My Premonition: Resilience While Incarcerated (2021)

Obstacles — manufacturing a labyrinthine maze.
Calling into question my destiny,
Nursing my malnourished defects,
Casting doubt on who I am.
Skeptics — they say I never would; can't or won't.
Oblivious to the magnitude of their utterance,
As a magician says Abracadabra,
And speaks into existence.
Vision — these are my visions.
Penetrating the obscure inclination to triumph,
Surpassing the cliches of not only being black,
But also incarcerated.
Overcoming adversity — this is what I see.
Incongruous and marginalized by peculiar circumstances.
Not a product of my environment,
But a product of my flawed thinking and faulty decisions.
In a world where I have to prove myself,
I'm looked at as my improprieties and what I've done.
I won't get lost in the sea of despair.
Resilience is knocking on my front door,
My purpose is calling me,
My ambitions got a hold of me,
Prosperity — I can taste it.
My premonition.

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