

Jens Bjrneboe

"The Good in Me"

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I

Oh, brother, you may not believe this:
Once I was quite antisocial
I raped, assaulted, stole and whored
On this our lovely earth
Until prison wakened my faith in good
I was deviant and almost mad
Until made normal in solitary confinement
Oh brother, you may not believe this!

Oh, brother - you my brother!

II

My new being was born through trials
Morality was taught me in the jailyard
The good in me born behind bars alone
In solitary I became sociable
My new being longed for something higher
The environment wakened my faith in good
Oh, brother, you may not believe this!
But listen to what a matured man will tell you:
Prison arouses all the best within you!

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