

I'M HERE

By Rodney Lincoln 2016

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I couldn't read my children a bed time story and kiss them  
goodnight as I tucked them in. Because I wasn't there.

I couldn't give my mother my last good-byes and tell her that  
I love her before she died. Because I wasn't there.

I couldn't take my sons to a baseball game and share with  
them my vast knowledge of the game. Because I wasn't there.

I couldn't walk my daughter down the aisle at her wedding  
and tell her just how beautiful she was. Because I wasn't there.

I couldn't share the joy of the birth of my grand-child and  
tell everyone how proud I was. Because I wasn't there.

I can't attend the birthday parties of my great-grand children  
and see the joy in their eyes as they open their presents. Because  
I'm not there.

I can't go to the homes of my grown children and share some  
time with them whenever I want. Because I'm not there.

I can't go to the shopping center and browse in the sporting  
goods section and see all the new fishing tackle they have now.  
Because I'm not there.

I can't walk out into the back yard at night to gaze at the  
stars. Because I'm not there.

I can't go into the kitchen and make me a late night sandwich  
because I woke up hungry. Because I'm not there.

There are so many things I can't do because I'm not there.

I'm in prison. I've been in prison for thirty-four years. It hurts  
not to be able to do all these things. Do you know what really  
hurts me? Knowing that I'm innocent and that I should have been  
there all this time. But **I'm not there, I'm here.**