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First Week Out...

Rashad El

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Rashad El, "First Week Out..."

[from *We Once Were Human, Too*, poetry collection]

Yea, I know what I said...

Before I got out? I had a blueprint and all these goals in my head to bake up loaves of the bread without hitting the trap long nights to get the pack gone, or putting the mask on and loading the lead;

Yea, I know what I said...

But I saw the low road and chose it instead; man, cut me some slack; my stomach's touching my back and I'm surrounded by those getting fed;

Yea, I know what I said...

But knowing me? I'm bound to slip because I found a cliff, drove to the ledge, then leaped over the edge; because, who am I kidding?

I've been pursuing this vision; but it's true, my addiction to loot got me trippin; making stupid decisions, about to ruin the mission that I drew up in prison;

Yea, I know what I said...

But big homie just came through with a pigeon; and my crew's in the kitchen, but it's not food that we're whippin', nah...

Because I want the coupe with the missing top and the shoes that'll glisten, and when I come through? All the women will hear me booming my system and choose up;

Yea, I know what I said...

But the high road is too tough; plus, I get love when I hit the strip club because I like to throw a few bucks to show I'm the man; and I realize I'm blowing the plan that I wrote in advance, but this dough that I hold in my hands got me so in a trance that I might just OD;

Yea, I know what I said...

But my lower-self's lies that he told me were like receiving a whole key of dope free with no fee; the high was intense; and after his supply was dispensed? I was convinced to start riding the fence; back and forth, back and forth;

Yea, I know what I said...

Which is why I gotta “*cut the bull*” like a matador; because if I don't attack the horde and destroy my demons at their core? Then my soul getting swiped in this fight will be a bigger “*Heist*” than Macklemore's, despite the fact I swore to do right this time around;

Yea, I know what I said...

But I'm hungry... I need a plate to eat, and my devil won't take defeat lying down; plus, my partna's got the ganja by the pound, and if I don't climb to higher ground? Then I'mma drown, because;

Yea, I know what I said...

But this water is deep; and I wanted to stay out of the streets, but the promise I made to my momma is getting harder to keep; because I'm awake, but it feels like I'm falling asleep;

Yea, I know what I said...

But I'm trying to pull up in a new whip on the set, and hop out with that drip on my neck like it started to leak without a faucet; and...

Even though lots of flossing is one of the reasons why cops accost us, I still studied the game and watched the bosses; then found the boundary and hopped across it; no “doctor's office”, but “*I've been patient*”;

Yea, I know what I said...

But “*the temptation's*” got me “*rolling stones*” on the ave.; my team ‘finna ball, and like “*leaves in the fall*”, I'm getting “*blown off the grass*”, sipping Patron from a bag with a bandanna wrapped around my dome as a flag; chrome in my grasp; I'll run in ya home for the cash;

Yea, I know what I said...

So where is your mind, Rashad? What happened to your cries to God while you were behind those bars praying that He would align the stars and redesign the laws so that you could get your freedom back? And what happened to your promises of grinding hard to find a job? My devil held out his trinkets for me to snatch, but I didn't see the catch; I was too weak, and that led to me falling victim to his sneak attack;

Yea, I know what I said...

But it's like I'm attracted to jail; stained sheets and dirty mats in the cell; public defender asking for bail; medical pass in the mail; doctor, doctor, I've gone insane; and this war in my brain keeps causing pain, but it's hard to gain the confidence to walk through this wall of flames; so... Even when I start to change? The scars remain, and I realize that I'm doing it all in vain;

Yea, I know what I said...

But I guess I'm cool with staying at the bottom...

Genre: poetry

Tags: Re-entry, Rehabilitation; Drugs; Mental Health; Popular culture (Music); Religion/Morality