

# C A U G H T

I have been  
caught here  
in this prison

they have  
sent me  
to spend  
my final years

I can learn nothing  
without music

and they will not  
permit  
my thoughts  
to travel  
beyond  
these walls

I am  
better off

I have been told  
I am too violent  
to live among strangers

and this  
is a strange land  
where the trees  
are petrified  
and clouds  
cover up [ the soul  
look  
at that dog over there

howling  
without the release of sound

My lawyer  
has written  
books about my cause  
they are eloquent  
he tells me  
but I have never read them



Rhonda  
comes to visit  
sometimes  
in my dreams  
heated arguments ensue  
accompanied by  
snare drums  
and resonate singing

Rhonda is concerned

“You should be happy”

she tells me  
“you should be happy  
all the time”

The sky is a greenish grey  
and there is a half circle  
of moon

I have  
gone to sleep  
in the middle  
of all of this  
there are no thoughts  
a darkness  
and then the dawn  
as I remember Rhonda  
with  
brown eyes  
soft dreds  
and a light olive skin  
her fingers  
entwined  
in the stems of flowers

End