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<http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/316/>

IN MY SHOES

Each day, my steps repeat anew.
Down the same walk, within my
"assigned area," I dwell—
stuck as I am, ID on left collar, always
in a cell. Night after day; remembering

each bird that flew, like all I knew.
Each day, my steps repeat anew.
In my shoes, I let things pass; I must
laugh it all off, saving pieces of this
broken heart of glass—each closer

to the last,
with so much time still to pass.
Each day, my steps repeat anew.
No choice for me, only remembrance
of such glee. Life; exacting fee.

In my shoes,
only I can know—this
place, they claim I've somehow sown.
Each day, my steps repeat anew.
Out between the bars, the hopes I knew

have flew; but on occasion
I see them out there,
peeking in—searching for me
to let me know, they've grew!
Each day, my steps repeat anew.

