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A world like this!

By Debra E. Jones

I wake up every morning, with a ringing in my ears, but it will soon pass, I gotta do just 8 more years. Everyday hearing alarms, and officers running around, harassing nobody but blacks, saying 'get on the ground'. It's the occasional day eating the same BS for chow, trying to stay focus in this madness, but don't know how. Got a woman on my team who will hopefully be my wife. been with me for 10 years, adapting to this prison life. These guards are disrespectful, putting you in the mix, never leave you alone, now can't get out of this ~~see~~! These inmates here yeah! the one that say their your friend, but only time their your homies, is when packages come in. If it's not that, then it's going to the canteen, but if you're broke, those homies can't be seen. That's why I am the way I am, in a league of my own. Don't owe anybody nothing, so I walk alone. This life is treacherous despite me being at CME can't go home, who would of thought this is the life forme? can't see my kids, or members of my family. being grand suckas, contemplating on strike 3. That's why I mind my own business, so I can live long, do bad all by myself, because life still goes on maybe one day you'll wake up, and it's your family you miss, then you'll cry for God, when you're living in a world like this.