



REMEDI/O
VOL 1

Spring
1-26

THANKS
FOR THE
SUPPORT

TIERRITA
No one's
illegal

SUPPORT
THE
PRAIRIELAND
DEFENDANTS

STOP
SB4
-and-
INSPM7

NO BORDERS
NO PRISONS
NO DEPORTATIONS
NO WAR

Chillona



The information below is current as of July 2026. Before sending mail, please check for updates at freedes.net.

Des is currently being held at FMC Fort Worth, a federal prison in Texas, and would love to hear from you! Write only in blue or black ink. Use white paper, and write on only one side of each sheet. No stickers, glitter, or whiteout. Include his first and last name as well as ID number, page numbers, date, and a return address at the top of each sheet.

Daniel Rolando Sanchez Estrada, #95099-511
FMC Fort Worth
Federal Medical Center
PO Box 15330
Fort Worth, Texas 76119

ALL correspondence is read, scanned, and cataloged by facility staff. Do not say anything you don't want read on Fox News or in court about you or Des.



REMEDI0

VOL 1



From: DES REVOL
@ FMC FTW

Watching tv all day to not lose their mind?

Addicts doing the baby walk on K2?

Can you see the truth? The lies?

The persecution? The witch hunt?

The Inquisition?

Can you see armed men surrounding you with machine guns ready to kill you?

Can you smell the mildew?

Mold covered mattresses?

Bleach, Urine, Feces, Open sewers.

microwaved ramen noodles.

Humid clothes, Old sweat.

Burnt paper, burnt hair.

Stinky fish, spoiled milk.

Trash, soap. Fermented apples.

Instant coffee and pepper spray?

Can you taste the metal in the water?

The food without taste. Questionable slop?

The highly processed foods?

The honey bun and duplex cookies cake?

The two peanut butter sandwiches for each meal?

The shared miscellaneous ramen pizza on a table?

The 3:30 am soggy oatmeal and mashed potato breakfast? The food poisoning?

Is this poetry? Is this real?



How is like to be paraded as a trophy hunt?
To be in 24 hr lockup.
Can you feel the small dimmed flame
of hope fighting to stay lit?
Can you hear?
Can you hear people screaming non-stop?
The click clack of the guards' keys?
The buzz of electronic locks?
The slamming of heavy steel doors?
The sound of ankle cuffs?
The humming sound of lights at night.
The vacuum ringing in your ears in segregation?
Weak cowards barking orders?
Prosecutors straight lying and getting
away with it.

Can you see the bright lights always on?
The smeared feces on the ceiling, the walls
and the door?
Graffiti written with blood?
Not being able to see any natural light?
Can you see the old disabled people being
forgotten in prison? Racial segregation?
Comb and razor blade haircuts?
People working out, playing cards and

THE NET

Silly bug
You're trapped in the web.
Internet. Networks.
Satellites. Fiber optic wires.
Antennas. signal. waves.
Undersea cables. light speed.
Routers. Wi-Fi + Computers.
Hard drives. The Cloud.
Storage. Mega data centers.
All connected.
One mind. Universal.
Laptops. Tablets. Phones.
We no longer look at each other.
We only look at the world
through phone screen.
Higher resolution than life.
100 photos in an instance.
Digital memories.
Digital experiences.
Record. live chat. tweet, post, share.
likes, comments, views, validation.
Feel the freedom.
Feed the algorithm.
Talking. dancing. fucking.
lying. dying.
24/7 entertainment.
It's all in the net.



IS IT REALLY POETRY?

Social media. Terabytes.
Reddit Fights.
Webstores. Flash sales.
Online Sex.
Dating apps.
camera snaps. social maps.
phishing traps.
click baits. refreshing rates.
Online hate.
E-mail scams. money schemes.
Fire memes.
Google agents.
Bots. A.I. spying.
Communication. Identification.
Classification. Simulation.
Oversaturation of Information.
Attention span gone.
Brain rot.
Life wasted.
Ignore the eye in the sky.
Eat the lie.
Jump in the Net.

But please send me
fire memes.

Can you ride a bicycle with your arms and legs tied?
Can you fly without wings?
How will that experience ~~feel~~?
Can I write poetry or make art when
I'm not allowed to express freely?
Only limited to what power deems appropriate.
Only coloring within the lines.
The Nazis would've called me a degenerate.
Now they've labeled me a terrorist.
For being a dreamer, for thinking that
a more kind world is possible.
Yet I try to create against all odds.
Does it matter?
Can these written words make their way
into your heart and evoke feelings, ideas,
emotions, visions?
I wonder.... Can this make you feel what I feel?
Can you feel the cold cell?
The anxiety, Depression, The desperation, The boredom,
The loneliness, The frustration, The uncertainty.
Can you feel what it's like to live in limbo?
The inability to advocate for yourself.
To see your future gone. ~~✱~~
To get kidnapped by dozens of armed men
in the middle of the street for no reason.
To sleep in dirty concrete floors next to random men
coming off drugs.
How it feels to be shackled, sore wrists and shoulder
pain from being handcuffed.



