

Systemic oppression fuels my fight,  
Change is not a destination, but a  
journey in light

My literary musings, a powerful  
quest

For true liberation, justice, and  
equality's best.

Oppression is worse than the grasp  
of death,

I battle through fires with unity as  
my breath.

From car fires to forest flames, I've  
braved it all

Now I fight for educational,  
economic, and social change

With love and unity as my  
foundation strong

I champion the cause, where all  
rights belong.

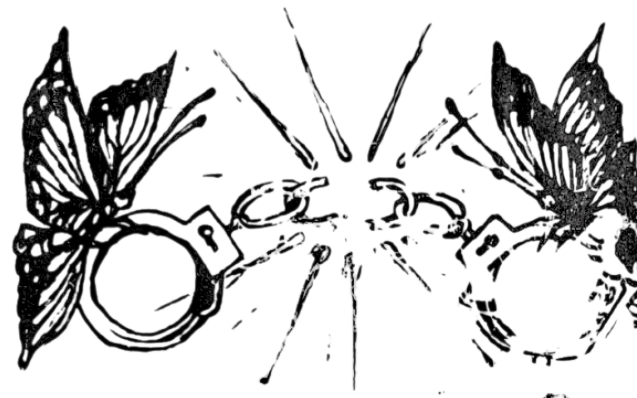
*Hakiym Sha'ir (Brian Simpson)*

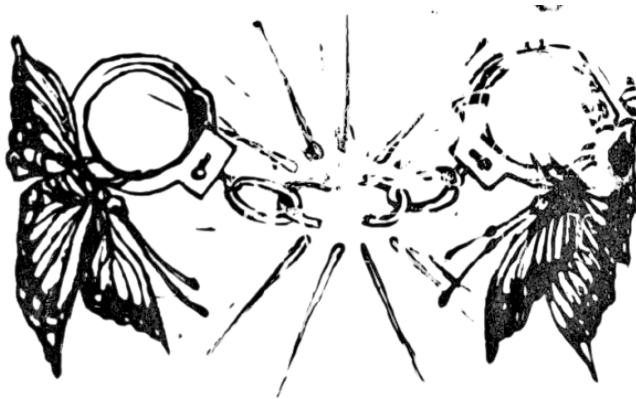


Brian “Hakiym” Simpson is a Black father, firefighter, community leader, and poet who is wrongfully in prison for defending himself against a racist attack. Hakiym is fighting for his freedom.

Join him!

*These are some of his writings.*





*Dear Friends,*

I want to take a moment to express my heartfelt gratitude for your unwavering support as allies in my fight for social justice. Thank you for being there and for your commitment to standing alongside me in the struggle for equality across race, class, and gender. This is one of the most important intersections we can - and have-met at. Each of us is different, so there is no correct way to be an ally!

In our growth and development, being an ally is a continued strategic undertaking across the intersections of race, gender, and class in the realms of economic, educational, social, and political dialogue and change, all grounded in love and unity.

*Oppression is worse than death.*

Thank you for putting your energy and time toward shedding light not only on my case but also on the repressive laws of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest. I deeply appreciate those who are highlighting patterns of blatant racism and seeing my case beyond an isolated event. Our voices will not be minimized or diminished. I am but one small voice, but together, we create a mighty chorus!

Thank you once again for your solidarity and support.

Sincerely,

Hakiym Sha'ir

*Write to Hakiym!*

Honor, duty, respect, integrity. Four cardinal virtues of firefighting. I stand strong with all my brothers and sisters of fire even behind this barbed wire fence. I long to get back to the fire line putting my life on the line with you.

I am, and will always be, carrying the torch. I am a student of fire, and as I sit here in this metaphorical fire, let my situation be a catalyst for change across race, class, and gender in our career. No one deserves to be treated as a second class citizen, we are one unit as we stand shoulder to shoulder and cut line, etc. Political affiliations, race, gender...it all goes out the window when we put on that uniform. At that moment the only thing that matters is protection of each other so we can protect the life and property of the community at large.

They can cage my body but not my mind. Thank you for standing in solidarity. I'll be seeing you on the line soon.

