

"Plea of innocence"

I'm in a cell - with a man I do not know
He's blind to my world and I too his
I feel like a discarded picture
stuffed away in an attic

20 years has snaked its way
Leaving lines all over my faces

I could dream away moments
By ~~the~~ latching onto a fallen tree
Letting the current bend my will

Something prison could not do
I would rather sink to the bottom
where it is cold and lowly
while holding onto my plea of innocence

By: James Collins