

Dallas Boyce, AK-2802

WordsUncaged Submission

(Poem)

“Mr. Knucklehead”

I once knew a knucklehead that lived in a cell,
each morning he woke up in a bonifide hell.
He searched through the prison yard each day for a high,
no care for his life or those who passed by.
Other knuckleheads he'd greet with a fist bump or cheer,
but never a programmer or Christian would he ever get near.
Mr. Knucklehead never thought of ever changing his ways,
serving each sentence, just counting his days.
Drugs and violence begat his only life's toil,
lying and cheating to his family he'd soil.
Each case that he caught on the streets or in prison,
the knucklehead's life would never gain him a vision.
Mr. Knucklehead, Mr. Knucklehead please change your plight,
get a new horizon and regain your sight.

There will always be knuckleheads in prison, but things are changing. In the last few years, we are seeing real prison reform taking root. Lawmakers and the CDCR have finally learned to let the right people out of prison, like those who are truly rehabilitated and have served their time. Gee, that's a novel idea. I am no longer a knucklehead and my future is hopeful and bright, thanks be to God!