Brian "Hakiym" Simpson

Brian Simpson\* #27433390  
Snake River Correctional Institution  
777 Stanton Boulevard  
Ontario, Oregon 97914-8335

\* Address envelope to Brian Simpson, address letter to Hakiym Sha'ir \* Use only black ink on white lined paper. Be conscious that guards read the mail. Offer your support and solidarity! Don't make promises you can't keep. \* Please follow all of the requirements for sending your letter listed here:  
[www.oregon.gov/doc/contact-inmate/pages/letters.aspx](http://www.oregon.gov/doc/contact-inmate/pages/letters.aspx)

*“A Fight for Freedom”*

Prison is expensive! Hakiym would greatly appreciate financial support for making phone calls, video calls, postage, photocopies, getting warm clothes, hygiene products, food, etc.

Also, Hakiym is unable to help support his four children while imprisoned. Funds will help with their needs while the campaign for Hakiym’s freedom continues. Consider holding fundraisers in your communities.

Venmo @siskiyoutmutualaid with “Justice 4 Hakiym” in the description.

Checks can be made out to:

*Siskiyou Mutual Aid  
PO Box 1263  
Talent, OR 97540.*

My struggle for freedom is woven tight  
In the fabric of the Constitution’s might.  
Where is my due process, my equal protection?  
The verdict in my case, a stark reflection  
Of the Dred Scott decision from years gone by-  
Do my rights go unnoticed, do they wither and die?

The 14th Amendment stands for equal grace,  
Yet I faced an assault, a vile disgrace.  
A coworker’s slurs, a racial tirade,  
I defended myself, my rights displayed.  
Not with a weapon, but with my own hands,  
An admission of truth by the aggressor stands.

I write to hold the court to its founding creed,  
To expose the disenfranchisement, the systemic need.  
How can freedom be lauded, yet so restricted?  
This hypocrisy, volatile, cannot be evicted.  
Like baking soda and vinegar, my soul ignites,  
In the face of suppression, a revolution alights.

Systemic oppression fuels my fight,  
Change is not a destination, but a journey in light.  
My literary musings, a powerful quest,  
For true liberation, justice, and equality’s best.  
Oppression is worse than the grasp of death,  
I battle through fires, with unity as my breath.

From car fires to forest flames, I’ve braved it all,  
Now I fight for educational, economic, and social change’s call.  
With love and unity as my foundation strong,  
I champion the cause, where all rights belong.

Oppression is worse than death. I am more than a victim of social injustice here in the Pacific Northwest. I am a visionary, an agent of change, organizing to resist oppression, racism, sexism, marginalization, and bigotry in the realms of education, economics, politics, and social development, with love and unity as my foundation.

Let us meet at the intersections of race, class, and gender, stepping beyond our own social locations to create change. Let us not harbor the false impression that change will be easy. Sometimes change is gradual; sometimes it is radical. At times, we must change our perspective by altering the lens through which we view the world, removing the filters of stereotypes, snap judgments, and prejudice.

Oppression manifests in the subconscious dichotomy of “the other”—those who are deemed different. Why am I being treated differently? Why have you been treated differently? Now I ask you the unspoken question many of us have asked ourselves: different from what? Different from him? Different from her? Different from the rich, the poor, the oppressed, or the oppressors? Black or white? Normal or different?

As I sit behind the cold concrete walls and razor wire here in Snake River—aka the Snake Pit, aka Gladiator School—I reflect upon this dichotomy. Why was I treated differently for exercising self-defense? Where is my equal protection under the law? Where are my civil rights?

So I write to let you know that you are not alone in feeling different, in being “the other.” I will not be silenced; I will continue to fight for myself and every other oppressed person. I will be a voice for the voiceless. I am your brother in the struggle.

A large community has united around Hakiym’s struggle for freedom! Get involved!

Visit

*@justiceforhakiym*  
*@hakiymshair*  
*baseoregon.org/justice-for-hakiym*

or email

*justiceforhakiym@gmail.com*

Make noise!  
Talk to your co-workers!  
Send emails & letters!  
Sign & share the petitions !  
Spread the word!

