

TODAY

by: Bill Clark, California

Today ...

I sit here, staring through the cold, unyielding bars of this cage.
I sit here, in an environment filled with men whose souls have been swallowed by rage.

Today ...

I sit here, thinking, reflecting and pondering my fate.
I sit here, recognizing, accepting and knowing it will do me no good to hate.

Today ...

I sit here, in a fierce battle with oppression, isolation and despair.
I sit here, asking myself why and how can life be this unfair?

Today ...

I sit here, in the midst of a war with this obvious insanity.
I sit here, groping in the dark for a sense of true humanity.

Today ...

I sit here, desperately searching for a tiny ray of light.
I sit here, hoping to cross paths with individuals who have the strength to join me in this
arduous and inhumane fight.

Today ...

I sit here, asking myself how I can continue to cope?
I sit here, knowing the system was designed to kill and destroy any and all hope.

Today ...

I sit here, realizing what I miss and need so much.
I sit here, aching, craving and yearning for a woman's warm, gentle reassuring touch.

Today ...

I sit here, as the loneliness, frustration and lack of human contact consumes me.
I sit here, hoping, praying and wishing that someone will eventually respond to my plea.

Today ...

I sit here, and one fact helps ease my inconceivable pain and sorrow.
I sit here, knowing no matter how horrendous things get, there will always be a
tomorrow.