

## WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN CHILDREN

16 FEB 12: Day break , the sun starting to shine through my cell window, birds are stirring and the cold that the morning brings emanates from the concrete walls as I struggle to convince my self that it is time to wake up , time to start another day in this hell that is my reality. How did this happen? My tortured soul is crying out for someone, anyone, can you help me, can you hear my pleas? am I all alone ? .... My eyes search around the cramped confines of my confinement, after so many years I should know every crack and crevasse in these walls and yet I search as if for the first time , my mind trying to come to terms with what my eyes are seeing. I refuse at first to accept it, I fight with every ounce of my being , this must be a dream? a horrible dream that is but a fleeting torment for some thing I may have done. Then as my breathing returns to normal and more daylight shines into my cell , the truth slaps me in the face like a shock wave, is that a tear running down my face?

Perhaps, but then my eyes land on her, her picture is on my wall, I stare at her and then I reach out a hand and gently run my hand over her image.... I begin to feel calm. the sense of feeling alone diminishes, a comfort steals its way into my heart, into my soul...."Corazon" I whisper... And so begins another day...

I'm Paul Behind the Wall.....