

SHAKEDOWN

you forgot to shine the top
'Sergeant' Freeman
just an observation
about your shoes
made from my cell at 12 o'clock
from behind a door that's tightly locked
everyone is angry
they had TV shows to watch
I wanted to run stairs; 50 more
at least 200 more situps
to feel the sweat form up in drops
drip drip drop off my nose onto the floor
but instead I stand here to observe
'Deputy' Freeman outside my door
the stripes that you lack sir
but strongly desire
take further from my own emotion
where rage and hate
love and patience
compassion, anticipation
have risen up in giant waves
tsunamis, earthquakes
and now the seismometer needle
just flat lines continuous horizontal stripes
around the tape
There is nothing more I have to take
my very soul has chosen to hibernate
I can't get seasoning; no salt or pepper on my tray
but assuredly I may receive 8 oz
of complimentary pepper spray
straight to my face
SHAKEDOWN!!
Rip my drawings from the wall
my thoughts and poetry
on commissary purchased paper
they made me smile

so please defile
any sense of peace
politeness and courtesy
crash constantly into a wall
and lie in little puffs
around my feet
like fairy wings
love, innocent until proven guilty,
and other imaginary things.

~ Azadi
(Cedar Annen Karna)