

# PRISON POLITICS

INTERCOM: "COUNT TIME, COUNT TIME"

WORD IS GOING AROUND THAT A GANG IS MOVING IN ON ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS FOR ENGAGING IN HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVITIES. USUALLY, ONCE WORD GETS TO ME, IT'S ALMOST WRITTEN IN STONE. IT WEE HOURS IN THE MORNING, THE CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (C.O) HAS JUST WALKED THROUGH AND DID COUNT, THEN ALL OF SUDDEN, "BAP, BAP, BAP, BAP" (SOUND OF A LOCK-IN-A-SOCK CONTACTING HUMAN FLESH). BEING THAT THE GANG WAS JUST SENDING A LIGHT WEIGHT MESSAGE THAT , "NO MEMBER OF THEIR'S WAS GOING TO BE ENGAGING IN HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVITIES. THE MEMBER WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE AND RUN TO THE FENCE WITHOUT HAVING HIS LIFE TAKEN BY THE LOCK-IN-A-SOCK.

ONCE HE RAN TO THE FENCE, IT WAS PRETTY MUCH OVER, SO I DID LIKE EVERYONE ELSE AND PLACED LIKE I WAS SLEEP. MY HEART STARTED RACING ONCE THE

LIGHTS CAME ON. THEN CAME THE C.O.'S SEARCHING FOR EVIDENCE. THE ONLY PERSON UP WAS THE GUY AT THE FENCE.

, WHO WASN'T GOING TO SAY ANYTHING RIGHT THEN AND THERE BECAUSE, FIRST OF ALL, NO ONE WANTS TO BE KNOWN FOR SNITCHING THAT SNITCHES. SECOND, THIS WILL AUTOMATICALLY SEPARATE THE HOMOSEXUALS. HE KNEW THAT EVERYONE WAS PLAYING SLEEP; AND WOULD STAY LIKE THAT UNTIL THE LIGHTS WENT OFF.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU HAD TO USE THE BATHROOM, YOU BETTER NOT GET UP OR LET THEM SEE YOUR EYES OPEN! BECAUSE IF THE C.O.'S CAUGHT YOU UP WALKING AROUND, THEY WOULD AUTOMATICALLY THINK THAT YOU HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPEN OR THAT YOU SEEN SOMETHING. YOU COULD HEAR A PIN DROP, NO ONE BULGE. SO THE GUY AT THE FENCE LET IN HANDCUFFS AND EVERYTHING WENT BACK

LIKE WHAT IT WAS, OR TO WHAT WE THOUGHT IT WAS. A FEW DAYS LATER, RUMOR STARTED TO CIRCULATING THAT THE GUY AT THE FENCE THE OTHER NIGHT WAS SNITCHING. BEING THAT I KNEW THAT I WASN'T INVOLVED WITH THE BEAT DOWN,

I PAID IT NO MIND. THE NEXT DAY, ABOUT TWENTY TOO THIRTY C.O.'S CAME STORMING UP IN THE UNIT. THEY HAD THE LOOK IN THIER BODY LANGUAGE THAT THEY WERE COMING FOR BUSINESS TO LOCK SOMEBODY UP. WITH HANDCUFFS IN THEIR HANDS DANGLING EXTACTICALLY, EVERYONE AUTOMATICALLY SUSPECTED TROUBLE. DUE TO MY BUSINESS BEING LEGIT, I THREW MY LEGS UP ON THE CABINET IN A RELAXING POSTURE AND FIRED UP A CIGARETTE. OUT OF MY PERIPHEAL VISION, I SEE TWO C.O.'S COMING MY WAY. I'M TRYING TO ACT LIKE I AM PAYING THEM NO ATTENTION, BUT THE FEAR HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED WITHIN ME TO FEAR SOMETHING BAD FOR MYSELF WHEN THEY COME AROUND. I'M STARTING TO ACT LIKE I AM RAPPING TO MYSELF AND PUFFING HARD ON THIS CIGARETTE. "I KNOW THIS SUCKA AIN'T TALKING TO ME?" AS I HEAR ONE OF THE C.O.'S SAY "CUFF UP!" I TRIED HARD TO BLOCK

THE VOICE OUT OF MY HEAD, AND THEN I HEARD IT AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME HE PLACED A NAME ON IT, "SALONE CUFF UP!" WHEN EVER THE NAME SALONE IS USED, IN ANY PART OF A SENTENCE, IT'S TROUBLE, SO NOW MY HEART IS BEATING OUT OF CONTROL. SO I MADE THE DREADFUL TURN OF MY HEAD TO SEE WHERE THE VOICE WAS COMING FROM. HOPING THAT MY MIND WAS PLAYING TRICKS ON MEOR SOMETHING

*end of part one*