

April 17th 2011
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 5850 E. MILTON RD.
 MILTON, FLA. 32583

"Untitled" ~ By: George.

WASTING AWAY IN THIS COLD CONFINEMENT CELL;
 I FIGURE I HAVE A STORY THAT SOME WOULD
 LIKE FOR ME TO TELL...

NOT LONG AGO IT SEEMS, I WAS LIVING LIFE
 TO THE FULLEST IN MIAMI'S MOST SPLENDID SCENES,
 NOW I'M STUCK IN THIS TINY CAPSULE WHERE
 ALL MY FOND MEMORIES ARE NOTHING BUT A
 DISTANT DREAM...

A DREAM OF WHAT WAS & WHAT COULD
 HAVE BEEN;

HOW I'D GLADLY GIVE IT ALL TO HAVE
 WHAT I HAD THEN...

"THIS IS WISHFUL THINKING" SOME MIGHT
 DARE TO SAY;

NOT KNOWING IN WHAT STATE MY LONELY HEART
 IS IN TODAY...

EVERY DAY I REMINISCE ON THE DATE OF
 MY RETURN;

ONLY TO BREAK DOWN IN SORROW & DESPAIR
 OF GREETING MY LOVED ONES IN AN URN...

DEATH COMES SUDDEN LIKE A THIEF IN
 THE NIGHT;

STILL IT SEEMS MUCH MORE COMFORTING,
 THAN THIS PLACE W/ SO MUCH FRIGHT...

"Untitled" ~ By: George (Continued)

The woman who I would have died for &
so long ago adored,
is only a distant memory, & is here
no longer anymore...

Those I thought could be called
friends in good times & bad;

could be the one my children may
now be calling Dad...

Locked in this living Hell that society
calls retribution;

is all a facade to keep men caged
up in institutions...

(Before I conclude I'd like you all
to know) ~ that there's no such thing as
rehabilitation for those who are doing
time;

The only thing that's known is how
to hate & commit more crimes...