

THE BLACKBIRD

by Papi 6-17-72

Poetry
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Everyday peering ... out through an exhaustive pattern of steel
Searching ... for a portion where window stains are transparent
Endeavoring to comprehend ... why the things I see are real
Phantasizing ... but realizing that life ... is apparent

Sulking ... in the useless idea of deploring incarceration
Each day longing ... for freedom – but wondering its definition
Astounded at the world and its futile participation
Acknowledging ... everything – allowing ALL ... recognition

Beyond these bars, “The FREE-WORLD” ... to translate confused conception
For it is a misleading society – democracy and the American way of life
Constantly evaluating circumstances and discovering plight deception
I remain puzzled at God’s omnipotence – that’s funny – also about my wife

Pondering my life a struggle, exaggerating ideals I’ve heard
Witnessing ... another struggle ... of one creature proclaimed to be
The ultimate of independence ... an awakening one-legged blackbird
Now inquiring upon my consciousness ... “DO I REALLY WANT TO BE FREE?”

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Note: Phantasizing is a combined word using fantasy and phantom.