

2/7/18

**"Desolation"**

There's everywhere to run, but nowhere left to hide.  
No shelter from the wreckage that plagues me on the inside.  
All my most secret thoughts, lay strewn out across the bed.  
Such is but a consequence, for all that I've left unsaid.  
Things I wish I'd never done. I'd die for the chance to un-do  
Because I'm so haunted, by the faces of those I did them to.  
I desire to move on with what's left of my life and yet,  
It's like I can't gain any freedom, from the wretched regret.  
Racking my brain constantly, in search of any type of explanation.  
I wonder how, I got so wrapped up, in such a hollow vocation.  
If you run from the truth enough, you still can't make it a lie.  
Make the choice to accept it, or waste life wondering why.  
Painful as it maybe, truth is one can never truly avoid.  
Finally embracing myself as myself, I'm slowly mending a pain laden void.  
No longer do I feel the need or want, to offer any justification.  
I'm only who, I'm meant to be, right down to my personal orientation.

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