

## Poetry

On Monday I got up early  
 a plane almost hit me  
 I threw myself out of bed  
 hit the back of my head  
 on the steel desk  
 the metal stool with my elbow  
 the concrete floor with my knee

On Tuesday I got up slowly  
 missing the desk and stool  
 burned my hand on the hot pot  
 spill coffee on my white t-shirt  
 draped the boot on my shoes  
 soaking my new white socks

On Wednesday I made a plan  
 to get up on the right side  
 because the bed is bolted to the wall  
 I could not do it

so I crawled off the bottom end  
 putting my foot in the toilet  
 On Thursday I tried to sleep in  
 all the alarms when off

up and down the tier  
 radios were blaring in six languages  
 the sun was lighting up the sky  
 the guard was beating on the cell door

On Friday I could barely move  
 I made a cup of coffee  
 in a tin cup  
 had what looked like eggs  
 lamer with maggots in it  
 I dumped it on the table  
 threw the tray at the wall

On Saturday I woke up in the hole  
 strapped to the steel bed  
 with bruises covering my body  
 a cast on both arms  
 my left knee was swollen  
 bandage covered my face

On Sunday I stayed in bed  
 Monday was a good day  
 Tuesday wasn't so bad  
 Wednesday thing when south

Thursday was the beginning of end  
 Friday ended a bad week.