

Johnny E. Mahaffey  
September 24, 2013

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

Correction? That's a joke.  
All I see is detention. You  
give me a number, just as the Nazis  
gave out their identifiers.  
Mine: 323863  
A mere tax claiming justification,  
yet, you feed me nothing; only yourself.  
I have my own funds, no among your indigent. So,  
You give me no soap; but want me clean.  
You give me no razor; yet want me shaven.  
You reject my mail, that your biased eyes  
"disapprove." Constitution without power.  
Your policy without cause,  
other than your own.  
You hide from the world, like a wayward rat—  
nibbling away at your ill-gotten cheese.  
In hope that you'll finish, before discovery.  
I learn to write; even get a degree.  
Creative Writing my badge—my weapon  
of justice, shining like a beacon that sends you  
trembling, corner to corner.  
Your cheese running low, you've spawned galore.  
You're unplanned, unjustified, and 323863  
may very well illuminate your undoing.  
Your censorship of my mail in testament  
of your fear. Your worry.