

vol. 1
Spring 2026
Chance 4 Change



**WEATHERING
THE STORM**

No Rain
NO GROWTH



A Collection of Literary
& Visual Artworks



No Rain

NO GROWTH

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& Visual Artworks



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THE STORM



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Chance 4 Change

Louisville Metro Department of Corrections

Erica V. P. Lewis | EVPL

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Cover artwork by David Wheatley.
Endsheets collaged artworks by Jack Elliott.

THE PROJECT: *HUMAN, TOO*

This book was produced during the spring of 2026 within a series of collaborative workshops in *Chance 4 Change*, a substance abuse recovery program in Louisville Metro Department of Correction. Here, incarcerated artists explored hand printing, book binding, found object assemblage, poetry, and prose to produce artworks and curate their own exhibition titled *Human, Too*.

ARTISTS AUTHORS

William Baker

Gregory Miller

John Gorman

Shamaine Richardson

Brandon Harris

Michael Simpson

Josh Hester

Bleick Vonbleicken

Steven Hicks

David Wheatley

Erica Lewis

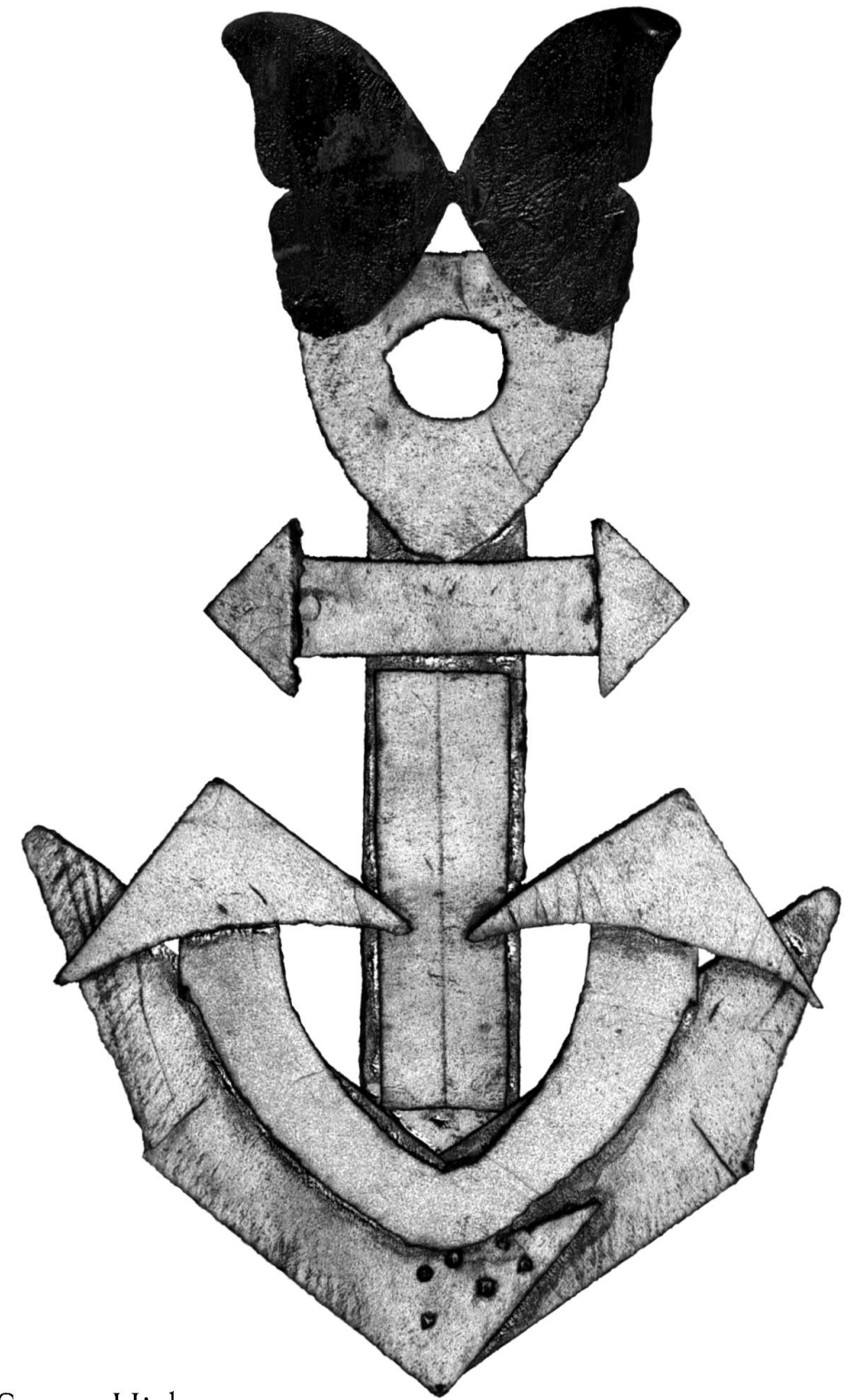
Robert Wright

THANKS

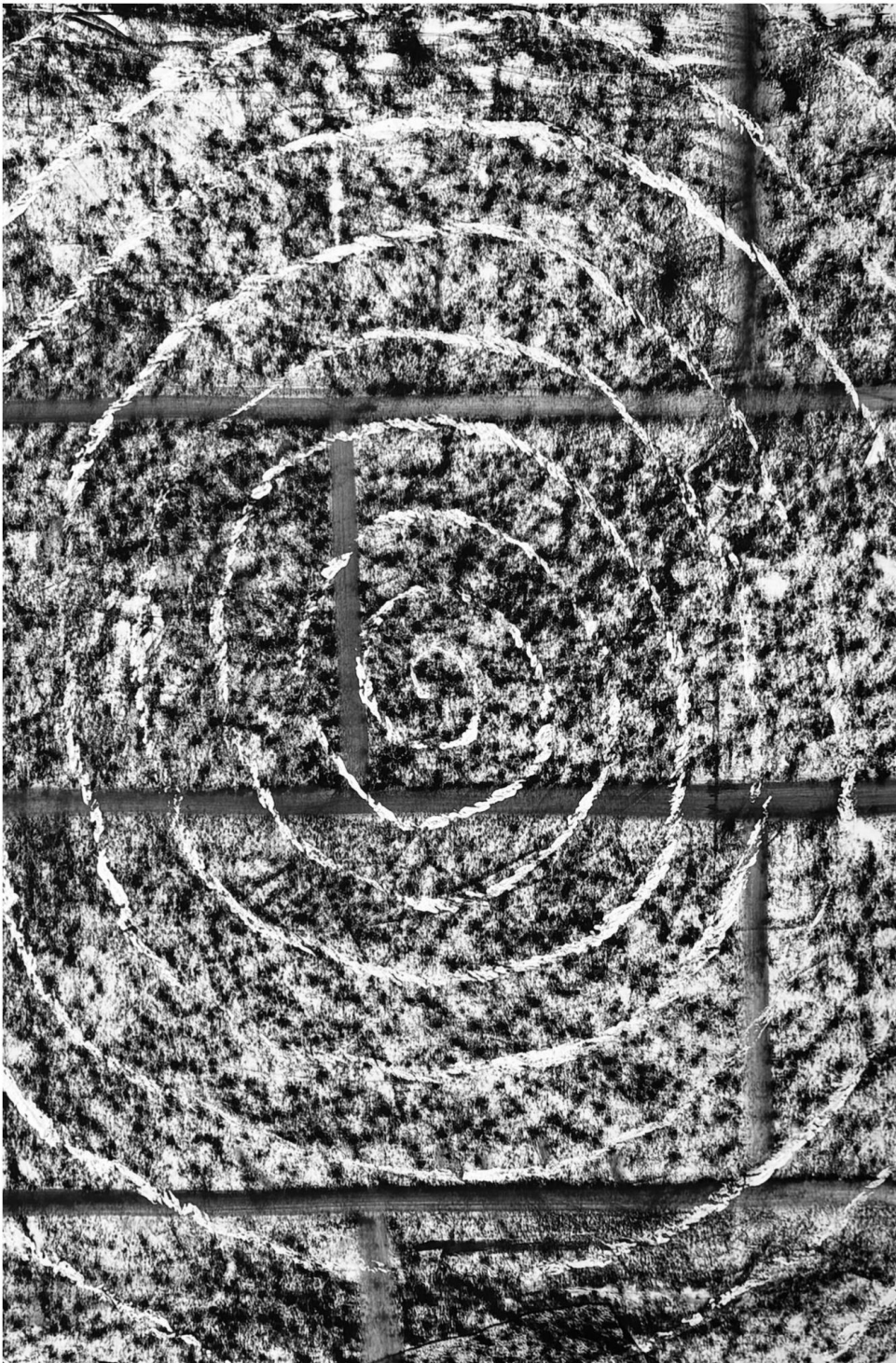
We want to extend the utmost gratitude to *Chance 4 Change* Coordinators, Iyan Wickel & Kelsey O'Neal, and visiting artist, Erica Lewis, without whom this project would not be possible. Thanks as well to the Louisville Metro Department of Corrections for its material and financial support of *Human, Too*.

