

CRATER FRIENDS

Prison Life

Lori Tressler of SCI Cambridge Springs

I'm locked in a place
Where we look the same
We wear the same colors
And they call me by name
You are given a number
A sign of defeat
And told to be dressed
From your head to your feet
Sharing a room
With limited space
All crowded together
Inside of this place
We live out of boxes
And survive on our pays
¢19 an hour \$1.14 a day
So if you only knew
What's inside of these walls
It would make you think twice
About breaking the laws

Summer 2025 Literary Issue

A Publication of the Pennsylvania Prison Society

An Overview of the Pennsylvania Prison Society

Founded in 1787, The Pennsylvania Prison Society is the nation's oldest human rights organization. Our mission for 235 years has been to promote the health, safety, and dignity of people impacted by mass incarceration. In 1828, the Prison Society was granted access to all people in state or county custody in PA – we remain the only non-governmental organization in the United States with our level of statutory access to people in prison. Although some of our specific programs have evolved over time, we remain committed to responding to the needs of incarcerated people and their loved ones. Today, we use that access to monitor prison conditions, assist people in prison with individual issues they raise, build connections to family and community, and educate the public about the largely hidden world of prisons.

WHO ARE WE?

You may write to us at 230 South Broad Street, Suite 605 Philadelphia, PA 19102. You can also have your loved ones call our family support helpline at anytime: 215-564-4775. Our team can assist to answer questions about specific facilities, policies, general issues, and concerns. Our team is small and we are not able to provide legal assistance, but we will do our best to help you get the information and resources you need. Unfortunately, at this time as an organization we are generally not able to use ConnectNetwork to correspond with people confined in SCIs.

HOW DO I CONTACT THE PRISON SOCIETY?

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I WRITE TO YOU?

We will always do our best to assist you. You can write to us to request resources, report conditions at a state or local facility, or request a prison monitor. The Prison Society is not a legal organization and can not provide specific legal advice or representation. However, our correspondence volunteers thoroughly respond to each and every letter we receive with information about other resources and organizations. We can also help you navigate different issues related to education, free books and other creative programs, reentry services, mental health resources, pen pal programs, and more.

We are grateful to the countless people in custody and their families who help promote prison transparency across the Commonwealth. Beyond working to address concerns on an individual and/or facility level, the information you provide drives our vital conversations with Pennsylvania legislators, allied organizations, and the public. As we work to educate others and engage in systemic advocacy, it is vital that this is led by the experiences and opinions of the people closest to the problem- you! Your voices directly informed our current advocacy to end the \$5 medical copay for incarcerated people, as well as our work to remove barriers to family visits.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I SHARE WHAT'S GOING ON IN PRISON?

WHAT IS PRISON MONITORING?

The Prison Society is the only non-governmental organization in the country with a legal right to meet privately with any person incarcerated in their state. Each month, we receive hundreds of reports concerning access to healthcare, abuse, property, conditions of confinement, treatment, and other issues. Our trained volunteer Prison Monitors can meet with anyone incarcerated in Pennsylvania state or county prison to hear their concern in detail and engage in follow-up advocacy.

Out of respect for one's privacy and safety, we will never send a Prison Monitor without an explicit request for a visit from an incarcerated person or their loved one. During a visit, a prison monitor will meet with the person in custody one-on-one to discuss and document their situation. Following the visit, volunteers are empowered to speak with prison administration on their behalf to try to improve the situation. It is important to note that we are not lawyers and cannot assist with legal issues or casework.

For individuals returning to the Philadelphia area, The Prison Society does have a mentoring program available designed to help ease the transition from incarceration back to communities by providing a strong social support network. We hope to expand this to other regions in the state in the future.

WHAT ABOUT REENTRY SERVICES?

Launched in 1981 by Joan Gauker and adopted by The Prison Society in 2002, Graterfriends is a critical outlet for incarcerated people to share their opinions and experiences. We are proud to have built a powerful community with you over these past two decades and encourage you to continue submitting to Graterfriends.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I WRITE TO YOU?

We reserve the right to edit submissions. Original submissions will not be returned. Allegations of misconduct must be documented and statistics should be supported by sources. All submissions should be no more than 500 words, or two double-spaced pages. Letters more than 200 words, or one double-spaced page, will not be published in their entirety and may be shortened for clarity and space. To protect Graterfriends from copyright infringement, please attach a note, on your submission, stating that you are the original author of the work and that you give us permission to edit and print; date and sign the declaration



PENNSYLVANIA PRISON SOCIETY

Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers-

As I write this, the weather is warming outside and Mother's Day is fast approaching. The springtime and this holiday makes us think more about and take time to appreciate the women in our lives- mothers, sisters, wives, etc.

