

MALIK

ALL I fear is NOT fighting



*“Remember this, resistance is
essence, always resist, always try.
Love & solidarity.”*

poems from prison #2

SPEAKS!

malikspeaks.noblogs.org

Write to Malik:

**Malik Muhammad
#400523
Kirkland Reception and Evaluation
Center A1-50
4344 Broad River Road
Columbia, SC 2910**

malikspeaks.noblogs.org

updated April 8, 2026

with whatever weapons at hand



Removed from society

REMOVED FROM SOCIETY

Publicly; it's ugly to see

Hate to admit; that we have poor and sick

So we disappear them

SICK!

“Get off the streets you criminals!”

“How dare you be poor!”

“Get out of my country you!”

“But — pick the fruit before you leave.”

“My name is Malik Farrad Muhammad. I’m a 26-year-old black/Palestinian pansexual Muslim (yes, hella confusing). I’m an anarchist antifascist, anti-racist abolitionist (yes, both cops and prisons) for my love of freedom! My first protest was in high school: a walkout staged after Treyvon Martin’s murder. From there, I never really got active again until “Bernie or Bust” and then, of course, the George Floyd uprising. I traveled the country and organized and fought and was ultimately kidnapped ransomed and now held prisoner here at OSP. I have a beautiful son and a loving family back home in the Midwest. I’m also a veteran, I was a tanker in the army — and no, I’m not proud that I was part of the murder machine, so don’t thank me for my service. I love music more than anything almost, am a guitarist and aspiring pianist, all genres.

Not much else to say except that I’m a lover of freedom, equity and equality, and will fight to my last breath for it. Unlike those who may regret a thing they did to get convicted or those who tempered their actions for fear of the consequences, I regret nothing, if only not doing more before I was caught. I will live for the people and I’ll die for the people because I love the people, we who want freedom cannot rest till it comes.”

“Let everything happen to you: beauty and terror. Just keep going. No feeling is final.” — Rainer Maria Rilke

CTSD

August 14, 2025

What's PTSD that you are currently living?

CTSD

The trauma you're currently facing

Your will the state keeps breaking

Like snapping beans

Or chicken necks

Human beings focused on daily survival

Not living

Making it through day by day

While others plan a vacation

Survival is the vocation

Of the oppressed

Full time — no days off — no reprieve

“Are we going to die today daddy?”

“I wish I could just die today mom”

“There's food in heaven”

“No cages in the hereafter”

“Maybe I'll see momma”

MAWA (Make America White Again)

August 14, 2025

What to do when —

Your very existence is

Criminal —

Immigration

Illegal

Institutionalized;

Freedom — LIES

American dream is anything —

BUT

Best as a “dream”; that — at least — is free

Peace and civility

At the expense of —

Violence and humanity

“Give me your poor and your sick”

And we'll lock 'em up quick!

“Your weak and your frail”

Better placed in jail

“Us” Leftists

August 14, 2025

Bright eyed and bushy tailed

Us “seize” the day — to just “BE”

Our ideas — our vision — takes root and sprouts like a

Spruce, oak, redwood

Our commitment to that day doesn’t shake

Resistance IS essence to us

The world exists to be changed — shaped — like clay

Suffering pitfalls like rolled ankles in gutter holes

Yet — us persists; staggering, and wobbling

Mutual aid sustains us — never doing “it” alone

Us knows the truth about — us — queers artists youth

So — us will rise and grind — stealing time from our

9-5 — plotting by candlelight

Meeting fascists in the day

Finding ways to sustain — us — outside the state

Resistance IS essence — so hope remains

To win one day — our faith in the hands us hold

The ones of us who know

Anything to be free

Of this daily routine

Wondering

How will I survive the day

My current trauma — trapped

In the carceral state

And Gazan city streets

Depth of Truth Under Covers of Darkness

Removed from society

REMOVED FROM SOCIETY

August 14, 2025

The news came and I reeled

As undercover of fighting terrorism six journalist were

“Assassinated”

My eyes flooded as I lay

Caged under the cover of “justice”

A light snuffed out in the world

Voices of truth silenced

State sanctioned violence against “terrorists”

Judge, jury, executioner

No chance for a deliberation

Fascists commit perjury on the stand and skip to

The hanging

I’ll always know that day

Just like 1948 — the Nakba never ended

Only death is the end for some

Carceral state or Gaza’s city streets

In the concrete jungles of the U.S.

