

2-19-13

What's Next?

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no sunshine! that be coming through the window,
barbwire gates moving, when I see the wind blow.
It's the same ol same, prisoners smoking drugs,
along with the tough guys, who walk around with mean mugs.
watching the clock missing the fam, crying inside,
needing help quickly, trying to stand tall with pride.
wearing blue, forming one line, stupid tuck in your shirt,
still stuck in this prison, what's next to get hurt?
Getting that canteen surprise in the 30 pound box,
laughing at the tough guards, who wishing they were cops,
watching the snitches, better watch when they creep,
high paid babysitters, who get paid to go to sleep.
Still on this battlefield, still stuck behind bars,
showing my war wounds, that has turned into scars.
stuck in isolation, staying all by myself,
people acting funny, so I stay trusting self.
Relying on what I know, and watching my back,
back against the wall, waiting for enemies to attack.
on my P's and Q's dotting my I's crawling my T's,
all by myself no one doing time but me.
Parents are old, difficult for them to move around,
mom is stressed out, how can I change that frown?
Inside my mind, is it my faith or fate?
not knowing what's next before reaching my release date!