

A Psalm of Justice for Ashley

(by Joe Convict) ←————→ ( )

In echo of Dante`s fiery dream:  
all ye who enter here  
abandon hope,  
or your thoughts for humanity,  
because mercy in Government  
lays dead and bleeding.

So begins my---  
sad Psalm for Ashley  
(a poetic journey of will)  
walk this way if you please;  
on through these cluttered gates  
leading to Hell  
without a hand basket in sight.

I say—  
hold on to your humanity  
and heartstrings tight---  
for they are now  
in question:  
for who will you be  
by the end of this entreat.

Ashley needed Love  
not hate!

She surely didn't deserve  
her enviable fate---  
barbarically brought about by  
the modern monstrosity  
known as CSC.

Despair and self loathing  
"I know"---  
constantly conflicted  
with her need for  
that faraway love.

Oh-so-lost and alone,  
the sad scene was set  
by CSC,  
so they could kick-back  
and sadistically watch  
your final performance  
on their cruel stage of  
arbitrary isolation.

Love, Love, Love;  
where was the love?

Why was there not enough  
of loves eternal light  
left in the world  
to shine on Ashley?

A quarter of her life spent  
in a man made hell.

The office of  
the Correctional Investigator  
willingly failed you  
while you yet remained---  
ALIVE.

She was sane enough  
to have complained  
many a time,  
only to have them all  
denied or ignored.

Her last plea for help  
remained unopened,  
unheard,  
invalidated for more than  
two months  
after her demise.

Standing sad and strangled  
by their horrific  
indifferent stares.

Woe is the "State"  
of things here  
in the accountability free zone  
called: Correction Services Canada.

Her time was too short,  
but she graced us  
with a heroic  
yet victimized heart.

You were a troubled angel  
sent to test us  
and we failed you:  
prisoner and oppressor alike.

For we of your ilk  
couldn't find the time  
to break free from  
our own mirrored existence  
of dismal despondence.

Only too late  
are we now able to see  
you needed our understanding,  
our comradery,  
our love;  
instead of blind anger,  
frustration and hate.

Alone I wake at midnight,  
disturbed by the lingering echo  
of your long gone  
and troubled cries of:  
get off my back.

Their maniacal mission  
was to turn everyone against you;  
called you insane—  
so they could employ  
their diabolical devices of  
"Hillbilly Justice."

Dear Ashley  
why did you have to suffer

in your oh-so-short  
and tortured  
nineteen years  
here on planet Earth?

Why so separated?

For eleven and a half months  
you remained in tormented isolation;  
while sickness  
uniformed in blue  
dismissively smiled on.

Your spunk and spine  
was entreated as  
funk and grime  
by the basterd bureaucrats.

They laid a layer  
of red tape so high  
that you couldn't clime out of  
your valley so low.

More then one hundred and fifty times  
they dressed in their Gestapo gear;  
anonymously wearing no name tags  
they proceeded to goose-step,  
all over your humanity,  
your sanity,  
your peace of mind.

The "official" abusers---  
they beat you down---  
disgracefully  
they declared you mad  
to hide the fact  
that you were brutally tortured  
many a time.

Society must rise up  
and declare that  
they show us,  
the 150 plus use of force tapes  
of how CSC

inflicted their foul justice  
in the name of:  
safety for the Canadian masses.

So this is my Psalm for Ashley---  
in true Davidian stile---  
from one who is chosen to suffer  
hunted by the haters  
and haunted by your troubled soul  
and tragic end.

They disgracefully paraded  
your mothers morning cries  
out for the world to see.

Then a week later---  
on the National news no less---  
there's Justice Minister Nicholson  
spit flying and spuing out once again:  
"them dammed prisoners,  
they got it to good."

Justice has no name here---  
in the tragic shadows cast  
by a young woman's death.

Have they no shame?

They hide their guilty pride  
by the meaningless monolog  
of the Correctional Investigator's  
white wash.

He did nothing about your pain  
while you remained alive  
only added their contempt  
"I Know."

How many of your  
daily desperate calls  
did the OCI ignore?

