

# THE INSIDE SCOOP

Winter 2007

## “Alive”



Alive, is that what I am?  
Or maybe in a dream without an end.  
Must it be so cruel this trick of the mind,  
With no lights in the room, or passage to find?  
This all took me by surprise, I wasn't prepared.  
Between you and me,  
for the first time I'm scared.

All the bad things now take shape in my head,  
Just as I realize I'm alone in a bed.  
Fully aware now, I know where I am;  
The same place I was when all this began.  
I wish I could meet old father time,  
“Take me back”, I would say  
“before all this crime.”

Wouldn't it be nice to be where he is?  
I think that sometimes, to change places with his.  
What is that beside me I hear?  
The crying of someone? The shed of a tear?  
All these strange things are happening to me.  
Why can't I open my eyes? Why can't I see?  
Alive? I'm not sure anymore.  
Maybe it was him, not me,  
who walked out the door.

Write your own caption for this winter photo:

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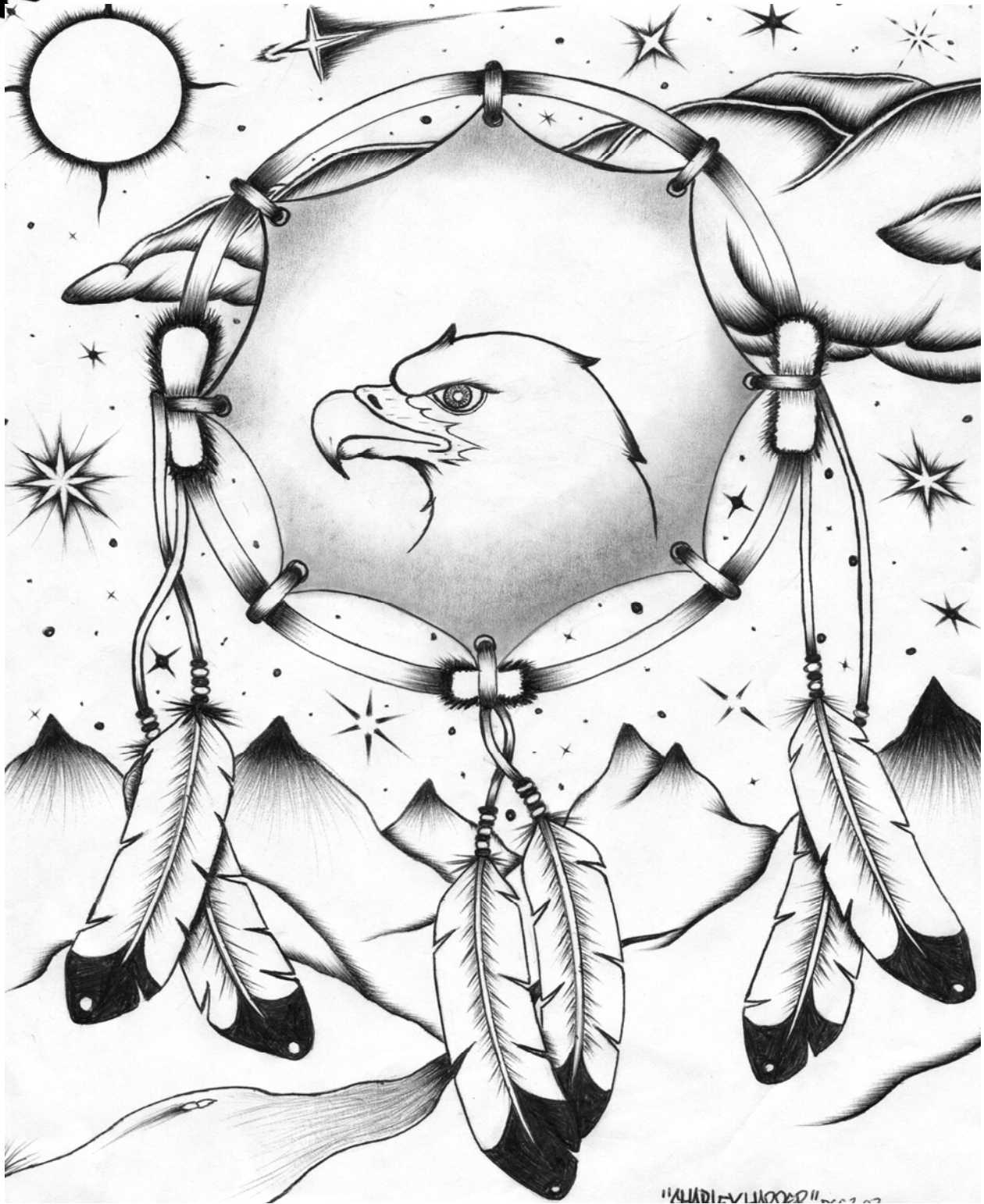
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THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY  
OF MANITOBA, INC.