I want to use this letter to acknowledge our small, but strong group of female writers. Lori Tressler is the author of our cover poem for this issue, and it's been quite some time since we've seen a female writer on the front cover. I would also like to shout out some of other female authors: Juicy Queen Bee, Carol Hann, Kara Moore, Toni Bartley, and others. Another special shout out is owed to Jill McCorkel and our friends at the Philly Justice Project whose mission is to fight for women behind bars. I worked with Dr. McCorkel when I was in college, and her passion for women is so genuine.

Putting Lori's poem on our front cover made me want to acknowledge our sisters behind bars in this Letter from the Editor. Lori points out in her poem that once people are put behind bars, they are dehumanized- given the same uniform and lose their name, becoming a number. At Graterfriends, we not only aim to highlight your individuality, but also bring together all the populations across the DOC, male and female. Many of our authors already give special shout-out's to female Lifers, and this unity is so important.

Going into the rest of 2025 and into 2026- I want to see more of our sisters at Muncy and Cambridge Springs submitting articles. If you need ideas or inspiration, David Meade, our Graterfriends Associate, is always willing to help. What particular issues are you seeing at your facilities? What is something unique about the female experience behind bars?

To all our readers- thank you for your continued support and patience as we manage as a volunteer-run newsletter. Each Graterfriends issue is thought-provoking and enjoyable, but I have a particular soft-spot for the creative issue.

Warm Regards-

Noelle Gambale on behalf of the Graterfriends team.

Graterfriends

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<i>as they appear</i>	Angel Valentine, Jeffery Shockley, Stephen Benford, Cornell Shawell, Joseph Mander, Killa Chrome, Yassin SIN RAWs Mohamad, Larry Stromberg

Graterfriends accepts submissions regarding prison legislation, life, and creative endeavors. We do not accept submissions that are offensive in nature and target specific individuals. All letters must be signed for consideration. Names will be withheld from letters on rare occasions. While Graterfriends seeks to preserve the integrity of your work, we reserve the right to edit submissions as we see fit. Allegations of abuse or misconduct may be censored or omitted for your protection and safety.

I Bleed

Matthew Garcia of SCI Chester

The soul called out to the heart asking,
"Oh heart, why are you bleeding,
For you are producing and leaving large puddles of
blood everywhere you go."

The heart then replied,
"I bleed because I have been wounded by the world,
And even more detrimentally by the ones who
promised to protect and shield me and never injure
my fragile being,
But she lied and cut deep,
Piercing me beyond repair.
Maybe my heavily scared exterior suggested I could
handle it,
But, I now drip like broken pipes, constantly losing
life."

The soul asked,
"Why did you say the world"

"Well for every trigger pulled,
For every bullet fired,
Harming the innocence of children, disrupting and
violently taking lives,
I bleed.
I bleed and blame those that harm us, even when
we surrender with our arms up,
Those that placed the controlled substances
directly in the places we lived,
Obliterating our worlds while the world watched
and never connected the dots or unlocked the box
in which we rot,
A horrific design,
Such a terrible plot.
I bleed profusely because of places of captivity,
The prisons that warehouse taking freedom
from those who never knew anything other than
bondage".

The soul then said,
"Who is the her, the one you called 'she'?"

The heart conveyed,
"She was like the sun,

The bright beautiful light we all need and admire,
The star around which I orbit,
The warmth in which I'm safe,
The center of my attraction.
She was the summit of my smile,
My tongue's sweet lexis,
She was my confidence, my conviction ,my
confidant, my balance and rhythm,
My introduction to something other than the chaos
of no stability,
She was love and unadulterated.
She was loved."

The soul then began to uncontrollably weep,
Releasing waterfalls of tears.
The heart marveled why, contemplating and pausing
for some time,
Eventually realizing that she is the soul,
And now she knows that this heart has a hole that
feels bigger than the globe,
And no one can make it whole.

So, now he roams leaving blood everywhere he
goes.

On Solitary

Craig Boston of SCI Waymart

My mind wanders to a place seemingly so far away.
There is no sound. I would give for any sound,
perhaps, other than the eerie void of silence that
surrounds me. Has anyone ever told you that "peace
and quiet" is riddled with uncertainty?

