

So I wait.

- And though the night is cloudy, there is still a light which shines on me.

- Shine until tomorrow, let it be.

I know I am innocent. This is light enough. I may be in prison for a crime I didn't commit, but the truth is out there, and I wait day by day, for it to be discovered.

- I wake up to the sound of music, Mother Mary comes to me.

- Speaking words of wisdom, let it be.

My music now is the sound of women ~~and~~ wailing through bars and the sound of wheels of medicine carts rolling along the hard floors of the echoing halls. My music is the music I make myself, the songs I remember, this song.

- Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be.

- There will be an answer, let it be.

- Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be.

- Whisper words of wisdom, let it be.

So I wait. The waiting is pain because it is waiting without life, as life passes me by, but I'm waiting still, because it is all I can do. I think about my freedom and it is what I do to keep going, because I know I will be free. I will be with my family and my friends and I will be able to live the life I've always seen myself living: traveling, having children, writing, speaking, helping, dancing, free. Loving. Here is no place for love. I need to be with the people