*Terry Brightman*  
W.R.C.



The Inside Scoop is a newsletter put together with your submissions. The stories, poems, and articles are written entirely by JHS Literacy Program students inside the Winnipeg Remand Centre, or by readers from Headingley Correctional Centre and Stoney Mountain Institution. The viewpoints inside the Inside Scoop do not necessarily represent those of the John Howard Society of Manitoba.

We encourage you to send in your articles and drawings for the next issue! (See page 7 for the JHS address)

# POETRY



## Tears in Your Eyes

To you, my dear, my heart's so true  
I know right now you're feeling blue  
Even though you're far away  
In my heart you're here to stay

All the walls are crumbling down  
I cry at night without a sound  
My mind is racing, my thoughts are fast  
I really don't know how long it will last

I close my eyes and see your face  
It takes me from this awful place  
I'm fighting all the terrible pain  
To know I will be with you again

Anonymous W.R.C.



## Gone Above, With All Our Love

Oh auntie always in my mind, the good times we had together,  
The goodness you instilled in me, I will always remember.  
As a boy to live in your house I had to change schools,  
And for my own journey, you had given me new tools,  
There was a time; uncertainty between us had taken flight,  
Though once together, our true emotions made it alright.  
Kept apart for years had left empty my heart a great space,  
Yearning for tomorrow, so that I may see your face.  
Gone to heaven with our Lord to walk with thee,  
Your eternal happiness will be my only plea.  
Kindness in your actions always seemed to do you well,  
Follow the creator to his house, soon you will dwell.  
Though you've done well in your journey, I know you'll go up,  
I pray for you, My Auntie, that you may drink from his cup.  
Often we don't see the doubtful events that lay ahead,  
Today our family's togetherness, we focus on instead.  
Fond memories of your wisdom, forever hidden deep,  
Here in my heart, my love for you I will always keep.  
Oh Auntie though gone, you'll be greatly missed,  
Your smiling face, I would've loved to have kissed.

Fabian (Dino) Twohearts

## One Day

My life's a struggle growin' up in this concrete jungle.  
I gotta make a change, you know it's hard on the streets but, gotta to maintain.  
Mom's pullin up my sleeve, tellin' me, "Don't leave."  
I'm like "Gotta be all I can be 'cause if I don't, I don't eat."  
Grew up a screw up, gotta stay focused ("stay focused".)  
Tryin' to survive in a land of Venom but it's like it's hopeless, "Is life a tess?"  
My world it's full of stress! Damn I hate that.  
Gotta make a change, still dream, see past the 'Hood, make my life righteous!  
It will be all good.

By Beats

# JUST A FUN

## Quips Worthy of Quote

1. A poet I've become, for I enjoy the way the word is said.
2. I'm blinded by my vision, so I seek reason, in order to see.
3. A pessimist: one who fears the folly to come. An optimist does it for him.
4. One's seemingly cute insolence is the seed of grotesque arrogance.
5. Our history known to all with certain shame, Only the future holds many untold secrets.
6. Mayhem: what violent people use for salad dressing, before the main course of destruction.
7. Only with divine guidance can I escape this perpetual state of mediocrity.
8. A reputation is of no worth to the common man, The amount of integrity is what makes him.



## Fabian Twohearts

Resource Assistance for Youth Inc (R.A.Y.)  
Holds Recovery from Meth and Other Drugs Meetings  
Monday, Wednesday, Friday  
2:00 pm – 3:00 pm for youth between 12-29 years old

R.A.Y.  
195 Young Street Winnipeg MB  
783-5617



## Some Tips for Dealing with Stress



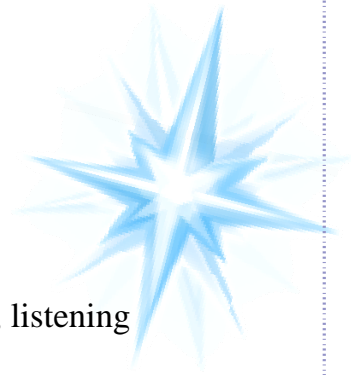
Stress and tension are normal reactions to money problems, health or addiction troubles, accidents, or problems with other people. These ideas can help you manage the stress in your life. As always, try the ones that fit for you, and use the ones that are helpful.