I yearn for the subtle pleasure of interaction, no
matter how subtle its existence. I desperately need
engagement. I am a human being. A human being
which is so deserving of all aspects of humanity and
human decency. These walls don't talk, even when
I speak too loudly. Some guards won't talk, even
when my speech is void of equality, peppered with
the dotted specks of inferiority.

There is a massive clump of loneliness which
saddles my stricken heart. It seems that nothing

existent in this fertile world can aid a barren soul,
that is exhausted and quite reasonably now, slightly
indifferent to that effect. Why has the weight of the
world felt so massive that I crave the cadence it
rings?

Hope forges still, deceptively, amongst life's
expectations. It mostly manages to conquer the
relief of razor blades-a solitary slice across the
throat. It's what needn't be a solution to feel alive.
Though, death shares the irony. Six stitches and a
tub of glue. Has help yet arrived?

Lost In My Chaos

Kara Moore, Kansas Department of Corrections

Where do I go? What should I do?
I'm asking for help.
I'm calling you.

Can you hear me?
Or have you had enough of me turning my back on
you unless I'm in need of love?
I want you when I want you,
Well, really, not even then.

Now you've all the power, and I've all the sin.
I want what I want. I'm impatient.
You see?
Stubborn and selfish,
It's the only way I know to be.

I'm not really fond of change.
It takes too much faith.
Who's to say it would even work?
Have you ever met a saint?

Happy being unhappy,
My life was never fair with no one to impress,
No family that cares.
Stuck in my way,
I have been for years.
No wonder no one gives a damn about my heartache
and tears.

The Smile and the Scar

Brandon L. Williams of SCI Mahanoy

Along the length of my throat lies
A scar that sings every song
Our mothers played when we were small
And could not get the lyrics,
But made us move.
It's patterned
After a long fossilized footprint;
Forever embedded in solidified sand.
It hides behind an unkempt beard like a lone
clandestine rose,
That abides in a bush of thorns, or -
a jaguar camouflaged in auburn shrubs.

But I dig my crude beard,
and gnarly scar.
So my chin is up; as the proud with their pride, and
bourgeois (though I am broken and broke). While
walking this ever evolving gallows:
Poised for the sound
of the drop and snap.

Let them; so shallow, scrutinize my smile:
Cocked neck and cringe.
Let them see my scar, and know,
that I am one of them.

Perspective

Angel Valentine of SCI Chester

How can I complain when I wake up everyday?
I should be happy to be alive...
I should be happy I survived, but
Is surviving really living?
Prison wants to break me down
Punish me for my "crimes" against society
The irony is they can lock me down,
But can't break what is inside of me
My mind keeps me fighting, keeps me writing
Keeps me from giving up
So how can I complain when I wake up everyday?
I'm happy to be alive, I'm happy I survived
My circumstances do not dictate who I am
Only where I'm at...
My mind is FREE

In My Mind

Jeffery Shockley of SCI Mercer

In my mind,

A light shines so bright at times like these I cannot see to be the person society declares one like me is supposed to be. I just want to be free from the stereotypical ensemble that wears me down from playing a part that was not meant for me in this world of my own troubled history and to why I reside inside this space of mystery, mysteriously changing with each step taken to the victory already declared.

In my mind...

I fight behind some times like these where I try to define and combine the depth of me entirely freely where freedom does not come easily, but perceptually dances on the fringes of time. Everyone living is capable of doing what we have done should the incorrect circumstances occur. That stir, that inner turmoil most, if not all, of us face within and out of these places of confines is meant to change or rehabilitate what was not broken in the first place.

In my mind...

I find the time to reflect and believe in me and my ability to overcome what has been, asking for a chance to be entirely me, which is not a cookie cutter model of anything but a fallible imperfect human being living life on life's terms resulting from my own inadequacy in my life of being up and down; but in spite of these all encompassing circumstances, I strive for the victory that has already been declared.

In my mind...

At times like these, prison requests a lot of me; I'm not free to give as freely as giving up the freedoms I'm trying to get back that took a life and time to understand fully the ability to be the better me even my parents could not see; they were busy being caught up in their own excuses of difficulty, but they were truly inspirational because, in the least, they tried to provide more than they had. That was greater than the alternative.

Life is precious and I am grateful for mine no matter where or when I may be.



