

Tortured Genius by Danny Cherry pg. 1

my flight to [redacted]-cellhouse did not afford me much refuge. A large white offender name [redacted] appeared in front of my new cell on February 19, 2020 - The day after my thirty-seventh birthday.

"Are you Cherry?"

"Why. Who wants to know?"

"How valuable is information to you?"

"All I value is human dignity."

"[redacted] hired me to -"

"Do what you must whenever fate grants you an opportunity. Have a nice day."

I grabbed my GTL tablet, put my CL-20 headphones on, and listened to Claude Debussy play his own work; It did little to soothe my broken heart.

Agony consumed me - my natural happiness had been arrested by [redacted]'s continued

Tortured Genius by Danny Cherry Pg. 3

arrivals to my cell. I had yielded to his sexual exploitations and performed oral sex on him through the bars. Even though I struggled financially, I still gave [REDACTED] everything — hygiene, food, coffee — that he demanded. I.D.O.C. policy prohibited [REDACTED] to be on my range, yet he was omnipresent there. I thought about how offender [REDACTED] had almost killed me because I rejected him, and how no officers were "monitoring and controlling offender movement" the day Tim maliciously attacked me; He had spent less than three months in Solitary Confinement for it. Federal Judge Sarah Evans Barker threw my Complaint out, even though I.D.O.C. employees' — at Pendleton — "Breach of Duty" nearly cost me my vision, and my life. I yielded to deadening passivity — I surrendered to stagnant complacency to keep from being killed; I was worse than dead.

A faint glimmer of hope ignited inside my heart when I turned on my television and read, "The (Pendleton Correctional Facility) will

Tortured Genius by Danny Cherry Pg. 3

be undergoing an audit for compliance with the United States Department of Justice's National Standards to Prevent, Detect and Respond to Prison Rape under the Prison Rape Elimination ACT (PREA) for (Prison) during the following period, (March 23-25, 2020)." The facility's offender informational channel gave an address where "Confidential correspondence" could be sent to "the auditor... Sonya Love, P.O. Box 452, Blackshear, Georgia 31516." I felt an unhealthy balance of fear and anxiety, as I poured my heart out on pages to her. I included The Queer Language-Bender Binding Purgatory Confirmation from The APWA Editors as well as a direct link to my work with A Cesspool Full of Drecks highlighted "I recommend as a first read!" My letter to Ms. Love explained the significance of that particular piece.