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A Registered Arsonist

By Debra E. Jamm

Here I go again, bout to put myself on blast,
A lot don't like me, so y'all can kiss my ass.
I been to prison, cause a match left my hand,
21 year prison sentence, some time no one can stand.
Came in at age 22, but people keep coming back
I never went home, now I'm known as a pyromaniac.
Some people say they're scared, they say I'm crazy,
think I'll set your house on fire, and kill your babies.
They say I need to see a shrink, and get put on med,
need to be observed, and strapped to a hospital bed.
When I was 18, I developed some bad habits,
I'm not that crazy, till where I'll need a straightjacket.
Nobody's perfect, everybody makes mistakes,
took me to come to prison, to change my fate.
Even though I'm a arsonist, I bet you couldn't tell,
if you seen my tattoo, you'll know I got em in jail.
Most of people put me in the category, of a killer,
say that I'm no better, than a notorious drug dealer.
They look at me different, because of my mug shot,
because of my fingerprints, now all of a sudden I'm watched.
sometimes I hate I was born, cause my demons started this,
they say I won't be shit, but a registered arsonist!