

Screaming for Attention

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As I walk along in that distinctive lope of mine, I was suddenly caught by the sound my shoe is making. A scuff and click as some ill-fitting material attempts to break free, as the sound is clearly doing.

Off in the distance the sound of inmates engaging in yard activities is ever-present, yet in the present, the shoe's opera of ill fit sounds supreme.

I think about this malcontented shoe as I round the bend to enter the education block. I see the huddle of C/Os standing around talking about their latest fishing trip in over large trucks and it does not impinge upon the scuff-click of my shoe, which seems to have completely absorbed my entire being.

I am like my shoe- tired and worn out, ill-fitting and screaming for attention.