

Jail Story

I awake to that awful sound. Breakfast is at 5:00 AM. Afterwards I go back to sleep because I was not able to go to sleep until 11 because people were talking. I get up and take a walk around the block. A guard tells me to make my bed in a manner that makes me feel like I am not even a person. I get hungry again. The food is not enough for me so I feel hungry throughout most of the day. I would go sit down to watch TV, but I have lost my glasses while being homeless. An inmate cracks a joke about me. They are all mean to me in here. That's not the worst part though, the worst part is that I feel like an outsider, even in here. I sit down to read my book. It is hard to do because there are 3 TVs on in the room and people talking all day. The noise drives me crazy. That combined with the lights being on at night. I go to workout on a bench and a scary looking black dude growls at me to get off his bench. It reminds me of when a friend of mine got in a fight and I felt helpless to help him.

I am struck with an overwhelming need to leave. If only there weren't 4 walls surrounding me... Dinner comes and we swap trays; "who's got a brownie for my 4 salads?" Night time now and everyone goes to watch a movie. My gut sinks as I think about how long they are going to give me. I have been in here 2 weeks and I still don't know. Sometimes I go to the bathroom to cry in silence.