

THE VIEW



Outside the steel barred window, off in the distance, is a scene of rolling emerald hills connected to shining, picturesque farmland that dreamily catches my gaze. Although I have never actually been there the view sparks visions in my mind's eye of the Irish countryside with men in tweed scullies caring for centuries old pastures and auburn haired, milky skinned beauties frolicking freely about the dales with arms busily correcting the wind swept uplift of their hems.

Hard to understand as it may be, but this subtle viewing of a simple landscape inspired such a vivid image of splendor. It is a product of my circumstance. Prison reduces a man to such an indispensible state that mundane realities of the freemans world are transformed into broad fantasies and invaluable avenues of escape. I do all I can to travel these avenues as frequently as possible.

The stately main house with set-back barn are both high on the crest of the vast expanse, perfectly symmetrically laid out as if stroked on canvas by an American master. I further drift off into a sharp visualization of a large, beam crossed, open room located at the core of the main house. My focus is on a grand fireplace and hearth with dark cast iron pots hanging from a spit. A large gentle looking golden retriever sits at a safe distance from the flames warming himself. The manors apron clad maiden is toiling over heaping plates of steaming beef set upon a large oaken table. I am there. No doubt I will indulge in this bounty in every conceivable way.

With my hunger for food satisfied I wander out the massive front door and onto the freshly trimmed, fragrant front lawn. I grasp the silky soft hand of an earth angel who possesses such stunning green eyes and goddess like contours that with one fleeting glance she could make me her eternal slave. A more joyous slave has never drawn a breath. We make our way across the jade meadow through the treeline and fall into each others arms on our way to supreme bliss. Life is good!

"LETS MOVE IT!" The red-faced, whiskey breathed, obese sergeant bellows and I abruptly snap back into my nightmarish reality all too painfully sensing the upset in the pit of my stomach that comes with the gravity of my situation.

Mr. Timothy J. Muise