

His Mother Writes the Warden

Sir, my son was lost. He was home
but couldn't find
home. He said, Can't they

leave a guy alone when he's been
in trouble. I was
really proud—

I hoped..., I noticed...,
I waited...,
I probably sound

I don't know, I have learned
I won't have.
The night started strange. Nobody

seemed clean. These streets are full of whiskey
& widows. Blame other people for my son.
He is now yours.

