



LET THEIR BE LIGHT!

Not just "there" -- but, "their" light!

The guy I'm forced to share a cell with didn't have a lamp. He's been locked up his whole life--but, priorities I guess. For me, as soon as I arrived in prison I got what I needed: lamp, hot pot (a "safety version" of a coffee pot), shoes, thermals, typewriter, TV, the things that were essential for living in here and being able to cope. But, some just live meal to meal, even if they do have money, they choose just to eat as much junk food as they can get their hands on.

I'll put snacks off in place of things like ... paper and pens.

The cells have large overhead lights, but those things are like personal suns -- they're stupid bright. So, when the other prisoner doesn't have a lamp, their likely to be reliant on the large light. Like he was in my cell; but now, I bought myself a new lamp, and gave him my old one--which was still like new.

I have a place on the wall I clip mine, up near where I rest my head--his is clipped onto the bunk. The lamps are much better, because the ambience is more relaxing in comparison to the Trance Gemini that illuminated me from the ceiling.

The lamps cost us about twelve dollars.

Bulbs are about a dollar.

40 watt.

It's a wise investment.

Some of the prisoners end up getting into fights over the overhead lights. One will be resting after work--maybe a twelve-hour shift--and these are anger-management-lacking individuals to start with in most cases, with the aggressively bright light the spark of an argument that quickly escalates. Some guys will use it purposely to provoke their "cellie" into an altercation. These, of course, being manboys (no sense of manhood in them; not one adult brain cell in their cranium).

Many of them being guys that never had a home, grew up in the institutional environment--knowing nothing else BUT bright lights, brick walls, and concrete floors. But not me! I like comfortable lighting, nice artwork, and having the things I need at hand....