Table of Contents

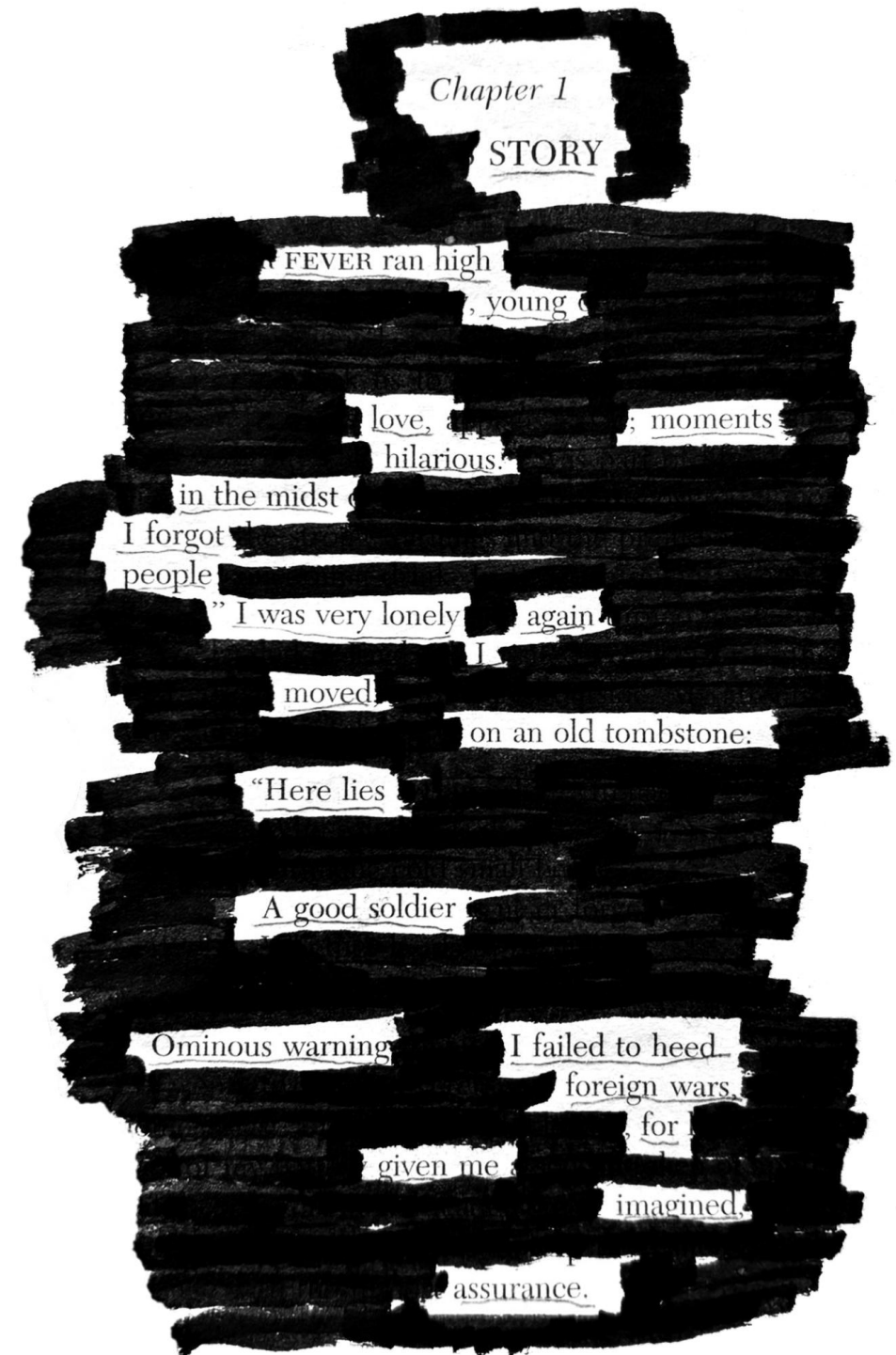
- 3 *Anchors Away* by Steven Hicks
- 4 *Spiraling Out of Control* by Bleick Vonbleicken
- 5 "Chapter 1" by John Gorman
- 6 "Life" by Brandon Harris
- 7 *Human, Too* by William Baker
- 8 *Diamond in the Rough* by Gregory Miller
- 9 "Lonely As I Am" by Josh Hester
- 10 *Looking Back* by David Wheatley
- 11 "Close Your Eyes" by Brandon Harris
- 12 "My Dream Love Come True" by Robert Wright
- 14 "Intimacy" by Shamaine Richardson
- 15 *Intimacy* by Shamaine Richardson
- 16 "Shaping Mountains" by William Baker
- 17 *Shaping Mountains* by William Baker
- 18 *A Light at the End of the Tunnel*
by Bleick Vonbleicken
- 20 "No Rain, No Growth" by Steven Hicks
- 22 *Tree of Life and Prosperity* by Michael Simpson



