

Mail Call

Standing at the door of my cell, looking through the expanded metal covered windows, I watch as the "Boss" walks by. No mail mail for me tonight.

Blam, blam, blam go the dominoes being slammed on the stainless steel tables, drowning out the other noises, a split second at a time. There's no pattern, no rhythm, just mind numbing popping that continues endlessly into the night, robbing me of my sleep and my sanity.

Heat and humidity cover me like a wet blanket, suffocating me slowly, wearing me down physically and spiritually. There's a nine inch, plastic fan blowing on my damp skin, but even with it on high, it does little to relieve the slow smothering, during these summer days.

Amidst the gun fire like popping of the dominoes, men are arguing about sports. It's like they think the loudest will win, so they scream until they're hoarse with no defined winner at the end of what can go on for hours.

My calls to home start to go unanswered. Excuses made when they are accepted, and fear keeps me from saying anything. How can I complain? What right do I have? And what good would it do for me to be one of those guys who does? I've started to call less and less so that I don't have to deal with the disappointment and the hurt.

Money that used to come regulary, no longer does so. My account dwindles and what used to be a nice bit to fall back on, has become stoney and rough, with no padding to speak of.

Days come and go in here with nothing to define one day from another, but the deaths of friends and family who die with-

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Waterless

out you and who become something else, something surreal for lack of closure, nothing to place it in your mind but a letter or a phone call.

I count the days in this place, the days between lockdowns, the number of days I go without hot meals, the days between visits. I count them, but they become lost with the next counting.

I can see no end to this road that I'm on except for my death and I'll pray for it long before it finds me. May it be sweeter than my life has been or will be, before I get there.

Blam, blam, blam, ring, ring, ring, men yelling till they are hoarse, and the "Boss" walks by with the daily mail but does not stop. I wipe the sweat from my brow and sit to make out my commissary "wish list" for the day to come, hoping without hope to make it one more time. Blam, blam, blam, and no one answers when I call.

The End

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