

THE INMATE

John L. Kane, Jr.

Such a noble name, Justin. Rippling rights and glories, Full of mother dreams and Father hopes of guns and dogs And other manly things.

A hero in budding, now stilled In rank and file. No more With noble name but numbered, Barred from sun and wind and trail.

The guns and dogs and other manly things Far gone for prisoner boots and cells, No man to follow or to lead, But sit and stand and walk on lines.

Such a noble name, Justin.
Rippling rights and glories
Now lost, and number named.
No mother dreams nor father hopes
Of manly things, but empty space
And echoes down the concrete walls.

