

## DEAD OR ALIVE?

by: Bill Clark, California

It's hard to believe,  
that this is all real.  
I live in a cage,  
with bars made of steel.

The cell that I live in,  
it is what you think.  
Drab, barren walls  
and a cold metal sink.

In a nine by twelve cell,  
that's more like a box,  
I wake to the sounds  
of opening locks.

My freedom was taken,  
it was, oh, so abrupt,  
by cops that were racists,  
and truly corrupt.

For many harsh years,  
I've sat in this cell,  
sometimes I pause,  
and think I'm in hell.

Searching for answers,  
and methods to cope,  
tugs on my heartstrings,  
and lessens my hope.

On murkier nights,  
I can't bear the pain,  
I sit in the dark,  
and tears fall like rain.

My Dad said a man,  
is not s'posed to cry,  
but with all his teachings  
he never said why.

It's strange, but I have  
no fear of dying.  
To regain my freedom,  
I must not stop trying.

Nothing will weaken,  
my will to survive.  
But sometimes I question,  
am I dead or alive?