

Wrongful Imprisonment

Human senses harnessed by the gift of Life;
tools for navigating our perilous rock.
Raised by love, nurtured by positive vibes,
living abundantly within our provided stock.
Happy animals, digging dirt, riding bikes,
amidst lessons following, with plenty to learn.
Bask in these amenities up the sky as I like,
while practicing self-sustenance as provision to earn.

Wings now growing on the path to success,
obstructed by love's irrational, extreme control.
Verbal harm, per malice, without mention of redress,
yet assigned to fulfill their desires so selfish and cold.
Must I guilt myself for my purported, humanly wrongs,
whence these fears have disappeared from youth?
Coerced in navigating figmentary eggshells from now on,
handcuffed by immature authoritarianism I rebuke.

Adjust expectations, not of me but for them,
as the approvals I seek and carry will impress.
Years fly by, searching this cause from its stem,
blossoming continuously, yet living with this mess.
Amalgamation of knowledge used for utilitarian progress,
in the office, so approved; but at home, very unhappy.
Monetary gain mocked as lack of better success,
repaying my karmic debt, with health declining rapidly.

Found true love, reminiscent of shared acceptance,
to which this life requires advancement next.
Tyrannical shaming for finding this romantic existence,
projecting my own flaws mercilessly, unsolicited in jest.
This founded bond, now focused for my other half's protection,
corroborated with loyalty and respect, fully missed.
Slandorous feedback in reaction, relegated by projection;
thus, ventured into writing, as these toxicities I will list.

Gratitude to therapy for curing these worthless pains,
as my birth and life goal must advance in living.
I shan't forget after my release: the extreme disdain,
to satisfy their selfishness—so cruel and unforgiving.
Expressing my former environment need not receive sympathy,
closing wounds from narcissism's unabated incisions.
Having served this unpunished sentence under others' insecurity,
winged officers above have signaled: I've been wrongfully imprisoned.

KRIS CABALLERO (MARCH 18, 2026)

Note

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