

Those Who Let Time Serve Them In Prison

So, you have escaped execution by the skin of your teeth
the huge cage doors screeches ajar
your body, your soul and your spirit are flung in to keep
Your entire world has come crashing down
an outcast of the Stars and damned by the Stripes
limping down the corridors where nightmares prevail
demons screaming and yelling all night and days drag on absent
of light

"How long am I to endure this living hell"?

Can I please go back and face my execution

stop my heart with a simple injection

end this fiasco they say is corrections

Loneliness is like a bubble filled with smoke
encircling your head

suffocating you slowly as if buried alive

Live like a stone at the bottom of a well?

This life is a blessing to live it as I will

although it is not pleasant I have to go on

And the time of being my own worst enemy has come to a screeching halt

This life is a gift and live it I shall

Handcuffed to suicide taking a lovely stroll me and self-destruction

No more

pity parties

Sleepless nights lying awake staring at the top bunk

wondering what life would be like if I, shoulda', coulda',
woulda' done things differently.

My tomb will be a university and every season will bring with it:
A Summer filled with sunshine, a blooming light giving life to knowledge
wisdom and understanding.

Autumn, the usher of maturity, impetus for higher education
colorful character; dissilient discipline;
wholesome, ripen model of excellence
Omnivorous, fruition growing from an abysmal crypt
Winter's blanket of death may catch me sleeping
Or locked in the tube's hypnotic trance
Worrying about the streets "what's happening up-town?
Give in to mental-laziness, refuse to read; gang-up for warmth
Fall on something sharp and pierce the gem on the left of your chest
Did it dawn on you yet that you left the ones you love alone and exposed
Dear John--You give your woman the blame for leaving you?
In the blinding moonlight I fall to my knees
Whisper so no one can hear the howling wind
Bury my head under a dusty gray blanket of fog
To conceal a storm
The fading winter image of RIP above my name and birthday
With my eyes shut tight
Spring, again wraps me in her warm, loving embrace
Giving me a second chance
To start all over
Bud and blossom
unfold to show my full potential
As long as the jewel
On the left side of my chest doesn't lose it's luster!

—Darryl Gwaltney-Bey

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