- First, recognize when you are stressed. Some signs are: difficulty sleeping, mood swings, headaches, stomach problems, self-doubt and crying.
- Look at your life and see what you can change. (In your work, your family, or your schedule.)
- Exercise – get physically active however you can!
- Watch your diet – sugar, fats, and caffeine all put a strain on your body's ability to deal with stress. A balanced diet will help create optimal health.
- Talk with others – friends, counselors, support groups or relatives, about what is bothering you.
- Create some time for you – read a book, watch a movie, play a game, listen to music. Also get more rest.
- Have some fun! Laugh and try to find the silver lining in your day.

# POETRY



## Jersey Girl

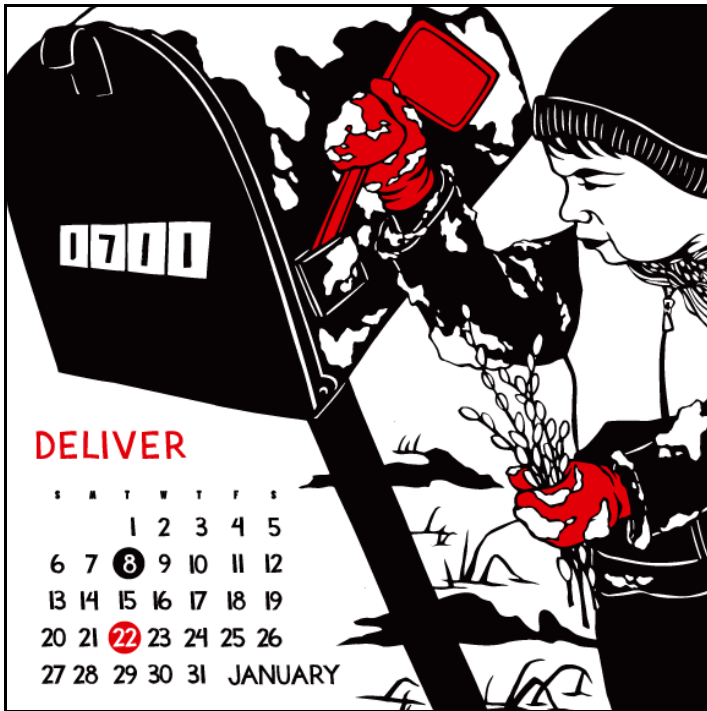


Now as i gaze up at the silent night sky  
It's increasingly different  
I sit here in my cell, staring out my window, listening  
Those once bright stars, now seem dull  
And i no longer hear your laughter  
It's like there's a canopy over the stars  
Where all the light and sound is hidden  
I drown in my sorrow, in which i can no longer deny  
I have lost all feeling. I have nothing, feel nothing, see nothing  
But last night when i closed my eyes... i saw your face  
Then i realize, Yes! I still have emotions...i cry.  
When i opened my eyes i felt bitterness and shame  
Now i daydream, it's pitiful, the images are unbearable  
No one to blame by myself  
Jersey, so beautiful and smart  
Sitting at your auntie's, waiting  
For mommy to come get you again, cause mommy's in jail  
And is led to believe she failed,  
You're crying, please don't, i'm sorry. Mommy's soul is dying.  
I tell her almost every night over the phone  
To look out the window, up at the sky  
You'll see those bright stars shining  
Just as beautiful as you  
And to listen, you'll hear our laughter getting louder, closer  
Somewhere, mommy will be doing the same, at the same time  
But mommy's world is different, i see different  
But soon princess, we'll be seeing the same!

Mandy Kitlar  
W.R.C.



# YOU ASKED FOR IT



Living in a world where nothing is certain. Where life can be taken just as fast as it is given. Where discrimination and racism are everywhere. Where you wear the wrong colour down a street and next thing you know you are a gang member to someone who doesn't even know you. Where drugs have taken over our communities. Where our children have no respect for their elders. Where the poor just seem to be getting poorer.

Who is going to help the world, the people? Who is going to take charge?

Every once in a while you hear that a politician is trying to do something but as you see in the newspapers there is nothing really happening, just keeps on going.

Now what I see is that our politicians are being paid all this money to make our cities safe from people like me and others. Well, I don't see that many programs out there.

Well, there are, but some of them you have to go through courts for the help, and I respect that.

