

Incarcerated Death

Anchored in dung
Drowning with excruciating regret
Bed ridden
Riddled with a malignant tumor to the brain
Gang Green
Decubitus ulcer spread so damn wide
Locked in a systematic box
Controlled by a massive financial key
Will the others get a chance to be free?
Sometimes goodbye is a second chance
This is the existence of the condemned

Written by:
Larry N. Stromberg
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Survivor

Sexually abused, like many others in this world
I've worn the face of shame, with so many to blame
Mental health is my stratosphere, tilted among the normal
An actor who wore many faces, never knowing his own
Murderer of madness with retroactive guilt
Wishing my steps had taken another path
Not the destroyer who left ruins
One who adores family, the living and the dead
Alone in the cage of condemnation
Fantasy of second chance, in life or death
Whatever comes first

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