Soar

Stephen Benford of SCI Greene

Flight.
Birds. Planes.
I stand in the yard watching
them soar.
The ultimate earthly manifestation
of freedom.
Soaring so high above our earthly problems.
In this place of bars and fences.
These soaring visions
inspire dreams where you soar
high above it all, free from prison.
Soaring with the eagles in this sky,
their domain.
The domain of the supremely free.

He Said

Cornell Shawell of SCI Rockview

He said...
Just because u hear my words
Doesn't mean u understand my pain baby boy!
Then I thought about the men,
The kings...fathers...sons...uncles and brothas
That inspired me before
Their messages like Malcolm's
Loud as a lion roars!!

Some were on death row
Some had life sentences without
The possibility of parole
Others shared a struggle so inhumane
It was felt way beneath the soul
Some had decades in on their date
Even though all had their own stories
We still feel like we can relate

He said...
"Young man listen," today there are
Even more elders stuck in prison
Some of these men wouldn't hurt a fly!
But second chances aren't often given
In Pennsylvania, we are literally
Sentenced to die!
A tear nearly fell from his eyes...
As he talked about the overly sentenced
Who wasted "years" of their lives.
And all the people in prison who committed suicide.

Making me ask myself...why?
We as human beings continue to be oppressed
Day in, and day out!
Hoping to start our lives anew!
Fighting for a way out!
What this man said was so inspiring,
That I not only listened
But I connected with his wisdom as well

He said...
We must seek the justice within ourselves
As long as this state is commonwealth
Minorities will continue to fill the jails.
It will forever be a revolving door!

The rich wanna remain rich
So they'll keep locking up the poor.

He said...
Unity's not dead!
We need it even more these days
Second chances won't be given until
The politicians really understand that
"People change!"

He said...
In the meantime we have to remain
Conscience and on top of our game
Because u may wake up one day
To someone calling your name.
(A loud bell began to ring!)

Count time! Count time! Count time!
That's when I knew it was a dream
But is that all it was?
Because the message was somethin
That we all needed to hear
Maybe those words from a king
Were how I really felt
All these years...

No Life in This Jail

Joseph Mander of SCI Houtzdale

Welcome to prison,
Where the staff is racist,
And most of the CO's have disgust on their faces.

Where people get treated differently upon color,
Where life ain't exciting,
And it only gets duller.

Where some get to live life like all is right,
And the staff ignores all that goes on all night.
All because they condone certain lifeless behavior,
Where certain CO's do only certain inmates a favor.

Where things get stolen and nobody knows jack,
Cause the CO's know they are the ones doing that.
They steal your things and give it to other inmates,
They treat you like crap, turn around, and then hate.

Where grievances all get denied and ignored,
With prison employment,
Nothing you can afford.

Where life is even worse
If your skin isn't pale
This isn't a prison:
This is a Plantation

Let's Get Free/Daughters

Jeffery Shockley of SCI Mercer

Can you see me as I see you?
As we share in this same pain of disdain,
Like no one cares beyond their own pains,
Of trying to identify beside the child inside who
cries.
Here I am.
Here I am.

Can I be me as you choose to be you?
Through and through in this age of space and time
designed to remind
Of a pain we can't take back yet strive to be;
Or live in a new way of loving each other free.
As sisters and brothers true and true,
To grow beyond the boundaries set by others and
hate as they do?
Here I am.
Here I am.

Can we move beyond the tall tales of the whales
we've caught?
The battles silently fought,
To see the truth in who we are,
To discard the lies of who others say we are,
That presses down the ability we are,
To be greater than even our own imaginations are?
And say proudly:
Here I am.
Here I am.

Can we rise together collectively?
Growing beyond the individuality,
In this temperamental society that refuses to see
the beauty,

We all create in being who we are individually:
That is beautiful collectively.
As a bouquet of flowers planted by adversity,
Fighting circumstantially to agree unanimously,
And love each of us as we are;
For who we are?
Here we are.
Here we are.
Let's Get Free.

Struggle

Killa Chrome

The hardtime, badtimes, struggles-
Everything you went through to Bubble.

You wouldn't be you without the struggle-
The life, the hustle, the pain, the Rubble.

Rising from the ASHES to build up-
Coming from nothing to get up.

That feeling of success-
A life and feeling blessed.

Struggling with less-
To up with the most.

A struggle for life with a low pulse-
To live radiant and doing the most.

No more struggle,
Uplifting for more,
Made it through,
Even stronger than before:
Struggle!

