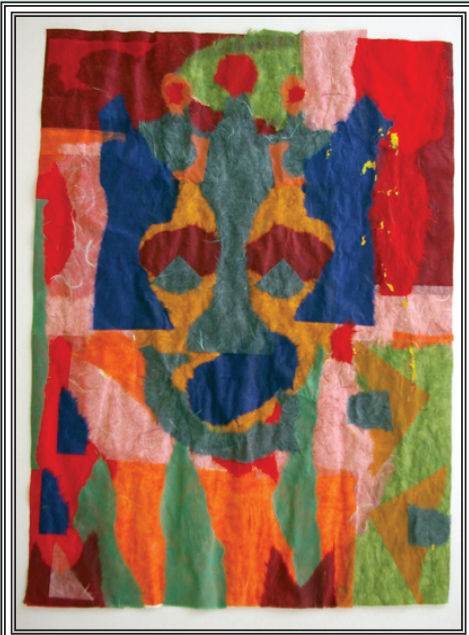
“When I’m painting or working on a project in class, I’m calm. Kirstie makes sure that we stay focused and that we concentrate on what we’re doing. Art can be just like life: things might not work out the way you want them to, but if you have patience, you can be successful. It depends on how much you want to put into it”

Marquias Bartee



Hole In The Wall

By Alex Middleton



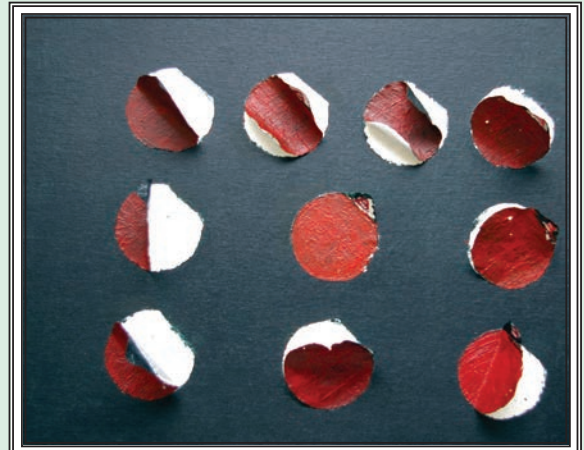
Douglas Savory

All this rubble on the floor represents my emotions
My dreams, hopes, all of my endeavors
So be careful, 4 someday I may put them back to-
gether
Hey, let's take a look in this box
These are my cares
Yeah, I know, really isn't much there.



Marquias Bartee

U Don't know me from a hole in the wall
But thru a hole in the wall I can see, who I am + the elements
it took to shape me.
I'm said to have a dark mind.
I say it takes darkness 4 a single star 2 shine.
I come from dark times.
The type of darkness that makes Stevie Wonder blind
But Stevie probably wouldn't have liked to see if it was me he
had 2 be.
My life's not 4 everyone's eyes
But if I decide 2 give U a glimpse promise that when I behave
like I do U'll understand why.
Let's illuminate this darkness.
Look, in the corner.
U see that guy?
Naked, cold, shaken, scared
He represents my fears
I'm not 2 familiar with him, we haven't communicated in years.
Walk with me.
But watch Ur step
As U see, every-
thing's broken



Ming Liu

But I'm learning.
What's that? U smell
something burning?
Oh, that's negativity
My parents gave it
2 me, from day one it's been with me
U see him over there, with the sign that reads "Sit with me"
Nobody likes him, that's my misery
So, now you know
I've been miserable + around negativity my entire life
Haven't had much 2 care 4
Dreams, hopes, emotions have been broken
Plus, I'm a dark fearless type of guy
Who's been trynna give it up + really giving it a try
But at least when I behaved like I did U can understand why
Now let's turn these lights out.
This show is done.
It's back thru the hole in the wall U don't know me from.

Family Tree

By Alex Middleton

*I've acquired much wisdom coming of age
Now I can extend my branches far enough 2 give U some shade
Learned 2 stand firm, solid, and hard
Against the ax if the lumberjacks try'nna take me to the lumber yard*



Michael Duff

*Deep-rooted, there I stood
As they tried 2 cut me down,
turn me 2 firewood
Sadly, I've seen many fall
victim to the enemy
They've even cut a few
branches of mine
But I won't let 'em timber
me
A lot of wear and tear on my
family tree
But now that I'm aware, the
tear ends with me
I thank those up top 4 suf-
fering 4 us down bottom*

*As their experience teaches new leaves 2 never fall in autumn
My pain in unseen but it's evident they tried to harm me
Said I remind them of ugliness, I'm nothing like a palm tree
I grew thru ruff conditions, endured all seasons
Praying that one day they'll realize they hate us for no reason
But let 'em hate
We're used 2 it
Who cares
Just know that I'll be in UR face for the next hundred years
B-cuz if they do find a way to take me down, those bastards
Not even death can do us apart, look around, I'm your casket*

Ming Liu

☞ “This is a great program, not just because it gives you a chance to forget where you are for a short time, but because it can actually help you to think about your life and the possibilities.



I don't know if I'll continue to practice when I am released, but the impact that I feel from this class – the discipline and appreciation that it demanded – will stay with me.” ☞

It gives you hope that you can do good things in the future.

I like the fact that we are being taught about the many eras and creators of art history and practicing some of the different techniques they used. You learn so much about the artist by actually attempting to do some of the things that they did.



Claudino Correia



“I definitely learned a lot from Kirstie and the art program. She taught us about the history of art and the different styles. She was very strict about having discipline and about us taking the class seriously. She wanted us to be creative and express ourselves, but you had to work hard.

It’s very relaxing and it helps you to think about things that you don’t usually think about. While you’re thinking about how to fix a problem with your piece, you’re thinking about how to solve other problems.

I plan on continuing to work on my art after I wrap up here. There aren’t a lot of people who get the chance to learn something new in prison. If it can help people to keep from coming back in, it’s good.”



Tell Me The Heart

By Larriston Lake

*Dear feelings, tell me the heart
And why does it cry
The feelings of love the answers
and why
If I could open up your heart
I would start from the part
I would start from the pain
And then what's kept in the
dark
Please feelings, tell me your
heart
For I would like to know
Do you cry 'cause you love me
Or is it not so*



Claudino Correia



Michael Duff

*Dear feelings, please let me
know
I'm talking to you, please listen
'Cause listening is the key
To understanding what's inside
of me
The heart is pure, my heart is
sure
And that sure stands for you
As surely as the sun is bright
Its twilight unfolds you
Dear feelings, thank you*



Vick Gregory



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