Steven Hicks.
Anchors Away.
Paper, Foam, and Akua Ink.



Bleick Vonbleicken. *Spiraling Out of Control*.
Charcoal Frottage of a Cinder Block Wall
and Toilet Paper Collagraph Print. 2026.



"Chapter 1" by John Gorman
A Blackout Poem from Alcoholics Anonymous

Life

By Brandon Harris

Life as we know it
has its ups and downs,
But the pressure can make one's mind
crumble and crack.

Fight the demons
who trespass against us
Block out all that
trying to turn us against ourselves.

Keep faith and pray to the man above.
Make sure the mind stays positive
and let nothing negative enter,
Including both ears.

Stay true to who you are.
Also, may we come out on top
of anything that comes our way.



William Baker. *Human, Too.*
Charcoal, Graphite, and Marker.
2026.

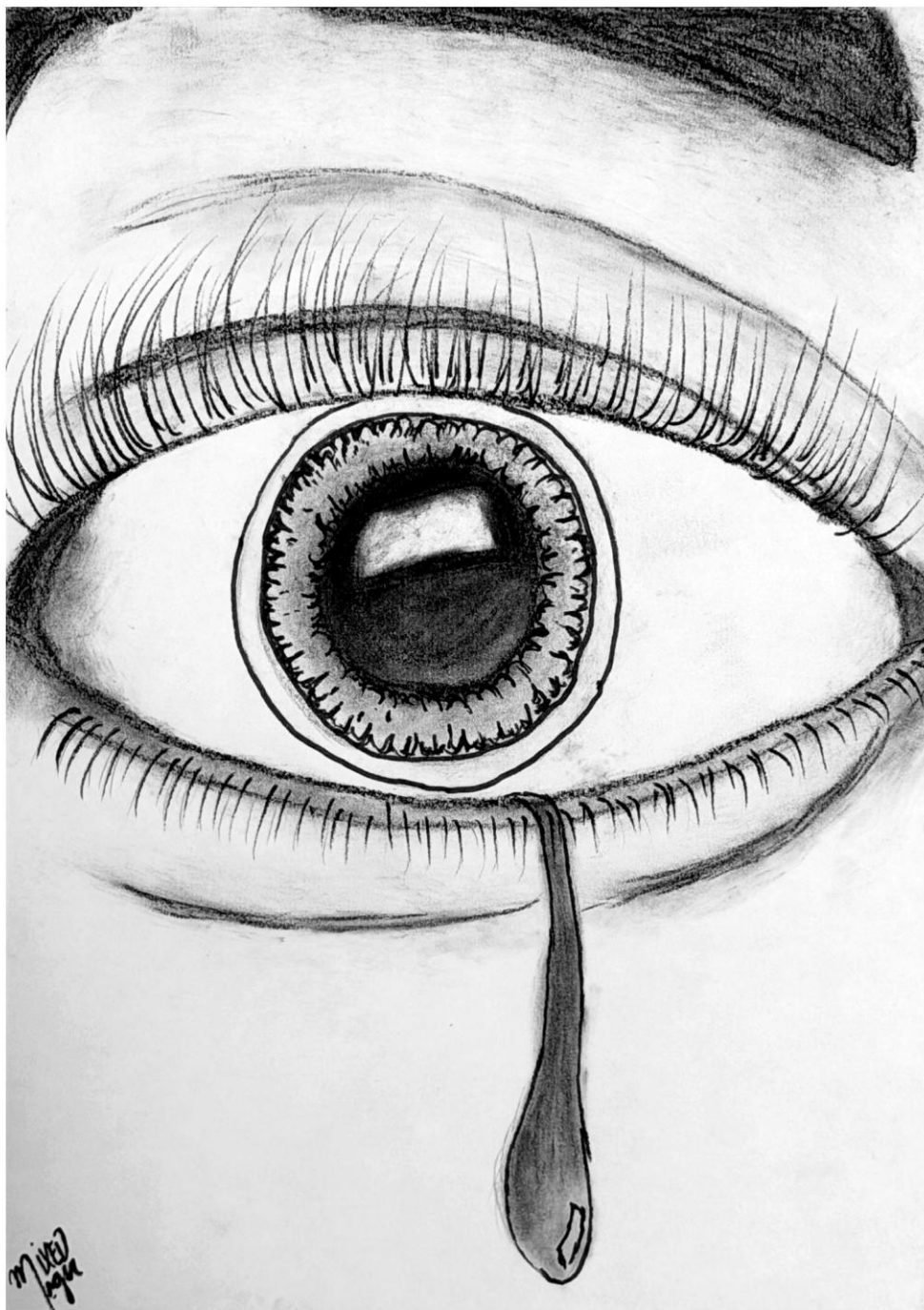


Gregory Miller.
Diamond in the Rough.
 Charcoal Frottage of a Cinder Block Wall.

Sometimes [redacted]
 [redacted] I feel like my only friend
 [redacted] angels
 Lonely [redacted] we cry
 [redacted] drive on her street 'cause she's my companion
 I walk through [redacted] hills 'cause [redacted]
 [redacted] windy
 Well, I never worry now that is a lie

I don't ever wanna feel
 [redacted] love
 [redacted] the way
 [redacted] like I did that day
 [redacted] love
 Take me all the way
 [redacted]

"Lonely As I Am" by Josh Hester
A Blackout Poem from "Under the Bridge"
 by The Red Hot Chili Peppers



David Wheatley.
Looking Back.
 Charcoal and Graphite.

Close Your Eyes

By Brandon Harris

Close your eyes and listen
 To the beats of your heart:

Thump
Thump

One after another,
 As the blood flows through
 My body,
 Sense of smell,
 Hearing,
 All on one accord,
 In rhythm with each other.
 Mouth can taste the freedom
 From the county jail—

Yes
