**FOR SCOTT**

Chains And Bars Of Hammered Steel.

Bind. Cage. Only Body. Not The Soul.

So Guns And Clubs The Warders Wield.

May Strike Their Blows. Take Their Toll.

For Such A Wretch So Caged As Me.

Who Runs The Gauntlet Of The King.

Yet Pray My Spirit Still Runs Free.

To Face. All Slings And Arrows The Future Brings.

For Stone Walls. Locks. Bars. What Prison Holds.

As Judge Decrees For One As Me For Acts And Sins.

In Quite Bourne Of My Mind Never Holds.

My Being. Nor Traps My Freedom In.

So Yea. Regret. Remorse. Sorrow.

For Deeds Done Undone

May Haunt My Dreams And Could Earth Day

Inside Private Chamber Of My Mind And Heart

I Trust My Vision Of Tomorrow.

Will Set Me Free.

Guide My Stars To A Better Path And Way.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 02/09/2013*

*Anchorage*

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