

**KENTUCKY POEM
PUSHERS ASSOCIATION
PRESENTS**

**A DAY IN
THE MIND OF
MEADOWS**

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Introduction

Today is 9-11-14 I have decided to try something different. I am going to take one day in prison and in poetry form let you know how it works, somewhat. There is no method to my madness. I just go with what I feel, or what I see. At any given time, so if this offends anyone sorry. But my thoughts are my thoughts. I am choosing this day September the eleventh two thousand fourteen, because I have very strong feelings about 9/11. This is a quick turn a round for me. This will not have the time taken on it like my other two books. Yes, book three "Kentucky Bred" is still in the works. But being in prison is not all it is cracked up to be. I am in two classes trying to get out early. The two classes are Microsoft Office and Vocational Training class on safety. Each class receives 90 days good time – which in my case is 90 days off the end of your sentence or 180 for both classes. I am also in Shakespeare Behind Bars, which takes up a lot of my free time which there is not much of. I am learning the lines for "Bolt" who I will be playing in this years play, the play is "Pericles". This is my second year in Shakespeare and I love it. It has helped me as a man in an environment where changing for the better is hard to do and a lot of people here do not want to do or see any one else do. Misery loves company.

I received quite a bit of positive feed back from book 2 "White Lightning". On some days I can write 1 poem others 21 poems or sayings. I have been writing more short stories and a few plays. If you like do or do not like my writing please get in contact with me. Feel free to let me know.

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Waking Up

I woke up this morning hoping not to stir my bunk. He is a trip with an attitude more like a school flunky. Oh well quietly I grab my bowl and my oatmeal, just 2 small scoops. Better than the shit Aramark feeds us. Pop the door and hope I beat the morning coffee junkies. 3 minutes one way then again. Then a spoon full of peanut butter melted over all that for some taste. Man after so long this time is just a waste.

Sitting here watching my oatmeal cook. Thinking about the dream I had last night well every night for the past 14 years. It reads like two different books. One about the day I got into all this trouble, what if I would have acted sooner. That what if will always bother me. Then I dream about my son and his mother, but right when I think all is right she gives me a look right as I get to see my son she gives me a look. Saying you do not belong here. Then I wake up like a crook. A thief of my own dreams.

I turn the T.V. on and instantly there talking of Ray Rice again. Another black man beating on his wife I hear. It is all just sickening to me. Beating up on a woman – man that shit is a sin. But who am I to talk I did it once – nothing that bad. But hitting or putting your hands on any woman is a sin. I can only guess what he would do to take back then. I bet beating on that pretty little woman was not in his mind that night. But that little fight has fucked up his life. Can you imagine the person you love hitting you or even knocking you out! Yeah Ray you a big man. Crazy some women must live in constant fright. Once again to the one from my past I am sorry I can see why you now stay out of sight. Such a big man punching a lady in the face. Now I know why I ended up in this place.

Black dudes and some whites say yeah the bitch deserved it. Man if that was your sister or daughter or mom, you would be having a fit. On your ass you would not sit. Probably be locked up somewhere like me getting ready for your time, ready to do your bit. Man I haven't even made it the door yet. I can hear the guard calling for maintenance, day room full of people at 7:50 am they are already trying to put in football bets.

Yeah football season hits the prison system hard. There are bets on every game every down every yard. Some play the fantasy football some play the numbers. You can win big or I have seen lose everything including themselves. Money food clothes and man hood

that shit must be hard. But some won't fight. I am not saying it is wrong or right, but for my money I'll fight.

Hear I am still waiting to be called to work. Thinking about my son where he is. What he is doing hopefully getting ready for school. I feel like such a jerk. I could still be with his mama but I wanted to hang where all the goons lurk. Now I wish I had all that time back but time does not go back that is just how life works.

Prison is full of paranoia every body watches and listens to every one else to see who is plotting or in my opinion hating on who. Especially the druggies and this place well all prisons are full of dope fiends or dope addicts. In prison you can be whatever you want to be. Dope fiends live as kings. This is true. Behind closed doors they suck on glass dicks and spend on there money on tricks. Needles are tools of the trade. Some feed off this weakness and do what ever they can to get paid. I have seen men do anything to make a buck. Get C/O's hemmed up and try to get drugs in the mail. These dudes will sell there souls for people to think there the man. Put there families through hell. Me, I lay back and learn what I can, I have been locked up to long to do something stupid to stay in this can. I want a life of freedom with a wife and family I am a real man.

