***A Definition of Freedom***

the crimped man on the rock
whose eyes never tire
peels the wall for a magical crack

he has sat sentinel there
for 25 years and his encore
is applauded beyond life's grasp

long-timers have their privileges
those who wished for death but
were denied and
redefined as life’s sentence

so who'd but excuse him
if he ogles a wall of pendulous weight
and like Joshua seeks
a paralyzed midday sun?

he was someone's child, after all
a *kitty-coo* and looks like Uncle John
which was "Scene One, Print!"
now fading on a fish-eye shot
into his final scene

who knows the apocalyptic quest better than he?
on Patmos little John could see no clearer

so when he told me
that one day—the hour he was not sure of as to number—
but one day,
"YES! one day"
the magical crack would fissure
the Greyhound bus driver would swing
the hydraulic switch
the door would *hiss!* serpentine
and he'd step up, juttingly