

Untitled

There is a guy in the next bunk
He forces out farts and laughs
While looking toward me for response
I wish that I had something to plug up his ass
Perhaps he would explode like a balloon
Then I am woke by a guard
His flash light aimed at my face
Dreaming or not I am mad
For waking up in prison
Is there time for an old man
to retire invented thoughts
My conscience lays open
to loneliness that stirs smelly thoughts
I am angry because of fucking prison
and these fuckers I have to endure
This is not the right human experience
FUCKERS

By-James COLLINS