

No Response for the Unresponsive

"Why do people use drugs? Maybe the inescapable pain of reality. Maybe past hurts or regrets. Maybe reasons unknown to anyone but themselves. Could be a combination; a myriad of things.

We have each had our ups and downs. Our own trials and tribulations. Our own experiences; be they good or bad, we've all had them. That is part of being human. That is part of life, for which there is no escape. Or, maybe there is...

Not any one of us can escape the nature of being human. The thoughts we think and the emotions we feel are just as natural as the beat of our heart. But some... Some are not able to cope with the pain in their hearts. It's as if they have

experienced a sort of emotional arrhythmia which they are unable to handle. The question therefore would be, how to restore its lifelike rhythm?

Many hearts have been broken. Weathered by the storms of life. Tossed about by heavy winds; drenched by torrential downpours. They feel weatherbeaten; battered. But for all of us, due to our very own seasons, we have all felt this way. Once again, that is human nature being just what it is. Nothing more. Nothing less. It simply is.

Many generations ago, the drug epidemic began. Addiction gripped those who least expected it. Held on tight and wouldn't let go. Squeezed the very life out of them!

No doubt, those on the outside had the seasons that led to the storm. But being on

the inside, I can definitely see what, other than the raging waves of everyday life, sent them plunging underneath. Down deep into the abyss. Some rose back to the surface. Some sank even further, drowning. No life guard. No life jacket. No lifeline. The only anchor is their drug of choice. Weighing them down. Keeping them down.

Some bobbed up and down. Fought to stay afloat. What made the difference in whether they sank or swam? I wonder what the outcome would have been if someone had thrown them a lifeline? A life saved, perhaps. And I'm certain that they would have appreciated that lifeline more than anything other than the life already given to them initially.

This relentless epidemic has sadly spread within the confines of the prison walls.

Claiming the lives of those whom already feel as if they have no life left in them. They find no solace in anyone or anything other than what is plentiful and readily available. What is the easiest escape route for so many. Too many! If only they would stop and realize that this road only leads to destruction. And for some, unfortunately, death.

Sadly, we lost one not long ago as a result of this problem. Tragic! This poor, young lost soul had not even reached the age of thirty! And if that was not grievous enough, in only a few more months she would have been released! Free! Free physically. Perhaps not mentally or emotionally; but that was something which was achievable if she truly desired it. To be released from an environment

in which may have been the sole source of motivation for descent, was half the battle won.

Fluvanna Correctional Center for Women has never been without its fair share of problems; insurmountable.

As I sit here at this very second in time, movement has once again been delayed.

The reason, another one unresponsive. Possible drug overdose; especially considering the building in which the medical emergency call came from. This is so sad. I am told that she flatlined and medical staff were working frantically to revive her. The ambulance has arrived, so I am sure she is on her way to the hospital fighting for the last of her breath, if they were even able to help her gain it back.

Why is no one within this administration acknowledging what is clearly an issue? They continue in the act of prevarication, hoping that the problem will solve itself and that people out there would never have to know that these cinderblock walls are closing in and suffocating people! Squeezing the very life out of them.

In my very foreloren conclusion, I need people out there to know that we are fighting an uphill battle in Fluvanna. It is similar to rock climbing in that sometimes you miss your foothold. Greatfully, some make it to the top of the mountain. But too many come plummeting back to the ground. Six feet under."

Written by

Chanel Burnett