

Noticed By Me

I'm sitting at work people come and they go

to see the ~~the~~ loved ones this place holds

Big Smiling Faces, Nervousness you see in their Eyes

Leaving some walk out Angry alot cry

what they've gone through these guys surely do not

know. Hundreds of miles they have Drove

The long waiting line, Frisked and patted like

Criminals

The joy they get when they pick and choose

the treats to offer

The little kiss and hug is all they get to hold

onto, the Contact they've longed to receive

Some get turned away Angry for something their

loved one has done crashed and in tears asking

why?

If only these Guys knew the depth of their love

It goes unnoticed but not by me. Its these

little things unseen, If only it could be; we'd

see a Difference.

Powerless to My Situation

I work as a Trustee being able to walk outside these gates on my own accord to work as long as I don't cross certain perimeters. It's the weekend and as visitors leave we take out the trash and I look over and see a young woman w/ child in distress car broken down, several officers ready to assist and as I look away I see another car with both its doors open and the passenger running around as I look closer I see a pair of legs on the ground struggling I didn't know exactly what was wrong but I knew they needed help and for the life of me "I could do nothing" but watch helpless and powerless to my situation.

All I could do was yell out to be heard wind erasing my voice yes I'm being watched but my yells unheard I could do nothing as a prisoner I can't have contact or cross this perimeter. Fortunately it was an elderly woman who'd fallen and needed help getting up. I piece together my powerlessness with each event of my incarceration not being able to do my natural God given decision. "I couldn't help!" and it tears me up inside knowing I could do nothing. I look for the day when I don't have to sit by I'dol powerless to my situation.