

Speak Out!

"C'mon Lads! Bang up NOW! Get behind ya doors!

Yours is SIX, on the right, high up on the Fours"

"Bedding's here. Plate 'n' mug, soap and razor as well.

Need an extra blanket?"

"What?! When I'm already burning in HELL?!"

"Speak out mate, cos it might be too much, first night 'n' all"

"Get on the bell, this one here, don't hesitate to call!"

The door BANGS shut! Darkness creeps in. Hard fought tears can't flow.

Anxiety pulses through his veins: "Make this wretched pain GO!"

Won't see his love; can't see his son – lost to his heinous crime.

Regret and Shame, his two new 'friends', huh, they're with him all the time.

No strength, no will, just waiting until the God-awful pain will pass.

A defeated mind, desperate times, really, how much longer can he last?

From the bed, a glimpse across, a numbing calm descends.

What must be done is so clear now, he knows what he intends,

Hours go by, so tired, in pain, lying on the bed.

Peace please come and stop this pain hacking inside his head!

Eyes heavy, body weak

Tears finally break on his cheek

Three months now passed since that first night, still in pain and hurt

But still standing, outwardly proud, in a green and white pressed shirt

At number SIX, with a shudder he knocks and waits; the new guy seems so low

Opening the door, a friendly smile and casually in he goes.

"Speak out mate, if it's too much, first night 'n' all.

I'm the B Wing Listener, so get on the bell, don't hesitate to call"