

Hello!

My name is Akil Jahi, formally known as Preston Carter. I was sentenced to death in 1995 for the death of two people. Since that time I've spent the pass nineteen years trying to reach out anyway I possibly can. Rather through art, poetry and working with trouble teens, as a way to prevent them from meeting such a fate.

My concept about the shoe came about from being deprived of what most ~~see~~ people see as a everyday thing. Walking out of their doors stepping on the grass. For the pass nineteen years I have live inches away from the grass without the privilege of touching it or walking on it.

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My name is Akil Jahi, my concept refers to the many decades in which the soles of our shoes never touched the grass. Those who have died from natural causes will never have the opportunity for they're no longer with us, because they have been neglected like the legal deficiencies of the executed six.

Flatlined couldn't breathe, then
drunkenness falls upon you, Blind-sided
by countless moments of nostalgia.

It can rip you apart - who dares
to mend.

"A Caged Heart"

Go! stay it not. "Thou bitterness
has ruined me." Waxed face, shattered
pictures / disfigured hearts, Here
comes the rain pounding... Oh no!
no more letters, no more poems. Could
this be my last prose?

"Ricochet"

how would it be
acted out

By. Akil Jahi

P.S. Moses what do
you think of these
two?

The image that comes to mind are the shoes that we have worn for decades that have never touched grass or soil. What I envision is collecting these shoes that have never touched anything but concrete.

But I will build a large shoe to represent this project.

By. Akil Jaki