

BY EXILE CAN YOU SEE THE PAIN OR AGONY ON MY FACE. BEHIND THESE WALLS
MY LIFE HAS BEEN ERASE. A DISTANT MEMORY HAS BECOME MY PLACE. PAIN
HAS BEEN LIKE SWEAT COMING FROM MY PORES, WHICH IS REPEATED CONSTANTLY
IN MY SOUL. DAY TO DAY I FACE THE ANGUISH INSIDE OF THESE BARS
CAUSING THIS SENSATION OF THE MAN I BECAME (COLO). CAN YOU SEE
THE PAIN, THIS NEVER ENDING ~~PAIN~~^{PAIN} I FACE. I JUST WANT SOMEBODY
TO KNOW I EXIST IN THIS PLACE.

FORCE TO BE BY EXILE - INSIDE THIS CIRCUS CALLED PATSON WHERE ACTORS
AND ALL TYPE OF ACTS ARE PROTRAYED. YES THE PRISON OFFICIALS CONTROL THE
STRINGS MAKING INMATES PUPPETS. SO ~~AS~~ MANY OF THE YOUTH LUST TO
THIS MOVIE CALLED THE SYSTEM. THE FOCUS LIES ON OPPRESSION, LOVE
DUESN'T ABIDE IN THIS BUILDING. ALL THE FACES YOU SEE OR FULL OF
TORMENT OR SCORN. MOST PRISONERS NEED FREEDOM A CHANCE TO BE REBORN.
YET SO FEW HAVE SEEN A PURPOSE TO BE MORE THAN A NUMBER WITH NO MEANING,
BELITTLE AS A MAN, MADE TO LOSE ALL YOUR DIGNITY, AND MUTIL, BEGINNING
TO ACCEPT THE ABNORMAL. STRIPPED OF YOUR PRIDE, BROUGHT TO YOUR KNEES
BY ANOTHER HUMAN BEING. INSIDE THIS PRISON HATE IS ALL I SEE FOR
AN INMATE I'LL ALWAYS BE.

BY EXILE. SOMETHINGS IN LIFE CANT BE TESTED BY TIME (SUCH AS PATSON)
WITH THIS POEM I HOPE TO GAIN THE EARLS OF SOCIETY OR WHOEVER
IS LISTENING. MY WORDS SLOWLY BLOSSOM LIKE THE FRUIT OF THE
EARTH. YET SO FEW IN PATSON DONT EVEN KNOW THEIR WORTH. SO
MANY LEFT TO ROT ON THE VINE. BUT IN THEIR ABSENCE, HOPE I
CALL YOU MINE. THE LABOR OF THE HARVEST OUT WEIGHS OUR WORTH.
TOO MANY INDIVIDUALS BEHIND THE FENCES WITH A PURPOSE. NOT
SO OUR VALUE, WHICH EXCEEDS DEGREES. EVEN FROM THE CELL I
AM IN, I HAVE REACH. WITH THESE WORDS BRINGS FREEDOM AND
MY PEN PEACE.