

Paper Prison

J.J.

I can remember sitting
In my elementary class
With a pencil
(They wouldn't let us use pens yet)
With a broken lead
In my hand.
We were writing an essay on
'What I want to be, when I grow up'.
It was a spring day
And the window was open.
But I guess I didn't like spring
Because with the windows open,
I could hear the noises of the world
Going on without me:
The traffic buzzing, the train tooting,
The birds chirping,
But the most depressing thing to hear
Was a plane flying overhead.
That was the sound of freedom!
Oh! I know I should be somewhere else!
Oh! I feel I should be somewhere else!
I want to live!
Goddamnit! I want to be!
God. Look where its gotten me.