

Imprisonment

It is fear growing deep inside
Many insecurities surround me
Large amounts of built up tension
Pettrified of what will not be seen.

Titled with a number
No one believing a word I say
Forced to live in isolation, I think
God, what a beautiful day.

Criticized for my actions
Bidding paranoia techniques I've learned
Trying to figure how to ease the pain
Inner peace, have I not earned?

Comfort is not found where I reside
And hasn't been for many years
Because every day I am alone
Which very often brings forth tears.

I wrote this while being isolated on a Temporary
Restrictive Order for reasons I couldn't figure out at
the time.

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