

The Rain That Didn't Stop Falling & Pg 1

They ^{physical} say that concrete can drain a man's energy, but what about his soul? I ponder this fact as I lay ^{naked and} shivering on the ~~concrete~~ ~~core~~ concrete slabs that protruded from the wall of my cell.

Angry abrasions burn my hips from laying here. The rectangle window above my head is spray painted black. Letting ^{no} light in and letting ^{light} none out.

The clanking of handcuffs can be heard in the sullyport. The idle chit-chat of correctional officers is loud, but indecipherable.

A homosexual by the name of Le'Quesha has been banging on ~~the~~ every surface of his cell, with what I am assuming is an ~~odorant~~ ^{plastic} bottle. He is "going to war" with a young white inmate named D. Le'Quesha goes to war ^{with} everyone. And sometimes I wish I ^{could} ~~was~~ strap a bomb to my chest scream, "Allahu Akbar" and ~~it~~ blow him to pieces, but ~~he's~~ well versed in the "art of being an ad-seg warrior." ~~He~~ Many has tried, but no one has had ~~the~~ enough ruthlessness to bring him down. He is a tyrant.

I turn on my back. My stomach ^{concerns} ~~concerns~~

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my ~~to~~ ribcage and pelvis protrude. I tap on
them both with my knuckles. The tapping
makes a ~~hollow~~ sound ~~that~~ ^{that sounds} ~~like~~ ~~the~~ ~~trunk.~~ like
thumping on a hollow tree ~~trunk.~~

It has been days ~~since~~ ^{since} I last ate.

Every so often a tear would burn my
eye ducts. Falling down my cheeks to my
lips. Their saltiness taste like manna.

I stand on wobbly legs. My toes curl
involuntarily on the cold and filthy floor.

I run my tongue across my coat-
ed teeth for the umpteenth time. Feeling
the jagged edges of my once beautiful chompers.
My smile has been compromised, but I am not
sure how. Maybe an envious C/O had done
it when they cut my ~~whole~~ unconscious body
from the heating vent in my last cell.

I can still ~~hear~~ ^{hear} the C/O's talking.
"What time is it?" I yell
"Hammer-time", ~~one~~ ~~del~~ ^{mocks} one

Making my way to the stainless steel
mirror above my toilet/sink. I see that
my life has a perfect cartoonish black
~~ring~~ ring around it. Someone has "dotted my
life" so to speak.

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I glance down to see a stew of urine
and human waste in the toilet. It has been
there so long that a brown algae has
~~conjoined~~ conjoined at its bottom. I am unsure
if it belongs to me or the person who was
here before me. In it floats an ~~apple~~ apple core.

My throat feels as if I've swallowed rusted
bobwire. I push the circular button on the
toilet/sink. The sprout~~s~~ makes a hissing sound,
but no aqua.

A sleeve of ~~of~~ styrofoam cups can be seen
on the control centers edge, taunting~~ing~~ me.
~~Then~~ I am too weak to yell that I am dying
of thirst. My head reels and I almost lose
consciousness. The black space in the distance
seems so welcoming. I stumble to my resting
place and dive into the darkness - - - -

To be Continued - - - -

Cedric Clark is an ~~inmate~~ inmate in the
Missouri Department of Corrections, who was
certified as an adult (He was 15 years old at
the time of his crime) and sentenced to an uncon-
ditional life w/o parole for murder in the first

The Rain That Didn't Stop Falling Pg 4
degree. The ~~no~~ Rain That Didn't Stop falling
is about a serious ~~and~~ suicide attempt
that he made in 2006 at the time he had
8 years in at the age of 23.