

DEAR Friend,

You are the poem I
vete to write.

I realize my situation may
not offer ideal circumstances, but I
cannot unharbor the hope that somewhere
there's a love just for me. Wretchedly,
I pour all my sympathies in poetry.
Maybe, a longing to love you won't
let me give up to give in to re-
shackling freedom of expression?

Experience is such an ex-
cellent teacher, trial and error must
suffice, like appealing convictions
that harbor reversible error. I am
the actual innocent wrongfully convicted
as an act of vindictiveness! A
burden I may never unload. It's
weight, without you... I escape
by placing my soul upon the page
exhibiting some things from my
heart. The cold of loneliness is such

strenuous weather — I am frostbitten
and homeless in seek of shelter, just
to warm my hands over the fires of
friendship, the kind that is optimistic
as to what can become like a poem.
Waiting to be written...

I realize, I am a prisoner
within a prison; in truth an innocent
that my criminal history makes seeming;
in truth a poet until the very last
word I pen, or, final breath I
breathe fighting for vindication...

Maybe, I am no one of
interest making sentences into verse,
without your friendship to color
your poems as love so does each
and every one of us?..

I am open and available
to those of kind heart.

Will

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