

I so desperately wanted a Platform to reach out to the world I shunned for years, and now I have the opportunity my words are as fleeting as my hairline. This short poem describes how I feel

I Live in a world,  
made of brail  
with out fingers  
11/17/12

I am so thankful to have this opportunity to reach out past the razor wire and cold concrete. I just hope I have more to say.

Roland

12/13/12

