

Sicko-World

by

Danny Cherry

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Guffaw burst from cohorts of recidivists—
Hooch, weed, and "toon" abundantly flowed
through █-cellhouse in Indiana State
Prison. Perverted music blared out of
numerous cells packed full of inebriated
offenders—Hordes of them, under the
influence of chemical substances, staggered
like zombies across the cellhouse. Custody
staff either all-together ignored these, or
had a zest for offenders' repulsive
behavior. I agonized over the sight of
it all in the forlorn hope that one day
penal rehabilitation would become a
reality.

It seemed that ISP prisoners never
grew weary of unemployed loitering, nor of
idle chatter; Indolence became them. Members
of custody staff were so stupid, and so

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Unorganized that chaos reigned supreme at ISP, especially in [redacted] cellhouse. Despite the fact that the facility had just come off of a year-long lockdown — a lieutenant had been brutally murdered, shortly after an offender there had been killed — prisoners were still engaged in such atrocious crimes, which had been the catalyst for those tragedies. ISP was breeding recidivists for lucrative purposes at the expense of the lives of its staff and wards.

Moral nausea had become a chronic disease that endlessly plagued my conscience. Penal corruption — analogous to mental bulimia — was also akin to educational anorexia: masses of people were consumed, starved of education and culture for many years, then regurgitated back into civilization worse than when they were

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First imprisoned; Indiana State Prison
Was at the fore.

Since my entry into ISP, I had never
heard any talk of the "Education" and
"Rehabilitation" that the Indiana
Department of Correction so proudly boasted
of to the public. On the contrary, Only
degradation and criminalization existed inside
its abysmal dungeons. There intelligence
was regarded in low esteem, nay, even
regarded as a capital offense. As a
Schopenhuaeran in the highest sense, I
resolved to solitude; my genius was all
the company that I required.