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## Where I Remain.

By Delta E Jones

COCK PRISONER, walking with my head hung low,  
not by choice, no action for people to cut my throat,  
light blue shirt, dark blue pants worn everyday,  
I call on God, but I don't pray.  
Laying on the bunk, why didn't I abort this course?  
instead I hear about guards, who use excessive force.  
The guards! let's just say they do what they can,  
not to protect you, but treat you less of a man.  
9 times out of 10, most of them are racist,  
I don't care for them, but bad things happen to the racist.  
Everyday it's the same thing, eat and go to the yard,  
or stay in the cell, stay the hell away from the sarge.  
sunshine through my window, still feeling the heat,  
on the yard seeing a freeway, wishing I were on the streets.  
most of the guards are scared, each and every day,  
if they were on the 4 yard, they wouldn't make it anyway.  
Talk to you like you're stupid, cause you're an inmate,  
wish the tables could turn and they be behind these gates.  
A lot will feel different, if they couldn't go home,  
they'll cry to God, and break their neck, to get a cell phone  
just to stay in touch with the family, getting business handled,  
instead they make our lives worse, like an episode on scandal.  
Nothing good happens here, but there's no time to complain,  
until my release date, this prison is where I'll remain.