



BIRTHDAY POEM: FORFEITING THE SELF

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It is nice            to be free  
and full of            direction of  
each want            emanating from  
within,            but we take it  
all            as            standard to a born  
right; and            prisons drive each  
totalitarian            / collectivistic nail deep!

Squaring the coffin            to a  
geometric ascension,            but only  
in thought            as each body  
(once human) is            burned to ash  
to be tossed            over prison  
flowers;            hydrangea!            Maybe?  
Forgotten            all but a number,

the one assigned            in place of  
name, to each prisoner            to be  
called            INMATE            the dehumanizing  
label from            bigots and scoundrels.  
Civility tossed aside            as each HUMAN  
passes through the gate,            the  
threshold of person            to prisoner to

INMATE to thing to animal            to  
scapegoat of all blame            of all shame.