

IT'S NOTHING I HAVEN'T SAID

I knew this would occur,  
I told so in my letters:  
I would be convicted, I said.  
With no real lawyer, I was  
at the mercy of a court,  
without mercy.

It would be of no appeal, I said.  
My hope, a PCR, Post Conviction Relief hearing.  
It would take six years, I said.  
It took that to the day, almost.  
Now, soon, I may be on my way--  
free.

I had a life, then no life, now  
a life once again. But what life?  
Truth is always found, it has a way, I said.  
It found that way. A way to get me home.  
A way I knew all along.  
Now I smell the pizzas the children  
and I will make. They can come to  
their daddy's store, the one I said I'd make.

My past may attempt to haunt me,  
but taunt me, I will not allow.  
Even now this prison attempts to hinder me,  
In every way it can. Holding back  
my mail--Between the Bars they fear.  
Truth an enemy of the wrongful,  
the facts they fear that will reveal their acts.  
Constitution set aside: they plot.  
As I've always said.

In the end truth always wins, I, and others, have said.  
Those immoral are themselves set aside.  
Making way for better kind.  
Kinds such as I, that will go on to  
a better life: raise what life my kids  
have left, all grown up from their daddy's loss.  
Grandkids one day to run my house.  
To see our family store supply a town.  
to work their way lightly, playing along the days.  
All this will come to pass, because  
it is truth I say.