***Mother and Lover on Visiting Day (Sandstone Federal Prison)***  
i had never known the power of words  
that one man could harbor such mastery  
in simple language and robot signs,  
"Okay, let's go you guys."

we hid behind each other's nakedness  
as our weapons of nightly passion  
inspected, checked, "Okay, bend over"  
he pronounced like the magician with a wand  
as prison Yard hardened sphincters parted  
in salutes to the flag of his indifference

four short steps away from you  
sequestered in a confessional of flesh  
—*Regulation 19 (b) Examination Before Visits*—  
we recanted the errors of our individuality,  
awaited his blessing, "Okay, you guys,  
get dressed."

as I sit beside you  
his words rearrange the intentions of my gazes  
his echo haunts my ears  
"One embrace when you meet. Another when it's over.  
Okay, you guys, let's go."

when he stole my mother's heart from me  
with a word that made her curtsey  
as if before the Archbishop  
i knew that his blood would always  
be stained upon my fingernails  
that memory would never forgive  
his "Okay, get your arm off her, guy."

in this cloistered room of the children of violence  
i went to the coffee machine, often  
just to feel the comfort of the coin of the realm  
but it only taught me a hatred of freedom

mother left us during the last half hour  
and i walked my fingers in musical display  
on your knee, pounding out a tune  
of yearning from my flesh which no longer bleeds

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your departing hugs  
stuck to my ribs like lashes from a whip  
I struggled to find a kiss  
that would say "I'm fine. Don't worry. I love you."  
but my message was aborted by the snap  
of his jealousy, "Okay, guys, time's up!"

back just four short steps away from you  
*—Regulation 19 (c) Examination After Visits—*  
he boldly took me fervently to himself  
purged me of the lingering desire I had for you,  
"Okay, guys, get dressed.   
It's over, *for now*.”

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