My Solitary Survival

Yassin SIN RAWs Mohamad of SCI Phoenix

So you want to feel my pain and all the shit I had to take?
Well open your heart eyes as my pressure pipe breaks.

I been in prison since 1994
When the Commonwealth sought to seal my freedom's door,
Until the point I couldn't see humanity no more.

I had the option to bend or stand,
Something like W-O connected to man.
How about the actor in black clansman?
Seeing my fellow man go from Jamal to Jasmin,
To the young men now calling my generation- has been.

The treatment I went through in jail,
Isn't because I couldn't make bail.
I been in solitary confinement since 1999-
Because of a mistake I failed.
So I had to rebel,
Cause these guards put me in a coffin to be nailed,
I called God by his every name- he didn't answer-
So I created my own heaven and hell.

I accepted my responsibility,
But D.O.C. doesn't accept a man as myself humanly,
Beat and falsely charge me up, then offer me some Christmas candy!
Lie and say I assaulted a CO,
They place me on Restricted Release around D codes-
Cause I still have some sanity,
And no doubt a whole lot of man is still in me.

Want me to lay down without a mattress or pillow,
Refuse my visits, mail and no phone calls-
Having my wife think she's a widow.
But to society this can't be real though,
Professional staff treating an inmate bad-
Lying saying they're rapist, homos, rats and weirdos,
Say it ain't so!

You really wanna read and hear,
What happens indeed in here,
Uncut, desperate, courages, despair and fair,
Stressed, losing weight and hair,

To the point you'll do ANYTHING to leave this atmosphere?

So what am I gonna do? Fight for my rights
While I get beat down naked at night,
24 hours cameras not working now,
The PA is the CO's sister's husband,
So nothing happened alright?

Well on their paper it didn't-
But to family, Prison society, PILP and HRC, I let it be known they did,
As inmate litigators uncover what they hid,
They secretly transfer them from jail to jail-
To remove their body from the head.
Something like the walking dead,
Where the professor dissects an adult to scare the kid.

I can go on and on and make this a book,
Especially how I was used by my captors as bait on a hook.
I was forced to eat what I took,
They made the inmates look. '
Can you imagine being naked, soaked in mase-
Strapped in a metal chair- you'll be shook!

However, I had to learn their game,
Inside is where I stored my pain,
Started educating myself so I can maintain,
So I used my brain,
As I hear the echoes of my grandmom voice-
"Baby never forget your name."

I made a major change,
Started staying in my lane,
Where returning home wasn't strange,
So I wrote and published my first book all to stay sane.

Now it's 2024,
30 years past since I entered prison's door,
My children is adults-
I'm a grandfather-
And things aren't like it was before.
At times I feel unsure,
As I prepare to re-enter general population once more,
To finally exit the jail's prison doors.

From Larry Stromberg of SCI Phoenix

Prison Man

Created by a secret society,
Chosen for a violent act,
Captured from his dwelling,
Stripped and tortured,
Misappropriated on a cold steel slab.
The microchip planted to regulate the mission,
A mind prisoned by their total control:
Experiment completed.
Now a futuristic assassin,
Recruited by this powerful organization;
Now robotic,
Their vision of domination.
A greater goal will be achieved:
More prison men,
Women,
Children,
The New World Order's mission:
Prison World.

Level 5

Home of the assaultive ones,
A prison within a prison,
Darker than the RHU,
Even worse than Death Row,
Locked down like a caged animal.
The shit throwers are there.
Lifers who murdered their cellies for a Z code.
It's the last rodeo for the escape artists, cell rapers
and guard killers:
This is Level 5.
Dehumanization is the code there,
A cold place that shows no mercy.
It's hell on Earth, even for the one's with remorse in
their hearts.
It laughs at Mental Health issues.
Level 5 never changes-doesn't care.
It just sucks the life out of you!

Incarcerated Death

Anchored in dung ,
Drowning with excruciating regret,
Bed ridden,
Riddled with a malignant tumor to the brain.
Gang green,
Decubitus ulcer spread so damn wide,
Locked in a systematic box,
Controlled by a massive financial key.
Will the others get a chance to be free?
Sometimes goodbye is a second chance.
This is the existence of the condemned.

Why the Caged Bird Sings

Joseph Mander of SCI Houtzdale

God said we are all created equal.
Is this a true lie?
Or is this lie true?
Does this explain why I do the shit that I do?

And I can't call it,
With or without a phone.

I'm not a free spirit
With or without a home.

