

Hello World,

6-9-11

It's me again. I've decided to stop in and share a bit more of myself with you. My fight for freedom has taken a set-back recently. The University of Wisconsin, which had promised my Aunt that they would take my case. They backed out on me on Friday the 13th. Strange right? That was a hard blow for me to accept. But I've shaken it off, and my fight for freedom continues.

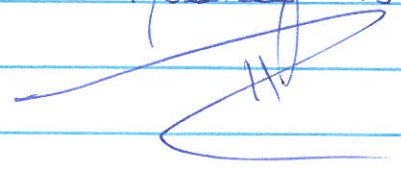
I'm still here at U.S.P.E. Wisconsin's worst Max prison. We have no contact visits here. Which means hugging and kissing your loved ones is out of the question. This is the only Max prison without contact visits. Being able to hold and touch your family and friends really means a lot to a person in prison. I feel that touch keeps that love word strong! All visits here are done on a T.V. monitor or through a piece of bullet proof glass. I really miss the touch and smell of my family.

Here is another poem of mine that I would like to share with you. All my poetry comes from the heart! It deals with the pain I go through on a daily basis. Being that I got locked up as a 17 year old kid. I've gone through a lot of growing pains. My poetry is my way of putting my pain into words. I'm still growing as a writer so please let me know

man aren't suppose to cry? What can't be true. Not only
do I cry for myself, I also cry for you.
Why I cry? I don't really know. But they say tears are
a way of cleansing the soul.

written By,

Rodney Foster



What you think about my poems. I'm going to end for now. Take care world, and be well. until next time.

Rodney

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Why I Cry?

4-4-11

I cry tears of frustration, Because I keep my pain trapped inside.

I cry only when I'm alone. My tear drops I hide.

I cry tears of sorrow, wondering about my tomorrow.

I cry tears of joy, when I witness the Beauty of Humanity.

I cry tears of lost, when I see all this insanity.

I cry tears of rage, when I read about another senseless murder on the front page.

I used to cry for myself. about a childhood lost. about a Boy out of control. wanting to be the Boss.

I only cry when I'm in this cell. I don't want to be seen or heard. Sometimes I cry for a day. Sometimes it seems like I cry for weeks.

Crying is synonymous to pain. Pain is synonymous to tears. Tears are synonymous to our deepest fears!