

# Waiting For Coloring

● How the foolsteps of Losing & Loss are weighty weighing no worth

To decenter dollars, their Capital sense, blunders to cents  
Since, falsified in a frame, fabercaled

By one of the Fab five ruins fabulous  
and my situation, no cheering in prison

To capital off why the caged bird sings in a sense  
not free to summon sum

Two; one cent to credit

● My account on account, since

Let's review what you & I have learned to count:  
Unwounded to misconvict actual innocence  
Thus weights weightingly.

Losing and Well-Being being well

Distands me some now, a part and has meant

a partment to part w what leaves me  
Waiting-centered here—

and who capitalizes upon the leaves of a tree

● Or leaf's of Autumn — I wait  
For their coloring

The color of freedom; of festive  
a feast; no failure or feeble

To fetch & feed one's unselfish fetish  
Than my own apartment condones  
Goodnatured in providing residences,

apparent Transparency taking the time  
Invests in accounts of no cents - or -

Sense - Since!, you dig & you'll  
Discover Truth indigent & needy

Of advocacy, some of someone's pleasant  
To sum & summon the sum of things

Beyond these cells. How they let their indignity run over -

To surface intact, in-act actually

Sole weighted await losing alone bears loss  
Of what significant worth? -

The unethical always weighs in weighty  
Bent on enjoining & lose

The reversed rehabilitative wisdom w/in the philosophy  
Of their sign at the old prison (The Walls) still stand.  
: "Leave your Hopes & Dreams Behind"

They discount me a skeleton no worth nonworthy

misstepping feet cut off at foot

Who kills innocent trees? — Wm. Irving

### like melting

(\* Line from: Poem For Haruk by June Jordan)

I'd love you lit!, and heartingly so —

\* Like candles lighting the entire soft lace

Illumination dear — highlights you too

Here where!, I surrender to recalling;

Mind over matter — what matters at base

My returning to dot the i.'s the call

of: "i want you!" melts over and about

Til we are enthralled one-being of us;

an united state of flame-to-wick burns

For and about you — i am here!, near dusk

To our Dawn & and!, what is a breast without

This mating when paired an Equation's churn? —

nothing but cold occurrence; alone!

We may not outlive Life, — but, two sums one — Wm.

Irving

## What Love Is—

How thou art!, the best Love Poem ever —  
artificial, and in particular  
I find you B' coming and popular,  
B' cause!, you r' more the / greater, never /  
The / less: "AHHH!, Yes... " thou ~~shall~~ see fo' ever!  
Immortal upon the heart by and farr  
as thy eye canst see, — Beauty is unmarred!,  
Thou grt!, Donnets' bliss of love, if ever

Love is Love as God hast shown love to thee! —  
Don't mistake me fo' non-needing  
Your sun moon bears light to be knight me height  
Endeared some length — "What Love is!, I shall be,"  
Fo' give me fo' my token of needing —  
I need you!, by slight and height endosings might  
— Wm. Irving

## Volume

Bright sun at it Spring  
sky, voluming its warmth up  
to coat over about Wm. Irving

## Cheap Expensive

Tidbit and two cents  
For a dozen, a thought lost  
is nothing gained — Wm. Irving

helpless—

She was Beautiful!, so the song loves;  
a song like Whitney Houston sung from heart  
I played open authentic doeth, prove:  
\* "Love!, faithful love, what else is much art?—  
Echoing from the soul— How highs over /  
Take bows in the event of becoming—  
Thou art!, classic and chart-topping, pier  
So-to-please... She was Beautiful!, to sum  
as 2-sums-1 is helpless to singing  
a song like Whitney Houston sung! She is  
Mariah and Adele no-holds-barred Kings  
all-out, nonholding back— or— in crisis  
except!, makin' love shall be all the rage,  
In this equation depicts how hearts crave— w.m.  
I'm sing

"Please!, get behind me with nonrelenting  
and intense stern support and advocacy  
in petitioning the two (2) innocence  
projects:

1) Midwest Innocence Project

c/o Ms. Tricia J. Bushnell MO. Bar# 66818

3619 Broadway Blvd., Ste. #2

Kansas City, MO. 64111

\* (816) 221-2166

www.THEMIP.org

and

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Justice—  
(To Kathleen T. Zellner & advocates of Innocence)

An inch to an yard, I am to you, Unhandsome  
to Beauty upon an ebb of Ozark acreage,  
a glimpse of honey dawn concise a thought:  
"I am exalted in heart," it yet upon the page  
and plains

It give good condition of diligent representation  
to unsoil false conviction. Dear Kathleen T.  
Zellner, "the Poetry Cases reside dear," as if  
Diligence would flake to Compassion unencumbered?  
Well, this is Missouri, after all is said and done  
sun rescinds to the West, and the Question  
remains up in the air: "If a cup— why not  
a pitcher to exalt? — Wm. T. King