

MDOC* Salad

You don't know what it's like....!
I tell my people all the time.
In letters, on the phone, now using pay-up sucka emails.
Those press send nit picks describing confining conditions
unconditionally, is akin to a large sloping bowl, I say.
Sides so steep they remind me of that ugly
gray wall at Jackson. Looking way up!
As they steadily slice and dice, chop chop chop
on the counter-top cohorts, pieces sent flying through the ^{dense} air.
Those turned blue body parts—mostly mouths—landing all around.
Landing on my shoes. Landing on my mind. Landing on my page.
"Yeah dog, I'm gonna do me like I do," they say.
"Sometimes it be like that, ya know." Return Serve
Sugar smack grammer so improper it's ironed-out strarched
as a simile, always comparing me, to all-purpose metaphors rising ^{proper;}
Is to be "mad as a mothafucka!" In here—
at the bottom—**ALL THE TIME!** ← (bold font)
Know what I'm sayin'?

* Michigan Dept of Corrections