

This Week of July 4<sup>th</sup>  
by Jeremy Pinson

This week has been dull for me. The world is in crisis but prison hasn't changed. Sometimes I feel embalmed. The good news is BOP doctors have asked that I be sent to a more therapeutic environment in a medium security prison. I hope they succeed. Though I have my doubts if they will. Until then I spend my days fighting off the stifling boredom and watching with fascination the ever-increasingly bizarre ways in which my fellow inmates can prove to be nuts. One guy is storing his feces in a pillowcase. Another guy talks to himself for 15 hours a day. One guy kicks his shower all night long which seriously disturbs my sleep. I went to rec the other day and an inmate was sitting in plain view, butt naked, masturbating. I don't know what is worse, the fact that this is going on or the fact that it no longer shocks or surprises. This is the ADX. The house of killers, terrorists, weirdos, madmen and a small group of us who cling to fading memories of a world that used to be normal.

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