

WHAT'S IT LIKE?

by Patrick Kinney

What's it like to live in prison
all the way from the beginning
from such tender years
do you ever feel forgiven

What's it like to live in freedom
to graduate from highschool
to get a job, to go to college
to share a bed with your girlfriend

What's it like to know you've killed a man
are there nightmares, heinous visions
to know he'll never see another day
to know his family will forever miss him

What's it like to have commencement
your career a bright beginning
to own a home, to propose marriage
to see the birth of your own children

What's it like to watch the decades pass
while your only view is fences
your entire world's a tiny room
to know that you may never leave -- never

What's it like to watch your children grow
into adults with their own children
to feel the pride of your achievements
to know you've done the task you were given

What's it like I cannot tell you
it's the only life I've lived in
all the way from the beginning
all the way from the beginning