

# Prisoner

David Worrall 1997.11

An innocent man dies in solitary confinement,  
Using his last weasy breath to protest his innocence.

In the same prison,  
His son, also innocent,  
Is denied his last farewells.

His wife,  
For the dignity of a funeral,  
is dealt a transportation bill  
which she pays, in full.

Why is it that we are so insecure,  
So desperate to prove,  
To force our atheism of natural justice,  
That we have to hurry it along,  
Fuelled by the frenzy of revenge?

How many are there,  
Trapped in prisons,  
By systems  
Unable to accommodate their innocence?

What about these insecure souls,  
With such a slim grip on their inner Selves,  
That they choose to administer this lifestyle?

How many understand that  
There, but for grace, go I.