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## Who I'm Is

You wouldn't believe I'm doing time  
for a man who doesn't even write me  
I've been hurt really bad by a man who  
didn't even fight me  
Being harassed by people who already  
have me  
And still being cut by those who already  
stabbed me  
I've kept my place thinking, alone I can  
beat this  
Already incarcerated but I'm still  
being frisked  
"Talk to me, talk to me, tell me what  
you know"  
You think I think you're gonna help  
me? On my forehead must be written  
"Dodo"  
Now it's time to give my life on the  
cross or in the street  
I could tell on everyone but inside  
would I really be free?  
They think they'd only be taking away  
a testimony on some other dealers  
But in reality they'll be taking away  
my heart, and that doesn't make  
them helpers, but stealers  
What do I do at this point, should I continue  
my adamant fight?  
Is going home to be a mother or staying  
quiet in jail what's right?