Here we go, there calling out the P.I. workers for work. Off the yellow brick road I go. To a job where I make the state a decent profit. But I only make \$.50 an hour. But this the best paying job in prison. If not for this I would be a don't know like the zombies on this yard. Walking around looking for a crumb, shit must be hard.

Guys are like I was the man on the street. I had new cars new clothes money hoes. But can I get a stamp a piece of paper a noodle a piece of bread? Man beat your feet with all that B.S. your family left you hanging for a reason and you, to me ain't nothing but unwanted stress. Get a job man. No, I lift weights – well see if that weight pile will feed you? I don't owe you shit! Get from around me man you a mess. In here people act like you owe them. I am lucky I am blessed. I give thanks to the Lord. For keeping me with a room and board through all my hard times, even through my past time dealing with this crime.

Well I get to the fence where we cross over. To final go to work it is about 7:50 am. There are about 50 of us from 4 different dorms. Right as the gate opens to go over this loud mouthed C/O yelling about nothing. Just because he knows that we cannot say anything, if we do we are at risk of losing our jobs. Big fat old bald guy just trying to look like something. Yelling get to one side come on

guys I told you all a hundred times I'll fire you all! You will listen to me. Dudes crazy for real. It is like everyday with him is another person a different wall to climb. But do not look funny he'll get in your face and put you in a bind.

Finally get through the first fence, then off to get our id's. When we go through 3 fences and 2 gates with have to get a yellow id so they are easier to see? Get to work punch in with an old school time card. Time to work but like a typical state worker not to hard. So off to my little hole in the wall office. To see who needs paper, I work at a print shop. Where you can drink water but no coffee and no pop. The only way to get to the top is to play the game. Used to be so cool to work here, then the H.B.I.C. left and shit just ain't the same.

So I go in and make my coffee, yeah against the grain nothing new. So I get paper for the presses and move paper. Whoops have been here an hour union break time to enjoy my fresh well instant brew. Back to work order paper move paper cut paper send out quotes for paper. It is almost like hustling on the streets but legal with no caper. We work for 2 and a half hours then lunch time. Usually about 10:30 am. Aramark this shit sucks!! Chow hall smells like fresh cooked shit, old moldy noodles or potatoes. They reuse food from a week or two prior. The soup is a mix from everything leftover for 2 weeks that has been left in a walk in not frozen. You leave then the smell sticks to you. It lingers in your clothes! When the wind blows it finds your nose. The smell is sickening.

Before we leave work we go through a metal detector and then a thorough pat down. Yeah we get felt up by different dudes all day. You wonder why some of us wear a frown. We do not live in a Sunday school atmosphere there are thieves here. Yeah who would of thought it. Me I just try to smile and roll on, play the clown.

Good – Bye

Today might just be the day
 The perfect day that is
To shed these unwanted years
 Stop praying get up
Off my knees
 Tie that very special knot
Slip it ever so gently around my neck
Then hang
 Damn it hang
Until I die

 No fears
 No tears
 Just a welcoming blackness
 My own heaven
 So close yet so far away
No family no fair weathered friends
Pouring out beers just a bright red light
Off in the distance
 A relief no more resistance

Waiting in line as the dark one
 Sits on his giant thorny reeking of death throne
 Drenched in blood scarred from pain
Fire brimstone
 All alone a smile for me
A new place a new home
 Darkness as Hades fills my veins
 Blood hot like lava
 A brand new pain

My body racked in convulsions
 Pain a feeling finally, Pain a delight
Unthinkable thoughts
 All because I couldn't
Because I wouldn't say the L word again
 Not loving back
 Not being a dad
 Not standing up my only sin

Rambling on

Back through the fences back to the yard, now you got to stay away from all the snakes and rats. They are everywhere in here. When did it become cool to talk to the police?? We got one black dude try's to be so cool and solid but he is always talking to the police. In here it is not cool. It makes you look like a rat. But that is what he is. Every women Lord help them he is on, especially the white ones tries to get all there info. Then say they want him, Shit is crazy. But now the motto is it is just getting down first. But to me that shit is the worst. I have been locked up a long time and that was never cool. Even when they were bringing you stuff in. But that was way back when.

It is Thursday so supply day. Toilet paper razors ah yes free stuff. Toilet paper that feels like bark, razors that will barely cut paper, another reason from prison to stay away. On my way back to the dorm I see the food carts rolling along. Then magically the one with beans tips over. That gets a round of applause from everyone in line waiting for supplies. Since we work at Prison Industries we go to the front of the line. Every body cries same old song. I think back and it does not seem like it has been that long.

