

Prisoner Poet

George Byles

I am words.

Words are my swords,

words are my saviours.

I sailed away from this suffocating walls,

I navigated away in poetry wings.

Here, where I nearly perished;

Here, where I could hardly breathe,

I transformed myself.

Here, where I found no peace,

condemned by debt,

reminiscent of blue skies.

Here, these smothering stones,

made me become words.

And words converted to currency.

These words,

They saved me.

Anita Foxall

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