Welcome to issue six. Summer is winding down, and Fall is on the way. This issue is brought to you by you, the readers and our hard working editorial collective. The new website is fully up and running, with even a new blog! Feel free to download issues online or to check for updates. We are currently in process for attaining full non profit status and being able to accept larger grants and donations!

In the previous issue #5 (July 31st 2012) we published the song "The Rollin' Hills of Maine State Prison" as a work by Roland Jalbert. This was a mistake on our part, as the song was written by Peter Mills originally and published elsewhere as "The Rollin Hills of Warren" by him. This was an error on our part, and the song was accidentally attributed to the submitter, who requested we list Peter Mills. We apologize for any confusion, and hope to reduce errors like this in the future.

How you can help:
- Please pass around the newspaper and encourage others to get on our mailing list
- Please send us your thoughts, letters, writing, art or prayers or anything that can fit within size constraints.
- Please send notices of any prison groups or meetings, allow a lag time of a month or six weeks ahead.
-- Please feel free to donate as we are individuals not funded by or part of a larger group, as you are able including stamps for postage

Beyond The Bars is a bi-monthly newsletter which will increase communication among prisoners themselves as well as family members, friends, allies, and others concerned about the prison system, primarily here in Maine. Happy reading:

Kristine
Calvin
Forrest
Dave
Homelessness by Harold Sanford Carter III (Inmate MSP)

Outside the city as bridge becomes home.
The old metal can burning rubbish flame.
What kind of nest is broken glass and cold?

Nocturnal torment feeding wanning flames.
Microsleep of rest because of this cold.
Piss and beer with dirt still this is my home.

Life like this turns even the heart cold.
Can I make this soil bridge a happy home?
How many drugs will I touch with this flame?

Cold this body,
Send me home to hell;
To the flame!

Thoughts of You By Martinique Merrill (Inmate)

No matter how many walls may keep us apart,
Loving thoughts of you I keep close to my heart.
The thought of your hand upon my face brings
Warmth and love to this dark and lonely place.

No one could know just what you truly mean to me,
You are my other half and forever by my side
Is where you should be
Every memory we share, every laugh that we had,
Takes away all my bitterness, all the ugly and bad.

My love for you goes deeper than you could ever
Possibly know and in time this will show.

Victoria Trans Captivus By Peter Mills

Insanity like invasive roots wends
Through the broken minds of men.
Behind steel doors like scared children are
These proud and bold men from afar.
Stripped of choice and love and friends,
The evil upon them does descend.
The worst of habits and thoughts and ways
Become the way they pass their days.
A poison mist engulf and blinds.
There is only one light that through it shines.
Some find their shield of peace and calm.
The love of Christ a healing balm.
And for the rest, we pray and love
That they too will find God's endless love.
Fighting Inside the Walls By Billy Leland  
(Inmate Fort Dix)

I get so depressed when I walk these halls,  
As I feel the hatred held in these walls.  
Evil is always lurking just out of sight,  
It takes its cover in the darkness of the night.

I'm deep in a hole now and it's pitch black,  
But I'm fighting to find my way back.  
I never let my guard down, I stay on my toes,  
Avoiding the violence that everyone knows.

Someone lays there bleeding under dark skies,  
Everyone hurries past as they close their eyes.  
So many people all pretending they can't see,  
If I tried to help him, that would be me.

I've taken my beatings that I'll never forget,  
I'm not ready to go back there just yet.  
I walk alone and keep my eyes open wide,  
While holding dark thoughts deep down inside.

Yes, I'm as far down as a man can get,  
But don't go counting me out just yet.  
I'll always survive by staying focused on you,  
You're my prize when this fight is through.

The Last Time By Billy Leland  
(Inmate Fort Dix)

If I knew it would be the last time  
That I'd see you fall asleep,  
I would have kissed your cheek lightly  
And pray the Lord your soul to keep.

If I knew it would be the last time that  
I'd see you walk out the door,  
I would have given you a kiss  
And called you back for more.

If I knew it would be the last time  
That I would hear your voice that way,  
I would have taped those words you said  
And played them back day after day.

If I knew it would be the last time  
That I would be there to share your day,  
I would have told you that I love you  
Instead of let the moment slip away.

