

## Cell 124

I decided to grow a tree in my cell,  
plant a seed under my pillow, in the cup  
placed on the bars,  
next to the footlocker.

My thoughts the dirt  
dreams shovel in image, pixel  
flashing a commercial break  
brick and steel tap like  
limbs rubbing along the years.  
ring developing trunk.

My neighbor explains the rules  
and regulations for this type of thinking, maybe  
a trimming down or investing in a leafblower—  
or something. *Your mess*  
*is overflowing on my yard.*

Lillies array on my pillowcase  
as insects nest and feed on worry  
like dead leaves.

(They give out tickets for this  
kind of wandering, put you in the hole  
for having so much going on. So be cool.)

In segregation  
I redirect part to what made me,  
contraband tweeting and chirping  
and banging against brick

which first seems to be  
a type of suicide  
but as I watch closely  
turns out to be ignorance  
born in captivity  
I fear it getting worse everyday,  
vines intertwining and jamming the doors close.

An officer drinks from a stream  
flowing out of my cell,  
comes back the next day  
perched like prey in the open hollow hall  
lapping up prison water flowing  
down the broken steps, the officer's eyes  
sighing at a distance, almost  
like praying eyes staring  
deep into a holy hallelujah. I don't know  
if I need to cut or trim,  
shape this denseness of trees,  
vines and laurels; dust, sand and rock.  
Ashes and matter, this Eden.