

## Can't Think

They steal these guy's heads  
So they can't think,  
Figure out what's what.  
Locked into narrow channels  
Looking neither left nor right  
And only so far ahead  
To the next meal, rec period.  
Slowly robbed of their wits  
(like they were eating lead paint),  
Subtly deprived of reason  
(as if sniffing too much glue),  
Unable to detect loss  
(think Alzheimer's).  
Creeping incrementalism,  
Like a slow-boiled frog doesn't  
Know it's being cooked until  
It's too late.  
Institutionalized, incapable,  
Imprisoned in their own minds.  
Doing decades in prison,  
They steal these guy's heads.

Harlan Richards