Where I Reside

August 14, 2025

The annals of society; where I reside

As far removed as the dark side of —

The moon

Cold concrete graves encased in

Steel bars

Piercing supernatural lights

Policed and patrolled by

Horned custodians

Sanctioned — to exact violence

Draped in red white and blue capes

Nature? This is anything but

This gloomy construct

Manufactured to house the poor, brown, and sick

Humans dismissed — in the millions

Overcrowded — close spaces

Oppressed people

Entombed in “justice”

It’s criminal

Millions’ only relief

Is death

A slow burn in capitalism and colonizer clutches

The world doesn’t bat an eye

Instead drops its gaze

Covers their face

Hoping it’ll all go away

Occupied Violence

August 14, 2025

Genocide: 6am — darkness persists

Silence broken by news of “war”

Genocide

More like hearing Gazans trapped while I

Lay in my cage

Keys jingle as they come to feed

But I don't cuz Gazans can't eat

I cry while Gazans cant speak

Awake while Gazans can't sleep

60K and counting

Millions caged

Millions displaced

Palestine the carceral state

All collateral damage

I resist in the pages

Go to war in these cages

I know no other way

As bodies decay

Reminiscent of slaves working fields

Still

Coming home with scraps

To fill

A child's belly

Her look of resolve as she

Husks corn

Peels potatoes and mashes

Snapping beans

Season's cabbage

Generations of habit

Struggle, strife, poverty in her DNA

Perseverance, fight, strength we try to emulate

Not a hair of grey

Black don't crack — as they say

We sit down for prayer

And give grace

“Bismillallah”

She starts

Thanking Allah

Quick to never forget

Summer Sunday Sonnet

August 14, 2025

Mother's hair up in a bonnet — locking a hijab

Never a jub — four of those

As fried chicken pop's grease burns her wrists

She does not fret — hers is a long line of

Non-complainers

The dutiful Muslim

Abandoned

6 kids in a bedroom shack

Like so many blocks

Still slavin'; away on plantations of today

Yet home on a Sunday

A smile creasing her lips

6 little kids run around and play — “don't run!”

Not in “my house”

No

Risk of a chance to break something inexpensive

Yet all we have

The perspiration on her face

Walls in our concrete graves of gray

Fluorescent light creeps in

My occupier's keys jingle again

While rifles crack and bombs blast

Lives and time one can't get back

Darkness

It never left

Anas Al-Sharif Martyred

August 14, 2025

And it's a living hell — the people are but zombies

Living in conditions not suited for fleas with nothing to eat

Gaza's once beautiful city will one day be free

Resistance is essence, heads high we will survive

The sun will rise on truth

The darkness can't keep

Should they kill me I ask but one thing please don't forget Gaza —

“Commander that's a direct hit

Target confirmed

6 additional casualties — that'll stop your reporting”

Outside the one you're born into

Letting the world be your muse

to find “IT”

Purpose — ever-changing

Never worthless, love's your compass

Image

August 14, 2025

Imagine — a home for every human being
You get what you need
Not a burden to society
Free to just “BE”
Outside any binary
Everyone a sibling
Greetings with willing and warm intent
Not competition
No masters of borders
No manufactured scarcity
Touted as world order
No race dichotomy
One race humanity
No gendered mentality
It’s on a fallacy
To establish hierarchy
Imagine — none
Many families you choose

Red Balloons Over Gaza

August 14, 2025



Photographs

August 14, 2025

With some paste that strips the wiry enamel from my

Teeth

Pictures hang

Stuck to concrete walls of my sarcophagus

By my head

Forever smiles

Fractured families

Missing a human

A son on his birthday swiftly blows out his candles

Though

They never go out

His wish? Never granted

Family portraits

Matching clothes

Smiles forever; though

Who's absent?

Loves of my life

With no hand to hold

Frozen stares

Gazes fixed to follow

Hollow and heavy as my heart weighs

Trapped in this cement grave

This carceral site of decay
