

**Pomes from “Words Without Walls: Writing and Poetry by Women in Prison in Nova Scotia”, published 2007.**

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**Get in touch : [booksbeyondbars@gmail.com](mailto:booksbeyondbars@gmail.com)**

## **MY HOME**

Alone in my cell,  
I see the same things all day,  
Four dingy walls  
And a bean bag to lay.

Some steel on some steel  
A shelf of some sorts  
A few items of clothes  
In my own little fort.

My home has a window  
And even a door.  
Even a telephone  
A vent in the floor.

My home has a cooler  
It's built in the wall  
In the winter it's useful  
Loses its touch come the fall

My home has a door man  
It's called main control  
And even a basement  
Some call it the hole.

My home is my home  
Like it or not  
If I don't smarten up  
Here is where I will rot.

## **“GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT”!**

I nside these four walls  
N o where to run  
'S hhh guard's coming  
T aken away from the world of existence  
(I can't Breath

"I need Air")

I nterrogated

T oo late, you're convicted

U n-willingly taken from my family – my freedom – Do I exist

T ension is building through your body & soul

I nsanity begins to set in

O n my way "yeah" "To court" in shackles & chains

N o one there for you, but you

A nalyzed 24-7

L ooking up at Freedom, the world through a metal net in the extension yard.

I 'll try & keep my head up, one day at a time

Z odia sign says "Too Bad For You"

E nd is not yet soon enough

D one crying for my freedom "I'M FREE"

## **GREAT GRANDMOTHER**

Today I was told

My great grandmother died

I never got to know her

While she was alive

The first memory of her

That lies within me

Is of when we re-met

When I was 16

I have been adopted

And moved far away

So I grew up not knowing her

But loving her anyway

So I sit here and cry

Tears of grief and pain

The few memories I have

In my heart, will always stay

I don't cry just for her

Because she's safe and free

I mourn someone I still don't know

And that someone is me

I always wondered

Who I would be

If I hadn't been given away

My life would have turned out differently

I have two families

Some think I'm blessed

But at good times and bad

It's all such a mess  
Both want me to choose  
Claim loyalty to just one  
But I don't feel like I'm either  
So, who have I become  
Maybe I wouldn't be in jail  
Not able to go to the wake  
But I'll never understand  
Why everything I am, feels fake  
Christine, I'm apologizing to you now  
For not being who you wanted  
I tried and I failed  
And in my heart I'm haunted  
If I'd tried to get to know you  
If I'd taken the time  
Maybe we could have been closer  
And I could have said goodbye.

### **ITS NOT THE HOLIDAY INN**

Don't complain about your stay  
What, what cause you're not at the Holiday Inn  
Don't be buzzing every ten minutes  
What, what cause you're not at the Holiday Inn  
Don't ask if you can go to the program room  
When it's not your turn  
What, what cause you're not at the Holiday Inn  
Don't ya get upset when ya can't get medication that ya want  
What, what cause you're not at the Holiday Inn  
Don't wake upset when there's noise throughout the day  
What, what cause you're not at the Holiday Inn  
Don't trash the Guards when ya don't get your way  
What, what cause you're not at the Holiday Inn  
So it's the end at the East Unit  
What, what cause you're not at the Holiday Inn