

1) 6/7/08

"The Prayer"

Each day my walk is but a short distance
A 6 by 9 cell I pace from window to door.
Fear consumes me, I find no peace.
I stop and pray dear Lord.
You know my heart and that I surely believe,
So why does my mind race.
Why do I cry out at night?
For reasons I cannot make.
Lord, why does authority hate me.
Oh, they'd love to do me harm
And given the chance to despise me
Never seems so hard.
And why am I so selfish
Hurting loved ones in my wake.
Look at how my father hurts,
From decisions I have made.
And then there is my grandma
Surely she's never deserved
To shed one painful tear
But I've accomplished that with words.
And my mother, I love her so much too,
But yet I have not been a good son.
Her second oldest, she knows,
And look at what I've done.
Then there are the people around me
I'm sometimes much too hard,
Treating them with indifference.
Truly a demonstration of my heart.
And then there is my mind
How evil seems to endure.
Thoughts of violence and sexual sin,
Not exactly a soul that's pure.

2). Oh, and look at my actions,
Nothing like a man of God,
How can I help those around me
When prepared I am not.
But, then I'll say a prayer
And it's like going through the motions.
It's not always heart felt and sincere,
Hardly close to devotion.
So here is just one more
But this one rings true
And as you know me best Lord,
You knew it's sent to you
Open my eyes to the way
Guide me in truth
Help me to push away my habits
And to be more like you.

By: JACK M. BRANCH #F17203
FLORIDA STATE PRISON
P.O. BOX 800
RAIFORD, FLORIDA. 32083-0800