

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.

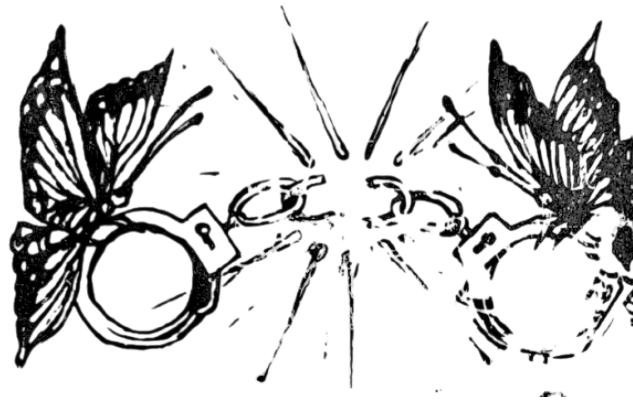
Hakiym Sha'ir (Brian Simpson)

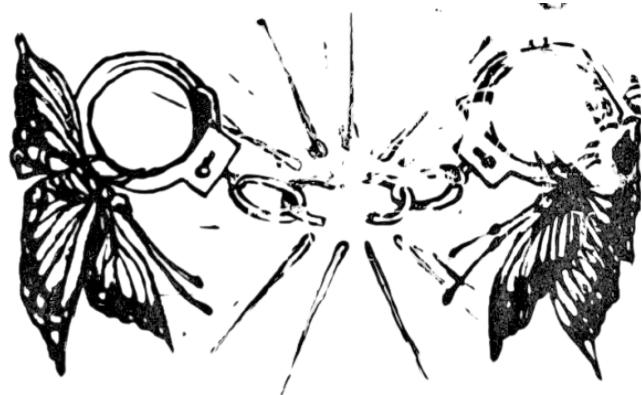


Brian “Hakiym” Simpson is a Black father, firefighter, community leader, and poet who is wrongfully in prison for defending himself against a racist attack. Hakiym is fighting for his freedom.

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

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 "Hakiyim" Simpson

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

* Address envelope to Brian Simpson, address letter to Hakiyim 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

“A Fight for Freedom”

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.

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

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

Venmo @siskiyoumutualaid with “Justice 4 Hakiyim” in the description.

Checks can be made out to:

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

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 Hakiyam’s struggle for freedom! Get involved!

Visit

*@justiceforhakiyam
@hakiymshair
baseoregon.org/justice-for-hakiyam*

or email

justiceforhakiyam@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. Its 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 loose 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 u 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 Douglas 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.

“Thief in the Night”

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.

My heart flutters
It skips a beat and stammerers
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 stammerers

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
Hakimy 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

“Hayy-hu” or Hey WHO

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

“Reward in process / R.I.P”

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