LWOP and a CAGE/CELL MATE?!

In Pennsylvania's prisons prisoners are made to double cage/cell, unless they're crazy, anti-social, aggressive homosexuals, handicapped, or just know somebody of authority. This makes it a problem for Lifers such as myself.

I have thirty-NINE years served and counting, and I've seen the good, bad, and ugly when it comes to sharing a modern day cage/cell with another man. It's frustrating and even more dangerous to say the least.

Lifers having to occupy a cage/cell built for one is far beyond ... "Cruel and Unusual Punishment". Granted, some Lifers and Non-Lifers, who've accepted being carried out of these Hell Holes in body bags, welcome cage/cell mates, for obvious reasons, but let's not go there.

I just know double caging/celling isn't good for Lifers in general in the sense that the psychological impact of sharing a cage/cell with someone doing short time, long time, or any kind of time is torture, especially since the A-Code for Lifers and Long Termers has been ignored under the guise of prison overcrowding, which is total bull\$#&#!

Lifers sharing cages/cells with other prisoners have different perspectives about many things, which limits what they have in common, save for our prison garb and skin color in most cases. For example: My former cage/cell mate was a slob, smoked, snored like a bear, farted and was outright obnoxious. I was always neat and clean. He wouldn't use headphones, but I used them at all times. He was a cage/cell hugger.

I was gone most of the day, but it would've been nice to have a little solitude, just five minutes would've been enough for some much needed relief. He was inconsiderate and disrespectful. I was over considerate and always respectful. This fool got sick and purposely tried to share it with me, which only added to my already stressed situation and made me wanna holla, scream, shout, and eventually eviscerate this bastard with a sharpened plastic knife. That's how maddening sharing a cage/cell was for me.

But, for Lifers who refuse to be carried out of these Hell Holes in body bags, there's a much larger objective for us to cultivate, which is ... GETTING FREE, BEING FREE, and STAYING FREE by all means possible. Thus, we must tolerate a lot of stuff from fellow prisoners and guards. Of course, in my case, my objectives and my prayers gave me the strength to control my decadent urges to break those silly, mindless former cage/cell mates' backs and necks, because I didn't know how my overall objectives and prayers were going to hold me back, or if God was listening to the prayers I sent Him through Jesus Christ because my cage/cell mate kept right on with his despicable crap! So, I finally got to the point where I was finally going to break his ass down! But before I did I was called to see the Psychologist, where I expressed my desire to be single caged/celled. This dame actually laughed at me. I let her know that I was either going to have a single cage/cell in General Population or on Death Row, then slammed her door on the way out.

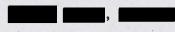
Twenty minutes later the Goon Squad came and got me and took me to the Restricted Housing Unit/RHU/THE HOLE, where I did fifty (50) days, and was let out and given a Z-Code, which is crazy!

Anyway, as Lifers in Pennsylvania and across this Great Nation, we should be given a choice of having a cage/cell mate, but the Bureaucrats/Prisoncrats see dollar (\$) signs and refuse to adhere to reason when it comes to Lifers' requests of <u>NOT HAVING</u> a cage/cell mate.

So what's left for us Lifers to do, especially when Bureaucrats/Prisoncrats vehemently state that, "LIFE MEANS LIFE" and our options are few and getting less by the second?

What happens **WHEN** us Lifers truly get fed up with cage/cell mates' and Bureaucrats'/Prisoncrats' bull\$#&* and hope is no longer "springing eternal", or in any other way, shape and/or form?

SHHHHHH ... I can hear hundreds of LETHAL INJECTIONS beckoning, and though I now have a single cage/cell, mines is still beckoning the loudest. Which means I'm still Halfway Between A Happy Meal and A Homicide.



aka Baye Camara