

Anywhere But Here  
by E. Andrea Cole

I'm in prison, so of course I wish I were anywhere but here. The problem with that though, is that I, and all of my woes, are bound to go with me.

So I often wish I were anyone but me. And the person I usually wish I was is my little brother. He's peacefully residing in an urn somewhere at my sister's house. No worries. No grieving. No nightmares.

Yeah, sometimes, that's where I want to be. At my sister's house. No worries. No grieving. No nightmares. And no steel and concrete.

\* You guys have a questionnaire - permission form and previous work already on file for me.