

They're Empty

You can not Love from Prison,
You can not Know the way,
You're Little Childs arms embrace You,
They take that Part away,

They take the Love ones that hold on,
They strain away those ties,
Till inmate Loved ones are Lost & gone,
Tears tell Stories in those institutional eyes,

Prisons Made to steal Mens Souls,
Makes a spark of hope so small,
Some of us have such great scars,
Longing, for a little love, that's all,

Sometimes the sadness of it all hits home,
The More You're here the More You'll see,
We have 1602 inmates in here,
Yet, you walk by the Phones,
And,
They're empty . . .

BY: David Azeal