

"Pure Hell"

POETRY
2012

Each day I fight off cold emotion
That tries to steal my drive to live
This emotional twister - is out of control
It's been 51 years of Pure Hell

With home made cards I play Solitary
Trying to ignore my pear like body -
Of withered skin
Just cells away exists Charles Manson
Lord knows he's flipped a card or two
I'm stuck on pause
Is there a pill for being stupid