

Poetry Series

**Amal Hassan**  
**- poems -**

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**Amal Hassan(14/02/1989)**

# Empty Cell

An empty cell is where he sits  
All alone with no chance of being freed  
He has to serve his time and until it runs  
Out, this inferno will be his home.

Many men have died behind these walls  
The 'forgotten ones' we call them  
Because no one in society remembers  
Their passing on.

Many young lives go wasted behind these  
Escape proof walls. They're stuck in what seems  
Like a never ending hell, they're days are spend  
Numb, as they sit in solitary isolation.

Just because they have been kicked out of  
Society it doesn't mean that their not human  
Anymore. They feel pain just like we do, they  
Cry tears filled with dew and even they are  
In search for the one. So, you can see we are  
Not that different after all.

People make mistakes, some worse than others  
But, who are we to judge. Leave the judging to  
God above. A sin is a sin, one is not greater than  
Another one. Surely we can afford to wake up and recognise  
People as people and not just mere statistics on a list.

Amal Hassan