

A Chance To Go Home

By Dorothy M [REDACTED]

You may never understand my contradicting little life
I am the enigma of a law abiding convict in prison
All that I do, is because I want a chance to go home

You may never understand why I can't live reckless
I deprive myself to avoid write-ups and confrontations
The cost to back down is high, but I want to go home

You may never understand why I call my cell "my home"
It's been my home so long and the law says it is forever
I still want a chance to go to my real home and real bed

You may never understand why I panic wherever I'm sick
My fear of dying before I can taste freedom is very real to me
I want a chance to go home before I leave this mortal life

You may never understand why I always live in the past
The law says I may never have a future outside of prison
I still hope for my chance to go home and have a real life

You may never understand why I hate the yearly calendar
Each day leads to nowhere, because there is no EPR date
But I still hope for a chance of a date for board and home

You may never understand why I always seem so far away
In a sea of thousands, I am very much alone and isolated
I want my chance to go home to my own friends and family

While lifers and short-termers see freedom over the horizon
I can only see an empty life and slow death in this prison cell
For me, the law says a pine box is my only chance home