



IN FORGOTTEN PRISON

In Forgotten Prison a man
I've sat and waited, with no hope
for all the love (and life) that has been
lost to me, with distances growing.

And with each mile-like years
of dirt in shovels, tossed with
every forward step in Time;
so love and life are tossed behind
in Forgotten Prison.

A woman (or three) there was to love
this forsaken man; but one and only one,
smart enough and honest enough to stay,
while so many run free and clear. That one
I'll never know as Time moves on
in Forgotten Prison.

In Forgotten Prison a man
I've been, with no discernible future
outside if these walls that have been
forced upon me, with distances closing.