

"Is There Anywhere Safe Anymore?"

Yesterday as I lay on my prison cot, through the crack in my cell door, I watched yet another cart of someone's belongings being hauled off. Another one positive for COVID-19. Two, actually. Is this the new normal? Watching people get escorted away because they have somehow contracted this deadly disease? Is there anywhere safe anymore?

These are questions for which I sadly have no answer. I only wish that I did. I only wish that I did not have to witness hearing those words to people from the medical staff to, "pack your stuff; your test came back positive." I am blessed that I have escaped this monstrous savage which continues to devour those around me. It is just

difficult to watch in a place such as FLOVanna Correctional Center for Women because I am certain that they will likely not receive the best possible healthcare. This facility has been known for its inadequate healthcare for years. Many lives lost unexpectedly at the hands of a careless and incompetent medical staff.

Currently I am being housed in the quarantine wing designated for those of us who have attended appointments outside of the facility. I have been in here since early January, which is longer than the required 14 days due to multiple outside appointments. This wing is much smaller than the wings in other Housing Units, and at one time seemed like a small safe haven because no one in here was contracting the virus. Now this is no longer the case. And now I am certain that

there is nowhere safe inside these walls anymore. And I blame our warden for such.

Many senseless bed moves have been made in accomodation for inmates for different reasons. Other bed moves were made in which I saw no point. Instead of consistently shifting people around during such a critical time, we all should have simply remained wherever we were, with the exception of this wing and a red zone for those with the virus, until the savage no longer showed its fangs. That would have at least allowed it to possibly be contained and not spread among us like wildfire.

While I do understand that protocol and contingency plans for something of this magnitude were not developed, it only requires a bit of common sense and methodology. But hey, what do I

know? I'm just a lowly offender
to them. One whose life has no
meaning. And so they choose to
disregard it by the animosity of
their actions.

Written by:
Chanell Buerette
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