

This one was written sometime in 1983 after I arrived at the Missouri State Penitentiary. I was still trying to convince myself that this wasn't really happening and I still had a chance to reclaim a lost love.

MOON BEAMS

The moon is at half
The stars are shining brightly,
Tell me my Darling
Are you thinking of me?

Each morning I wake
To start a long day,
My mind keeps drifting
To my love far away.

I read your letters
So filled with your love
Those three special words
Gives my spirits a shove.

The day now ending
The moon showing its beam,
Drawing me to sleep
Of my Darling to dream.