



Compassion Prisoner

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Jessica Curlett

I wish I could tell you

What's on my mind,

But I'm not even sure.

When I figure it out

I'll let you know

But I doubt you'll even be there to listen

Even,

If that is all I ask for.

A moment of your time

A second of your life

A minute of compassion

That use to be so great

I couldn't escape it.

But now look at it,

Withered and in pain

Trapped in a cage

Where you put it

Begging for food and water

Of how it got here.

Oh it's existing,

But just surviving.
It's not living,
It's closer to dying
And even still
You won't give
One minute,
One second,
one instant of your time
to heal it;
make it better
with just one reassurance
that this won't last forever.
But even right now
You're not listening,
You're present
But you might as well
Be effervescent
For how real you are
Whenever you come around.
And I use to love that sound
Of your voice
But I barely remember it
Because compassion prisoners

Don't get the convenience

Of music for their souls.