

BY FAR AND WIDE WORD MY INNOCENCE  
(Lined by: The Lady Lifers at Muncy State Prison)

\* I may die here! — but, this is not my home  
By far and wide — let my words bond by law  
Staid and standing than I justice disdome  
and crumple — crush to a fine powder's now  
To blow about to not being. — Keep me!  
The Love held close to heart, that abandons  
me twenty-eight years and counting... as be  
succumbing behind these bars no pardon  
By far and wide! — I die alone; lonely  
Stomped by the burden of a murder I  
Did not commit! — and, this is not my home  
A mountain to a moehill enpains I  
Great as Famous Poets become worded  
I try with might! — and shall fall in accord —  
Wm. IRVING

NECESSITY

AH!, as Unrefrained Ripeness smiles bright  
thou art

**WORTHY** of words' worth by Poets and  
**UNREFRAINED**

fingering as OHHH Tooooo Good  
do not need

wanton has One!, a way of lappin' letters about volumes —  
The liquor of such Love is addiction  
any Man in his right mind  
would not put down (longly),  
nor let down (by any means necessary...)

THE way asters giveth nectar  
to hummingbirds to sustain —

thou doest — Wm. IRVING