



THE FIRST DAY OF PRISON SPRING

In here there really is no such thing as time. I don't even seem to have aged but two years in the last ten! In appearance.

Intellectually I've aged fifty.

With all the books I've read.

All the scientific and psychological journals.

Literary journals.

We have stabbings here frequently now; due to overcrowding of prisons, over-sentencing, and a broken parole system. South Carolina's prisons are completely out of control. It feels like the whole state is on the verge of a riot at any moment. All I see around me is women working as guards--and these are NOT in shape women of any sense--there is NO security! If a fight goes down, or some ghetto-drones are being unruly--there's nothing a female guard can do but run from the situation and call for backup (being a male guard--if available--to come and bail her out of the situation.). It's crazy.

The ghetto-drones intentionally target the male guards, and give them a hard time. Bullying them with violence, and even outside threats, made by outside gang members; this causes the males to quite, or leave due to personal injury (or to avoid injury to their loved ones). Leaving the females, which the gangs lean on to smuggle in contraband (in their elaborate hair buns; on, or in, their persons). And it seems like the guards doing this--making \$5-20,000.00 per month (or more), as mules, put up a front: acting all Supercop.

I try to ignore all this.

Keep busy.

Stay alive by keeping my nose to myself.

But something needs to change; because the prisons are on a downward spiral, and if someone doesn't take control, and soon--it's easy to see where things are headed. Total chaos.

The prisons need cameras, EVERYWHERE, and one of scanning devices used at airports for the guards to go through. 95 percent (or more) of the contraband walks into S.C. prisons through their front doors! They claim it comes over the fence, and through visits--but, in these ten years, 9 out of 10 times, of everything I've EVER seen--came in by a female employee....