

# **The Prisoner's Lament**

By Colin McGregor, YLC tutor

**Been in jail a long time, far from civilization  
Cut off from the news and affairs of the nation.  
Truth be told, these are things I don't miss all that much  
But to move with the times I stay loosely in touch.**

**To keep in the know the best papers by far  
Are the *National Enquirer*, the *Globe* and the *Star*.  
I don't need no *Gazette* or no *National Post*  
For my tabloids tell me what I need to hear most.**

**Did you read of the CIA plot 'gainst the Queen?  
Or the Weight Watchers meal that will make you turn green?  
Or the one about dogs – you may think I'm a joker  
But honest, they've trained Basset Hounds to play poker.**

**The tales I like best aren't of human construction.  
They deal with the topic of alien abduction  
When extraterrestrials visit our sod  
To take human away, and to poke and to prod.**

**Seems they've kidnapped a gaggle of stars in the news  
From Elvis the Pelvis to hunky Tom Cruise  
Who was swapped for a clone after his epidural;  
But targets of choice for abductions are rural.**

**Said Mabel of Kansas: "They came after dark  
And they landed right here, in our own trailer park!  
And they kidnapped my husband! No clue where they'd go  
When they dragged him asleep from our Winnebago."**

**Oh why won't the aliens come kidnap *me*?  
Their whole rationale is not easy to see.  
They fly in their saucers, they land in a flash  
But they seem to prefer mobile homes, and white trash.**

**I'm a prisoner in prison who sure would aspire  
To be spirited away – that's my heart's true desire.**

**'Cause any old place would be better than here  
Where we live life in squalor, in sadness, in fear.**

**Compared to my cell Mars looks very appealing  
I would easily adjust – at least, that's what I'm feeling.  
Some flowers and trees, and just maybe a dome  
And I'm sure I could make the Red Planet my home.**

**The Raëlians can tell you the Martians mean well.  
Any place would be better than this hoosegow hell.  
Why this preference for trailers? What's wrong with a jail?  
Come and get me, I'm waiting; I'll leave without fail!**

**I've tried to attract them with this tinfoil hat  
Still they leave me to rot in here – what's up with that?  
I'm losing my patience. I guess that I'm stuck.  
Where's my *National Enquirer*? It's back to my muck.**