

## Jail House Times

The boredom eats at your bones. It drives you to the wall. Awakes you in the dead of night. Cursing into the darkness. You search for love. When here, there is none. Only the sound of the walls. Echoing in desolation. A group desolation. Driving you to your limit.

What is there to do? Run back across the same old magazines. The same old Mickey Spillane boy screws girl saves country kills Commies no nonsense thriller. The same mickey mouse comic books. The same old jigsaw puzzle spread-out rolled over rattled and done again. It gets to you in a while.

And the food. You think you'll never be the same. Thick paste oatmeal in the morning. A motley collection of grease-packed morsals for lunch. Two sandwiches for dinner. Bad coffee all the time. Weight falls off in layers. Long conversations about food. Dreams about food. And yes a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich sounds DAMM good. Could definitely dig that.

Conversation rambles on. About women. About fucking. About any damn thing that enters our minds. Makeshift bullshit to cut the pain. To keep away the rain. To leave lit the candle of our hope. Dreams of brighter days. Clear light of freedom in the sunshine.

Thoughts of love. Moving through darkness. Light beam on my pillow. Be she with me again. Come together again. Nearer my love to me. I'm crying. Ted speaks of his woman. Marriage when its over. I smile. Hold on to your hope m'friend. As now she moves toward another man. Lock you up for a million years.

And song. Be with us always. Sing soul music in your cell. Country music from country criminals. "Sunshine, blue skies, please go waay..." Moments of joy away from home. Let the sunshine in.

But when does it all end? Pent-up frustrations and days of pain. Seemingly to go on and on. Trials brief & parole improbable. Pessimism, Tears of indignation. Watch the wasted years slip away.

And learn well your lessons. "Do your time, don't let the time do you." The aphorisms, The rhymed words. "Keep your mind off the street and your hands off your meat and you can do your time." Time. Endless & eternal. Possession of all men. To watch it slip away.

You meet people. Faces of dissilusionment. Like the man downstairs who was denied the right of seeing his kid. And shot his relatives. And the endless procession of druggies. The real dissilusioned ones. Unable to understand what had been done. And why it had been ranked as wronged.

And black people. Busted for every conceivable crime on the face of the earth. As Ike who did time for "consorting with know criminals." Then promised parole for busting his friends. The beat goes on.

And who are the brain police? Who are the real political prisoners? Jailed for living as their conscious provides. When is the end to injustice?

As we sat smoking rolled cigarettes and bullshitting over endless cardgames. Fought with each other and spat obscenities. Who are the brain police? Which is the crime of blackness? Which are the sins of the heart?

We must pray for them. The lonely absurd. The angel who does wrong, is attuned to jail and learns only to keep on breaking. With no people no hope no cigarettes no nothing. Only memories. Memories that linger and are lost as lost coal upon the furnace. Have they wronged or been wronged? As America burns innocents and jails children. Show me the way to go home.

As these happen, the system refuses to change. It stands stubbornly in its decadence. Set the people free. Tear down the walls. Orient people. Move them toward themselves. A whip will bring the worst from anyone. To have experienced it is to know.

We must not forget them. The prisoners. They are our children. Misfits in a world of wrong. Now to turn the good things ON.

Angelo