CHAPTER 23

A VICTIM TO PASSION

ROBERT SANCHEZ

I keep reliving a mistake,
Falling victim to a passion,
Which is not in fashion,
When you 're locked up.
I am
I am
I am what I am like.
Gertrude Stein is what she
Is what she is.

Sentenced to a life without passion,
Is what the honorable justice read,
Though the words weren't said,
I heard them that fateful day in my head.

I am not human
Not yet
Not until the parole board
Says I am
So I go on and on and on
Trying to control my passion until I'm gone.
But
The passion,
The love does not understand
The sentencing structure.
The need is deeply etched in a soul
That is parched in a SPIRIT
That refuses to let go of what is natural.
So please forgive me,
Yet again,
For thinking/knowing I can be like them,
Human once again. . . .