

I'M H E R E

I couldn't read my children a bedtime story and kiss them good-night as I tucked them in. Because I wasn't there.

I couldn't give my mother my last good-bys 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.