Take your time to say I'm sorry, or  
Please forgive me, thank you or it's okay,  
Because tomorrow may never come,  
And you'll have no more regrets about today.
The More Things Change By Ken Joondeph (Inmate MSP)

Mon. 8.01.11

I’m in prison. I follow a fixed schedule, so do the other (850 +/−) guys here:

05:45 Bugle We get up for count...
06:45 Patted down in our pods, go to breakfast, “chow”
   ‘B’ Shift; 07:20 on ‘A’ shift; Patted down as we leave chow hall 1.
08:00 Patted down in our pods, go to Rec.,
   ‘B’ Shift; Work on ‘A’ Shift; Patted Down at Rec.
08:30 Patted down in our pods, go to a visit,
get strip-searched at visits, get re-dressed, go to our appointed table, sit in the dark chair(s) facing the 2-way mirrored window;
10:30 Say “Goodbye” to our loved one,
watch them leave-1st out the visiting room, then out to the parking lot- our necks straining to catch a last glimpse-

-(See “Post Visit” Sat. 08.28.10)- Again strip-searched, then out into the hallway ( no more than 5 at a time)... “Sniff, sniff, -cough!” Back to our pods;
11:30 “Lock in,” as the bugle call...“Count!”
11:35 Click, click, click... “line up for chow!” patted down in our pods-“Wait! Is it ‘A’ shift, or ‘B’?
Don’t we eat late on ‘A’ shift?” “What’s for lunch?”
“Dunno, go look at the...”
“CHOW!”

POSTED MENU. “Is it this week’s?” “I think so...”
“Hmmm... Tuesday? Wednesday?” “Hey, what’s today?” “Friday!” “Friday?” “Yeah, Friday!” “Friday, lunch... Turkey, ham and cheese.” – “Fuck that! I’m not goin’! What’s for dinner?” “Dinner?” “Duh? Dinner!” “Chicken- A-La-King.” (Ugh) “Got any money on your card?” “Yeah, Wh-” “You owe me a couple of soups, remember?” “I do?” “Just give me your card...” “Uh, ok...” (Those that do go to lunch/chow get patted down as they leave the chow hall...) To come back
13:00 Patted down in our pods, “Work!”
Damn, I forget- is it ‘A’ shift? I dunno anymore...
“Those that have visits, come and get your pass!” (refer to 08:30-10:00)... The rest of us hang out in the day room... shit! That’s what we do on ‘B’ shift!
I don’t know anymore! “Hey! Where do we go? What do we do?” “He just called ‘Wonk.’” “What shift is it?” “’B’ Is it Friday?” “Yeah.” “Today’s my
day off- frig!” (laughing) “Screw you!”
What to do. Read, watch TV; Listen to music? It’s too hot out to sit in the yard- sounds like a nap... (yawn)... Hmmm... No codes today? Oh yeah, they changed things...
16:00 Bugle “Work & Rec. are over! Work &
Rec...”
16:23 “Line up for chow!” Patted down in our pods- “what’s for dinner?” “Are we gonna play this game again?” “What game? Final Fantasy 12?”
“Ugh... Chicken A-La- King.” “Do they even serve something that isn’t from chicken
or turkey?” “Just go- catch up with the
others! We’ll lose our seat in chow hall (1) again!” “Everyone’s going into (4), do we-“
“You, in ‘4’- you too.” “Now where do we sit?”
Patted down as we leave ‘4’...
16:45 Back in the pod- “Whew! Your ass
stinks, man!” “Yeah, whatever we just ate is going right through me- We have time, I gotta dump...”
“Ok, wait until ‘Lock-In’- Make it quick.”
16:47 “LOCK IN!” “Hey, wait! I’m not done yet!”
“Yeah (punching my nose) I can tell!”
“LOCK IN!” “Maaannn...” “Courtesy flush!”
FLUSSSSHHH, gurgle, gurgle, gurgle.
“Sorry...” My cellie climbs up into his bunk, I sit down at my ‘desk’- I keep putting in
for an office chair, a bigger desk, a 4-drawer file

cabinet, a computer with a laser printer,
stapler, toilet plunger, copier, fax, highlighters,
unlimited supplies for the above, and also for a modest, “Librarian-esque” secretary (Meooowww!) I keep getting denied! Think it might be the
highlighters? “Count!” (MANNN...)
15:02 The mail get shoved through the slot in our door... “SSHPPTH” As it falls to the floor-
BAM! (The slot slams shut) “Hey! I have PTSD
here! Asshole...” As my heart almost jumps out of my chest... “Let’s see, my sugar was (207), I ate
(60) carbs- (14.1) unit of insulin, I’ll stretch it out
for (8) hours... let’s see... (60+60+40) is (160) carbs for the day- (84+10+14.1) is (108.1) u of insulin for the day... ok; light on; act; scroll down; suspend, basal, prime- nope - utilities-Yep! Act; lock keypad, alarm,-nope-daily totals, yep... daily average; Act; (30) days-Act-(168) mg/DL Sugar, 144/192 High/Low- ok... ESC, Daily average, Scroll up; (7) Days-Act-(155) mg/DL sugar, 118/173 High/Low- Act, ESC, ESC, ESC, light off... put the pump back in my pocket. Damn, I have to swtch over my site tomorrow? I just did it, (where’s that chart?), Oh-the day before yesterday, ok... Is it ’B’ shift or ’A’ tomorrow?

