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“Deprivation Reign King”
Words Uncaged

Prison is a drab, lonely place where deprivation reigns king, and variety is almost non-existent. There are no trees in prison, green or otherwise. There are no women; well, there are androgynous females who wear uniforms designed for men, but to us, the emasculated prisoner, these females are completely genderless.

This is a man’s prison, but we are emasculated, civilly castrated, never to reproduce ever again... if you are a lifer. In that case, what does gender matter? As we strive to hold on to our sanity and retain some sense of humanity.

How human can we be if we are only fit for a cage? The reality is that a cell is nothing more than a cage, decorated in human amenities, an open toilet, with no privacy... a cage, a cold flat comfortless bunk... a cage, shelving smaller than your average car trunk... a cage!

No trees, not even the fruit of a tree. Okay, we get apples, but that’s it! No delicious oranges or sweeten grapes, or even a mango? Quit playing... not here!

In prison, everything is bite-slices. Eight ounces of milk, eight ounces of juice, an apple but we can buy sodas... eight ounces of course. No 16/32 ounces nothing in prison. Heck, we are limited to two pieces of bread, per diem.

Calls home are bite-sized too. Imagine standing in line for 30 to 40 minutes for a 15-minute phone call. Yep, that’s prison!

Try waiting patiently or impatiently for 30-45 minutes for a 10-minute shower! I’m telling you, prison is where deprivation reigns.