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When will it end?

By Debra E. Jones ©2013

I'm still in prison, damn! how long will this last?
thinking about what I did, dwelling on the past.
I start to get frustrated and I start to get mad,
thinking how I left my kids, am I a deadbeat dad?
Still behind the wall, where my life is at a halt,
where would I be now, if I wouldn't of got caught?
I really can't answer that, but only God knows
I can imagine though, I would have a lot of foes
people who are fearless, fear none, taking all the blows,
being paranoid keeps you alert, helps you stay on your toes
I look around me, and all I see is the same ol' same,
inmates friends with guards calling me by my nickname.
I try to stay focus, and gain all I can get,
not worried about how many times my pillow stayed wet.
Focusing on me, getting from behind these gates,
every day down, is a day closer to my release date
my kids need me, and my parents are getting old,
bodies wrapped with pain hard to stay warm when it's cold.
Forget what people think, I try to focus on the good,
get out and stay out, doing all that I could.
Think positive, stay focused and try to change my life,
be a father to my kids and a husband to my wife.
I've come along way man! I've lost many friends,
now I have more enemies, Lord when will it end?