



Prison

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I was not accused.
I did not slaughter someone.
I did not go to court for a trial.
And I was not given a sentence.

All I want was to provide my family a good life.
I want my children to go to school
and my wife not bothered of what to spend.
And I want to pay forward my parents.

Here I am in this room,
white, cozy, cool, but mute.
What I hear is my whisper and
what I have are my tired PC and mobile.

This prison has no bars and padlocks.
But a space beyond reach.
A feeling more than longing,
an exceeding sadness.