

A PRISONERS' SANITY

T.D.L.S.

FOR EVERY PRISONERS THOUGHTS, THEIR'S
A BOOK OF HIS SANITY ENTITLED: SHE!

TO SOME ONE BECOMES HIS SHE BUT TO ME,
SHE IS THE SOLE OF MY SANITY.

YES; THE DUST OF MY DAWN, FROM THE MOMENT
OUR EYES MEET, A TRUE LOVE WAS BORN.

SHE IS MY PURPOSE, SHE IS MY REASON,
SHE IS MY SUNNY DAYS NO MATTER THE SEASON.

FROM THE TIME I OPEN MY EYES TO WELCOME
YET ANOTHER DAY, MY THOUGHTS OF HER ARE
ALREADY ON THEIR WAY.

SHE GIVES ME SOMETHING TO HOLD ONTO;
I CAN HEAR HER VOICE AND IT CALMS MY THOUGHTS
AND QUIETS MY MIND - SURELY, THIS SHE IS
ONE OF A KIND.

SHE IS MY PRAYER IN THE THICK OF THE
NIGHT, THOSE HANDS THAT WIPE AWAY THE TEARS
THAT TEND TO CLOUD MY SIGHT.

SHE IS MY COURAGE EVEN WHEN THINGS
FOR HER MIGHT NOT BE GOING JUST RIGHT; MY
WILL TO LIVE, MY STRENGTH TO FIGHT. SHE IS MY
SOULMATE, MY BEST FRIEND, MY LOVE -

SHE IS MY WIFE.

FOUNDED THE OUTSIDE WORLD UNDERSTANDS
NOT A PRISONERS PASSIONATE STAGE, FOR IT'S
KEPT IN A BOOK THAT EXISTS WITHOUT A PAGE...

A PRISONERS GANITY

F.D.S.
4-16-11
D.J.M.S.

With out a hand book

He learns to love while in Prison,
like understanding how a butterfly flies:
wafting freely about the breeze, careful not
to get tangled in the trees.

With open arms, he learns to except love,
to experience love "a Platonic love" and he
learns how not to cling to love: for it's then
and only then does love hurts.

And he learns with out a hand book;

F.D.S.
2011
D.J.M.S.