

In Prison, Let us Pray

By Robin Lipinski

Tick, tock, sounds of times clock,
Beating and pounding,
Until freedom came for you.

Iron bars,
Rusty stares,
By men younger and older than you,
Have shown you the folly of your ways.

You thought it would be fun,
To frolic in the sun,
And rob those spring break students' blind,
Yet now you see the errors of your ways,
As now you stayed in prison for years.

First you were mad,
Then you were sad,
Until finally you were at least glad you found God.

The prison preacher man,
With a Bible in his hand,
Showed you a better way.

For some, religion is an excuse,
A chance to break monotony of the jailhouse way,
Yet for others, like you, it was a new and challenging path.

So as you walk out into the sunshine,
Refreshed and full of hope,
With intents of being a new man,
Remember your fellow prisoners who also are trying to mend their past.
In this, let us all pray.

The End