

IN MY BRICK CELL DANCING

I'm in my brick cell dancing.
I imagine your hands on my hips:
We're spinning in circles, laughing and
dancing.

I'm crying and feel so alone.
I imagine your lips brushing me,
and suddenly I'm home and all is fine.

I'm in bed, shivering, tossing, and turning:
I imagine you wrapped around
me.

Now I'm dreaming:
I'm in class, done with this equation.
I imagine you writing me
and I get this tingly sensation.

I'm in court for the last time:
I imagine you sitting next to me,
cheering me on.
Then again, you're all mine.

My time is up and I'm all free.
I don't have to imagine you anymore,
because you're right in front of me.

– *Tempest S.*