

THE POLITICAL PRISONER

Can this indifferent concrete and steel breathe?
I live with gloomy desolation and institutional odors,
This fiendish prison is as clean as a hospital,
There are no rats or mice in solitary,
But I never see the cheerful sun or moon and stars;
They secretly wait for me around corners with razor knives,
They sense my engulfing fear,
I am becoming paranoid: will they try to poison my food?

When I allow myself to think about my sweet wife
I think of large blue eyes and a soft voice;
My wife now shops alone in the supermarket,
She lives with a constantly aching heart,
She watches goofy white men on television being bullied
and bested by scornful wives, children and minority
races;
The sleepless nights are the most difficult time to main-
tain self-assurance,
She gazes at the ceiling and doubts her life.

My fair-haired son walks home from school alone and lets
himself into an empty apartment;
Will my boy be proud of his imprisoned father or will he
turn away and flush with confusion when asked about me?

We wait for racial rebirth under a northern sky,
The gleaming sword slumbers again in King Arthur's stone,
We mark time toward the bittersweet end of the new dark
ages,
We will sit with our families in the noon day sun,
There will be an awakening like the first day of the world!