

## Second Blog Post

My eyes have seen a lot inside the federal Supermax. I arrived here in February and spent 4 months in the Special Housing Unit known as Z-Unit. I sometimes wonder if Z, the last letter of the English Alphabet, was chosen deliberately to signify the end, the final stop.

Z-Unit housed many tragic persons. One who was so desperate for hope was convinced if only he asserted the Government had no jurisdiction over him he'd be free. Another who smeared his own feces on the walls of his cell in a cry for help. And yet many others whose wails of despair and screams of rage never ceased day or night.

Sadly, the man who asserted lack of jurisdiction is still here. And the man who smeared the feces did nothing but provide sick laughter to prison guards and administrators who truly couldn't have cared less. The men who cried and screamed I imagine still do so even now.

I moved to the General Population in June. This means I get a small television in my cell, and that's about it. I have not forgotten the men of Z Unit and I am haunted by my memories of that miserable place.

A few days ago an elderly man died in his

cell alone. The inmates near him claim he was never checked on by staff and as his health failed they reached out to staff to help him. Nothing was done and he died. In fairness maybe he would have died no matter what staff did. But what bothers me is this, why did an elderly man need to be housed in a supermax prison? They claim this place is only for the "worst of the worst", did a feeble old man withered by time fit that category?

The reason it matters not is because he, like I and all others here are viewed more like objects than human beings. My hopes, dreams and needs are irrelevant to staff. To them I require a food tray 3 times a day, outdoor recreation in a cage not much larger than a dog kennel 2 hours a day 2 times a week and a review every 6 months where all decisions are final long before my hearing begins. My emotions, my needs or wants, my goals or ambitions, my ideas or beliefs, the things that make me human are of no interest to them.

Though some do, I do not hate them. They sadden and disappoint me, but why should they care? If society doesn't care why would the bureaucrats who serve society? This is not rehabilitation, it is warehousing and indifference. But more importantly how does punishment without rehabilitation equal justice?