

Risked Freedom

prison of sharpers, tending fresh meat
exploitation can garner a treat
wealings with targets upon their hearts
jelly fish within this sea of sharks

cesspool choked with soilage stained souls
hungrily feeding on lies once told
no where is there and no one intones
right virtues, values, mores their own

foolish men laugh to meditate their pain
their cumbersome guilt treated the same
some search for God and others lift weights
for some prison is their final fate

so polish your mettle and sharpen your smile
even if you're here only a little while
take care of yourself: mind, body, and soul
chances are good you'll leave here whole

when you finally pass through freedom's door
don't ever forget, remember the score
cherish your short life, each moment, each day
never again risk your freedom in this way

Scott McJoyet #372656