

Notes from the Joint

*With thanks to the inmates at Lansing Prison*

Yesterday, as always, I cursed my creator.  
I am William, son of an absent father.  
Hell, all of this for a little pot.  
Do white guys not smoke it?

When gripped by darkness, I hear too many things.  
I hate this being in my family tree.  
Need I not much- I am soul, I am spirit.  
Stagnant faces, fenced in races, damn these places.

I worry about my son- he lives with my alcoholic mother.  
What would I do if I were God? Does He need to do time?  
When I die, nobody gives a damn.  
After sixteen years here, it still feels odd.

It really is a colored tapestry here, too colored.  
Echoes of anguish, and that damn train, keep me awake at night.  
Not sure why the hell I took a wrong road.  
Nothing to do and no where to go-that's me.

Looking into the mirror of lonely perfection, Lord, I feel rejection.  
Did morning come or go? God, I don't know Bro.  
I carry a disease called bad memories- the sound of a .38.  
The clang of keys and their jangling discord.