

## "THE LETTER THAT NEVER COMES"

"SQUEAK". The sound of the wheel on the mail cart. Most everyone sits up in their beds, peeping at their cell door, to see if mail is being passed out. But it's only an inmate with a mop bucket, mopping the floor. No one really wants to be seen looking at their cell doors at MAIL-TIME; that would acknowledge anticipation and trepidation.

"SQUEAK". There it is again! "MAN!!" Now it's a black worker with the laundry cart. The same thoughts run through your mind each day around this time, when CO's are scheduled to come with mail. Is anyone out there thinking about me? Did anyone set aside 15 minutes of their time to let me know i'm in their thoughts? Does anyone out there even care i'm sitting here in this cage suffering all manner of inhumane indignities? Does anyone love me? Is someone going to remember me today.

"SQUEAK". There it is again! This time someone yells out those elusive words: "MAIL-CALL, MAIL CALL", and just like children on Christmas morning, we grown men race to our cell doors, full of anticipation and anxiety, hoping upon hope that the mailman would be gracious enough to give a letter to us today. But alas, I get passed by again. I walk to my sink, like that was where I was going, and think to myself, "MAN!!" maybe tomorrow I will get something, but deep in my heart I know the truth. I will feel the painful sting of disappointment today, tomorrow, next week, and next month, as I realize it's been another day in this living hell hole, that i've been waiting on

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