

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.