

WHAT PRISONERS ARE MADE OF

Each refer to themselves as *men* – testosterone,
penis, muscle, hair – what “defines” physicality;

each are grown, fully formed, except for the few
brought in as boys (convicted children) held here

against moral. Each are *men* – hands, feet,
minds unmolded – putty for the system.

Each prisoner is not made the same. Each are
jaded, yet erect; lost, yet, Fated.

Each are fright and fear, regret, and shame.
A montage of human emotions

gone extreme, at the least opportune moments.
The aftermath of hypocritical fingers

on societal keys, and you may find them
a bit embittered – as to be expected.

Each broken down by the molecular
constituents, corresponding to the sub-par food

they are forced to ingest. That less of a dog.
Animal. You may find each full of hate and

blame - but, that is in due accord - treat others
as you would never treat you. The special.

A god/goddess image, pedestalled above the
lowly prisoner: left to find out the true makings

of his cellulite guarded world,
fully formed against all better.

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