

LAST DAY OF FREEDOM

Tomorrow: Prison for forty days.

Better make the most of today...

Drink whiskey chasers with old friends,

keep thoughts of jail at bay...

A pleasant boat trip on the Thames?

Then, make love to his wife?

Would he *suffer*? Whilst inside?

No protection? Violence, rife?

Just blot it out! Those days were gone!

Now, prison was more humane...

He told himself the forty days

would flash by like a train.

But, *would* they? No, the time would drag,

banged up so long each day,

sharing a cell with...God knows who?

Yes, now, the time had come to pray:

Please God, don't put me in a cell

With some murderer on remand.

What is it that I've done, so wrong?

Oh Lord, please help me understand...

The alarm clock proved his saviour, then.

The message was quite clear;

Too much whiskey brought bad dreams.

In future, he'd just stick to beer.

Melville Lovatt