*“Keep Going”*

Mind body and spirit will advance when tried with Suffering / Struggle. The more the ground is plowed the better the seed will grow, the better the harvest will be. Just as the plough tills the earth, purifying it of weeds and thistles, so suffering and tribulations free us from the limitations that grow in our minds and lives when we push pass our self imposed limitations. Weed your secret garden, your mind and your heart. We are unrefined until the heat of fire, the fire of adversity refines us just as gold is refined. Suffering / Struggle = Growth. Growth is change, and transformation may we meet at the intersections of growth and transformation... Keep going!!

*“Brother of Struggle”*

Blacked—out prison shuttle,  
Court cases we can’t win—  
The color of my skin,  
No complexion for protection  
In this land of the free we’re in.

Heartfelt pain, yet I maintain,  
Remain at peace, can’t become anxious.  
Brother of Struggle, never complacent,  
Pseudo-activist faces vacant.

Master all communication,  
Staying patient.  
Crashed my spaceship In this matrix, stuck.  
500 years of wounded healing,  
Increasing the feeling: I’m never giving up.

The system corrupt,  
Caged the man, freed the animal,  
Had to wake my savage up.  
Time stops, tragic, abrupt—  
Shackled & handcuffed on the prison bus.

America has a sickness,  
I write to bring attention to the court’s decision.  
Those afflicted for looking different-  
Am I alone? Am I right or wrong?  
Imprisoned bodies, commodities,  
New slaves, state property.  
14th Amendment not exercised properly-  
Cold concrete and steel not stopping me.

My love, life, loyalty, I pledge wholeheartedly.  
Showing and proving through my rebuttal,  
I remain your Brother of Struggle.

*“Forgiveness Is an Attribute of Love”*

Just as the New Year is a time for leaving the past behind and beginning anew, forgiveness is a way of releasing emotional pain so that we can heal and move on to better things through growth and development.

So I forgive. With all my heart and soul, I bless the person who has caused pain to me and my family, and I gently release it.

Forgiveness has the power to set me free and allows the other person to move forward and seek the mental and spiritual help and healing needed.

Wherever my life leads me, it is love working through me that helps me to forgive.

Through love, I open my mind and heart to the healing power of forgiveness. Love is right and exact at all times. Peace and infinite blessings.

Go for a swim  
Work out at home, a park or the gym  
Strive to win  
Reveal the real you hidden within  
With one step a journey of 1000 miles begins  
Its about the destination  
Gaining Ones Definition brings to fruition  
The power of manifestation...



*"The Journey"*

Push ups on my finger tips  
My knuckles, my wrist  
Pull ups, chin ups, the dips  
The mental struggle and hustle to stay fit  
The freedom of the run  
The burning sensation in my lungs  
Moving through faith the results will come  
It's not about the destination its the journey  
Pushing pass your limits becoming a better person  
Whole body hurting  
See and feel the lessons you're learning  
Intermittent fasting or counting calories  
Balancing life  
Mind body spirit battling, the alchemy  
determination the price  
Getting up off the sofa  
Stretching doing yoga  
Focus breathing in position of lotus  
Sun salutation rising cobra  
Its not about the destination its the journey  
Becoming a better person  
Health is wealth  
Take care of self  
Why wait don't hesitate  
Ride a bike go for a scenic hike  
Lift weights  
A better you await  
Open the 8 gates deep contemplate meditate  
Mind body soul alignment  
Constant refinement  
Dedication, determination, discipline

*"In-Vulnerable"*

Unvoiced realizations,  
Suppressed grief upon contemplation,  
Devastating experience, weariness of the soul.  
What if I had died? Am I dead?  
Unvoiced fears float in the fog of my mind,  
Marginalized,  
Magnified by the surreal concrete and steel of prison.  
My heart, a desolate existence.  
I see solutions-I wonder who's listening.  
Agony of absolute deprivation,  
Sensations of fruitless dark epiphany  
Drain my energy.  
The devastating insight: this is my new life,  
The ever-consuming dread.  
I feel blue; I see red.  
Purgatory, my grave-half alive, half dead.  
Dark moments in this limbo state,  
What is this chaos from which I cannot awake?  
Frailty, hopeless, leery—  
Head held high, eyes closed, won't become teary.  
The darkness of the universe, non-being,  
An invisible man is what I'm seeing.  
I have ceased to exist,  
A mortal myth,  
My heart torn apart,  
Delayed emotional reactions in me,  
Metaphysical insights of PTSD.

