

## AN INMATE EXPLAINS

*William Walden*

One day, in antic mood,  
I filled an interlude  
By drawing up a list  
Of items I don't need  
In order to exist  
And live the life I lead.  
The count, when I was done,  
Was seven hundred one.

The figure staggered me.  
Could my life possibly  
Be judged complete without  
So many things? The doubt  
Grew large and larger, till  
At first it made me ill  
And then destroyed my mind.  
That's why I am confined.

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