

THE UNIVERSITY OF PRISON

In the University of prison many things are learned that may have been missed in the university of the streets.

The inside world, though more confining contains much to be learned from. The college of all colleges exist in the penitentiary.

Real colleges, raw and naked in all forms of development and under-development.

In the university of prison the course learned may take two years, five years, ten years thirty years, forty years...Or a course can last a life time. Some even endure death courses. The learned responses that manifest themselves from the existence of a closed environment takes on its own unique intellect. The constant metamorphosis of unnatural time forms and shapes the man who resides in here. But men strive on, studying the classics, the manuscripts written many moons ago. There are poems of beauty that starkly contrast the present state of ugliness. The books held close to the face of the man in the dark and lonely shadows of despair. In the university of prison we learn a lot, yet we seem to learn so little

Our main lesson though is learning how to suffer.

A suffering of epic proportions, always fighting through fogs of mental muck, trying to get through the many distortions before fate arrives.

But the university of prison is a place of many stages where actors act out fantasies that are surprisingly not far off, yet are un-attainable. And the students strive on to find ideal scenarios for comfort.

The university of prison makes one study all traits of human anatomy and human calamity. The schizophrenic insane personalities that form a warped mentality. Studying everything, including the student to see what he may have missed, or what twisted morbidity he may have missed.

In the university of prison we try to understand the past, cope with the present and dream about the future.

But some try to block out all reality, afraid to face the beast, that ever present monster mentality, oppression. So they'll never learn a fucking lesson.

The university of prison teaches pacifism in the midst of knives, dangerous chemicals and talentedly violent men.

In the university of prison we learn control, yet non-control.

Discipline. But weakness too.

It teaches us to think for ourselves but be stupid also.

It teaches responsibility and dependence simultaneously.

Coherence and ignorance.

The forced tolerance of bitter smiles.

Maturity and childishness.

The university of prison encourages one to mind his own business
but be vigilant.

Accept not having a woman but masturbate regularly.

It teaches its pupils to stand up for count
but never stand up to be counted.

The university of prison is a place where all the white racists work
and they study how to maim and kill students and they pass the grade every time...

This university will have a person believing that they graduated when they
actually flunked second grade.

Yet some prisoners can be near a passing grade and won't even know it.

My mind is scheming and tired. Freedom and peace of mind
I've long desired.

To the student who teaches himself the university of prison can never
really teach him anything

but what he chooses to learn.

We will never truly graduate from the university of prison until we find
the universality of our minds.

Chuck Africa-2003