

# Inside

Overcrowded, they say, is my new prison home,

I'm surrounded by others, and yet so alone.

I DO NOT BELONG HERE, stuck with many that do,

But innocence means nothing; no-one cares what is true.

The police hit their targets, another rapist is jailed,

Not the unthinkable truth – our justice system's failed.

But why would someone make it up? What's the motivation?

Certainly couldn't be: attention, mental health, financial compensation.

No matter my protests, 15 strangers said I raped her.

An innocent man, a good honest man, turned a criminal on paper.

Proof is not needed; one person's word is enough,

Defending yourself, proving a decade-old negative is too tough.

My whole life is ruined, this just isn't fair,

But outwith my close friends and my family – who's left to care?

This newspaper article, is not all it seems,

Falsely convicted, and robbed of my dreams.

A father, a husband, brother, uncle and son

Is now just a prisoner, the liars have won.

My rights and life stolen, by those that have lied,

No longer a person, just another number — *inside*.