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Here is it that I rest.

Resting on a used bunk that tax payers
provide.

Inclosed within a six by nine prison cell unit
which surrounds me.

Sitting and pondering ask 'ing desire
inside my structure yearning to be free.

Its like I want to jump out of my body,
as my bones begins to crack while the
limited space around me surrounds
me trying to deprive me.

A hidden desire; however, a new found
desire that I'm placed here on earth to
accoplish but inspire to do much greater
things. As my broken wings from bullet
fragmentation spreads higher.

It widens my eye sight of what my frame
could see.

Breaking the link from the bondage of
the masses of institution that chokes
the life out of are communities.

Right in the four front of are blinded
eyes. Chains as rusty as it gets over
time causes blood to bleed from my risk.

Realization of a firm revalation, this
been endured befor my existance.

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Its a cycle thats rooted with in are
colorful seeds and here is it that I pray
on my knees. Lord allow me to show others
as a whole we could break free from
these modern chains of self destruction
fused with sinful deed, ~~words~~.
words from him but spoke from the
spirit that manifest through me.
The words that I speak is the
words that I bleed.

Glenn Thompson Jr.
11-2-22