



The Death Row Poet

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Death Row

Death Row is a place
Where a man is disgraced
Where flies don't land
And birds don't sing
Where there's no love
For anything
Where one seeks love
But can not find
For people truly feel
We are a waste of time
So you sit in your cage
Day after day,
And watch your life
Waste away.
You have no hopes
You have no dreams
You have no meaning
it surely seems.

Written February 1, 1999
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The Death Row Poet.

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