

THOUGHTS OF A PRISONER
by Kimya Humphrey, Sr.

Will anyone cry...will I be missed...
will I remain in peoples' thoughts long after I'm gone?

There's so much traffic at the cross roads in my mind,
where thoughts that are too late scream,
"Oh now I see...now I know how to live my life."

Unfortunately, no one really listens to those thoughts
because they hold no sound of importance.
Like the letter I mailed to my family long ago,
and every night since... still no answer.

Each day I feel myself fade further and further from their mind
causing me to arrive at this very moment where I now hang clinging
to the finger tips of their memory, slipping.

So badly I wish to see them again. Everyone I know, even those who
care not of me would all be welcomed into my embrace.

Instead, another birthday came and gone without even a card,
still I celebrated by remembering the ones before,
hoping someone would come, but only my own thoughts attended.

In the mirror I see the effects of decades gone by.
The white in my beard reminds me of snow topped mountains after a hard winter.

It's getting late...not late into the night, but late in life.
I feel its cold settling in my bones,
and my body sounds like an old floor that squeaks.

Alone, I sit here each day holding onto my past,
afraid to let go because the future may not include me.

Each day I sit here with my thoughts...growing old.

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