

# THESE WORDS MUST...

All cells speak in cruelty  
where the melting of the sun  
is stingy with its candy  
Brutes crave agony screams  
bouncing off the walls

I cannot dis love  
How could I mention the hardness  
without giving you the soft  
rocks melt to dear touches -

- if these words must touch  
what if you were me, imprisoned  
where the concrete devours torment

and rehabilitators masquerade  
as model citizens that flagrantly  
make the face of the constitution  
in circumventions to deny  
a malicious application of force

What if you were me  
where the agonizing pleas of other prisoners  
Ache my ears days-on-end  
as the voice of freedom tides  
everyone confined in general

This anger must voice its opinion  
like appeals to heal injustice  
optimism resides in this kiss to forplay addressing  
what if you were me inasmuch as

state property, bussed across the state  
shackled in more chains than the worst of dogs  
I've made hock stronger  
than the wills of weak hearts

I do not wish you as I  
but!, what if you were me  
the poetry no longer seekin' to post  
I may give up writing, whenever  
love is not returned

- if I were you, I would not be  
unable to lick the butterscotch I can't taste,  
or, savor the breeze to embrace new memories  
unpolluted by the cruelty of these cells  
the agony that cries without bearing tears

I am certain, there is less  
sweetness in these cold days  
that won't melt the candy  
in my mouth At last - 9/27/13 9:10 am

William IRVING