

## *Barbed Wire Bedtime Story*

The stress of are you good enough: Are you good enough? Over a few walls of wire, dire desires to re-entry, the free world, envy, I have so much the less of plenty; not a government worker, but, I work for the government, they sent me. My blackness works for the D.O.C. So they try to claim every single piece of me. Am I sicker than a coughdrop, am I sicker than an IV with only germs to drip, am I sicker than a doctor taking lives, am I a statistic on the rise, then I close my eyes for the moral of my own story. Once upon a time in a land too close to lift the magick out of, too close for the magick to yield faith. I found love that lead to my imprisonment. Dual manifestations for more prolific than thee old ball and chain. My Existence is all my spiritual accounts drained, the essence of bankruptcy, this living afterlife has made me one camel hump, survival at 125 degrees, Just you wait and see.  
Blue skies. Hold my mystical meadow where not even one flower can grow. To full,  
flower  
flower

potential. And this one day the land closes in on him and transformed every him into a her, and every her into a him, what about then? A freelance tango. Underground understanding was born for mature audiences only. And everyone's soul was a conceptual transplant, smart mold, silly puddy, acid rain, muddy. Rediscovering new definitions of a Heaven inside a windowless high rise. Underground tango 2, a movie unknown to Fandango but, a story so true. And underground understanding became purpose uncovering. Special places where even barbed wire can transform into a vine of tender buds; uncolored new roses and thorns, in real time watch it grow. But, if you never ask yourself am I good enough to "live up to my own dreams," then you'll never know