

## THE BRIGHT DARKNESS OF MY DAY

Each day I rise to a world that is bright with darkness. The cause of that blind spot is sorrow clouding over my heart, a saddening overcast that won't depart.

Blackness at noon....  
Impenetrable yet, transparent....  
The evil force enshrouds me.

Casting it's shadowed light of despair upon all I'll ever do or hear.

Misting views I wish to see....  
Such is the eclipse of my everyday reality....

Wakening in a 10x8 cell, I drown in the stifling atmosphere of that system which dares to call itself: "Corrections".

Choking on the oxygen that flows from the state.

The fetid air of incarceration makes it oh, so hard to tolerate.

Painfully, I struggle to breath between the spaces of truth and lies, weak and strong, good and evil, right and wrong.

Trapped within indifference, I think my sentence may be life long.

I've learned the systems harsh realities. It's hypocritical dualalities.

"Due Process" is a shining myth which laws and courts ignore with pith.

Bitterness festers in the foul infected wound that's called: "Wrongful Convictions"

An "injury" recieved at trial....  
"Railroading" is the source of my Affliction.

Revolutionary fires burn quietly but deadly in the silences of my soul....

Conjuring there the hate speaking demons who rage at injustice, my ultimate goal.

When life has been robbed of all flavor and mission.

What is love? What is joy? What is fair? In a place called prison????

Here, every hour is a curse... Where I may wind up in a hearse.

For this bright oppressive day of night, might never have an end in sight.

Each sleep is a deliverance....

Each sweet dream, a trip to the real world, but, ere the mornings early light, bright darkness intrudes upon delight.

So rudely is my mindless bliss destroyed, by the systems great fascistic void.

Eachtime I wake I feel it's might....

~~It crushes me....~~

~~It isn't right!~~

Each day's beginning is an end for me....

When bright darkness whispers: "You 're NOT free".

As blinding streaks of powerlessness obscure my will to cope

The precious jewel the darkness hides is just the gem of hope.

A gleaming lucky break I seek, one rarely granted to the meek.

Some quick release card fate won't deal.... The deck is stacked so they can steal.

The tears that fall like hurting rain, flood out the cure for all of my pain.

Though sick and tired I may be, the cure is LADY LIBERTY.

~~But, I fear her saving, healing grace may prove for me to have no place.~~

Appeal denials pierce like a lance, I', sure I'll have no second chance.

Hence, eachday's life is a living death, in a way...

And so I drift... In the bright darkness of my day!

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