

"AND tomorrow"

Dear Reader,

While *Between the Bars* was off line much has happened. First, however, I would like to share with you a bit of in class writing from my EN-202 class. Our professor asked us to read a poem by Patricia Smith titled: "What It's Like to Be a Black Girl (For Those of You Who Aren't)." In it! the author repeatedly used the contraction "It's..." The professor then asked us to emulate the style, I however, chose a different contraction, and though I am not a poet, this is what spilled from my pen.

None was there when I had my fatal hour
There won't be anyone there when pain is
The only one to visit my cell, won't
Be cards at Christmas when enough seasons
Have past, won't be many people left when
They finally let me go,
Won't be many familiar sights
When I find myself where once was home
Won't be a job offer nor anyone
Willing to risk my employ, won't be
A parole officer understanding of my plight.
Won't be weather warm enough to stave off
The chill in my heart, won't be enough sun
To brighten my dark night — won't be
Anyone at the gravesite as they cast
My carcass to the worms. There won't be a
Passerby seeking that site where my
Name is but a number on a marker.