

How Can A Man?  
In Loving Memory Of Catfish

How can a man exist in an environment where he's viewed as less than human? That's a concept that I've been trying to grasp since arriving in places like the one I'm currently housed in. What's more of a conundrum to me is how people lose touch with what it is to be human due to their stations in life. Thankfully I can't fathom how anyone could look into the eyes of another human being in need of help no matter their race or ethnicity, and not see the beauty that's God's Spirit inside of them. Sadly, many of those in authority within the confines of this prison are what I believe to be morally & spiritually bankrupt. I can only assume that's why it's so easy for them to see us as anything less than the little boys that ran to our parents when we were hurt or afraid, SONS; the guys that pranked our siblings & defended the honor of our sisters, BROTHERS; the men that would risk our lives to earn money in order to provide for our families, FATHERS. More importantly, in spite of where we currently exist, what we may have been accused & convicted of doing, or contrary to the stains choices in our lives left on our souls, like them, we too are carriers of "The Breath Of Life". Yet for reasons I don't understand, those who according to their job title CORRECTIONAL Officers, have been assigned to implement correction into our lives, believe they are here to punish us. We're seen as no more than products that provide them with stable employment. That mode of thinking, seeing us in cages daily, herding us to be fed, cleaned, exercised, and even to worship is what in my opinion strips us of our humanity in their eyes. I realize there's no symmetry to this piece, but please bare with me. It's only this way due to the fact there's no order to my train of thought right now. Why? Because of the tragic event that took place this Sunday morning behind these walls. Today, May 20th, 2012 my friend & basketball teammate Willie "Catfish" Hunt passed away on the recreation field. I can't say with any degree of certainty what lead to him freezing up & falling out without warning on the basketball court; But I do know that the inhumane way in which he was treated has left my mind saturated with more thoughts than I'm able to process. I'm consumed with a grief that I pray no one ever has to experience; but there's more to it than him passing. There's a cold reality that forces me to entertain a question that I can't answer. It's one that I feel all men of understanding that are in a position like mine have asked themselves on at least one occasion. That question is, "Will I die a lonely, isolated death without the comfort of having love ones around when I transition?" Today a man laid dying as guards casually walked over to check on his status. The same guards that break out in a full sprint when one of their co-workers' body alarm goes off. The same guards that stopped an inmate from performing C.P.R., then stood over the man for almost 20 minutes and did absolutely nothing! The same guards that watched without a measure of regard or concern as a man fought for his life; only to lose his battle with the Grim Reaper, and slip off into Death's cold embrace. I know that God is sovereign, so in spite of how things may look I unequivocally trust that He's in control. If it wasn't His will that brother wouldn't have died today. However I believe that there are moments in life that are used by God as a catalyst to bring about positive change. I'm not questioning the fact that he died. I am questioning the lack of professionalism, concern, an effort displayed by the guards and E.M.T.'s; with the exception of one Officer and a Nurse on the H.S.U. staff here. The acronym E.M.T. stands for EMERGENCY Medical Technician. The first word in their job title is defined as such, EMERGENCY: A serious situation or occurrence that happens unexpectedly and DEMANDS IMMEDIATE ACTION. Yet the E.M.T.'s strolled in without a care in the world as if saying, It's only a PRISONER'S LIFE. There's no need for URGENCY." I'm sure many present thought to themselves how they too would be treated so inhumanely if they were in the same situation. If they had never thought about it before, they saw how we are viewed by guards that have souls devoid of compassion, and spirits cloaked in cruelty. To them our lives are worthless; and that was on display in full force today. I'll close this with

a short poem.

Who will be the voice for the men whose necks are trapped in a noose made of injustice, inequality, poverty, and racism?

How can one see to walk into his vision, when with eyes wide shut the ignorance of a group of people prevent them from truly seeing him?

How can a man walk or stand, when keeping him tethered to a cell is apart of an unspoken societal plan?

How can a man be nurtured when it's in the rules that he can't be touched; all while miles away from those by which he's loved so much?

How can? How can? How can... a man?

Rest In Peace Catfish!  
May God Bless Your Soul!

If you can feel this, contact me at:

Antwiane Sago #428132

W.C.I.

P.O. Box 351

Waupun, WI. 53963-0351

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Antwiane Sago". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned to the right of the typed contact information.

P.S. I'm thinking about writing a weekly chronicle of events here.  
If anyone would be interested in reading that, please contact me and let me know why. Thank you!