

The worst pain of my incarceration is being away from my children,

It's like I am counting down the days but starting at one million.

This is like a maze or a journey of an endless on going road,  
Will I one day regain my freedom and in my arms, my daughter  
will I some day hold?

My sons are growing up without no father, out there in that  
concrete jungle,

And my daughters are growing up fatherless out there in that  
everyday struggle.

I have so many fears and everyday I go through some kind of trauma,  
I have thoughts of my sons going down the wrong path and my daughters  
making me a grandfather.

I am fighting on the inside, my struggle is like an internal massive jihad,  
Could you imagine you talking to your 5 year old daughter and she  
tells you she now has 2 dads.

Could you imagine your oldest son out there disrespecting his mom,  
And he takes advantage of the situation because his father is doing time

Could you imagine your youngest daughter constantly asking you  
"Daddy when are you coming home from school?"

And after 3 years of asking this, she one day states to you "Daddy I am no  
longer a fool.

I still have no regrets and I no longer have anyone to blame,  
but everyday I seem to grow enduring this turmoil and psychological pain.

Written by David Meade