

7-21-2023

Social Justice Autobiography

Merrick Moore

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Recommended Citation

Moore, Merrick, "Social Justice Autobiography" (2023). *Writing Beyond the Prison*. 22.
<https://commons.library.stonybrook.edu/writingbeyondtheprison/22>

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Social Justice Autobiography, by Merrick Moore

When presented with an opportunity to expand on a topic such as social justice, “deep reflection” becomes a necessary tool; the portal transporting you through the wilderness of history, emotions, and tightly clutched beliefs. Anytime a group of society’s people suffer injustice, especially of an unbalanced portion, there is injustice.

The opposite of social justice is injustice. This is my personal experience with social injustice. As I sat in a room watching music videos at a friend’s house with his newborn, West Covina Police entered the residence. Upon exiting the room, I was accosted and racially profiled. I was asked if I was on parole or probation, to which I curiously inquired, “Why?” I was informed they were investigating a kidnapping. I stated, “I’m on parole!” I had no idea that these words would end up being the last I spoke as a free man.

As soon as I was told I was detained, I invoked my constitutional right to counsel. I was maced, punched, and assaulted, having my clothes and shoes removed. A tainted photo was taken where I’m holding my head down, then submitted to a 6 pack line-up. My shoes were taken from me and given to a detective on my case. The detective took my shoes to the crime scene where one print was found. I received no court or medical attention. Then, while in custody awaiting pretrial, the LA County Sheriff was observed by a detective, and my counsel, coaching the victim/witness on which person in the line-up to identify. Not one time did my trial attorney call either the opposing attorney or the sheriff to address the misconduct of counsel. It was then that I transitioned to representing myself pro-der and the court had me fill out some forms.

I left the box unchecked that read “Have you received documents needed to proceed to trial?” I checked no to express that my fundamental constitutional rights were violated. The attorney was given an extension of time, despite the judge saying he would appoint another attorney (which he didn’t). These events are all true. Twenty-five years later the system refuses to correct this injustice.

Now, there’s no dispute that the City of West Covina Police Department detectives “conspired” illegally and falsely connected me to a crime that doesn’t exist, I was charged with carjacking a minor and in the commission of the aforesaid crime committed a kidnapping. Under

the state of California vehicle codes and statutes a minor cannot be carjacked, yet, here I sit. The injustice of a false conviction steals your life, memories, birthdays, love, experiences, etc. but it also creates a hunger inside of you to voice your concerns towards all injustice. The observation and study of this injustice for long periods of time gives you a more keen perspective about the system.

Social justice would be giving me back my freedom and correcting the wrongs that have been done. I would like to make a movie one day about my experience, make music, and speak at events. It's a complete reconstruction of the individual. When you're convicted for a crime you're not guilty of, and forced to live each day shouting your innocence to whoever will listen, it ruins your dreams, goals, and ambitions. It does great damage to the soul.

That cosmic shift is social injustice. Our actions and decisions affect not just us but those closest to us. If I'm in a relationship with a woman who goes to work where the conditions are socially unacceptable, and each night she informs me of more women being subjected to the same conditions, what are our options? Each time she and others complain, more retaliation ensues. Social injustice is the fear of doing the right thing and being punished or ostracized by individuals with their own agenda.

I truly believe that if more people based their decisions on purely what's right is right, and what's wrong is wrong, then social injustice would be less.

Thanks for allowing me to share my point of view.

Sincerely,

Merrick Moore

Why is it that people spend some of their time avoiding truth?

Because a lie is easier to find.

By: M. Moore

Typed and edited by: Audrey Dooley