18:31 Click, click, click, click, click...(goes our cell doors)...”Ra ra ra ra!” “Good Evening, Walter” “Ra ra ra...” “Enjoy your snack tonight...” “Ra ra ra ra- I’ll try to...” “Ra ra ra- (chuckle)...”

18:49 Shhhhhh! (pod slider opens)

“MEDS!” I shuffle down the corridor to the med window, nodding to G-Podders coming back... “Hey Jack!” “Hey, what’s up, Ken?” “You know Jack, no matter what day it is, we’re within (5) minutes or so of what we’re doing now- and it’ll be the same tomorrow, and the day after that, and...” “Ad infinitum, yep.” “Do you try to make everyday a little different?” “I try, but it doesn’t work for me-
you?” “Well, I try, and I feel everyday is different, until I check the time on my insulin pump.” “And then?” “I’m reminded that the more I try to change my routine day-by-day, the more my days stay the same, you?” “I don’t even bother anymore.” “Hey, you have this ’A’ Shift/ ’B’ Shift thing down yet?” “Does anybody?” “(chuckle) I hear ya...” “Next!” “See ya, Jack.” “See ya, Ken.” – Back to my cell to finish writing this essay and to finish this month’s Forbes.

20:50 “LOCK IN!” “Already?” “Yep, it’s that time of night.” (Ugh...)

20:55 “Count!” “I got the light...” “Ok” click, click... my cellie’s watching his favorite shows, yep, shows- (3) at a time!

21:07 “Code 1-2-3, 21-07” (That means that count is accurate). Hmm, (2) minutes earlier than last night... I guess the old Adage is true- the more I try to change things...

YOUR EDITORS ARE:
Calvin Dube - Directed Trinity Soup Kitchen for 12 yrs. He is involved in an inmate reentry program to help inmates and homeless on release; other community resources linked to inmate needs for hygiene items, clothing, medical care, psychiatric counseling, and job searches. Today, three churches in the Lewiston/Auburn area are involved in our reentry work.

Forrest Lancaster - Holds a BA in Anthropology, and one in English. He previously wrote for The Other Side and was active in the Prisoner Reentry Program.

David Wagner - A professor of Social Work and Sociology at USM who works with groups of homeless and poor people. He is also active in reentry work.

Kristine Catalogna - Has been working with homeless populations for five years and has worked with incarcerated women in Massachusetts. She also worked with pregnant women who were incarcerated and reunification with their children after prison.

Beyond the Bars
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Visit us on the web and download issues or check for updates on the blog at:
www.beyondthebars.us
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**Maine State Prison Civic Groups Meetings Calendar**

MSP Veteran's Group: 1st Friday of every month, PM rec. Five dollars a year membership.

MSP NAACP: Last Friday of every month, PM rec. Ten dollars a year membership.

Long Timers Group: The last Saturday of every month, AM rec. Five dollars a year.

Fresh brewed coffee for all those who attend.

**MPAC News**

M-PAC’s next meeting on Sept 15th will be in Belfast rather than Manchester.

Maine Prisoner Advocacy Coalition (M-PAC)

Statewide Meeting

Saturday, Sept 15, 2012

9:30-12:30  Doors open 9 am

Location: Belfast Free Library, Abbott Room, 106 High Street, Belfast, ME

Info: maineprisoneradvocacy@yahoo.com

Anyone interested in assisting with or learning about Maine prisoner advocacy goals is welcome! There is a lot to discuss (in addition to what is on the attached flyer). Your help, ideas, support, and advice are greatly needed and appreciated. Refreshments are allowed in the Abbott Room.

Bring your own coffee/tea or something to share.

**SPARKPLUG MATCHING GRANT - Matches Needed!**

Please remember the Sparkplug Foundation’s $5,000 Matching Grant awarded to M-PAC! M-PAC has until December 31st to match Sparkplug’s $5,000 (for a total of $10,000). So far we’ve received $300 (which counts for $600!).

**November 2012**

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Checks or money orders should be payable to ROSC with M-PAC in the “memo” line (though if you write it to M-PAC that’s OK, too). ROSC (Resources for Organizing Social Change) is M-PAC’s fiscal sponsor and all contributions are tax deductible. Your check for $5, $10, $100, or more will be doubled by Sparkplug!

Please mail checks to: M-PAC, PO Box 873, Ellsworth, ME 04605. Thank you.

Hope to see and hear from you soon!

A folk opera by George Swanson about former prisoner Victor Valdez will premiere at St. Saviour’s Church, Bar Harbor, Oct 26 & 27 at 8 pm. Info: www.maineprisoneradvocacy.org