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**Poem by
Political Prisoner
Jacob Goodwin**

It wasn't very long ago
Although sometimes it seems

I carried on a sacred fight
I had a noble dream

In the hours of the night
When all is dark and still

I think of all the hero's
That in its name were killed

The trails they blazed with flaming sword
I have watched go cold
I hear the beats of a broken heart
Timid where it once was bold

All the ones who walked my path
I knew by deeds and face
Strangers going the other way
My friends they all replaced

My words mean not my deeds in vain
Our noble dream has ceased
I've failed the ones who came before
I gave our enemy's peace

At last I'm left to wander on
I've lived too long I feel



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Death is a friend to all the men
Who today know what is real

I shall not hear, I shall not speak
Neither are of worth
For I walk alone down my path
And it seems our dream is cursed

Few can feel or understand
And that's what gives me grief

Lonely is our sacred fight
No one cares it seems

My place is there beside the ones
On the gallows where tyrants scream

For I am not afraid to try and die
For my forsaken dream