

Reflections

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ODE to Census 2000
- Diana Bowen

Loons on Alamoosook
they are my reward
as I ride the roads so often
to make the count unheard
early in the morning
or calling late at night
fill those little boxes
with marks that must be right
the constitution decreed it
we voted it that way
i wish our founding fathers
could be with us today.

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- By Joseph Staples

The head gasket is blown and a rod is broke,
I can fix it but you can't afford the cost.
The timing is off and these belts are a joke.

It'll take ten hours to fix this four stroke,
There is cold coffee in the waiting room.
The head gasket is blown and a rod is broke.

We will order the parts, of which we spoke,
They will arrive in just five days. Till then,
The timing is off and these belts are a joke.

Maybe this is one fire that you shouldn't stoke,
I say fix it now or it will worsen.
The head gasket is blown and a rod is broke.

My chest is not the chest to poke,
You should check your fluids and change your
oil.
The timing is off and these belts are a joke.

Get it fixed or your car will croak,
It's costly, sure, but you have no choice.
The head gasket is blown and a rod is broke,
The timing is off and these belts are a joke.

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Thoughts in Solitude
-Thomas in Solitude

MY LORD GOD, I have no idea where I am
going. I do not see the road ahead of me. I cannot
know for certain where it will end. Nor do I really
know myself, and the fact that I think that I am
following your will does not mean that I am
actually doing so.

But I believe that the desire to please you does
in fact please you. And I hope I have that desire
in all that I am doing. I hope that I will never do
anything apart from that desire. And I know that
if I do this you will lead me by the right road
though I may know nothing about it. Therefore
will I trust you always though I may seem to be
lost and in the shadow of death. I will not fear, for
you are ever with me, and you will never leave me
to face my perils alone.

Empty Hours
- By Twila Greene

Laughter echoes down the halls where children
used to run.
Shadows linger on the walls, they flicker in the
sun.
Where have all the children gone? Where is all
the play?
Only silence answers back, "They have gone
away."
Are they hiding in the fields? Fishing in the
brook?
Are they romping in the glen or in some secret
nook?
Should I check the tree house, that's hidden off
the path?
Perhaps I'll catch a glimpse of Doug or hear
small Sadie's laugh.
Bill and Greg, come in from play, I've called
you all day long.
"Laurie, it's Jonnie's nap time, will you sing
his sleepy song?"
Murray, Josh, I'm worried now, it's time you
both came home.
Your mother has the supper on and here I am
alone.
But only quiet, no response, no answer to my
cries.
The sound of silence fills my ears and
teardrops fill my eyes.
The sound of silence fills my ears and
teardrops fill my eyes.
For all the young have traveled on. They've
gone to seek their wealth.
And left their mother all alone with failing sight
and health.
Doug, he drives long - distance truck and Bill
he, has been ill.
His wife and children care from him and try to
do his will.
Greg lives in the city two hundred miles away,
He called and said he'd take the time to visit
me one day.
Murray has a wife and lives away in climate
warm.
He likes his life in Georgia and he doesn't miss
the farm.
Larie's not too far away, she drops in now and
then
She brings her little girls with her. I love to be
with them.
Josh had found a job and room far in another
state.
He'd love to come and see me, but he just
might be too late.
Little Sadie's all grown up. She's nobody's fool.
She's studying for her doctorate. Just two more
years in school...
And baby Jonnie, where's he gone? It's been a
long, long time.
He used to love to work with me when he was
eight or nine
But years have passed, I sit and rock on this
old wooden stoop.
There's no more cows and no more kids, just
an empty chicken coop.
From here I can see Rover's grave. He suffered
when they left.
When John and Sadie waved good-bye, he
really was bereft.

But I'll just wait and linger here with memories
galore.
The echoes of laughter and the slamming of the
door.
The old house creaks as if it wants to rest it's
weary bones.
It wants to hold a family near and be a peaceful
home.
But nothing's left but one old lonely woman
worn and white,
Just sitting in the twilight and waiting for the
night.

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Friendship is what comes into the heart of those
who do beautiful and difficult things together

- Abbe Pierre

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Notes from Inside, Volume 2
Talented writers and artists of Hancock
County Jail in Ellsworth, Maine, and former
HCJ residents now in prison, invite you inside
as they reach out through compelling poetry,
essays, letters, and illustrations. Discover more
about incarcerated friends, relatives, and
neighbors as they give voice to their lives and
heartfelt feelings. Following are examples of
some of their writing.

Aging on with that life long hill,
Only to find the inner self remained at a still.
Body and soul felt decay.
Today it's recovery all the way!
Out of the dark and into the light,
Not easy, but I'm winning the fight.
Being down is really tough,
Now I see what's really up.

- Steve

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Coming in is hard,
but leaving is worse.
Knowing you have to start all over again
just like a curse.

- Anonymous

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Cruel Reality
Here I sit in HCJ
Trying to get through yet another day
What will I do to pass the time
I think I'll sit and think about my crime.
If found guilty I'll be going for a ride.
But if not I'll be on the other side.
I've been stripped of my dignity, family
and friends.
How can I look in the mirror again.
If the judge should have mercy on me
I swear to be the man I should be
So here I sit, my future unknown
God, will you please just let me go home.
-D.S