

I was Built for Runnin' but I Dream of Flyin'

by

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Livin' in a world of regret begot a
lifetime of regrets livin'
on those mean
 streets
the geometry of
 wrong-turns
and
 dead-ends . . .

but that's a 'hole 'nuddah wayah livin'
 a roll of the dice
snake eyes starin'
 two bad choices
 equal nothin'
 but
 despair

sights bin seen
horrors bin felt
etched in blood on the
walls of memory
an archeologist is needed to
crack the code of
 suffering . . .

but that's a 'hole 'nuddah wayah livin'

a prison bro say his
hood was the block
and on his block
there was nothin' but them
 streets . . .

but that's a 'hole 'nuddah wayah livin'

a prison bro say his
hood was the block
and on his block
there were
 sidewalks
that ran along them
 streets . . .

but that's a 'hole 'nuddah wayah livin'

a prison bro say his
hood was the block
and on his block
there were
 alleyways
that run along them
 sidewalks
that run along them
 streets . . .

but that's a 'hole 'nuddah wayah livin'

a prison bro say his
hood is the trailer park
and there ain't no
 sidewalks
and there ain't no
 alleyways
just
 streets . . .

but that's a 'hole 'nuddah wayah livin'

 a roll of the dice
 snake eyes starin'
 two bad choices
 equal nothin'
 but
 despair

a prison bro confined to a wheel chair
his left body side

paralyzed

from a stroke

he look out on the world from his

right eye

his left eye is

covered with a

black pirate patch

'cause

cancer

took it

but that's a 'hole 'nuddah wayah livin'

he say his only regret in life is

that when his mother died that

his hands were not 'round her throat

chokin' the life out of her for

what she did to him when

he was a boy

how can a man wanna kill his mama?

but that's a 'hole 'nuddah wayah livin'

a roll of the dice

snake eyes starin'

two bad choices

equal nothin'

but

despair

a prison bro say he

been in misery for

three years

his body wracked with

tumors

colon rupture

staff infection

blood clots
and

medical treatments

intended to save him
all tryin' so hard to kill him that
he almost forgot that the
cancer

will

'cause there ain't no cure
hundreds of thousands of dollars of
government money bin spent
to keep his body alive
just so he can die in
prison

yet, no matter how much he crave
death

he cannot be the cause
yet, no matter how much he want to
lash out to make others
pay for his perceived
injustices

he cannot be the cause
it makes his
suffering

all the more
insufferable

he pretend that he not living a
meaningless
anonymous
death

inside some
cave

inside some
cage

inside some

corner
inside some
prison

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a roll of the dice
snake eyes starin'
two bad choices
equal nothin'
but
despair

prison brothers know the
aleness-of-loneliness
waitin' for
Godot
they say he comin' . . .

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