*"The Other"*

Far from lame,  
Yet outside your games.  
By name, by appearance,  
To be the other, you need patience and perseverance.  
They say, "I see no color," with your presentation,  
Indications of others' history and presence, figments of  
imagination.  
Outside the circle, pushed to the edges,  
Scared to speak up, might end up like Dr. King or Malcolm X—  
Dead... We know the ledge.  
Isolated, scorned,  
Disdained, pained souls torn.  
Disconnected communities neglected,  
Invisible, viewed one-dimensional, stereotypical.  
By class, gender, skin pigment,  
The other is always made to feel different.  
Disturbing, disquieting, discomforting,  
Provoking distrust, utter disgust—  
Microaggressions in expression,  
Followed by the question...  
WHY ARE YOU HERE??  
The suspicion, apprehension,  
To the other, it's all so clear.  
The other frightens and scares,  
Remaining silent yet aware.  
Unable to hide the true me,  
Too radiant for invisibility.  
The difference permanently sealed in my appearance,  
Society's deeply ingrained complex:  
Intersections of race, class, and sex.  
Invisible yet sticking out like a sore thumb,  
Society's heart is numb.  
The others will not succumb,  
Nor surrender.

*"Courage is contagious"*

I'm not afraid to use my voice, use my presence to be present for  
other marginalized communities. I see a common-unity even if  
you don't. I stand courageous in the face of being diminished,  
deemed dangerous, transformation is not instantaneous.  
Transformative change will not be pleasant nor painless. It has not  
been painless nor has it been pretty or pleasant since 1555. This  
road is paved with the blood of the courageous. Doubts  
inevitability will creep in about our effectiveness about our  
approach, about the positions we undertake. We must look within  
and see how Getting Over Doubt will work it out. With Good  
Organized Direction on our side we shall overcome any obstacles  
that are put into our path. Knowledge is symbolic often sun, so let  
the light of the sun remove the clouds of uncertainties. You are  
making a difference we are making a difference. There is a cost of  
doing this great work. It's the first law of alchemy equal exchange  
of energy. Energy moves in waves... currents. The currency that  
Nature demands is patience. That is the price of growth. As we walk  
this road together know that victory comes after the struggle. Do  
not fear struggle, pain, or uncomfortable situations to create  
transformation. Due process violations is a violation to us all.  
Never lose sight of this. We need a unified response for this social  
political attack against our constitutional rights. We are the ones  
we have been waiting on. Look in the mirror you are the hero of this  
movement. We need to go toe to toe with our elected officials and  
hold them accountable. No longer should people hide behind the  
veneer of creating change Gate keeping moving at a snails pace.  
What we need is thunderstorms as Frederick Douglass said not a  
gentle rain. We cannot bend the knee to injustice. Let us not  
deviate, or hesitate as we meet at the intersection of  
transformative change. You don't have to be behind bars to be in  
prison. Transform self to transform world

I awake holding only pillows and covers  
Alone it seems from this dream  
No Queen  
My angel only visit when I sleep  
Invading my home  
Making my heart her throne  
Whispering deep to the seat of imagination  
Time increasing Patience  
I tend to the smoldering fire of desire  
Hurting and uncertain  
When I remove the curtain the veil  
We see our true selves  
Will I be graced by her presence  
The essence of peace  
That which I seek when I sleep  
She has stolen my heart someone help capture the thief...

In remembrance and deep inspiration from the spirit of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s "Letter from Birmingham Jail,"

I write to you this missive from the Snake River Correctional Facility.

I sit here in deep contemplation of direct nonviolent resistance in the fight to create transformative change at the intersections of race, class, and gender. I know it is the radical healing power of love that will allow us to overcome. We will rise from the dark dungeons of complacency to the bright hills of creative change.

Yes, it is gradual and radical love and unity that are the quintessential essence of nonviolent resistance. I am cognizant of the interrelatedness of oppression in all communities. I am aware of the injustice of being treated as less than or as a second-class citizen-the dichotomy of the "other." I want you to ask yourself the question many of us have asked ourselves: Other than what? An injustice anywhere is an injustice everywhere. The injustice of my case: being attacked at work by a man using racial slurs, who adamantly admitted in court that he was the aggressor and that he did indeed attack me, swinging on me first. We have come so far in our socio-political development, yet we have so far to go.

