

MEMORIES OF A PRISONER

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Memories of a prisoner can't be good
for in that cell he is never in a perfect mood.
Anguished, for pain and punishment they sell
and he thinks when the judge will set the bail.

Wounded his memories only pretend to heal
A hellish life and he loses his ability to feel.
Leaving the family once become so tough
but now their presence can't make him laugh.

Has anyone supported him taking a banner?
His memories can't recall it in a subtle manner.
He nurtures his memories placing in a line
and imprison those telling you are mine.

His memories are now live in a fear
This life now seems impossible to bear.
Sicken and thwarted he becomes heavy in this cell
and lightens up by burning memories in this hell.

Tears fail to give rest to his tired eyes
and for several years his memories cries.
Promises are unfulfilled given to his wife
Duties are left undone to those who give life.

Boxed in chain and sin, a memory full of sorrow
Sunlight, freedom and a key he wants to borrow.
With chained heart and lip his memory loses power
to pray before God for an unmarred blissful shower.

His memories support him for his just crime
and want to fight against them at right time.
But his memory will witness his grey hair
for in this world fair is foul and foul is fair.