

~ AMERICA'S GREATEST DELIRIUM ~

IT'S EVER A CONSTANT BATTLE

WITHIN THIS CIVIL WAR:

IT'S "AMERICA'S GREATEST DELIRIUM"

ILLUMINATING, EVERY DAY OF MY EXISTENCE.

I RUB ELBOWS

IN LONS, WRITHING, LINES...

REPRESENTATIVES OF A MAN'S SOCIAL DISCONTENT,

RIGHTEOUS ABSOLUTION,

A FEIGNED DEMOCRATIC IDEAL EMBODIED IN REHABILITATION.

I HAVE A NUMBER:

MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE, VALIDATING, MY EXISTENCE

WITHIN THIS PENITENTIAL MOTHER-WORLD...

OF COURSE, MY RESUME

EARNIS ME MY SOCIAL SECURITY CHECKS

IN THE FORM OF DAILY PENITENCE;

WHERE COLLEGE DEGREES

AND HEALTHY CAREER CHOICES WOULD OTHERWISE SUFFICE.

MY COLLEAGUES BOAST A

SMALL NUMBER OF DEGREES:

1ST^o INTENTIONAL HOMICIDE THE FOREMOST AMONGST THEM,

IN THIS, OUR MASONIC LODGE.

MORAL CERTITUDE

IS THE CATALYZING, AGENT IN THIS MISERY;

THE MORALLY DEFICIENT

A VAST MAJORITY, IN THIS

OUR SLAVE MINORITY.

WHERE BROTHERS OF BLOOD AND HEART ONCE

INSPIRED THE BIRTH OF NEW NATIONS AND REPUBLICS,

OUR HOME IS FOUND IN THE

CHAOTIC CIRCUMSTANCE CALLED:

REDUCED ENVIRONMENTAL STIMULATION,

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS: HEALTH & SECREATION Complex.

-HERE, IDEALS ARE BOURNE

BY SUFFOCATED SPIRITS

WHOSE GRANDEST VISION IS THAT

ILLUSION OF FREEDOM WHICH EVER ILLUDES THEM.

AMONGST THE CRIES, HAUNTS AND INANITIES

OF THESE NON-ENTITIES IS A GENOCIDE...

WHILE WE ENDURE AND SUFFER OUR PUES...

YES, YOU ARE THE VEHICLE THAT LOVE FORGOT!

YOU HAUNT MY EVERY MOVEMENT, SLIGHT OR ABRUPT

NEVER LETTING ME FORGET WHERE I AM, THAT I'M WATCHED EVEN ASLEEP...

I NEVER KNEW IN LIFE MY EXISTENCE WOULD BE SO CORRUPT

OR THAT YOUR EYES WOULD PENETRATE SO DEEP.

"HERE I AM, STAINLESS STEEL..."

YOUR DUTY, CHARGE, SUBJECT AND NEAREST SON;

I AM THE PUPIL FOR YOUR TEACHING, THOUGH YOU DO NOT FEEL

AND KNOW NOT THE LESSON YOU'VE BEGUN!



IT WOULD PROBABLY BE A STRANGE THING, TO WRITE ABOUT IF YOU WERE A FREE PERSON, CONSIDERING THE DEPTH WITH WHICH AN IMMEDIATE OBJECT COMPELLED EMOTION AS I DEFINED ABOVE. BUT IT IS NO STRANGE THING, TO FEEL THE WAY I DID ABOUT THIS OBJECT YEARS AGO.

SITTING IN A LARGE, BLAND WHITE CELL UNDER CONSTANT ILLUMINATION AT THE ONCE KNOWN SUPERMAX CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION - OR "SMCI" - IN BOSCOBEL WISCONSIN, I WAS HAUNTED BY WHAT AMOUNTED TO BE THE ONLY OTHER 'PRESENCE' IN MY CELL: A STAINLESS STEEL TOILET/SINK COMBINATION.

NOW, "SMCI" HAS BEEN CONVERTED IN CONSIDERABLE MEASURE BY THE SUFFERING OF NUMEROUS PRISONERS AND COMPASSIONATE DILIGENCE OF PRISONER ADVOCACY AND CORRECTIONAL REFORM CHAMPIONS. WHAT WAS ONCE SMCI HAS NOW BECOME "WSPF" - WISCONSIN SECURE PROGRAM FACILITY - AND A SHADOW OF ITS FORMER SELF. I HAVEN'T STEPPED FOOT IN ITS HALLS SINCE 2003, BUT THE YEARS OF MY LIFE SACRIFICED IN ITS STOMACH HAVE NEVER LEFT ME.

"STAINLESS STEEL" IS ONE SCAR I CARRY WITH ME, THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT I WROTE IT A VIVID MEMORY; AT THAT TIME THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS GLORIFIED ME AS ONE OF THE "WORST OF THE WORST" IN ALL OF WISCONSIN - ARGUABLY ONE OF THE SAFEST PRISON SYSTEMS IN THE WORLD - BECAUSE I REFUSED TO COOPERATE IN INTERNAL INVESTIGATIONS. IF ONLY SUCH DECEPTIVE GLORY WAS SCRUTINIZED, ONE MAY HAVE UNCOVERED THAT FOR SUCH A HARDENED CRIMINAL, A TOILET, EVEN IF FOR ONLY ONE NIGHT, GOT THE BETTER OF ME!

ANY THOUGHTS, OPINIONS, CRITICISMS AND/OR ADVICE ON WRITING, STYLE, IDEAS ETC. ARE ABSOLUTELY WELCOME. VALE.