

# Daybreak

from PRISON POEMS

It gets inside -- the clash-clang  
as doors explode, emptying men  
from nightmare sleeps, stone  
showers, into lines that scream  
after bread, smoke, the next  
shot of mud -- from ear to feet.  
It gets so cappuccino and latte  
sound foreign to me, recalling  
a time before voices -- the ear  
safe on its pillow, shoulders  
wide, swinging free. And  
no fear of dawn -- no speaker  
going off -- as its warning  
high on walls instructs me.

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