

The Man from Cell 15

A Prisoner

In a cell at the furthest end of the Block
Lives a man in a world of his own.
His body they've trapped and caged within;
But his mind has just up and flown!
His thoughts are of places, and people he's met,
And of wondrous things he has seen –
They've tried many times, but they can't bend the mind
Of the man from cell fifteen.

They've taken away penal-parcels and 'shop,'
All privileges have gone just the same.
The reasons for this was a temper too quick;
Tho' at times he sure wasn't to blame.
He's been many trips to the Punishment Block,
'Bread 'n' water has made him quite lean –
They've tried many times, but they can't bend the mind
Of the man from cell fifteen.

'Screws' banged 'pon his door at dawn's early light,
After keeping him from his night's sleep.
They thought that the din and the rumpus they made
Would make the tired man 'jump 'n' leap'!
On his bunk he lay still, with his strong stubborn will,
And just acted like they'd never been!
They've tried many times, but they can't bend the mind
Of the man from cell fifteen.

Now, to make him be meek, one visit per week,
They allowed him to have, stead of three.
This cost him his wife, and the loves of his life;
The two children who'd sat on his knee.
But he changed, not a bit, tho' alone he would sit;
In his eyes there now burns a bright sheen –
(They might break his heart!) But they can't bend the mind
Of the man from cell fifteen.

Soon his heartaches will mend, tho' his mind just won't bend,
At their own game, he'll beat them, I'll bet.
And I think we might find, that by using his mind,
He'll get freed from his prison-cell, yet!
Then, beware all the fools who bent all the rules;
And abused him with curses obscene –
'Cause they must face the wrath, for crossing the path,
Of the man from cell fifteen.

A Loyal Heart

A Prisoner

From loyal veins my life I drew,
In loyal arms I lay,
From loyal lips the lessons knew,
That led me day by day,
And hushed to rest on a loyal breast,
And rocked on a loyal knee,
They woke and grew ... and thank GOD too ...
A loyal heart in me.

Then came the day for all to view,
When lies and scorn held sway,
Incited by a 'bastion of virtue'
They swore my life away,
But, for good or ill, I am loyal still,
They can decree
To stop the beat or force retreat,
Of the loyal heart in me.

At times I sigh, at times I jest,
'Mid scenes and faces strange,
And yet the years within my heart,
Have wrought little or no change,
A memory of old, ever bright I hold,
Since rocked on a loyal knee.
And for her dear sake ... no jail will break
This loyal heart in me.