

A RESTLESS WRIT

Captured
IN
Solidarity

A collection of
poetry and prose by
the Prairieland
defendants

Volume one

On July 4th, 2025, during the early evening, an unknown number of people attended what was advertised as a noise protest at Prairieland Immigration and Customs Enforcement(ICE) Detention Center. Later, Alvarado Police were called by the Detention Center and 10 people were detained, initially.

We weren't there. We don't know what happened but we can say that dissent for the Trump Administration, and its authoritarian tactics, is growing amongst the citizens of the United States.

Now in September of 2025, 17 people have been detained, pre-trial. They all have had outrageously expensive bonds. Four people were not even in attendance of the noise demonstration on July 4th. These tactics used against treasured members of our community are proof that an authoritarian regime will stifle any dissent.

We, at PCAO, move in solidarity with the Prairieland Defendants and the DFW Support Committee.

We have collected poetry and prose created by the defendants to share with our community.

Howling at the Moon

2

I heard on the radio they'll open season on hunting wolves due to their threat to livestock. Are we like them? Hunted?

I wonder if dogs are used in the hunts. Not quite siblings but relatives hunting the other.

Domesticated vs a tapped in ancestry of liberation.

How could you? Spill this blood and not see.

Your fences, your borders, are imaginary.

We will always walk amongst you. No matter what you do.



Maricela Rueda

No. No. No!

You. Just. Don't. Understand.

I have to go HOME!

See, my dog can't be alone

for more than eight hours and my partner has no idea
where I am!

We had a terrible fight, just the other night,

He has to know - I need to make things right!

Plus, I left a mess, not a mound,

but a mountain range of laundry on our bed

If not cleared my two cats will fight for territory.

Seriously, you have to uncuff my hands.

I can't believe what I'm hearing,

in between you all jeering and even cheering.

You really have to listen to me!

If I have to call my momma - you are not Latine -

She will be so, so, SO MAD!

Most importantly, my kid will come home from her Dad
and won't have a clue. Please, again I'm begging you.

Pleading - this cannot be true!

If she comes home and is told what happened
according to YOU - she will not understand.

No. No. No! I have to go home!

You think what!?!?

How could y'all be so dedicated to misunderstand?

Please, please, please uncuff our hands!





commissary notes

Item named Whole Shabang Mix: not vegan kinda trash too many peanuts and way too much seasoning 0 stars

Item named Shabang: is vegan, heavily spiced\salted potatoe chip. Kinda trash too especially nutritionally but mixes well with bland food 2 stars.

Item named Coffee 100% Colombian: very strong. 4 stars makes me too anxious to drink it tho. Now have two bags taking up space in my bunk.

Item named Assorted Hard Candy: just as it sounds the classic mix of grandma candies. Every mix is different. Highlights are root beer barrels, butter scotch disks and the strawberry ones... The good strawberry ones with the jelly inside. 5 stars

Improvised exercises

Push ups: must do movement 5 stars

Dips on bed: not the greatest but easy to do. lean forward for more chest front felt bias. Could be improved by placing feet on stool if you can make it work 3.5 stars

Dips on corner of half wall: not very convenient since can only be done in rec yard. Superior to dips on bed. Same modification for chest delt bias.

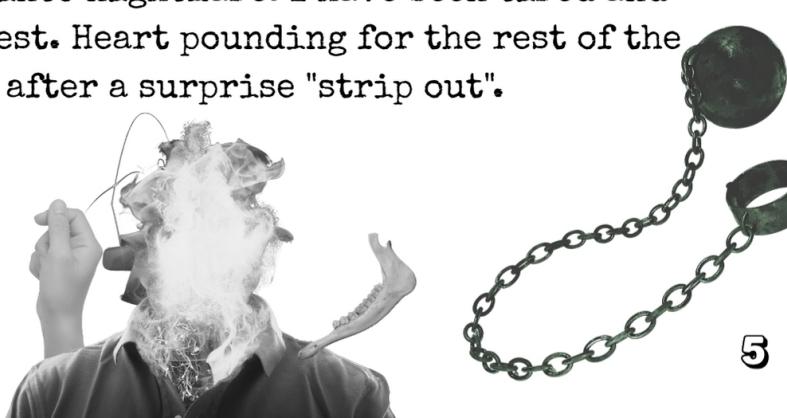
Pull ups on door stop: very difficult. Requires door stop. Can be built up to with jumping up and slow descents & hangs.

Only pulling exercise available 5 stars

Do people know what a "strip out" strip search and cell search is like? Usually awoken by yelling of my name, I am ordered to strip completely naked. Bleary eyed I am ordered to hand my shirt, pants, underwear, socks, and shoes through the single dirty metal mail slot that passes all of my food, books, trash, broom, toilet plunger. I am ordered to hold my mouth open with my fingers. I am ordered to lift and move my genitals with my hands. Turn around, squat and cough three times, make sure it's forceful and loud. So my asshole can be observed. Then I quickly dress and am handcuffed and taken out of my cell. So all of my belongings can be tossed and picked through. Leaving random piles with no declaration or explanation. I can stress and search to find out if anything is taken, find out what was taken. Sometimes its all my food. Sometimes its my legally protected questions and notes for my attorneys.

Sometimes it a random poem or doodle. Sometimes nothing is taken. This happens at any time, at all hours, without warning. Multiple times a day. Every day.

Without reason or ever finding anything like contraband. Sometimes it seems like my sleep is being targeted, waiting for me to drift off into dreams only to be awakened into nightmare. I have been tired and deprived of rest. Heart pounding for the rest of the night after a surprise "strip out".



BENJAMIN SONG07-26-2025

I can center and compartmentalize. I can be cold as ice
for a thousand years. But I don't want to be. I would
rather burn brightly.

BENJAMIN SONG07-26-2025

My art comes second

I only ask that people do what their conscience demands.



HELP THE FAMILY OF MARICELA KEEP THEIR
HOUSING, COURT COSTS, AND EVERYDAY EXPENSES
HERE



SUPPORT THE DEFENDANTS WITH COURT COSTS
HERE



FOLLOW THE DFW SUPPORT COMMITTEE
@DFWSUPPORTCOMMITTEE ON IG

ZINE CREATED AND DISTRIBUTED BY PCAO
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