Yes
Yes!!!

The day after tomorrow
 Shall bring
 Solitude.

My Dream Love Come True

By Robert Wright

When I was sleep I had a dream
and in my dream I was lost and confused
I was stuck in this dark place surrounded
by demons, fear, betrayal, and hate
everywhere that I moved
I was alone, a trapped soul with no space
and no room

Losing faith in love because everything I loved
I would lose
That's when I noticed I needed a new heart
because my old one had been broken,
battered, and bruised

Questioning my fate I didn't know what to do

So I roamed the world heartless, searching
everywhere from top to bottom
and every corner, but no trace and no clue
That's when I left earth and went
into the universe and searched every star,
every planet, the sun, and the moon

Still no sign of a heart, I felt torn into two
I knew I wouldn't find love with this old one,
if I did it wouldn't be true
I was losing hope, feeling hurt, my purpose
was doomed
Then as soon as I was ready to give up,
I ran into you

And you had my heart in your hands,
YES! My journey was through

Then, that's when I woke up,
and I knew it was you I was searching for
this whole time
Now, I'm no longer confused
'Cause now that you have my heart,
my DREAM had come true

Workers and girls
 were riding to their
 factories,
 giving
 their eyes
 to summer
 their heads to the sky,
 sitting on the
 hard
 beetle backs
 of the whirling
 bicycles
 that whirled
 as they rode by
 hedges, rosebushes,
 and middle,
 I thought
 the boys
 were
 a cup
 of love
 and life
 stilled

"Intimacy" by Shamaine Richardson
 A Blackout Poem from "Ode to Bicycles"
 by Pablo Neruda

a soul
 through summer
 cold
 only
 when it's light
 with
 resurrection



Shamaine Richardson.
 Intimacy. Charcoal Handprints.

