# reachingaprisoner.com

Did you cry at the end of Toy Story 3? I did=) My favorite animals are puppies; any breed they are all just adorable. I like meeting new people and learning different cultures. Traveling around the world is something I want to do. I also want to be grounded and buy my own home. I am very family orientated. People have told me that I am a pillar or responsible one of the group. I am an organized person by nature. I like for things to be in place, but I have been living with a disorganized roommate, so I am flexible. I enjoy having fun, dancing, my favorite genre of music is R&B, Soul and Jazz. I enjoy trying new things, horseback riding is one of those “new things” I’ve tried, and I enjoy it. I have never been married, I have a had long-term relationship that did not work out, but I am a believer in marriage. Since I have been incarcerated, I am now a certified plumber, I am working towards a certification in owning and operating a business. I also hold one of the highest paid jobs in the prison. My true aspiration in life is to be a better person. To love and be loved, to live and do the right to the best of my ability. I’m looking to make new friends or find a genuine connection with that special someone who knows that might be you.

Katera Williams DOC# 314834 B32-10L Arizona State Prison Complex-Perryville San Pedro P.O. Box 3100 Goodyear, AZ 85338

DOB: 1/8/1990

Gender: Female

Ethnic Background: African American

Height: 5ft 6in

Weight: 180lbs.

Hair Color: Brown

Eye Color: Brown

Expected Release: 10/2020

Sexual Orientation: Bisexual

Looking to Write: ANYONE







the tree of fire

by: Katera Williams

the tree comes to me

for the first time in weeks.

when did all its colors,

like some commerical for dying,

start shooting out of it’s skin?

this morning, we fucked

eachother into a regular

backyard bonfire-cold wood

turned to coal in the fine,

fine flame. and now, this tree

breaks into view, lurid red leaves

that demand a clanging,

screaming alarm, and I think-

this tree has been here

all this time, and I didn’t notice.

I swear, I’ll try harder not to

miss you as much: the tree, or how

your fingers under still

sleep-stunned sheets

coaxed all my colors back.