"Solitary Confinement"

I'm in a 15 X 6 foot cell.
Lights not working reminds me of Hell.
Foods late again, oh well.
Portions are soo small.
I'm over 6 feet tall, is that all.
I need money on my books.
With unfair restitution, who's the crook?
I hear people around me making noise all night.
So sleep is a luxury, don't believe the hype.
There is no mirror.
So I begin to wither.
Maybe someone will visit me.
They got to see this place is a Bust please.
I hope everyday for a better situation.
Guards are soo ignorant with no hesitation.
The pubic transperacy I believe is my only real hope.
This is the only way I seem to cope.
Unfortunetly this is my assignment.
You are now a witness to harsh Solitary Confinement.

— [redacted]
(God)