Frottage

In short, frottage is the creative use of texture to create art that can be artworks on their own, or used as a form of shading, or even cut up and collaged together. Frottage can be made by finding textured surfaces around you (i.e., wood, tile, crumpled paper, etc.) or by making a collage of papers/textures to then take a rubbing of.

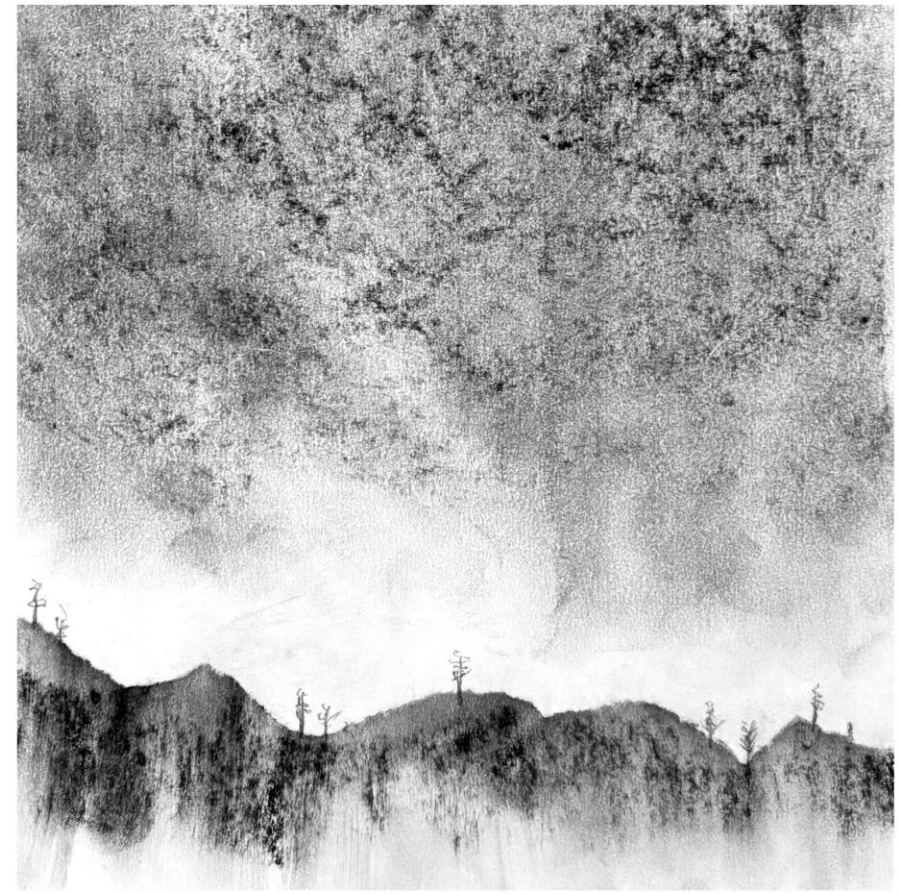
Instructions

Place your paper over a textured surface.

Note: thinner paper will capture more subtle details, but thicker paper will give more contrast and deeper shadows.



Are there certain textures that mimic others? For instance, you look at a rubbing of a concrete wall, maybe that could be cut into a tree shape to mimic bark or into mountains to emulate their rocky surface. Or, maybe the texture evokes an emotion rather than a realistic surface. For instance, first capturing a very energetic or chaotic texture before drawing a face over it.



"Shaping Mountains" by William Baker
A Blackout Poem from C4C "Frottage" Handout
by Erica Lewis

William Baker. *Shaping Mountains*.
Charcoal Frottage of Playing Cards
and a Cinder Block Wall.



No Rain, No Growth

By Steven Hicks

Trials and tribulations;
Life or death situations,
Seems like I'm always facing
A lengthy incarceration.

A hard childhood but didn't know it,
Was messed up but couldn't show it,
Had my whole life ahead of me,
But continued to steady blow it.

