

DEAR READER,

9-29-19

HEY. I HOPE YOU'RE DOING WELL!  
TODAY I'M GOING TO SHARE WITH YOU A POEM I WROTE FOR MY MOTHER.

I WROTE THIS POEM APPROXIMATELY 5 MONTHS AFTER BEING SENTENCED TO DEATH. I'D GOTTEN INTO TROUBLE AND WAS PLACED ON DISCIPLINARY CONFINEMENT WHICH HAD ME BEHIND A STEEL WALL. NEARLY CUT OFF FROM ALL SOUND. THE CRACKS UNDER THE DOOR WAS MY ONLY ACCESS TO SOUND AND VENTILATION. SOMETIMES I'D LAY MY MAT ON THE FLOOR AND TALK TO MY NEIGHBORS. BUT MOSTLY I READ BOOKS, WROTE LETTERS AND POETRY/SONGS AND DAYDREAMED.

THIS PARTICULAR DAY I CANNOT REMEMBER BUT THE FACT THAT MY MOTHER HAD MADE CONTACT WITH ME YET I'M SURE PLAYED A ROLE IN HOW I FELT WHEN I DECIDED TO WRITE THIS POEM.

THE MOMENT I'M SPEAKING OF, "ON THAT SAD, SAD DAY," IS WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OLD AND I WAS BROUGHT HOME IN HANDCUFFS FOR A BREAKING AND ENTERING CHARGE. ACTUALLY, IT WASN'T A CHARGE. I WAS JUST CUFFED AND BROUGHT HOME....

SO I WROTE THIS POEM IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE PAIN I PUT HER THROUGH. A PLEA TO HAVE MY MOTHER IN MY LIFE. UNTIL NEXT TIME. YOURS TRULY,  
DOUG.



SHE CRIES AND ITS MY FAULT

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT LOOK  
ON THAT SAD, SAD DAY,  
THAT I ARRIVED HOME  
WITH SOME COMPANY.

A STERN LOOK WITH A FROWN  
AND A TEAR BEHIND THOSE EYES.  
AND IT WAS ALL MY FAULT  
FOR MY MOTHERS CRIES.

THATS THE FIRST THAT I REMEMBER  
THAT I LET HER DOWN.

THE FIRST TIME OF MANY  
OF HEARING THAT SOUND.

AND OH THAT SOUND,  
THAT SOUND IT MAY,  
STILL SHATTER MY HEART  
MANY TIMES 'TIS TODAY.

AND IF I HAD A THOUSAND  
I'D BET IT TIMES TWO.

THIS MORNING, THIS NIGHT  
SHE STILL CRIES THROUGH.

AND JUST LIKE NOW  
'TIS JUST LIKE THEN.

IT'S STILL MY FAULT

HER HEART STILL CRIES WITHIN!

I'M SORRY MAMA!



1/27/11