

## Twass The Night Before...

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Twass  
The Night  
Before Christmas  
And all through the prisons  
Not a prisoner was stirring  
Just paying the price  
For decades old decisions  
Some  
Mended socks  
Hung on makeshift  
Clotheslines for those who'd dare  
In hopes they'd dry in the nighttime  
Circulated artificial air  
The  
Inmates were restless  
Still locked in their beds  
As visions of freedom  
Did dance in their heads  
Each  
In their  
Brown T-Shirts  
And state issued briefs  
Some making promises, changing for keeps  
While I on the other hand  
Unable to sleep  
Sending another submission for  
PJP<sup>1</sup>  
When out on  
The the upper tier  
There arose such a clatter  
I set down my tablet to see  
What was the matter  
The 10-6 shift Corrections Officer  
Unlively and thick  
I thought for a second  
"Is that St. Nick?  
While  
Most still  
Asleep throughout  
The compound  
Just another day for many  
Here living in [prison] browns  
On Corrections Officers, The occasional Sergeant to see  
Making sure the prisoners  
Secure in their keep

Better for all  
Them not hearing a peep  
Pepper spray and handcuff's  
On the ready abound  
In plain sight as the Officer's  
Routinely  
Do their rounds  
Along the top tier now  
Some changing their pace  
Their mind would wander  
As the count they did take  
The count lights  
Came on signaling the day  
Excited In His Love  
To my Lord I now pray  
Standing to our feet  
Many without a cheer  
I'm hoping others could be free  
Notwithstanding  
Being here.  
I exclaimed in joy  
As the guards changed their shift  
Merry Christmas to all  
We've been given a gift  
Happy Birthday to baby Jesus  
It doesn't get any better  
Nothing greater than this