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Incarcerated

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Incarcerated

T. William Wallin

the door shuts like a vacuum in space

your identity becomes an x-reference # blotted onto a wristband
cutting of circulation to the outside, a whistle echoes along alarm
bells,
squeezing your lungs until all you see is desert

they chant together 'god is good all the time, all the time god is
good'
but god is not in here

god is not in here

god is not in here

every Friday night they stage fights
in the bathroom between cars
that the guard's create
to separate us by skin color

they want us to solve our own problems
but we all bleed crimson and soak pillow cases when we cry

games of poker end with food cooked in trash bags
trying to feed those with no family
some are hoping others join their ideology

but prison politics are worse than real politics
nothing is real, nothing is sacred

the infirmary is the final sentence
for the broken spirit every Friday night

there is no god in here