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Ball and Chain

By Debra Epler

Ball and chain on my ankle, cuffs on my wrists,
remorse in my heart, all I do is reminisce.
About my family, walking track round this yard,
carrying this ball and chain, I can only go so far.
Head hung low, my pride is deceased,
no more pleasant dreams of me being released.
Guards want info, and they'll do me a favor,
I'm no secret agent, so they give me hard labor.
Picking up trash, give me a broom to sweep.
Polish your boots? yeah! that's not for me.
So I stay locked in my cell, because negativity room,
me and isolation is in a league of our own,
This ball and chain, I carry been holding me down,
for 11 1/2 years, with 6 1/2 more coming around.
I got this ball and chain, at the age of 22,
now I'll be 34 in 2 days man who would've knew?
That the battle I've been fighting, still goes on,
I been bruised and beaten, but it made me strong.
So people keep yo nose clean, always stay true,
or it'll be a ball and chain, you'll carry with you.
Stay out of trouble, cause your pillow will stay wet,
cause to them! you're only a damn paycheck,
one day soon the sun will shine, after the rain,
but until then I'll continue, to carry this ball and chain.