



JOHNNY MAHAFFEY SAYS:
"Idiots Are As Idiots Do"

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One surprising part of prison--that really shouldn't be--is that some of the guys can not only defy logic, but imagination. We're on a lock-down due to one such spectacle, committed by a complete and utter idiot that goes (or went) by the call of "Teflon"--a village idiot if there ever was one. I won't go into detail of what the moron did, but I will say that once the fence is repaired, everything should be back to normal operating procedures. It's caused me to miss a whole day of work, and I'm sure the teachers had a fun day without *me*.

The day's not a total waste though, I spent 7 hours rubbing on a gift for Jaime 2 (I'm referring to a work of art in graphite ... obviously.). A good day for such artistry: Juneteenth, Day of All Heras, and something else was significant about today, but I can't for the life of me remember what. There's a waning moon at 14:39? Solstice isn't until Saturday (at 6:51 EDT), but that's not it; I usually don't forget anything, that's odd, perhaps I imagined it ... like some surreal nightmare.

"Imagination is," as Einstein put it, "more important than knowledge." Doesn't imagination drive knowledge? And it's certainly been one of my life's coping mechanisms, especially here, in this place. It's not just that there's no ciabatta bread for my sandwiches, or vanilla biscotte for my coffee expresso; it's the actual incongruous torment, of myself and the people around me: their mercurial thought process, beaten into them by societal expectation (and need) to be the "convict," and act the part befitting; monkeys in a cage, on display, but with nobody watching (or caring), just toss in a food tray every now and then, and hose out the excrement before they sling it at you--guys in here do that you know, crap in their hand and throw it at guards--it's sad.

This place gets to me at times, like it did this past weekend; but I went out, exercised with a ten-mile run, and got over it. I showered off the sweat, cooked myself a good dinner (burritos), and sat down with Tolstoy to see what else he had to say of Anna. Wondering if one day, my own poetry and/or prose may provide a kindred soul with some measure of solace. "The mind is its own place," Milton wrote, "and can create a heaven or hell or a hell of heaven."

If idiots are as idiots do ...

... I must be the biggest one of all.