More like a caged bird,
With shackles on his wings.

And now I know the cage
And why the bird sings.

My Existence

Jeffery Shockley of SCI Mercer

What does it mean to exist?

To live inside confines designed to remind who you are, dream of who someone could be with the promise of a hope to be free?
From the moment I'd begun serving time, repeatedly, or in the case of a life sentence, continually, I have pondered the relatively of my existence:
Where does my existence lay?

Is it merely gaged by the 15 minute phone calls or the once yearly, twice weekly virtual visiting?
How much do I exist in the lives of those I claim to love when the hurts of yesterday linger into an eternity of denials for a second chance irrelevant of what I've done to encourage them?
What does my existence mean to those making decisions relating to receiving an opportunity to return to the community I hale from, wanting to repair damages done?

There are many examples of positive individuals like Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., whose existence in history remains, I ask: "Why?"

Because of the impact they've had on the world from what they've done or is it by who they were as individuals?

Likewise there is Jeffrey Dahmer, Charles Manson, whose existence neither can be denied because of what they've done; or is it by who they were as individuals?

Every person's, every event's existence clearly matters differently, collectively and individually. Whether it is because of an action taken in our lives that outshines or emboldens the individual component of one's existence.

Does it make the individual?

The furthest reaches of the world may not know I exist, though clearly I do, does not make me any less of an individual. Nor does sitting in a prison serving a life sentence compliment my individuality in a world I am not fully aware of but does exist.

It is that I strive, embarking forward asking to whom does my existence matter? And why?

Is my existence realized because of what I've done in my life or by the character of the individual I am, especially when no one is looking?

Do I matter enough to myself to strengthen my existence to myself though the world may not know me?

As survivors we matter to each other because of the shared reality of poverty, incarceration, physical/ sexual/ emotional abuse.

We may not know each individually, however we exist in togetherness and that makes me...

Stronger to Glorify God.

Silent Expressions

Yassin Sin Raws Mohamad of SCI Phoenix

My fingers are sore but this writing stuff I can't stop

-

Head pounding, hectic headaches 'cos I'm thinking a lot.

So much on my mind that needs to be let out-
Anxiously I grab a pen and go on route.

Thoughts rushing out fast as speeding light -
As I capture them while I begin to write.

With my ability to arrange sentences and paragraphs

-

Give people my vision to see my positive and troublesome paths.

Nouns and adjectives start spilling -
Verbs, pronouns and adverbs show my natural feelings.

DAMN! I've picked up my poetic pen again -
To continue this urb-poetry trend.

Some thought volume one was it -
Me too, but I couldn't quit.

Changes occurred including challenging situations
-
My height of thinking and direction of destinations.

My vocals no more at a standstill-
I'm fed up with all this bullshit and I'm no longer afraid to express how I feel.

I love you, hate you, don't like you....like you -

Know what? Screw you!
I'm abreacting now and all I say is true.
So I'm now gonna share things with you
Again in Silent Expressions, Volume Two.

Volume two of Silent Expressions
Has truly been another life's blessing's.

Knowing there's at least one poem that describes how you feel,
Makes me feel good because I assisted you by keeping it 1000% real.

Indeed my dear readers, consider yourselves my family

So my best wishes and special thanks go out to y'all sincerely.

A Gate is Open

Killa Chrome of SCI Rockview

Concrete walls I stare at
Closed in all they do is stare back

I'm like a lion in the zoo
They tell me don't roar

Locked in a cage
Walk past my door

A gate is open
I can't go through

That's only for them to look at you
They stop and stare like an animal caged

Then wonder why the lion roars enraged
One day I will be free to roam

Remain the king, keep my pride, and throne

REQUESTS FOR RESOURCES

In lieu of a list, please request resources directly with this form. Please allow one month for a response.
Complete and mail to the Pennsylvania Prison Society:

Pennsylvania Prison Society
ATTN: Resources
230 South Broad Street, Suite 605
Philadelphia, PA, 19102

Name, ID Number, Facility
If Applicable: Returning County for Re-entry Resources

Resource Description
Note: The Prison Society does not offer financial assistance

READER SURVEY

We welcome comments and suggestions from all readers. Please complete this form and mail it to the Pennsylvania Prison Society.

Pennsylvania Prison Society
ATTN: Graterfriends
230 South Broad Street, Suite 605
Philadelphia, PA, 19102

Name, ID Number, Facility

Comments and Suggestions

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