

New world of Darkness
Bursting forth into the unknown
Born without a shoulder

I can feel the amiss,
a sun without light,
a bosom without warmth,
and a cry without tears

In the abyss there is no time
I don't know how long I have been
I am only conscious of being

A sweet unidentified smell surrounds me
the hum of a melody pierces the cold
an old wrinkled face smiles in the shadows

I wail in silence, yet she hears
She is the light of the sun,
the warmth of a mother's love,
and a consoler in the hour of uncertainty

I am saved!

Barry Williams#D10477
CSP_SQ 3EB112
San Quentin, CA 94974