***A Definition of Freedom***

the crimped man on the rock  
whose eyes never tire  
peels the wall for a magical crack

he has sat sentinel there  
for 25 years and his encore  
is applauded beyond life's grasp

long-timers have their privileges  
those who wished for death but  
were denied and  
redefined as life’s sentence

so who'd but excuse him  
if he ogles a wall of pendulous weight  
and like Joshua seeks  
a paralyzed midday sun?

he was someone's child, after all  
a *kitty-coo* and looks like Uncle John  
which was "Scene One, Print!"  
now fading on a fish-eye shot  
into his final scene

who knows the apocalyptic quest better than he?  
on Patmos little John could see no clearer

so when he told me  
that one day—the hour he was not sure of as to number—  
but one day,  
"YES! one day"  
the magical crack would fissure  
the Greyhound bus driver would swing  
the hydraulic switch  
the door would *hiss!* serpentine  
and he'd step up, juttingly