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"Freedom"

I would sell my soul, for even the faintest taste of liberty.
For just the most basic memory, of how it feels to be free.
I would move the highest mountain, for a simple grain of independence.
For the ability even once to make everything make some sense.
I would walk every inch of this earth, even for one last chance.
Another day, Another dream, Another better circumstance,
Don't lie to me, tell me the truth, even if every hope is gone.
Am i doomed to be a darkness-child, evermore fearing the dawn?
I long to break the chains of Meth and leave it all behind.
But what can i do when i'm always high-out of my mind?
This is not right; I'm sick of the past, But scared to make a new start.
Still i gave true freedom, though and away to mend my domoced heart.

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