

I AM

I AM an animal behind a glass cage. I AM the filth you step over and choose to ignore. I AM a number, a forgettable string of digits on the computer screen.

Stuck in the quicksand of D.O.C., I AM a witness. I have seen such cruelty, yet I know there could be more. A man gets boiling water across the face, he screams in the hallway. It's none of my business.

Our fire exits are always locked. At least there hasn't been a fire. Yet. There's asbestos in the ceiling.

I never planned to live forever. I AM content with being voiceless here; those who speak up never stay.

I AM a man who knew a man. He had liver cancer; they gave him six months to live. They told him they would get him out early; he stayed for the six months. He vomited blood all over the guard's bathroom. It was like a murder scene from a horror film. I AM the one who had to clean it up.

I AM patient. Staff members come and go, but we? We stay. A warden and a guard, both liked the drink, forced to leave. Staff members fired for inappropriate behavior, stealing, and just getting sick of this place. Others got fired for doing their job properly, making the Powers that Be look bad. The Worst of the Worst are forced to leave for treating us like humans. I AM sick of this place.

I AM tired. Tired of the politics that put me here. Tired of the games they play with our lives. Tired of the fear they push on me and the rest of the American people like some sort of drug peddler. I Am tired of being seen as less, I AM a human, too.