But what I don't respect is the Crown's letting people go there, hear about them a couple of days later taking off, getting rearrested and letting them go right back just to do it again, and then go through the process again.

But this time send them to some other program where they do it again.

Well isn't that nice.

I think if the Crowns are going to give people chance after chance to take off why don't they just drop the charges on the guy and let him be free instead of wasting valuable money on this person or persons.

If they give people like that a chance to do their programs, shouldn't everyone get a chance to do them? I'm sure that there are people out there who won't get the chance, but will complete it if given the opportunity.

## Die Heuning-wyser (the honey diviner)

In the gallant hills of Basuto to the Vaal River and beyond. Mischievous is the tsetse fly, defenders of South Africa. From the Cape to the Zambezi, enchanted as the milk of Devon, bubbling mead is made from it'

Jesting Die Heuning-wyser's spirit.

Of caves and cliffs and krans, the more unbearable nostalgia, Africa's steatopygia, the paper hives of the Heuning Bees.

The immigrants plundered its honey, Die Heuning-wyser naked from humanity, the milk of Devon.

Tsetse shall lead thee into thy mouth of a lion

Cursed is he, by the angry puff-adder.

The Hollander mocked by the mosquito and tsetse,

Wavering his Schonhaure Mannlicher toward

Maun.

The Place of the Eddies, Die Heuning-wyser

hovers, Natural is he, reddened thy wings humming its

song in Effervescent of Devons milk "Here I am,

Here I am."

Tsodilo to the north, tsetse humbly speaks to the

great spirits, of the Slippery Hills, asking

permission before taking of their waters.

Nxou, Gazelle and Babe frolic in the bosom of

love-mist, Wild protolarias, mimosa and passions;

bowing and curtsying in the breeze.

Die Heuning-wyser drunken from mead of Devons milk, Wonderful purple flower semen, shade loving and shy, Primroses, erectile and proud like the Kalahari iris.

Die Heuning-wyser sings "Here I am, here I am"  
Fantastic and bountiful, the purple flower semen;  
saturated with sugar, glorified, unlike the Wayfarer's  
Song Tsetse knows so well.

Angelic as the temples of Maun, Die Heuning-wyser  
grazing, heavy with drink, his colours pure as  
Harlequin Silk

Like a pebble in a round pond, rippling buttons of  
sparkling velvet, Splendid perfection and curve.

Near the side of the dunes, Mapani trees stand guard,  
In its spirit of renewal, Tis the nature of Africa

In this everlasting world, things made for sleep,  
Underneath the water Muhembo cultivates papyrus  
reeds and grass.

Redden in the petite waves, Die Heuning-wyser  
Unbreathed, his song silent

Others curtsied respectfully.

The Afrikaan Bees sing for Die Heuning-wyser  
"Here I am... Here I am."

*By: Sidney Alexander Teerhuis-Moar  
(Written in regard for my love of South Africa.)*

*Send your writing or art to the Inside Scoop:*

*583 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg MB, R3B 1Z7*

*Or give it to Shauna Fay, Literacy Program Coordinator for*

*The John Howard Society*

*Read the Inside Scoop at [www.johnhoward.mb.ca](http://www.johnhoward.mb.ca)*



As I open my eyes and see the light coming into them, I'm happy for the first time in many years. I have come out of the darkness. I have decided to give up my terrible ways. I've decided to become a man, and I feel I am finally one with myself. I don't know why it took so long. I know it was a long, hard fought battle. And finally the good has prevailed inside me, letting go of all the hate and pain that has caused so much trouble for me and others. In my happiness I think of my beautiful girlfriend and all the good times we have had and everything we have accomplished and even the rough times we were able to overcome and stay as one. This beautiful woman has shown me so much, she and our two beautiful children are the reason why I think I have become a better person. Her and my kids showed me what it was to be loved again and how to love again. They have done so much for me that there's not enough thanks in this world to give them. All I can do for them is give and show them the same love back. So I say, I love all three of you so much. I will not turn my back on you. Love is what you have shown me. And that's all I want to feel.

## Dream Girl

I see her face and I can't let it go lookin' up at the sky driftin' off into sweet memories that I have of a love that my heart has been searchin' for. She's in my dreams and my heart, so let me know, have you seen her? I'm lookin' for that love, she's a thought and a vision in my memory! I haven't met her but tell me where could she be? My heart is beatin' strong this love cannot be wrong.

By Beats

Anonymous W.R.C.



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