

NOTE TO LEXIE

Listen, Lexie:

It was my fault, on
leaving you, going to prison.
Still, I fight for my ransom;
but the rest they own.

Hear my "threnodic song",
even though I am behind bars.

You are still my "Star",
I want to see your face,
and I need your grace.

Please have mercy and grace.

Who can take your place?

Now you are seventeen;

you're lovely, as a Queen!

But, you are still My Princess;
my "Achilles' heels" and weakness.

I beg for your forgiveness;
may the fire of your wrath be extinguished.

I am already been punished.

To you I have a short reach.

Happy Birthday, Baby, I wish!

Happy Birthday Lexie, At Stanley WI, Your Father Childeric.