

- Stupid flies keep dying and leaving me alone -

- Wild -

As I sat alone
in a corner
at my prison job
reading a book
tears fell to the cold concrete
I wish
I knew why
I can still cry.

CA STATE PRISON
CCI-TEHACAPI
FACILITY D D01M8
Roland 2/5/15

- Lost wisdom -

Nancy
was the name of my grandmother
I never met.
She decided to leave her kids
upon the door steps
of that orphanage,
until I wrote this poem
I could never relate to her.
I also left my kids
and realized that my grandmother's blood / wisdom
is within me.

Roland 2/7/15

~ Stolen from A Pink Floyd Song ~

Hello, Is there any one out there?

I know my poems all revolve on the same couple of subjects.... loss, Pain, Waiting, wanting and regret. I try to write about things that normal people would like to read, but it makes me feel like an imposter.

If God didnt have angels to distract him/her. Would he/she care more about me/us?

1/2/15

lif is like a can of Soda. open it up gently and enjoy it all. Shake it up before you open it and you waste half.

1/3/15