

Beginning of a Hunger Strike

Jeremy Pinson

Today is October 19, 2012 the first day of my hunger strike. I am protesting the neverending solitary confinement, the harassment and abuse I suffer on a daily basis.

Water dripping onto stone will form a groove and eventually a hole. The hole in my spirit was NOT caused by a massive trauma but rather by a series of serious incident. Days of agonizing isolation. I pull my hair, scream at the heavens in despair. How can my Country treat me this way. Humiliate and Degrade me? Rob me of my humanity by labeling me a bad man then leaving me to rot in a cell constructed by men far more evil of mind and heart than I. How can society not care? I feel buried alive. Smothered by silence, neglect, animosity and apathy. It is with great regret I will starve myself to death for this is no way any man should live.