

SESSION WITH LONELINESS

OK! Loneliness, I know what you thought,
You really thought, that I was afraid of you.
That is a long way from the truth;
I got wiser than most fools,
I have allied with friends that are true.
Among Wisdom, Hope and Love!
Let's say we hatched a little meeting,
and your name did come up.
Love was shining so bright.
Wisdom did advise:
"To keep Hope alive"
Wisdom on one hand,
and Hope on the other;
and Sister Love cover me all over.
We have made a pack, to make use of you;
they believe that we can control you.
I believe they are always right.
From now on, I am Master alright!
When you and I meet next time?
At the door hand me Inspiration;
and keep on your back my imagination!
Then you and I will make our own pack,
we'll make "Imagination" your back-pack:
we'll write books, poems and articles.
Someone and you discovered the next particle;
another and you wrote his platinum album,
others used your help to become "street bums".
But you and I are on on a strict contract.
It's not even a contract, in fact!
No gray area, either white or black.
You must give it all back,
that which you took a while back.
I know you have caused pain;
I heard that you'll go "straight to the paint".
Oh yes! You could be a "Bully".

SESSION WITH LONELINESS (Continued)

Man, I saw how you treated Lil Billy:
he died with a sheet around his neck,
All alone you were flexing your neck.

Heck! Me I am saving my neck...

You'll be loosing your's , I bet.

Now: Let's work together in this "bit".

Loneliness! Note how this plan will be:
when you put "Inspiration" in my right hand,
like a set of "Four Aces" in a poker game.
Let it run like the adrenaline through my veins,
and as a "Light" through my senses.

Imitate Jabez, you shall cause me no more pain!

When you turn to 180°, and repent:
place "Imagination" in my left hand,
as the "Straight Flush" that remained,
in the same "Game".

It will not be in vain;
for I still have great friends,
in very high places,
the Higher Heavens,
where cherubim fly, with seraphim.

Today what is made very plain.
I got you trapped like a fly in my hands.

I am he, the hero of the slain;
the voice and echo if the remnant.
Indeed you've been kept in my chains,
and your "Master",
for ever, and ever,
I remain.

Penned for the Prison Poetry Workshop and Between the Bars,

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