

## Honest Life

Forgotten is his good  
that is what he fears

Pure are the thoughts  
of rage he harbors  
More is the joy he seeks  
Lost was the boy  
who had no limits  
Now it is he who emerges soaked  
from the depths of prison  
Burnt by shackles  
Scarred by chains  
Reclamation of an honest life  
is all that remains  
Friendship elusive  
with love but a dream  
Nothing and no one to blame  
but a past not worth the breath  
His blood does not allow him  
to forget he is strong  
But how much more will be taken?  
Has it not been enough?  
Society's cistern is deep  
memory long  
Not easily forgotten  
are the evils of one's life  
Nor should they be  
and justice swift  
Watch for redemption  
be sure it is sincere