

YOUR TARGET, YOUR FRIEND

BY Timothy J. Muise

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The Colt AR-15 has a "peep & post" sighting system which basically means that you have a rear peep hole sight and front flat post sight that you line up on any target you are aiming to shoot. Guards here in the Department of Corruption line this sighting system up on silhouettes of a man, at a fixed distance, and shoot for the "ten ring", which is a bullseye placed right over the heart of the figure. When did we forget that these McDonald's burger flippers (that is what they would be if there were no prisons to work in) train to kill us? When did we forget that we are their targets, not their friends? When did it all go wrong?

Each day that I see prisoners talking sports with their captor I turn more sour. Everytime I see a prisoner laughing and joking with the man or woman who trains to kill him I see why we are disrespected at every turn. The sad sight of the manifestation of the Stockholm Syndrome makes me want to regurgitate my rock hard soy burger. We used to get real beef before we became the friends of our trained killers. We used to get respect before men lined up at the screws desk to talk about Paul Pierce and David Ortiz. As they oil their rifles and cash their fat checks we are dying in the HSU. As they push rounds down into the clip and trade off work shifts juveniles are serving life-without-parole sentences. As these turnkeys fire rounds into the ten ring and plan weeks of vacations the parole board tortures old men and forces them to die in one of these gulags. Am I wrong to hate these screws? I think not!

Where I come from if someone is trying to kill you, you make every effort to get them first. Now I am not a killer, I'm a lover, but there is more than one way to stop an assailant. I will not let them turn me into an animal, to fit the cage they keep me in, but will display to them the fiber of my being through my proficient use of the pen as a sword.

Not a day passes behind this razor wire where the layabout screws don't do something we can write them up for. The other day the guard on my block was so drunk that he swayed as he walked down the tier. His breath smelled like a homeless wino and his appearance was as disheveled as Tom Hanks stranded on the island with Mr. Wilson. A killing waiting to happen is this man as he could cause a drunken scene, his sadistic cohorts will blame on the "unruly cons", and possibly someone could get shot with that coveted AR-15. It is not too much of a stretch. My point is that we have the power to expose their failings. To break away from the sports talking grip of the guard's desk and write these layabouts up when they deny us what we have coming. The guards are cowards at heart, that is why they work in a phony profession which keeps men in cages, and we can keep them in check if they know we are going to report their every failure. No more shoddy health care. No more failed parole system. This is the direction we could take it if you could pry yourself away from the desk.

The time is now to get what we got coming - real rehabilitation and

humane treatment. We need to be allowed to build proper foundations so that we have a future. We need to ensure that those of us who may never be released will be able to spend their aging end of life days free of abuse and torture. We must demand a parole system which believes in redemption. Is it too much to ask that we be afforded basic dignities? Again, I think not. We can take the AR-15 out of their hands if we demand what we have coming. If we back away from the desk and drop the cop!

I am not your friend, and I will not be your target, Mr. Screw. It is time to send you back to McDonalds and claim what is mine by birthright. FREEDOM! I will not talk sports while my brothers die. I will not stand by while you torture an old man. I will run your failure up the flag pole! Hand over heart, over that "ten ring", I will salute that flag. I will sharpen my sword with the ink of your failures. The evil jailer has no power over the unity of the oppressed prisoner. Let's put the beef back in our symbolic burgers. It is truly time to speak truth to power!

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"Who shall stand guard to the guards themselves?"

Chazal