

The following poems were written by an anonymous poet incarcerated at the Clinton Correctional Facility in New York State.

### Bittersweet Dreams

Even in my dreams I'm not free  
It's funny, there's no bars or COs  
But somehow I know I'm incarcerated  
I've actually become cognizant of my dream state because I realize I wasn't in my cell  
Then I wake up and it's confirmed  
I'm still here  
That sweet taste of freedom turns to ashes in my mouth  
I try to get back to sleep keep reaching for that prize  
That nocturnal disguise  
When I close my eyes  
It's even worth it to realize  
I seem to have access to all my senses except taste, I bite into a slice of pizza and get nothing  
out of it  
But then I can do crazy\shit, like fly or whatever and you are there like in 02  
No, not the HBO series  
I get enough of that in my waking life  
All the strife of count and making the list don't exists  
Nothing but bliss as I lay parallel to my mattress  
And have a tryst with a girl I once kissed.

### Point of Inflection

I was a good kid  
Now I'm a bad man  
Lately I've been tracing my footsteps  
Seeing where I slipped  
Got tripped up and landed in cuffs and shackles  
I always had violent thoughts  
When I was real little I had this recurring daydream about killing birds  
Still, I never considered actually doing it  
The problem is when I got my dick involved  
Associations the talking of life with sexual pleasure like Pavlov's dogs learned ding meant  
dinner  
I became a sinner in my heart and mind  
I started to cross the line, then I come on it  
Even at this point I knew it was wrong  
Gut it wasn't long before I began to justify my obsession  
And soon it took possession of me  
It needed to feed  
Consumed my free time  
I lost my mind then my freedom  
Now I need him to know that he's safe  
I've learned from my mistake  
For his sake and my own  
I'm more careful about where my thoughts roam.

## Glutton for Punishment

Not a masochist per se  
In fact physical pain's anathema to my well being  
But still it's freeing to wallow in self loathing, disposing of this pretense and common sense at my own expense  
I'm my own worst enemy  
No friend of me or confidant, just he who  
Wants to turn the screw and earn a few rebukes and looks of pity from the committee times infinity plus one  
You're me, scary, ain't it?  
I can't explain it but I love to be down sometimes  
It's when I feel most alive,  
Primetime for rhyming and winding up climbing the walls  
I'd rather feel nothing. Isn't that something?  
No, it's something else, a cry for help, A yell, the death knell of my self-actualization  
The realization, in amazement that I've wasted and squandering by pondering  
The very that thing that buries me is the colossal chasm between  
what everybody else thinks of me and what I think of myself.  
One of us has to be right.  
Either way I lose.  
I'm doomed or an underachiever  
Oh well, at least I'm not mediocre  
I feed the ogre inside of me because I have no self respect  
I'd rather be right than correct and just write so I get something tangible out of it  
And really, I'm proud of it  
a little bit  
But a little bit less each day.