

The Heat of the Day

The inmates that surround me lie listlessly on their assigned bunks. Our metal racks are covered with thin musty mattresses. The atmosphere pulses with an arid heat. A fan stirs the stagnant air into a warm desert type breeze; the drone of its blades lull my senses. The noise of the men around me laboring for each shallow breath punctuates their struggle to survive the sweltering temperatures. Glistening, acrid smelling sweat streams from my pores; it stings my eyes and tastes salty on my lips. A heavy slamming door reverberates like a shot as it stirs me from my stupor. The flies torment me as if daring me to swat them. I must endure this oppressive furnace until it is transformed when the cool of evening returns.

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