Now, I sit here in prison for defending myself. In spite of shattered dreams, I have H.O.P.E.

I hold on to positive energy that this community will see the justice of our cause to create transformative change at the intersections of race, class, and gender so that this senseless violence will not be perpetrated against anyone else for being different.

H.O.P.E. that there will be a deep moral concern that will serve as a channel through which our just grievances can reach the power structures. With deep, heartfelt gratitude to those agents of change who are being the change they want to see, thank you for paying it forward in the campaign to liberate me from this ordeal and right this wrong. These change agents have carved a tunnel of hope through the dark mountain of disappointment.

*“Thief in the Night”*

My heart flutters  
It skips a beat and stutters  
Silent courage I muster to utter poetry  
    slowly  
    quietly I mutter emoting through the quoting  
    my spirit open  
Doting affection  
The sun rising and setting in the reflection of your eyes  
Your soul shines lighting the night skies  
The dark times  
Bringing wisdom for the blind  
You reside on the right side of my mind  
Together we can change the paradigm  
But I’m shy...  
So time goes by  
I maintain silence remain quiet  
Loving and uncertain  
Am I flirting with a real person  
Your so nurturing when I’m hurting  
Why am I second guessing this presence  
The lesson of magnetism attraction  
Curiosity killed the cat  
It was brought back by satisfaction  
If we label this think what we might miss  
That unexpected kiss  
Living in the now the present a gift  
A constant unwrapping, unlearning, unveiling  
The the esteem we are held in  
Melting into each other  
The path of unforeseen lovers  
My heart still flutters  
Skips a beat stutters

I suppose I'm not alone on this road home  
Love never dies voices rise  
The tears from my eyes  
drops in the ocean creating tides  
Who am I to defy the system  
You don't have to go to jail to be in prison  
Who will listen to one abandoned in surrender  
I remember why I died before death  
A reward in process  
A message out of this mess  
Depth  
Tears write sorrows upon my cheeks  
For those with eyes to see  
A spirit longing to be free.

*"Ancestors Dream"*

Positive energy  
Ancestral entities flow through me  
My meditation is deep contemplation  
Liberation flowing through me  
The path of thorns  
Knowledge born in the eye of the fire storm  
The rose from concrete  
Understanding knowledge & wisdom  
My body's in prison  
Yet my mind is still free  
I'm a seed you can't bury me  
Hakiym the Truth  
Watch me take root  
Birthed from strange fruit that swung from trees  
I'm ready to bleed for what I believe  
spirits born free  
I Study Life Around Me  
I digress...  
The blessing is the test  
The sun rose from the east but shines in the west  
In my chest rest the spirit of ancestors who chose death  
Rather then be oppressed  
I digress...  
Focus my breath  
Summoning energy  
ancestral entities to watch over me  
Blessings descend upon me  
My meditation is deep contemplation  
Born to be free.  
I am my Ancestors Dream

The oceans are Ink  
The trees pens  
A hidden treasure endeavor within  
The path begins in the presence  
The lessons of friends  
Precious, cherished, prized  
Love is light  
Light my inner fire  
Igniting the embers of desire  
Aspire higher  
Beloved Trinity  
Loved, lover, loving  
Empathy affinity  
Stepping into infinity  
Timeless reality  
Casually overcoming causality  
Endowed with the power of now  
Hey who! Its you  
The who, what when where & how  
The reason,  
Sit contemplate meditate resonate reason  
Focused breathing  
Hearing seeing beyond the veil  
Heaven and hell  
Found within self

