

## Like The Night Before

The thirteenth and Friday, throughout all of Brickeys  
the wanna be someones were dressed in their Dickey's  
their handcuffs were hanging, their pepper spray ready  
the make believe badge had them feeling quite heady

The denizens crammed in their spaces too small  
through winter and summer, and spring and too fall  
the jumpsuits ill fitting, the socks hit and miss  
no matter the cleaning the place smelled like piss

My neighbor in dew rag and me in my cap  
had just settled down for yet 'nother nap  
when out on the tier there arose such a clatter  
what I thought the captain was slower and fatter

Away to the beanhole I flew like a flash  
where I get my boils, my fungus, my rash  
when what to my wondering eyes should appear  
another man hanging, his body quite clear

As slow as a sloth did the medics arrive  
get there too soon and he'd still be alive  
then there'd be work, compressing and breathing  
leaving the nurses all pissed off and seething . . .

So up the long stairwell they moved rather slowly  
for this was an inmate and judged rather lowly  
they huffed and they puffed and they opened the door  
they then cut him down where he dropped to the floor

And then in a twinkling I heard from that cell  
"Here's yet another that can go straight to Hell"  
as I drew in my head and was turning around  
I realized in two days were two bodies found

Now both had been watched to prevent such a thing  
yet somehow they managed to tie up and swing  
perhaps and just maybe the guards were asleep  
for now they are saying they heard not a peep

It's only an inmate, more space if you will  
another rack empty, another to fill  
it's now been near twenty, this years been a boon  
dropping like flies while chatting the moon

Before April ended a third was found dead  
tied to his bars with a sheet from his bed  
he looked rather peaceful, the worry lines gone  
gone to his maker not much before dawn.

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