

DEATHROW ARRIVAL

YOU ARRIVE NOT KNOWING WHAT TO EXPECT, FUNCTIONING ONLY ON YOUR PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS THAT ARE TALES OF TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO TAKE IN THE AGE OF THE PRISON, THE SAGGING AND DYING WALLS THAT CRUMBLE WITH DECAY FROM YEARS OF ABUSE.

"ESCORT", IS THE WORD SCREAMED WHILE YOU WALK THE YARD ACCOMPANIED BY TWO C.O.'S AND YOUR HANDS IN RESTRAINTS.

PRISONERS FACE AWAY FROM YOU, BUT TURN THEIR HEADS TO SNEAK A PEAK AT A DEADMAN WALKIN'.

CAUGHT UP IN YOUR OWN THOUGHTS YOU BRIEFLY PONDER WHAT IS GOIN' THROUGH THEIR MIND, BECAUSE THEIR EYES TELL OF A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT.

IN YOUR SHORT WALK TO THE ROW, A C.O. MAY SARCASTICALLY POINT TO WHERE THE CHAMBER IS LOCATED, TO START THE PROCESS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL BREAKDOWN.

ONCE ON THE ROW, YOU ARE STRIPPED BUTT NAKED AND SENT THROUGH A RITUAL OF EXERCISES TO DEGRADE YOU AND TO INSTILL THEIR AUTHORITY.

ALL THE WHILE PROUDLY WEARING THEIR ARMOR, FOR FEAR OF BECOMING THE EXECUTED.

YOU WALK THE ROW OF THE CONDEMNED TO APPROACH YOUR DUNGEON OF A CELL, WITH AN OUTER DOOR TO KEEP YOU ABSOLUTELY SOLITARY.

YOU WALK INTO THIS DUNGEON CONVERTED INTO A CELL, IT IS COLD WITH A STILL DARKNESS.

ONCE UNCUFFED YOU REMAIN POISED, UNTIL YOU HEAR THE OUTER DOOR CLOSE, WHICH MAKES IT EVEN DARKER, QUIETER AND ISOLATED.

AFTER BECOMIN' FAMILIAR WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS, YOU SETTLE INTO EERIE THOUGHTS OF PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE EXPERIENCES AND LIVES THAT MAY HAVE, AND WILL, OCCUPY THIS CELL.

THOUGH I WAS A SOLITARY BODY IN MY DUNGEON, I COULD DETECT THE SMELL AND FEEL THE PRESENCE OF OTHERS WHO WALKED IN AND OUT OF THE CELL.

WONDERING WHO SURVIVED AND WHO DIED, WHO SHITTED AND PISSED, ATE AND FARTED, SLEPT AND HAD DEEP THOUGHTS SUCH AS MINE IN THIS SMALL CELL.

THE QUIET CELL IS ITS CHRISTIANED NAME.

A CELL THAT REVEALS ITS AGE SORROWFULLY.

A CELL THAT SCREAMS VOLUMES OF EVERY KIND, EVEN WHEN NO ONE IS PRESENT, THOUGH IT APPEARS QUIET.

WRITTEN THOUGHTS
OJORE DHORUBA