Tears write sorrows on my cheeks  
The freedom of tomorrow is what I seek  
My pens weeps PTSD  
Post traumatic slave disorder  
Longing to be free  
Feelings of being invisible  
Incomprehensible situations  
Social political lynching  
Reminiscent of physical enslavement  
13th amendment's so called justification of incarceration  
The prison, the plantation  
Increasing my Patience  
My soul torn, heart worn  
The sun shines after the storm  
A rose amongst Thorn's  
Adversity  
School of hard knock university  
Certainly I maintain I can't explain my pain  
The thoughts in my brain  
The struggle to remain sane  
The rose grows after rain  
Life is not a game  
Are you playing checkers or chess  
A testament out of this test  
How bad do you want success  
You have to want freedom as much as your next breath  
I've died before death  
R.I.P a reward in process  
Sun Tzu Art of War  
What does the daughter of the night have in store  
My soul weeps guided by the sister of sleep  
Conductor of my soul  
Black rose

*“Alchemy of Hunger”*

Part 2

Blessed with a courageous Heart of a lion, I stand against oppression even it be against myself. Yes I oppress myself... with self doubt, worry, & second guessing myself. Fasting is a way of subduing the e.g.o to Ease God Out.

G.o.d = getting over doubt. When we stop doubting our inner greatness just think other magical magnetic magnificent things we can accomplish once we have knowledge of self. When we fast away from procrastination we acknowledged g.o.d Getting Over Delay. The gates of greatness will open before us. We fast away from negative thinking and people. The people, places and things that stunt our vitality, Growth, Development, happiness and love. Let us break the chains of psychology slavery setting our captive hearts free from self imposed oppression self injury. We make our intention to fast away from the negative food for thought to rise out of the fiery abyss of self doubt, absence of knowledge of self and unawareness . We fast to awaken the power of our will to chain the internal demons that poison us wit worry fear and procrastination. Paradise rest at the foot of your m.o.m Mind Over Matter. I Stimulate Life And Matter, we are not the sum of our intentions but of our actions and character. Freedom a free dome or mind the victory belongs goose who remains true and strong despite temptation. We fast freeing our minds & hearts from past pain. We fast to cleanse the temple of g.o.d from false idols which means to cleanse the heart from false emotions rooted in f.e.a.r False Emotions Appearing Real. The heart is the house of God. We fast with all our senses to become every present in the now. We fast away from distraction, criticism & conformist culture. We fast so social political pressures won't poison our potential. We are F.A.S.T.I.N.G to focus activation self truth initiating nurturing growth. The person who takes initiative is initiated through the alchemy of hunger.

The oceans are ink  
The trees are pens  
Break the curse  
A hidden universe within  
Descend to ascend  
Transcend Into the true you  
Hayy-Hu hey who  
Its you...

*A glimpse into ONE of the hidden meanings of the poem is found in the following Arabic words:*

*Hayy* = the living, the essence of life  
*Hu* = the not manifest yet present being / God  
*Hayy-Hu* = the true and living God

*“The Traveler by Night”*

The sighting of the moons crescent  
Ebb & flowing of Blessings  
Lessons in letting go of what’s been stressing  
Tap into your inner essence  
Fully loaded encoded in the vestige of the message  
The message...  
All scripture paint the picture  
The Great work the goal of something bigger  
Come hither remember (*zikr*)  
A ocean of angelic whispers  
Delivering missives  
Truth a broken mirror  
Picked up by people now they see themselves clearer  
A radical healer  
The sighting of the moons crescent  
The lesson given upon the preserved tablet  
Incantations some call magic  
The scrolls, pages literature of the Magi, Oracles, Magus  
The shaman, wounded healers, sages  
Praying uttering saying’s of magical phrases  
Dancing in circles under the moons phases  
One existence different faces  
Stages of love  
As below, so above  
A lotus from mud  
Juxtapose the thorn the rose  
The path of adversity affliction  
Mentioned in metaphor the crown of crucifixion  
All parallel parables for those with ears to listen  
Secret Sophia Sufi wisdom

Swoon under the moon transition  
The sighting of the moons crescent  
Ramadan Rahma mercy forgiveness blessings  
A month of self reflection inner testing  
The internal fight  
Like the moon reflect the light  
Through the darkness of night  
The darkness of L.I.F.E  
Transition  
Learning Information For Existence.

*One of many keys to unlock the mystery of the poem. The Traveler embodies the cyclical nature of time. The mystery of the night and that which is hidden. The master of time. The silver light of the moon guides us through darkness. The cycles of the moon teach us renewal.*

*Zikr* = Arabic for remembrance / remember God  
*Rahma* = Arabic for mercy