Today chow is hearty Spanish rice with beans coleslaw vinaigrette, bread, butter and cookies. The rice is funky with meat from last years derby loser. The beans are the one thing you cannot mess up but they still do. The coleslaw crap is sour and sticky. The cookies are moldy and old with a film where the bugs in the walk in play hooky. I do not eat the bread so its beans and rice. That has been over cooked ten times. The people cooking are ex addicts so there is Hep A,B,C around our food as well as HIV and Aids. So I feel lucky to be clean I have a faithful 4 leaf clover.

Then it is back to work where I sneak to put this together with any free time that I get. Everybody is good on paper so away I type. With the writing bug I feel as if I have been bit. So I feel as if people will be curious to see how things behind the fence work. So on my butt I'll sit. To fill you in on all the craziness in here. Some times I see why C/O's need a beer. Why there wives shed a tear.

Nothing much happening today, the same ol same ol, But some of us do try to better our selves – some just lie, for there family it is all a big bluff. But I am trying to do all I can to get out of this shit I have had enough.

Any who lunch is over and I am gonna write a little about 9/11 some thing as Americans we should never forget – to the

innocence that was lost that day you will never be forgotten. I will never forget I was on the yard at E.K.C.C at the time. I had just come I from the recreation field, people were saying it was crowd control. I thought this was crazy but everyone was talking about it. I had not yet seen the news. I went in and it was on C.N.N in the T.V. room. I was instantly amazed that anything like this could happen on American soil. It made me sick it made my skin crawl for revenge and made my blood boil. Planes flying into the twin towers, all the innocent blood that was shed on American soil that day.

It has been thirteen years since that day. It still brings our nation to tears, All that was lost, due to hate. All those American lives women, children, fathers, mothers, sisters, daughters, aunts, uncles and our fellow American fire fighting brothers. Even as a man locked up locked down however you say or think, I still get mad when watching 102 minutes that changed the world. Over 2900 hundred Americans died and why? Because of one nut jobs hate for us as Americans. But as a country we over came that dirt bags wrath. Our special troops left his crazy American ass in a blood bath.

Sorry got off base but I am a proud American through and through. 9/11/2001 gets me going. So now on a new subject we will be a going.

Bell rings time to get ready to go in. which for me means workout time. Which for me is just fine. Pat down again, go through a metal detector. Wait for I/D's then run to the dorm before they shut the doors. Change into shorts run to the weight pile. Get there workout in style.

So, I get down to the weight pile doing my pull ups a little bench run a few laps. Then I smell something, smells good. So I am looking around between sets. I see an old buddy of mine back from my old hustling days. With a stick in his hand – a cinch he has the connection. A stick in here is a joint – marijuana cigarette. So I mosey on over inquire about what he is smoking on? He holds it up and says look I am smoking the holy weed man? I am smoking with Jesus. I lean down and this fool is smoking the book of proverbs, well one of the chapters. I said man your crazy. That shit ain't right man. Wanna hit, hell no I want to hit you for smoking that shit in Bible paper. I haven't did any drugs in quite a while, I am proud, I smile with a shake of my head I walk off, laughing.

But in here there are no papers so these fools; smoke out of the bible or the paper toilet paper comes in. they think smoking is making them look cool. The young dudes especially they smoke

then tell everybody. Wonder why everybody knows and then why they get knocked off and end up in the hole. Then they say that somebody ratted. Rules #1 don't talk about your business.

This prison I am in is a S.A.P treatment complex, for drug offenders and addicts. So this place is a dope fiends dream. With all the drugs here you are good to just stay clean. I live by the fact that my son Tyler whom I trying to get back in contact with. I live like he is here with me. When I live like this, like Amy and Tyler are watching me I make better decisions as a man. I feel like I have learned after doing all this time. I feel like I am a better man with a better plan. Now it is just waiting and doing the same when I get out.

Sorry but I spend about 95% of my day thinking about my son and his mama. A buddy of mine was on visit his babys mama was there she seen me and said I know him. Dude said no way that honky has been locked up for years. She said I know him his name is Beau Meadows! Dude said damn – he told me. I said I know Rachael. As a friend I said, but she knew Amy so I ask, if he could Rachael to try and find Amy and Tyler. Cut through all the drama my family had been searching for years with no luck. Rachael found her in less then 2 hours. Wow the internet does have power. But I am still a step behind; apparently Amy thinks I am mad? Naw just confused I put the childish stuff behind me – I just want to be a dad. Oh well hopefully one day it ill happen – I have been waiting this long. I know back then I was not right but Amy was I that wrong???

