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 \* P E R I S O N \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* S E N S E S \* \* \* \* \*

I've heard it all,  
 I've heard phones ringed,  
 cell doors slammed,  
 I've heard wicked laughs,  
 good laughter;  
 I've heard angry pouts,  
 I've even heard lies, prayers,  
 and compliments, buzzer blared,  
 and walls trembled.  
 I have heard, what I didn't expect,  
 to hear.  
 But I haven't heard my mother's voice  
 or the bells of freedom  
 for thirteen years.

I've smelled it all!  
 I smelled "Peace", green grass, rain;  
 I smelled colognes and perfumes.  
 I smelled farts, urine, athlete feet.  
 I've even smell roses from the prison  
 garden.  
 I've smelled bad breath, dirty clothes,  
 sweat on iron.  
 I've smelled what I did not want to  
 smell.  
 But I have not smelled the Haitian  
 grenadia juice that I love.

I fought it all.  
 I fought the "Good Fight"!  
 I fought time, spirits; angels and  
 demons.  
 I fought my mind, my heart.  
 I fought courts, lawyers, men in  
 my dream.  
 I've even fought God like "Israel"!  
 I fought like "Christ".  
 But I have never fought, a fight that  
 I started.

I felt it all.  
 I felt happy, angry, depressed!  
 I felt my muscles grow.  
 I felt the shots for hepatitis.  
 I've felt pain, hated, mislead, hurt,  
 and disappointed.  
 Man, I even felt the harsh sentence  
 given to me!  
 I felt the sun, arctic wind, rain.  
 I've felt sick, headaches, stomach-aches.  
 But I have not felt the relief of freedom!  
 Not yet.

I've seen it all  
 I saw on walls, booger, dried spit,  
 blood splashed;  
 I've even seen Jesus' face, gang graffiti,  
 I saw the Cross.  
 I saw fist fights, feet fights, spit fights  
 I saw ants, flies, bugs, birds;  
 I saw rising sun, bright moon, the dawn  
 in my cell.  
 I've seen things that suprised me.  
 But I haven't seen my daughter in 13 years.

I've tasted it all!  
 I've tasted "Chaos", blood, sweat.  
 I've tasted hard water, well water;  
 I've even tasted a little freedom,  
 in medium security.  
 I've tasted generic coffee and tea.  
 I've tasted spoiled food; and microwaved  
 food in medium.  
 But, I have not tasted the soft "Canne-  
 Ananas" that I crave.

I've touched it all!  
 Believe me; I touched "Silence", rags;  
 dirty rags, and washed clothes.  
 I've touched filth; filthy toilets,  
 filthy keyboards; I've touched callused  
 hands.  
 I've even touched a "stone cold" heart.  
 I've touched books, court transcripts,  
 briefs and toe-nail fungus, prison showers.  
 But, I have not touched a woman in 13 years.

Penned for PPW and Between the Bars  
 By Childeric Maxy, Stanley WI, 7/12/13