It seems they didn't have  
their orders yet

to run a cover up---  
for the Public Safety Minister.

Just another smoke and mirrors show---  
all in the name of impotent truth  
that mentions nothing of their  
INVOLVEMENT IN HER DEATH.

Meaningless words---  
because there's no pudding  
(for anybody)  
at the end of their proof.

Their truth leads nowhere,  
except up the garden path  
to nothingness;  
where no laws will change  
and no-one is truly accountable.

Nothingness  
no twisted arms you'll see there,  
except maybe the arms of those  
who want a real solution  
to this so-called truth.

Thunderously as of yet  
there's been no justice for Ashley,  
no rest for those left;  
the weary in morning,  
the loss of one loved---  
not nearly by enough.

Humanity hangs here  
in the balance  
of traumatic treatment  
and thrown away dignity,  
happily trampled by  
Correction Services Canada.

Decencies demise  
on a cold stone floor,  
while the Fascist folk  
watched on  
in their degrading delight.

Is just being fired enough,  
able to walk away in anonymity---  
scot-free  
into that blazing sunset?

Once again  
not a single "Totalitarian" charged with:  
A WRONGFUL DEATH!!!

Their names hidden  
not only those  
in front of the proverbial firing squad,  
but all those culpable  
through their indifferent omissions.

I say expose them all:  
from Howard Sapiers  
impotent smoke show,  
to the M.P.'s minion  
Don Head the Commissioner of Corrections  
and on down to the corporate demons  
who control the mass media's mouth.

We all share this shame,  
because we partakers all  
are in the same race  
known as the human race,  
which we've truly failed to run  
for Ashley.

What to do now  
with this dropped  
and battered baton.

Do we keep on as before,  
without what has never been,  
or do we pick up justice  
and put it in it's proper place?

A passion for:  
this sad saga,  
of an unacceptable sacrifice;  
the lonely life of

a young woman caged.

I say she was human  
and not just the sum of  
her wrongdoings.

She should be heroically  
held up as a martyr  
to expose the truth  
of this unrighteous place called:  
Incarceration Canada.

You were angry and frustrated  
(I know),  
first heard your name  
in tragedy on the nightly news.

Why the need for their silence  
as you screamed out from  
an isolation cell  
unheard by humanity,  
which now echos in my brain.

You don't have to be a psychic  
to understand this  
seemingly psychotic Psalm;  
for they stripped her down  
and took away her sanity,  
clothing her instead  
with indignities gown.

They then trained her  
to kill herself;  
she was not ready  
for CSC's Psychological warfare  
and torturous ways.

They're all involved  
for they feed their families,  
buy and gas up their fancy new cars,  
when misery is the price  
happily paid  
by these Nazi-Nouveau.



A free spirit like Ashley's,  
like something wild  
if caged  
will wither here  
in the bitter darkness of  
society's disdain.

No more pain,  
they can't hurt you anymore,  
only those left behind  
still feel your woe.

But my prayer for you  
sweet prison sister,  
its paradise for sure;  
because you've already paid  
more than your due,  
for the price was a life  
spent abandon in hell.

There they are  
the death-dealers,  
slave keepers,  
yes the modern Pigs  
like their Gestapo kin of old.

Their Fascism must be overthrown;  
its time for a revolution  
before they fire up  
the ovens once again  
and burn we  
who are now known as:  
"Societies Cast off Humanity."

Lost time  
and stolen pieces  
like the cold winds  
blowing out "Liberally" from  
rich Conservative strongholds of injustice  
this way cometh.

They are the defilers  
of human dignity,  
decency

and rights.

So I'll continue to sing  
this---  
my sad Psalm  
out to the world  
from an inhumane  
isolation cell  
like yours once was.

I'm hated by most,  
(not like you)  
for I'm guilty  
do'in life you see,  
but for the rest of what remains  
Prisoners Justice Day  
will never be the same to me  
without your name mentioned;  
Screamed out loud:

ASHLEY SMITH!!!

ASHLEY SMITH!!!

JUSTICE NOW  
FOR ASHLEY SMITH!!!