She probably won't read this any way?? I sometimes think dude is playing me, I give him coffee and stamps to stay in touch with his kids. I just hope he isn't playing like a kid over my kid. That is the one thing I cannot handle.

Did my bench pull ups and jogged a few laps did some abs and dips. Then back to the dorm or chow? Hamburger not bad but not feeling though, more carbs then anything. Through the chow line I'll cut and dip to the front. Pull off a not have to wait in this raggedy line stunt.

No real crazy stuff going on so far today. I have to study for a vocational test and computer class while trying to memorize a monologue for S.B.B. Shakespeare Behind Bars. It has helped me as a man, find compassion in the old text. As Matt Wallace says "let the text do the talking". Meaning let the text talk through you, so as you are walking saying your lines don't think just let the lines flow feel what is being said.

Being a Dad

I may not be as wealthy as some men you meet
Or as cleaver as the man down the street
I may not have all the glory that some men have had
But I always just wanted to be my son's dad

There are certain dreams for my son I would like see come true
Hopefully I can help him see them through
My only goal now is to find my little lad
And show him I do care for him I am his dad

It is a job I dream of most
Right now I have failed so I have nothing to boast
Without you Tyler in my life I am sad
I just want you to know your real dad

I may never be perfect or have your mamas' heart in gold
I want to show you that I do care before you get to old
With you in my life I will be anything but sad
I just want to know that I can succeed at one thing
Being Tyler's dad

Night time Again

I am now sitting in computer class, where I am trying to learn as much as I can about computers. My dad said everything is on a computer now days. So through this murk and haze that is called prison life I am one of the few who is trying to better myself. With this fine states help. Free education is just what the judge ordered for me. I'll learn till I can not see.

After computer class it is 8pm time to get ready for bed. Watch BYU not cover against Houston oh well can't win them all. But I love to watch football. Makes me wonder if my son likes football? I grew up playing football. I wonder how his mama has raised him. I can only thank her and the man she was with in raising my son right. It is weird my son's mother is fresh off a divorce but it is my entire fault. Her ex cheated but I am still the #1 piece of shit of course. Sorry I get off on the subject of my son and I just have so many questions. That is one thing on the streets I left undone, being a dad being a man being a father to my only son.

Prison is a place where strong survive and cowards usually pay. For one instance there is a guy here who tried to rape one of my Ex girls. Usually we would have him beat down. I mean this crashed my world. But me being smart why fight getting us all on I/A's radar. When we can make him pay \$30.00 a week to stay on the yard. You call it extortion I call it paying your way. So for money protection is how you stay.

You meet so many different people here. Like me for instance, I consider my self innocent of what I am charged with. I have a victim who I think about daily. In here it is all do – THINK – so I have rethought March 10 1999 over like 10 thousand times. I was talking to a friend of mine about my innocence. He said wait you have did almost 12 years at the time. You might not have did it but it is your crime. I did not get it; you did the time so it is your crime. Even being innocent it is my crime; I am not 100% innocent I was there when it happened. I seen things but never thought. So for this my time was bought. By the state I am for them a scapegoat, just my opinion from me a small quote.

I am in constant change though. I am trying not to cuss or joke. I seem to be taking life a lot more seriously. In here it is hard to

do though. People do not like to see change. I remember my son's mother saying she could see all my friends and me down the road living life in suits and ties. I said hell naw! But for that time again I would rearrange my whole life. I learned the hard way that the "heart forgives but the mind never forgets". Oh well one day I'll find a wife.

I was seeing a psychologist every Monday morning. She was a very beautiful woman who helped me out a lot. She had a beautiful outlook on life. I wish I could have met her at another time in another place. But she was just here to help me get some things worked out in my mind. I was confused and depressed as a man doing time. She helped me to realize that there was more to me than meets the eye. That I am interesting and not the piece of shit I felt like. That there is more to me than my crime, Some times it is not about black or white, just what in life is right.

Like I said in the beginning this is just what I am thinking at this moment. There are some poems mixed in with all of this. So I hope you enjoy. This was started on 9/11/14 it was finished on 9/16/14.

Now it is all about sneaking it out and getting it to a computer near you. Be on the look out for banned the book, Kentucky Bred, Risks the play, the conclusion to Silent Wood and more poems and songs. Till next time remember we are all special in our own ways.

