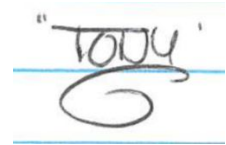


## Today vs. Tomorrow

Tony Triplett

I'm stuck in a place  
where "tomorrow" isn't guaranteed.  
you receive less of what you want,  
and none of what you need...  
anticipating mail,  
commissary,  
and a visit.  
I feel like trash  
by a garbage can,  
waiting to be thrown in it...  
I cry on the inside.  
because tears serve no purpose  
It's like trying to grow a seedless flower.  
Without the surface.  
Without one or the other,  
either can't exist.  
On being locked up for natural life.  
and don't feel missed  
In this place.  
"Today" could be my last  
So I disregard "Tomorrow",  
because "Today" is all I have...



"TONY"  
G