ANTI-THINGS

I'm trying to build healthy habits in jail.
I encourage myself to write, read, or draw.
I bully myself to work out.
The point is to do something.
Anything is better than nothing.
To not rot away.
An easy thing to do here.
To sleep for hours and hours.
No goals, No purpose, No motivation.
Some days I do break and lay awake
on bed until my back hurts.
But I want to do more than survive.
I want to do the best I can
with the limitations I have.
To continue working towards something.
That brings joy, relief, inspiration.
Manifesting a dream closer to reality.
Until I can do more than breathing
and eating.
I can't let them break me.
I can't let them break me.
I can't let them break me
I can't let them break me
I can't let them break me.

MARCH 22: PILLS 2

Everything stacks against me.
piles, rows, isles, mounds.
a ton of concrete, steel beams.
It's heavy, immense.
vengeful, intense.
They want me, my family,
my neighbors, my friends.
hatred is a popular trend.
Is political, is racial, is persecution.
Empirical bureaucratic institution.
crashing, slashing, bashing.
Is their only solution.
safety has always been an illusion.
... all along....
The machine keeps grinding on.
doesn't care what's going on.
it wants us to feel alone.
It's alive and breaths.
growing hungrier, starving greed.
it finds the vulnerable and it feeds.
and it feeds, gets more —
than it needs.
It will never be fulfilled.
It created a New Beautiful Bill
saying it's the "real deal".
just shut the fuck up and
swallow the pill.....

..and forget it....

if you buy in you'll
never regret it.

No backspace, delete
or edit.

It's a perpetual win,
no work, but claim
the merit.

No shame. say you did it.
take all the credit.

Repeat, Follow.

It's a New Age.. still,

Against me... still,

Against us all...



Watching an animal show at 7am.

A mother rhino and baby rhino playing.

lion cubs try to play eat -

their mom. she looked so annoyed.

baby elephant stumbled and fell
in a shallow stream.

half of its body outside, yet -

it acts like is drowning,

to try to get attention.

I think about my mom and

the amount of stuff she

had to put up with, trying

to teach and prepare both

my siblings and I for this world.

We walked in new land, new

paths, treacherous streams,

found food and survived.

I feel horrible that she

has to see me in here.

Captive, wearing this orange jumper.

No one can do anything about it.

She asks what can she do?

Parents buy me snacks from the vending machine.

She listens with teary eyes.

I fell in that stream on TV.

It was deeper than it seemed.

I got dragged by the current.

struggling to climb out.

There was no way to prepare for this.



AMUSEMENT

I'm not fond of amusement rides.
Let's say I'm not a fan of six flags.
Don't mind speed or heights
but I get dizzy easily and I barf.
Yet I been forced into this horrible
rollercoaster ride for almost a year.
I'm not able to get off.
It's overwhelming, frightening.
It's almost like swimming in shark infested
waters. A perpetual drop.
Walking a tight rope over a cliff.
Standing on quick sand.
The less you move, The easier it might
be to get out.
Yet you still in there. Waiting.
Trying not to panic. Trying not to move.
Trying to hold it together.
breath by breath. Second by second.
hopefully this won't last forever.

IT'S THAT TIME!

It's riding weather.
short sleeves.
short shorts.
ankle socks
Red adidas shoes.
No helmet.
Red sunglasses.
Full squid. Sometimes.
No brain, all stupid.
The Braagaps make me
smile. Wind Therapy.
Processing my sad's,
my rage, my alienation.
Everything sheds away.
I'm alert.
In the moment.
In this second.
Flowing, Maneuvering.
Navigating through
a sea of cars.
steady 100mph motion.
This is closer to a -
coffin than a cage.
I see the flowers,
lush green surroundings.
chilly, bright, so nice.
My favorite time to
ride. I can't wait
to ride again.

THEY GARBAGE

This time.
They're coming for everyone.
Even their own.
White christian nationalists
dance in the square
around a pile of PoC
bodies on fire
to the sound of YMCA.
Just before
The local book burning,
The youth group queer bashing
and their church congregation
on Sunday
Where they give thanks
to blue eyed blonde Jesus.
Afterwards,
They'll plan their next
charity mission to a
third world country
which will be "so much fun".
They'll build a church but
no infrastructure
or independence.
They pretend like
they're not jus escaping
their boring lives
void of purpose and meaning

Bancy, sweaty, dusty
dirty, alway dirty.
Monsoon roar. Snow, sleet.
Thin oxygen.
Water hanging like a pony tail,
cutting through the land.
with strength, with Magic.
The smell of moss, salt water,
and camp fire.
Scorching day. Heat waves.
Campsite
Cold beer. Cold dinner.
Cold night. Condensation.
Moisture, Morning Dew.
Quiet days, No people around.
Not a word. Not a beep.
I rested in the shadows
of ancestors. Tall giants.
Lungs exposed.
I feel them breathing.
I stare. I'm so small, so small,
in comparison.
Almost insignificant.
Completely vulnerable.
Speechless. In Awe.
Sitting on the edge of a cliff
waves splashing around me.
Thank you Creator.



