

Have I ever told you how the scent of a prison smell? It smells like the Intensive Care Unit, where half death creeps and veins halfway are healthy and forgetting to pull life along. It smells like a vomit, during a bad stomach virus. It smells like, every sick or injured prisoner that made it through the Holocaust.

It sticks in your sinuses because the vents pushes out your neighbors fresh human feces scent-piercing your lungs. Like 1000 throats with halitosis coming through the pores of a persons pigment. it's like ethane but engraved so deepening, the forensic science can't deal with it. So, they just wing it. I wince. I cringe. I flinch. I tornado when it attacks my within. I draw-back so far, but it recoils itself around the inside of my nose hairs and I can never seem to keep my nose clean. No escaping!

If it was a "truth" or "dare". The "truth" would put your scensery bulb there, but the "dare" is the major difficulty in the air. From the air, a satellite could radar the stained cloud over this prisons air--the aftermath is both "truth" and "dare"...in a baby's diaper. And now my sinuses become infected and discharging bloody pus, but still, I must do my sentence.

However, the smell reminds me of a Dear John letter. Like a "I WILL FOREVER MISS YOU" at a funeral or wake. Have I ever told you that a prison cell is the closest place to HELL!?

By Larry W. Johnson (5-30-2014)

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