Fishing

10/12/19

When he yells down the tier at you and saids, "go fisting with me," in your mind you see people with fishing poles standing on rocks or with fisking lines dongling off bridges or maybe sitting in a boat in the middle of a riner, cold beer in one hand rod and reel in the other.

Fishing is something we do a little different here in prison - we don't have fishing poles or even rod & reels. We do use lines made from strips of sheets, sometimes enough to reach from 201 around to 250 ~~201 250~~ and if need be to drop off to the first tier to pick something up. Now some people like to use a bar of prison made soap on the end of their line for weight, not me, I like those little testament books. They're the same ~~size~~ sizes as a bar of soap but they don't break-up as ~~easy~~ easy, they slide better and at the same time you can spread the word around the tier.

Now let me see what this kite saids, "brother, could you shoot me a couple of sugars?" ... a couple of sugars. Two bowls of fishing for a couple of sugars. Dude, let the door opening be the bell.

Steve J. Burkett

kx9c

Lonely hearts
sometimes I see thing
out of the corner of my eye
like the shadows of birds
dancing on prison wall
looking like the woman
of my dreams

walking here beside me
pulling on the strings
of my lonely heart
holding onto me
with yesterdays memories

where the lines we walked
were never that straight
when leaning onto one another
was the only way
we could stay vertical 10/6/14

Steve J. Burkett