A stroll through Meadows mind

A walk through
The mind of Meadows
A stroll through the dark woods
Where dark secrets come true
Where sanity is hard 2 find
Where horror movies play constantly on rewind

Where some type of comic book evil
Lurks
Where ghost bring a new life to old thoughts
Where in the dark water monsters swim in the murk
Where new inspirations
Come from drug induced procrastination
Where one mans thoughts of an evil angel
Moved a nation

So many hidden gems in there
Where the gate keepers
Punish without a care
Where one sentence
Where one thought
Where one glance
Can turn a thought
Into a mix of
Stephen King
Dean Koontz
Clive Barker
Horror story
Where your sins
Are applauded
Again,
Again,
Again
Where there is no true past
Just a skin covered book telling of way back when
Before time
Before what might have been

I am

**I think smarter
Therefore I am
A man
I am country born
I am city raised
I am the less fortunate
I am motherless
I am fatherless
I am the unwanted
I am the unforgiven
I am ever changing
I am the one hurting
I am the child missing
I am the son
I am a father
I am a convict confused
I am at a loss
I am forgiving
I am driven
I am a hard worker
I am searching for a better way
I am now looking ahead
I am thinking
I am searching for love
I am hurting for companionship
Therefore I am
Living**

Thank You #1

I never thought that I would be saying thank you to a shrink or psychotherapist or a psychologist for that matter. I was brought up rough I always thought that I was too tough to need anyone. To help me through things or anyone to talk to, Boy was I wrong. I held everything in because I thought that I could deal with it. But after 35 years of living and a horrific injury to my arm then surgery, the flood gates broke. But behind these walls who can you truly trust? No one is the only answer. There are too many predators too many angles too many wolves laying in wait. But when I went to medical for chest pain they said they thought that I was depressed. What me – Naw – not me. But I thought what the hell I'll give it a try. That was when I met her. But after all I had seen through these eyes. How could I trust any one with authority? But I slowly very slowly opened up. It helped that she was beautiful like an angel from my past. I fought her the whole way – she got me to talk about things I never thought that I would talk about. Slowly the little boy trapped in the back of my mind found his way out. In prison and early on in my life he hid behind masks.

Eventually getting pushed to the back and hiding under all of my layers. So in that job you probably won't hear it much – but thank you. I came to trust you and to value your opinion as a woman and as a human being. You helped me get out of my old rut that was holding me fast. So honestly thank you, you helped this new man out.

Without a doubt I will hopefully make the right decisions one day. That will hopefully help me when I get out of prison one day. Maybe find my son and get back into his life. From the bottom of my heart
thank you.

My Little Star

**As I looked through the bars tonight
I saw some stars
But one in the distance was shining oh so bright**

**She was so close
Yet again she was so far**

**I knew that she was my special star
I knew because I thought of you**

**I stared hard thinking I heard my star say "I still love you"
I felt her close to my heart once again tonight**

**With her in my heart I knew that I would sleep tight
Hoping that we would be together again soon
As I close my eyes my mind says we'll see**

**I awake to a new day for
You
And
Me !**

No Response

I try, oh how I do try
But my only response
Is a dial tone
Alone with a phone

Still waiting for some mail
Standing waiting other names are called
The mail hits every mail box but mine
Oh well, you'll play hell
Yes, I would like some cheese with my wine

A letter
A picture
Entirely too much to ask
I feel sick
Do you feel better?
I thought we had a clean slate
The past was the past
Oh well it would be too easy
And I would play into your hand if I just said kiss my ___!

No I have come too far
Been through too much
I used to want that Star
Now I just burn through gears as I strip out my clutch

I write
I try to call
With you I do not want to fight
I'll take the fall
If you just do what is right
I probably shouldn't be saying this
But at one time
You were something my heart did miss
Now just a picture of what we made
Would be bliss
Instead I am the one that you choose to diss!

Feelings from a Changed Mind

Sometimes I feel as if I'm swimming
Through the ashes of someone else's life
I have changed so much from the old me I have lost touch
What was once a young mans heart
Once hard once tough
Finally fell apart

Swallowed by the pain – time has been rough
Changing daily the toll finally took its strain
Wishing for a world of perfect
But laughing now how absurd
How absurd blindly walking alone
Yet changing constantly alone
Feeling pain

No tears no consoling not a word
Seemed like everyone pointed fingers
Condemning me
The pain like an unwanted scar
Yet it still lingers all the pain
Once bottled up now is free

So to change you constantly fight
It is not about being wrong
Or who is right
But all about the girl bearing a gift
Your child another life
Welcomed into this unfit world
A flawed country
In a womb
Living breathing
Sealed like a perfect gift safe and tight

