

Lancaster State Prison

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"Brisk Wind"

*Within the early morning
Nature wakes all her children to play & graze
High in an Elm tree
An owl surveys the landscape
Even snail movement does not go unnoticed
The brisk wind whips through the tree's
Pressing my body backward
Instinctively I latch on to a tree
Minutes later serenity is restored
& all that was within the wind
Is laid back on Mother Earth
To some of the inhabitants
I am a Giant
I consider that I'm in their front yard
& my steps are respectful
To all the jewels of the forest*

-James Collins