

My Bower

I fold my ragged pillow into fourths
Trying to sort out the difference
Between inmate and offender
I could be just a pretender but I the offender
Am a defender of human rights
And I set my sights to higher ground
Where the sound of my voice is not silenced
To a sinister whisper but hoisted onto the
Airways of time and change
Things don't have to stay the same and it's a
Shame when the offender stops being a
Defender and "minds their business"
Silence is violence and knowledge is power
Those aren't just words written on the walls of
Your bower.
Now is the time and your mind needs to
Change if you think this business, and it is
A business, isn't your business.

-Hannah Odum