

# New born life & old steel throes

My heart breaks like the crumbling foundations of the old places and the used things.

My eyes water as if they alone supply the land with nourishment.

My mind grows tired of utter suffering wide like the expanse of the very Universe.

Yet there is no care that my flesh is your flesh only in name are we different, still we are human kind.

You speak obligation, you speak of duty yet you betray life as we both are, but not as we should equally know.

Life is precious, life is limited, and one life hurts daily and care is not provided.

Scope in what you all do is what defines special. Limit set by just words is truth only in the fact that they are lies.

Duty goes beyond earnings and jobs, we all have a duty to rescue a man from harm.

My son grows older still

Time is a ruthless enemy

I ask for one chance, one visit to hold what has never been held.

To let my boy hear his father, feel his touch.

To have him know what the sound of his fathers heart means as it is unconditional love.

I will not quit, I can not quit, I will never quit because love is a resource this jail has failed to have on hand.

Ant Bah