TAKE ME THERE

I close my eyes
I wander off for a moment
I see, Curious youth.
Longer chain reward.
Risky chance
Astonishing beauty.
Spinning wheels.
Dark slick asphalt.
Treacherous roads.
Leaning side to side.
It feels so distant.
Unattainable.
Beyond the beyond.
It's all just a blur now.
Yet I go on and on.....
Lavender fields. Pine trees.
Red woods. Arid soil. High peaks.
Howling winds. Mars' canyons.
Quiet rain forest.
High cliffs. Freezing water.
Wanderlust painted helmet.
Red Baron goggles.
Green canvas, Black denim.
Cherry red Vegan boots.
Jet black Bonneville.
Gas, Spark, Air.
Sitting on an engine.
Smooshed bugs.
loud exhaust hummm

To take photos
and post themselves
feeding starving children
In places they just
carpet bombed.
Rich philanthropists receive
awards for supporting
those local economies
by buying kids for sex.
Their non-profits get tax cuts
forcing medical trials
on small villages.

It's the cult of the \$
Nuclear weapons.
They pray over bombs
and make bullets rain.
They cum at the sight of a
flag and a cross together.
They do a "seig heil" but
call it a high wave.
They vote against body autonomy,
diversity, equality, education,
and freedom of speech
but claim they fight
for freedom.

They say family
is "sacred" as they persecute
entire families to throw them
in concentration camps.
They help the poor by
giving them bibles, sandwiches,
and longer prison sentences.
They say "You're racist"
for calling them racist!
Because how can they be
racist if they hired a
Mexican to mow their lawn?
When they got a Hispanic maid?
When they celebrated 5co de Mayo
with tequila and tacos?
They're the real oppressed minority!
They are tired and swore
this time they're fighting back!
Unapologetically!



What a spectacle!!!
They sure love the spotlight.
Fascist Fantasy theme. Absurd script.
Hollywood EFX. Expensive courtroom setting.
Broadway blackhole.
Forced roles. Dramatic scenes.
Auditions began on a rainy night.
No one deserved that role.
Augmented reality. Full immersion
3D IMAX expectation.
Cheap sound let down.
Pay per view hype. Reality TV.
Circus court. Improv justice.
Villanous prosecution. Worse performance of the year
and they still got an award.
Executioner narrator. Bounded mimes.
Actors coerced into an oath of silence.
Must be expressionless, no emotions.
If anyone goes off-script production will shut down.
Cherry picked critics. Blank masks.
The audience sits and watches.
The anticipation builds up.
The veil opens up. The dance for justice begins.
Weak story plot. Boring lies.
Totally inaccurate. Michael Bay will be disappointed.
More fiction than Stephen King.
Skipping timeline. Cheap punchlines.
Such a huge budget and the story makes no sense.
It should be a flop.
But the critics loved it.
They loved the directors.
But mostly they hate the silent actors.
They want to launch them into the void.
The villains always win in this show,
at least 95% of the time.
Our lives and careers now end.
The veil closes.
Es el FIN!



TERRITORY TOWERS



Some of us arrived together.
 We get thrown into individual detox tanks.
 Nervous and excited to see my partner.
 through a window slot. We haven't been able
 to communicate in months.
 I'm sure there's a lot to say. I'm just happy to see her.
 We exchange looks, meows and I love yous.
 After processing I get pushed into an elevator.
 completely shackled. Doors open.
 It's a terrifyingly quiet place. It sounds empty.
 But I know what it means. It means that I can scream -
 and no one will hear, no one will care.
 They hide torment and misery behind heavy sealed doors.
 White walls, bright lights, bleach smell. clinical torture.
 My red jumper gives me curious looks through window
 slots. I walk through a flooded hallway, flooded cells.
 I get to the cell. I ask questions but I'm ignored.
 They tell me to lay on my stomach to remove
 my hands and ankle cuffs. They rush out of the room.
 close the door. Now I'm alone. I look around....
 I see smeared feces on white walls, the ceiling, the
 toilet, sink, and door. The smell of urine permeates.
 there are words written in blood. Pubic hair everywhere.
 I count three steps one way, three steps another way.
 They gave me a blanket, mattress, the jumper and
 boxers I'm wearing. no socks or shirt. The room is
 really cold. I immediately think of the silent
 wings I've read about. The psychological
 torture. I'm hoping they don't close the window
 slot. I wanna scream. I wanna cry.





