

Prisoner

(November 1997)

An innocent man dies in solitary confinement,
Using his last weasy breath to protest his innocence.

In the same prison,
His son, also innocent,
Is denied his last farwells.

His wife,
For the dignity of a funeral,
is dealt a transportation bill
which she pays, in full.

Why is it that we are so insecure,
So desperate to prove,
To force our atheism of natural justice,
That we have to hurry it along,
Fueled by the frenzy of revenge?

How many are there,
Trapped in prisons,
By systems
Unable to accomodate their innocence?

What about *these* insecure souls,
With such a slim grip on their inner Selves,
That they choose to administer this lifestyle?

How many understand that
There, but for grace, go I.