

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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