




MY PRISON DAY

You wake to stale air pumped through misery,
uncontrolable light squinting angrilly.
Banging of doors means they'll allow you to eat,
on your path groped from temple to feet.
Comments, glares, their visions of grandeur,
volcanos lava bolis, if they only knew the danger.
Trying to spark the populas to react to abuse,
hold on to your sanity, grip getting loose.
The thought of the world left behind with a tear,
savoring the memories of that I hold dear.
NO! They won't beat me or keep this man down,
deep from within strength worn as my crown.
The sun surely shines toward the day of new life,
seize that new day and behind leave this strife.

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