

**Title: Doing Time**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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Summary: If here is a test, let's analyse the rest...

If earth was a prison,  
How could we tell;  
If we were fallen from Heaven and closer to Hell?  
Take a look around,  
Listen to every sound,  
Look at what abounds,  
It's not profound;  
It's not a playground,  
When suffering is renowned.  
As children we did glisten;  
Yet did we truly listen;  
Full of derision,  
Whilst finding division.  
Fighting supervision,  
Inciting collision;  
Questioning indecision,  
Whilst comprehending the revisions.  
Whilst they give us cake,  
We think it's all great;  
Yet many turn into fakes,  
Due to making that mistake.  
Where as many heartbreaks,  
Cause some to awake;  
Choosing not to intake,  
No longer to partake,  
In that which makes us ache.  
People who deem them self saints,  
Are often full of complaints;  
Many who say they're a star,  
Often don't see the scars.  
Released on good behaviour,  
Do we really need a saviour;  
Or to control our misbehaviour?  
The idea isn't to live in sin,  
Or even to turn to the gin;  
Yet how can we begin,  
If we don't see we're here in the bin?

Everywhere is full of violence,  
Pretending we have silence;  
Leads to such pretence,  
As an internal defence.  
Instead of seeking guidance,  
For our soul's sentence;  
By truly finding repentance,  
Turning to temperance,  
No longer under endurance,  
By recognizing the hindrance.