

Soldier On Convict [REDACTED] (A Different Kinda War)  
by [REDACTED]; FCI-Ashland

I sit alone in my cell all dark, damp and dreary  
Reciting my piteous tale to all who would hear me  
I told the man with the badge and the gun what he wanted to hear  
For this, my reward, locked away ten long, lonely years

Though I did nothing wrong, still they made an assumption  
All hope is now lost to this plague of consumption  
Victim of a belief I once vowed to defend  
My vow solemnly kept but their promise they bend

Yet through all this corruption they must open the door  
Till then I fight from my fetal pose as I lie on the floor  
Once more sold as a slave and bought as a whore  
Each day a new battle in a different kinda war

Stripped of title and name and reduced to a number  
"Stop resisting!", they shout, "or feel the god of thunder."  
But I'm cuffed and I'm shackled, how could I resist?  
The "outside world" refusing to believe such moments as this

Naked and sprayed with "OC" then tossed into the SHU  
"Just one little word and it's a pickle suit for you!"  
Still I'm counting the days until they open this door  
Drafted an unwilling soldier in a different kinda war



Give me life or give me death, I plead one or the other  
Your "honor" refused to suffer me the funeral of  
My Mother  
And Brother

Though not even tried or convicted  
Such sin does surely astound  
No more "innocent unless proven guilty"  
For Lady Justice is filthy and corruption abounds

Much more I could say durst it ~~fall~~ me with rage  
Heart shredded and torn the Jaguar paces his cage  
So I wait and I wait, darkened eyes on the door  
A soldier fighting for air in a different kinda war

They tell us what doesn't kill us makes us stronger  
The days grow shorter as the nights grow longer  
Do I truly need to be this strong?  
Soldier on convict...

Soldier on