

IN Prison the air has a Slight Putrid taste and the food is bland and over cooked. The Noise OF Prison is harrowing and Overwhelming, Its been 12 years and every day is Just as Grating as the first day OF my incarceration. The first time I Saw Two men Stabbing another man, there was about a hundred other prisoners Seeing this mans possible death. No one went to this mans defense even his so called friends OF A few minutes ago JUST WATCHED. The only movement I made was my ~~SPHINCTER~~ SPHINCTER grew taunt. The Second time I Saw A man getting Stabbed, I only cared about if I was IN the way OF the guard tower and his Shooting OF First Rubber Bullets and then the mini 14. I Saw a man get his throat and stomach cut open with razor blades and once the Cops Stopped the brutal attack, the man who was bleeding SAT up and took his Gold chain OFF and put it in his wallet, he cared more about his Gold chain than the Blood seeping from his wounds. Seeing such disregard for life made me appreciate my own.

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