From a boy to a man
Can't believe I made it.
Monkey's still on my back,
But I wasn't trying to shake it

My whole life was a drug-filled
series of cravings,
My addiction is the trigger
to how I'm behaving.

Drugs turn into pain medicine,
Because I'm going through pain.

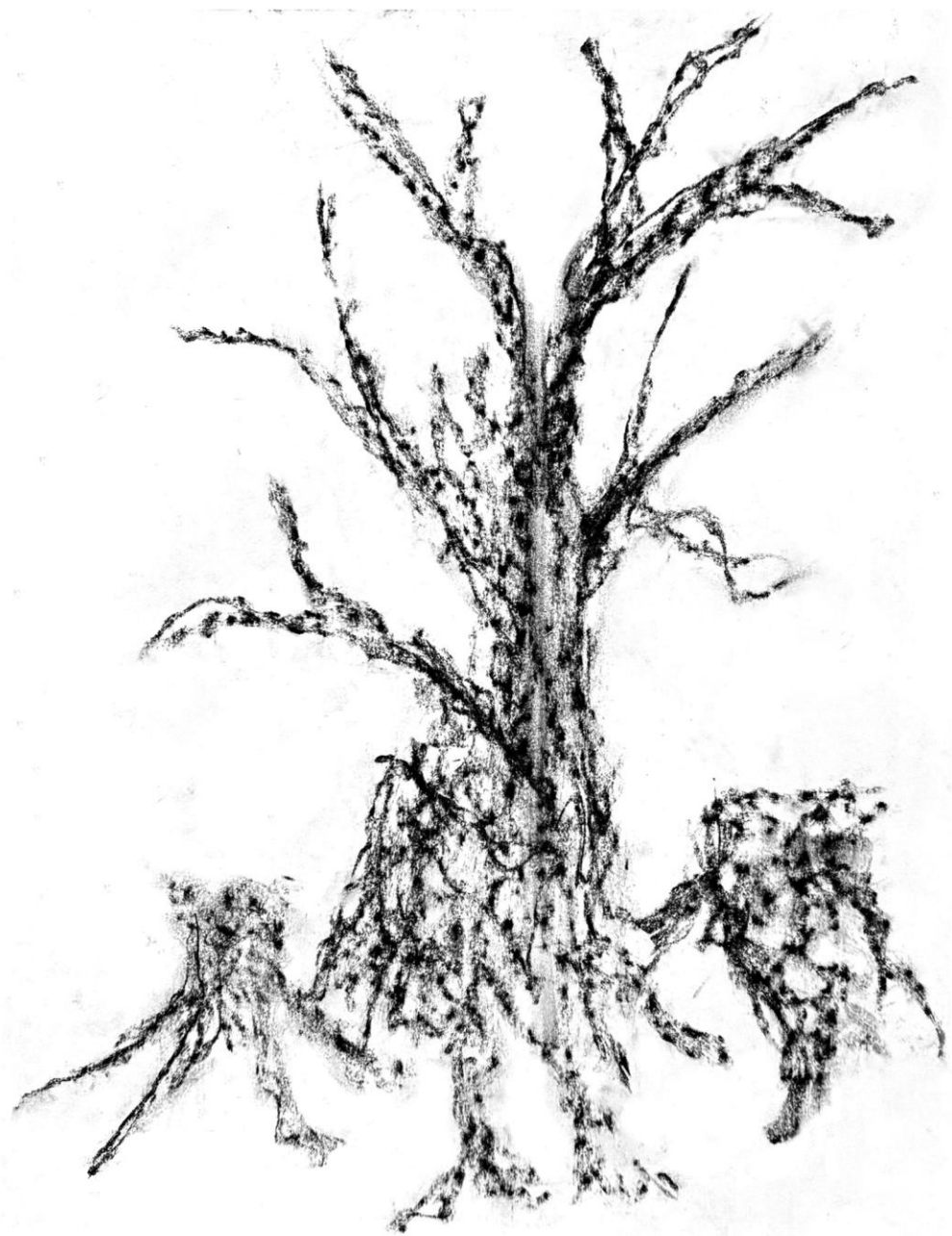
Can't seem to change,
so I walk in the rain.

Never knew that the rain was what I need most.
I finally realized that,
with no rain,
There can be
no growth!

For Autumn.

Love you always,

Dad



Michael Simpson.
Tree of Life and Prosperity.
Charcoal Frottage.

