

WHAT PRISON FEELS LIKE

by

Dortell Williams

hands tied -- behind my back,
swinging loose, but purposeless

my footfalls are hamster wheels,
same tread ground, around and around

nowhere.

like hades, no trees,
only bare bones and screams
no roses, no moon, no sun

solitary.

my soul – detached from humanity
it turns, it burns
Viktor Frankl, no meaning.
without substance, no purpose

foggy, abstract
darkness pervades
save for gray walls and steel

Life is a blur; no dates, no meaningful moments
bland, like bread, like red rivulets
burning a hole in the head of the soul

mind-numbing monotony,
malnourished group think,
recycled air,
oppressive air

suffocating.

is what prison feels like.

Dortell Williams is pursuing a BA in communications. He has dedicated his life toward mentoring youth and helping survivors of crime. You may find other works of his via a Google search. He appreciated feedback from readers and invites outside assistance. He may be reached indirectly at: Dortell Williams, H-45771/ A5-204, P.O. Box 4430, Lancaster, CA 93539.