

Aggression

I see you over there
 In the yard
 In the fading sunlight
 Using a rusty hacksaw
 to sever our chains

While Desperation covers
 Your eyes
 And Depression
 smiles

Paranoia, looking everywhere at once,
 Harshly whispers, "Quick!
 they know what we're doing!"

Hope and Love, weak from
 being too hungry for too long
 Lay outta the way

It was Intelligence's idea,
 Happiness's desire

Then, of course, smartass says
 "Fool, you're holding a razor
 And that's our throat,"
 a nick too late

At least our blood runs free.



Nate A. Lindell
 D.O.C. # 303724
 P.O. Box 351
 Waupun, WI
 53963-0351

Hey Prison

ease the squeeze!

Don't you know,

No one likes a jealous lover?

About this poet:

I'm an evil genius, in the sense of what Oscar Wilde said, "Disobedience, in the eyes of anyone who has read history, is man's original virtue." Only by tipping over cows most deem sacred have we discovered things most've missed. This is partly why my blog is titled "Prometheus Writes!" - Prometheus was disobedient to Zeus and thus we exist as we do, according to the myth.

Consider Zeus as one part of our minds (there are many), say the prefrontal cortex, and Prometheus as another part or parts, which is unbound by morals and convention, thus creative, and the story makes sense: some minds let Zeus reign them in, others are more Promethean, etc.

I'm a lifer who's spent more than 12 years in Wisconsin's supermax, more than 13 years in seg. and fear it's unlikely I'll be in g.p. anytime soon, because I'm also a vicious litigator & stand up against abuse of my neighbors.

I love poetry so much that I've memorized hours of Poe, Shakespeare, Donne, Cummings, etc. & recite it to help preserve my humanity, entertain my neighbors, etc. Published in Hummingbird and other smaller publications.