

DEATH WITHOUT KNOWING

OR

"LET THEM EAT CAKE"

by Timothy J. Muise

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There are a number of men held here at this state prison in Shirley, in the bowels of the Hospital Unit otherwise known as the "Skilled Nursing Facility or SNF" (we all call it the "sniff" as the smell of death permeates the chamber), who have full blown dementia: they do not even know they are in prison or even what planet they are on anymore. It is a true sign of just how evil the prison system has become when you keep men in prison who no longer know they are in prison. What purpose can this possibly serve? Well I say it serves one clear purpose: it is job security for the hordes of guards, wardens, and other bottom feeders who make their living off the misery of others.

One such dementia patient in the "sniff" was Frank Ferdinand. Now I say was because Frank met a very cruel death last week. Frank suffered what possibly implicit employees called a "heart attack", fell and smashed his face on the sink in his room, breaking his jaw, and ended up in a heap on the floor with blood pooling around his head. I don't know how much pain Frank felt, let's hope it was minimal, but I do know that he did not even know that he died: he could not, as he did not even know where he was. Maybe that is a kind way of going, ignorant to your departure from God's wonderful world, but I think not. I think these correctional scum should be lashed and have salt rubbed in the caning wounds for what they did to Frank. Let me tell you why.

You see at the same time Frank was dying the powers that be were busy eating cake. That's right, you cannot make this stuff up, they were stuffing their state fed faces with cake as a desperately ill man met his fate in the Deputy's "sniff". They were celebrating that same Deputy's birthday. They sat in their office, purple dinosaur party hats and kazoo streamer blow toys displayed, and crammed ample slabs of frosted moisture into their respective hate spewers while blood pooled around Frank's broken jaw. They sipped fresh brewed coffee from blue DOC mugs, stained with hooker-red lipstick, while the last beat emanated from this poor souls heart. The evil Deputy sat back in her padded state chair, on her cake-padded and ample arse, and declared, "Let them eat cake!" Our own Marie Antoinette wiped the frosting from the corners of her mouth with

the shirttail of one of her sycophants at her foot and cackled loudly in the face of all that is kind or compassionate.

Men commit crimes and run afoul of what society demands of them. I get that. Men need to be separated from society sometimes as they pose a danger. I get that as well. What I don't get is how anyone can sanction keeping men who no longer know they are in prison locked up as some form of punishment? I don't get why evil prison wardens last decades in this system reaping bigger paydays and enjoying increased power with each and every year that passes? I truly do not get why the public puts up with it for so many years? You labor harder each year, for money that is worth less, paying for daily living needs at an ever increasing rate, while the evil Deputy sits fat on her ample rump, Devil's food crumbs stuck on her she-mustache, boldly instructing not only the dementia patients and rights activists, but the hard working / tax paying citizens as well, to "Eat Cake" while she wheelbarrows her blood money back to her cavern in Hell. Please help us rip the tent off this circus and expose the cake eating she-devil for what she really is: a public safety draining tick sipping the blood of social reform from the neck of a long dead prison system. Help us to spare the next dementia patient from such a barbaric end. Help us to bring rehabilitation back into the prisons, and when the evil Deputy and her hordes of sycophants cry about their loss of jobs we can say, "Let them eat cake!"

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