

2024

Do You See It, Do you Feel It?

Trevan Freeman

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.library.stonybrook.edu/writingbeyondtheprison>



Part of the [African American Studies Commons](#), [Africana Studies Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [Mental and Social Health Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Freeman, Trevan, "Do You See It, Do you Feel It?" (2024). *Writing Beyond the Prison*. 44.
<https://commons.library.stonybrook.edu/writingbeyondtheprison/44>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by Academic Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Writing Beyond the Prison by an authorized administrator of Academic Commons. For more information, please contact mona.ramonetti@stonybrook.edu, hu.wang.2@stonybrook.edu.

#G36842 Travon Freeman
CSP-Corcoran 3A03 #202low
4001 Kina Ave.
P.O. Box 8800
Corcoran, CA 93212-3461
4-14-2021

Travon Freeman, "Do You See It, Do You Feel It?"

I sit here and I write about my experiences and my visual captures, but what about a man's feelings?

A man's feelings on how so much hate in the world makes him wish to never create human life. Or, how about how the racial looks from a woman he considers beautiful makes him want to cry? How about being in the shoe store buying brand new kicks and a white lady and her five-year-old child get scared when you're walking by and they get to hugging each other, but you not even trippin' and yet you think, "Punk-ass white bitch." How about your coming from your Hispanic girlfriend's house and some Hispanic males drive up and pull out guns yelling, "Fuck niggers," and you ain't got no choice but to pull out your 38 snubnose and give them what they want.

How about all the just pumping your fist in the air from citizens who don't see that violence is needed sometimes against a structure that breeds violence, and it frustrates a man so much that he falls into depression? What about walking around a level 4, 180 max security prison yard being watched by prison officials with black shades on judging you every day? It makes your skin itch and burn with rage and they haven't even took the time to know the real you? How about being in your prison cell and you don't even watch your personal T.V. because something you might see may make you take a knife and go on a suicide mission until you're shot and killed.

Imagine, after sixteen years of incarceration, no one in your family tells you that your grandmother has died and the only way you find out is because the landlord lady who owned the house writes you a letter. No priest to talk to, no family 'cause they scared how you're going to react and prison officials with smirks on their faces.

How about your homie's selling out in prison for cell phones and drugs from custody instead of handling business according to the gangster's code and keeping a clean structure? How about people allowing snitches to stay on the yard all because "he got the dope sack," and when you handle your "scandle" now everybody looking at you crazy? How about being torn between keeping it gangsta and getting six program certificates to be released in the next 18 months to five years, but all you know is prison riots and homicides?

How about someone you thought had your back tried to throw a case y'all did together off on you, but get mad when you find out and don't assist him in his madness and now you the bad guy, yet he gets protective custody and you ask god what is all this even for?

These are scenarios that have left me feeling desensitized over time. Before it was like a slap in the face, for I did not ask to be put on earth nor ask for the color of my skin. Situations like being left outside in below-33-degree weather all through the night in the caged yard in California State Prison New Folsom in 2017 all because they failed to respect a man's mail and property.

When people say they love me I flinch and close my eyes, awaiting the degrading punchline. The ignorance and immorality of this realm has discouraged me, and the crazy thing is this is every *so-called* minority's legend.

The story was already written. We are just living out the physical manifestation of our greatness. We are prisoners within Satan's prison and only those of us who see this shall ascend, but it does not hurt any less. The human race has forgotten we must "rule just" and if we must judge then we must "judge just," but we as human beings don't. So I enact amoralism, for religious leaders, lawmen, and/or elders are some of the most improper people, giving way to a globalized Sodom and Gomorrah.

How can one actually expect any individual to compute moral principality from fornication, when the planetary kingdom is a free for all, except for the Africans who built its foundation? It's like Mexico and the treatment of the Indigenous people, one of many plain eye examples before us *so-called* enlightened men, treachery to one of the millions of cells within God's mind.

From this, can you see what it's like to be the first of any creation that forges creation, and face daily what is in you? It's like looking in the mirror and seeing every facet of your facial identity yet holding out hope of bringing about the beauty and glorification of what you're intended to be. What your creation is intended to be. Fighting against yourself to bring about perfection of the African god you are. Can't you see that your rejection of me makes me reject the you that is me?

Internationally it makes no difference. I'm just some speck, coon, gorilla, black, N.I.G.G.E.R. savage from the hood!

(Do you see it? Do you feel it?)

Genre: Essay

Tags: Racism; Mental health; Self-identity; Prison life; Drugs; Gangs; Gun violence; Families of the incarcerated; Religion/morality; Injustice