



JOHNNY MAHAFFEY SAYS:
"Another Madhouse Milieu!"

12.10.14

I came to prison as a lost twenty-something (well, a twenty-eight, that still got carded in nice restaurants when ordering wine); but now I'm somehow 36.

Death looms over me daily, and to see 50 under this circumstance would be both an extreme accomplishment--and a living hell. The blood drained to the floors around me--spilled a couple of days ago, by fellow prisoners carving each other with box-cutters like drunken hobos in an alley over a half-empty/full bottle--has drained with time, all of that twenty something immortality I once had. Replacing it with wisdom filtered through a straw, a straw squeezed by societal misconception placing me among these masses. Unknown, but perhaps deserved--my twenty-something-blinding-glasses, scewed my ways at seeing self--not guilty of what they've claimed; but guilty of a heart that went dead.

My own.

Unable to take back hurts once said.

I'm a father; without his kids (even on their birthdays)--a husband; without his/a wife--a racer; without his car(s)--A businessman; without his business--a son; without his mother--a brother; without his sister--a hell; without its heaven--many things; without many others.

Mostly; I am just here!

I never drank coffee before, not often anyway: now, I drink it like water; water that's as dark as fresh tarmac, with a similar smell, and what I'd guess to be its flavor. And as I sit here in this lock-down, days after the blood was all cleaned up off the walls, the floors, the officer's desk; I am a prisoner, of body--but never mind.

This coffee in hand, puts these keys in motion as I think of my daughter and another missed birthday.... To say I'm sorry once again, has no point. I miss all of my kids ... not so much my life ... if only I could be there for them, to work and give them funds for college. I could at least give them that. In these environs however, I'm just lucky to keep my life.

That was a lot of blood, and it won't be the last of it I see.

And I'll always be nervous; if one day on that floor is me.