

This is but poem  
 you ARE the world, my only daughter  
 I'm yet to know  
 growin' up w/out me  
 engrays the delimitation I'm livin'...  
 And your father, my love,  
 your father has become a visible invisible  
 a voice w/no sound  
 a love yet to love you  
 as this barb & razor wire  
 shackles more than my wrists.

I Feel Stolen —

something taken, yet to be returned  
 like abduction thought to be missing  
 w/it's face upon a milk carton  
 a one and only photo, few care  
 to look-at and look-up, maybe  
 an enemy-of-the-state

Correctional Departments conspire against  
 to segregate — enhardens less softness

except, when it comes to you  
 my world, alienated to all  
 but, your existence,  
 and I

struggle on lookin' to know you  
 lookin' to know you  
 daughter of mine,

When will we Acquire? .. 7/10/13 17:02 pm