

In an Ocean

Prison Life for an LWOP is like slow motion in the expanse of the ocean;
Riding a rudderless raft, without a compass, in the middle of a foggy moonless night, looking for
a search light.

Progress gains measure through wisdom and applied knowledge, welcoming the pains of
attending life's college.

Comparable to the challenges, of apparent defeat, support and love from unanticipated sources,
provides treasured relief.

Though the winds are high and the currents strong, survival requires endurance that is long.
There are caves, cliffs and tunnels, to be navigated, as opportunities reveal one who has
successfully rehabilitated.

Now with tongue, legs, and arm, functioning as rudder, and body as sail, I must remember to
breathe, as I travel this trail.

Prison life for a LWOP is like slow motion in a big ocean. Riding a rudderless raft, without a
compass, during a foggy moonless night.

Straining my eyes to see the beacon of a coastal watch tower's search light.

Please, attend and leave the light on.

RIV (9-8-18)