

## - First Sip of Coffee - "108 words"

Incarceration at times seems to be the only life I know. Few experienced that I could even recall...

Now looking out my prison window realizing that I been here since the beginning of time and may leave this place when my hairs gray or my heart no longer beats.

Then the aroma hits my nostrils. As I smell and close my eyes then taste remembering my first coffee experience.

Looking at the lovely face of mom. Asking for a sip, she say No... but persistent with kind words - she smiles, knowing then I'll have my first sip.

A loveing memory of freedom. Looking forward to tomorrows first sip

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