

H A R L A N R I C H A R D S

November 4, 2013

On the Anniversary of My 29th Year In Prison

I walked out the door into a burst of
Bright sunshine glinting off the
Frosted blades of deep, green grass.
The clear, sharp air pierced
My lungs like thousands of
Delicious needles, each with
Its own delicious scent.
I looked around for a pumpkin
So I could see what the old wags
Meant when they spoke of
Frost on the pumpkin but there
Were none to be found, unless
You counted the orange stocking
Caps of the prisoners speckling
The prison yard.

Some say there is no beauty
In prison, with its concrete
And razor wire, compounded misery
Accruing like interest on a savings account.
But I say beauty is in our hearts,
Provided by a loving God who
Comforts us when we are at
Our lowest, most needful of His
Love and support.
I thank the Lord for the crisp
Fall day, sparkling frosted
Grass and so many
Joyous pumpkins I couldn't
Count them all.

Harlan Richards

Written November 3, 2013