


## "Prison Imagination" Poetry

Look at the Redwood Tree  
You can climb it  
But I can only visually climb it  
Inching my way in imagination  
Dark green as a Top hat - English?  
A man tree for sure  
With its slender build  
Grasping for the sky  
And pulling birds from the air  
As motels are for human travelers  
I wish the tree could run  
From the sound of chain saws  
or its inhabitants could fend for it  
And continue to play throughout ~~its~~ green leaves

By James Collins  
or  JC