

"Houston, we have a problem"!

I am born & raised in Houston, Tx, currently incarcerated in Maine. Anyone that has been or is incarcerated understands the instinctive fear of the unknown and/or that we can't control. I have personally experienced the ~~resiliency~~ resiliency of Houston (A.K.A "H-Town"), a city of 6 million plus residents with a land mass of 600 square miles, having been through numerous hurricanes (e.g. Katrina, Rita, Ike, etc.). The city has upgraded and employed drainage systems to withstand periodic flooding as has been caused by long durations of heavy rain. One of the city's nicknames is "Bayou City", after all its bayous. The adverse effect of having bayous is that flooding of "historic" or even 'significant' proportions causes them to overflow into the city - causing damage and devastation on commercial areas mostly.

From what I've been hearing about how this natural disaster transpired, it was worse than initially expected and caused catastrophic damage. I am dismayed and saddened by how badly the turmoil and distress has impacted not only Houston but the entire nation. Thankfully, countless people & organizations are volunteering and donating, in addition to state/federal governmental agencies.

Regardless of "who you are" (i.e. despite race, class, nationality, religion, etc.) the disaster brought tragedy to the door steps of many. My parents had to be evacuated and are ~~being~~ sheltered in a hotel currently. They left my childhood home on Wednesday with 6 inches of water in it. I am overwhelmed with distress, disbelief and amazement. It yanked on my heart to hear my mother answer the phone crying because the damage described was so bad it hurt her to hear from neighbors. I realize the sentimental value and attached having been raised there. I can imagine the fact it represents "decades" of investments, sacrifices, and labor to my parents; exacerbating whatever it is I feel underlying the numbness. I feel both connected to my family; and the situation, yet "disconnected" and helpless at the same time. This the harsh reality of being incarcerated.

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