She left him Alone

He dug and till he found his old Ouija board
He called all his friends, not many for the séance
All of his past ghost showed up even a dark angel showed up
But from her he got no response
He wonders if she really thought that he would just fade away
Like a candle in the gentle wind
Did she think that time would make there past just up and disappear
Sorry he thinks – his undying love as a father he has to defend
She just up and moved on though
She went to another state to play pretend
Did she really think she could just love him then leave him?
That there son and his strong love would be forgotten till the bitter
end
Her feelings were put in a hidden place
Where behind those walls she couldn't see
Only a resemblance of him in there sons face

Time has a funny way of playing tricks on old flames or old loves
It is all the same
Winds of change seem to be karmas favorite game
How any woman can think that a father would ever stop looking for
his child?
The man can not fathom
He was different then wild
But she knew his heart well
They loved once
She had him under her spell
Without knowing
He feels like without the showing of his change for the better
He will live eternally in his self made hell
To him his her opinion does matter
But like a cold fall rain makes leaves move his thoughts are now
scattered

Wind

Wind blows through the sands of time
Through a broken hour glass
With the sand forming a desert
Where the lizards scurry about looking for a meal
Snakes slither across the memories of the lost
Where some reach to feel
Where time hurts
But does not always heal

The wind blows on through the minds of the strong
Through the hearts of the less fortunate
Over rivers
Through the woods of America
Letting the eagles soar
Where freedom is taken advantage of
Like picking food up off a dirty floor

Through the snow covered caps of the mountains of the world
Through the coats of the polar bears in the arctic
Where it chills to the bone
Where the lost stumble around
Looking for a place warm friendly
To call home
Yet still they walk our land alone

The wind blows through our hair
As we hope it'll free us
To a place where there is not a single care
Just a love in the air

Wind the breath of the Gods
A gift for the hot
A reason for couples to snuggle up tight
A candle in the bottoms of America
On an old paint flaking window seal
Where the wind will carry another life to heaven tonight

For your Enemies

Lord despite my shortcomings and lack of patience
I know I am supposed to love those who are against me
I am supposed to bless them that persecute me
I am supposed to let them know that my Lord is my helper
With him what can any man do to me?
With him on my side I will not be afraid
I will worship my Lord and Savior
To deliver from the hands of my enemies
Those that will come against me should be ashamed and disgraced
For the Lord stands with me
With this knowledge I will never be in fear of being alone
I will have a salvation from all of my enemies I will be delivered from
the hands that look to hurt me
I will look my foes in their eyes. My heart is secure. I will, with the
Lords help, triumph over my foes
My foes come at me from one direction but they will flee in seven
different directions
With God by my side and in my heart I will have victory
I will trample all of my enemies down
I take refuge in the Lord because I know he will protect me
Whoever attacks me will be doing the devils doing but the Lord will
make them surrender to me through Him
In my battles of everyday life as well as war the Lord will keep me
From the stroke of evils sword
I turn to my Lord in times of need
When my enemies come at me with eyes full of greed
I know the Lord is my helper in all times
With him I will never be alone
I will never live in fear again
Because I know that in Jesus Christ heart is my true home

(For my Aunt Valerie)

I thought

I thought that they would want to hear about my enemies
But I was wrong they choose my memories
They wanted to hear about what will be
What was?
Then what will be
Not how much it cost me
But rather I got to it
They were tired of hearing about how I lost myself
It was too easy
They wanted to know how I found myself
So I opened up my book
Of family and of all my struggles
They asked about the ties I had severed
The few hearts I had broken
I put it in poem then in an open letter
How my struggle will last
4 – Ever
I told my story
Hoping it would make you
Feel better

I Thought

I thought that they would want
to hear about my enemies,

But No

I was wrong, they chose
my memories

I thought they would want to
hear more about what was
then what is,

Or what will be

Not how much it cost

But rather how I got it

They were tired of hearing
about how I lost myself
They said that was just
too easy to write

They wanted to know

how I found myself

So opened up my mind

I told them of family
And Past Struggles

They asked about ties I

had severed

The few hearts I had broken

So I wrote in a poem

Then in an open letter

How my struggle

will last

4-Ever.

I told my story
through paper

through pen

(I thought I could)

I thought it would
make

them

Feel

Better

~~PLND~~
~~Meat~~

Robert M. ...
LLCC 7-D
PO Box 6
Ingrange Ky
40021

8:30 am
9/18/14