I sit on the concrete bed. I close my eyes.
I see her face. I hold on to that in mind.
I'm happy to see my partner but I'm sad that
we're put in here..
I ask the guards questions as they passed by but I'm ignored.
Suddenly a new guard approaches the door and tells me
that he supports us. That his family is affected by
what's happening outside. I obviously don't trust him, but
I ask him for a bible or the book cart. Two days later
he brought me a new bible and gave me a powerful
word and said he's praying for me. I was denied showers
and access to commissary, so I had to take tavel baths.
The first night I got woken up by my neighbor
having a loud argument with someone. it curses
at him, sometimes in a foreign language, it
whispers and then laughs maniacally for hours.
we're in single cells so I know hers alone.
My other neighbor sleeps during the day and
screams all night. The vents in our rooms are
connected so it feels like they're in my room.
The light is always on. When is quiet I can hear
the light buzz, make a weird annoying noise.
I start counting the holes in the air vents. 3:30am
breakfast, sleep, sleep until my back hurts, lunch, workout, dinner,
bird bath, prayer. I think about every choice I've made in my
life and possible futures. I escape in old memories.. and then
I sleep. and sleep... and sleep....



An unfortunate chain of events
started a chain reaction
amongst cowards in the chain of command
To cut life like a chainsaw.
The stress makes me want to chain smoke.
It makes me think about chains.
Their uses, their purposes.
I think about slaves bounded by chains,
yearning for freedom.
Baby elephants getting chained to a stake
To train them in the circus.
Dogs chained to trees in backyards.
Expensive gold chains as body jewelry.
Chain sex toys.
Swinging chains in street brawls.
My motorcycle chain almost killed me in NY.
People chain themselves to protect nature,
cops cut those chains and put them in new chains.
locks and chains keep private property.
Chain fences in public spaces.
Haunting sounds of ghost chains dragging at night.
Prisoner chain gangs being worked by white armed guards.
My friend said that we live in imaginary
chains, always limited.
Chain linked fences keep me prisoner.
Chained on my waste. I take tiny steps with
raw ankles, shoulder pain, swollen wrists, chains
jingling to my body rhythm. Honestly. Seriously.
Curse whoever made chains.





Nice breeze.

Trained the squirrel to eat
peanuts. Cumbia and salsa tunes.

Laid in the shade.

Soft soothing, windy wind.

Homies play volley ball with
a deinflated soccer ball.

Gray clouds. I can smell rain.

I smile.....

During the night the rain got
inside through the leaky roof.

The storm took out the
phone and computer service.

Concrete can't stop the rain.

Spring is blooming here.

Inside these razor
wire fences.

Ants, flying buggies, weeds.
miniature wonders.

Accutely tuned machine,
like a clock, every second.

surrounded by magic...

its mighty works.



I am kissing coffee cup.

Lost in thought.....

Teleporting

Adventures on your skin.

Trekking fingers.

climbing uphill.

Running through your hair.

Grasping your face.

Descending through your natural features.

Careful, cautious steps.

Rolling hills covered in
tiny wild flowers.

Green pasture. soft ground.

Secret canyons.

Mountain range.

steady pace. gliding feet.

I found where to rest.

I could live here.

Between your arms.

Between your thighs.

Sheltered from the elements.

Staring up at your dark sky hair.

Eyes glimmering stars.

Plushy petal lips.

Hot mineral springs.

Crystal clear pools.

Powerful Geyser.

Arctic snow.

The milky way across your
whole body.

I've seen the

Northern Lights in you.

I mean it when I said

You are my World.



PRING TIME

Scratching the surface
with my fingers.
I planted my heart in the soil.
Water, light, dirt, time.
The seeds survived the winter.
Then the natural symphony
begins They awaken.
Tiny sprouts stretch their arms.
Saluting the Sun.
Stretching their feet underground.
Shedding their shells.
Vulnerable, Fragile.
Want to feel all the things.
Sun bathing, Moon dancing.
Fresh rain drops.
Careful not to drown.
Set your feet deep beneath.
Hold on tight.
Don't get washed away.
The wind will also test you.
But you'll be stronger.
Reach up and out.
Show the world who you are.



IT'S CHANGING

Little sprouts.
Small blooms.
Spores, birds chirping.
Swallows moving rapidly.
Hawk flying low.
Three squirrels in recyard -
came back to hustle.
My favorite part of the day.
The sun is burning hot. ☀
Clouds shy away.
Spider webs stretching out.
as if the building is
losing strings.
Yellow dandelions popped up
in a tiny patch of grass.
I couldn't help but touch them
gently, feel the texture.
I thought about eating them.
I left them there
for everyone else to enjoy. the -
Season has changed.
I'm excited.

