

Being placed into handcuffs had an instant effect on my mind. My life is going to change. I am not going where I have been and I am being casted, unwillingly, into the unknown while everything I have ever loved is going to be taken away.

Prior to my incarceration Aug. 7, 2008 I had a 1973 Lincoln Continental, a 2006 Suzuki Forenza, a five piece Pearl brand drumset, Desktop computer, cell-phone and pictures of those close to me, hanging on the wall, inside my quaint mobile home.

All of those material things, I took for granted now became the object of my longing as I stand here, naked, in a strip cell as a sheriff deputy observes my exposed body. The deputy has taken everything on my person: Black Jeans, black boots, black t-shirt, green underwear and a pair of white socks along with my wallet and long chrome chain that hung from ~~my~~ there and ~~attache~~ attached to the belt loop on my jeans. I had been drinking that night and still haven't grasped the paranopy of my situation.

Now the deputy is issuing what I will now have as a County Corrections inmate. I am given a two piece jumpsuit with red and white stripes, no underwear, and a pair of hard flat sandals with no socks. Then I'm given a white laundry basket, in it are two white sheets, a pillowcase, and a blanket. A blanket in

August? I will soon find out that this jail is cold all year - uncomfortably cold; Men you know what I mean - ladies the same thing that happens after removing your bra in cool air will happen when a man has no underwear in 60° structures. After a meal with green gravy covering a dry grey and brown roll with cold grits, in portions that wouldn't fill the belly of a small child, I soon choose to fall asleep.

Later I am brought out from isolation given a pair of leg irons to prevent me from walking more than 1 m.p.h. and my hands are cuffed then chained to my belly with a waist chain, that locks behind me. This is normal procedure for every County inmate being transported to court, the belly chain will be removed before seeing the judge leaving me with cuffs and leg irons. This creates a submissive and guilty complex that I was never able to overcome.

It is not until after court I am then escorted to the general population. It's at this time I am issued a pillow, the size of a vinyl record and as thick as a standard paperback book. Secondly a mat, not to be confused with a mattress, is issued. This mat is six inches shorter in length than I am tall and as thick as the sole of a shoe.

Entering my new dwelling of a 6' by 9' cell I observe my new bed, a double steel bunk painted diarrhoea brown, a window so narrow I couldn't hope to see where I had come from, a single ~~sink~~ sink and toilet made of . This is it, I have arrived at what feels like my final destination. The once good mood that was maintained by those little material things by in a material world (i.e. pictures, pets, cars, food, a kitchen to cook in, green grasses with old towering oak trees) are gone. They are replaced with green and white painted cinderblock walls pressing into my mind, there are no pictures, no T.V., no Radio broadcast. The floor brown and lifeless with everything else slam my mood downward into its lifeless abyss. It's inevitable I begin to weep, it's a very selfish weeping. This weeping is for my own losses brought on by my own actions, everything I'd worked for is gone, curled up on the cold floor, in the far left corner of the cell I found a place, a place to be alone in my grief in a place where I thought I could have nothing.

Soon, emptied of tears, I rise dry my eyes, face and nose. I never had visited that weeping corner again, I began to change even so slightly after that point. I looked at myself as undignified so I began to reclaim my dignity, as much as my circumstances would allow.

Three-hundred and fort eight days later I am convicted and sent to prison. There everything is stripped away, once again, but the few things I accumulated in jail were of no consequence, but they do let me keep legal papers, medication and eyeglasses. I am issued clothes to wear, but not after a visual