

Notes From The Esophagus

The Big tubuncular circulation fan sits alone;
spinning, churning, pushing gray dust motes
and jalapeño flavored hairballs on down the same
colored MDOC halls in summer.

This dull passage known as "the rock"
in correctional vocabularies is a throat
of constriction full of long and dull days.
Moving us with up and down reflexes;
our up and down moods; climbing up and down steps--
are always the same.
Before an up and down gulp releases,
Ah, peristalsis! They've swallowed some more!

Meanwhile, those tumble-weavers go bounding;
rolling on by the same shower-shoe shufflers scritch-scratching
their way across a galaxy of vanilla cheap tiles
with their cinderblock uncertainties.
They wonder, not wander, always:
What's on t.v. tonight? What's on the tray three times a day?
Those milk for juice trades make them wonder away.
Wondering if time does indeed make for a tasty tenderizer?
Or are they still raw, half-chewed chunks
on the way wayyy down?

For these saw-horse carpenters or card-counting cowboys
are really just measuring their red-lined boundaries
by wallowing on shelves;
by swallowing themselves;
becoming roast-beef-thin slices that are now lodged
down deep and stuck with tears in their eyes.
(the Only running allowed on the rock)
Unable to breathe, clutching their throats
through handcuffed-Heimlich's double fist pumps:
so suddenly turn'd blue.
As now more wonders, for their long long why's?