

## *Cellmate #12201990*

That's my number on the back of my prison uniform,  
If that's what you want to call it I guess, I don't know.  
It's lockdown as I'm writing this right now,  
I'm in this small cell with another inmate on the top bunk.  
As I watch roaches crawling on my wall and smelling shit,  
It's starting to become the norm of being in prison.  
The smell of shit is the worst as these toilets suck,  
They don't flush everything completely as it takes a few  
pushes of the button.  
We don't talk much as we have our own things that we do,  
With no window to look outside to even watch the sunset.  
Those are things I used to enjoy before heading out for  
nights on the town,  
And there was one night that got me in this prison for a  
long time.  
I'm paying a hefty price for the worst decision I've ever  
made in my life,  
Now, I'm in this 8 X 11 prison cell to think about it every  
single day.  
My name is Eric but no one in here knows me by that,  
We're only known by the numbers that are on our backs.  
Those numbers are my birthday if you look carefully,  
I'm constantly reminded of that and how young I truly am.  
All of these prisoners know how old I am and look at me in  
shame,  
Most of these guys have been here for years and will die in  
this hellhole.

Murderers, rapists, drug dealers and I'm the alcoholic who  
killed people,  
Prisoners filled with tattoos, shaved heads and work out  
like feens on drugs.  
Being out on the yard, I always stay to myself and I also eat  
alone too,  
My cellmate has his own clique that he hangs out with, not  
trying to barge in on him.  
There's a give respect, receive respect ordeal in here and I  
totally get it,  
No man is trying to give up his throne in this prison as  
everyone runs things.  
I've seen my share of shit that I used to think was just for  
television,  
But a lot of it is real deal things that go on in here on a reg-  
ular basis.  
These prison guards have to always be keen and alert at all  
times,  
I've seen urine thrown in an officer's face and spilled un-  
der the cell.  
A lot of mentally ill men in this prison, I've seen my share  
that don't look well,  
And to get them to take their medication everyday is an-  
other battle within itself.  
Food is fed to us like we're animals in here, I'm used to eat-  
ing at a table everyday,  
The food here is disgusting and I know I'm bound to get  
sick from this.  
Not even a dog would eat half of the shit that's served to  
us,

And we have other prisoners making this food, who knows what they do to it.

I wonder if they wear gloves or even wash their hands before making this crap,

Anytime I get fruit or I get to have a peanut butter sandwich, I'm all for it.

No one really comes to visit me as my family has abandoned me for the most part,

I guess they got tired of telling me to go get help for my alcohol addiction.

I never felt I had a problem but the reality is that I did but I won't discuss that right now,

Right now, I'm too engulfed in hearing the creepy sounds of the night in this prison.

A bunch of people screaming and hollering, I barely get any sleep in here,

I'd rather be in solitary confinement at night, those prison walls are thicker.

These orange jumpsuits is what I used to watch other people wear on television,

Now I'm the one with it on and for a long time as I have to wash it daily.

This was the last place I thought I'd end up, never envisioned my life going this way,

I'll be spending my years living in regret and wondering how to keep my sanity.

I've lost all hope and my smile, being in here makes you change your ways,

There's no way you can be happy here on a daily basis, that's for sure.

The guards in here have to be tough as they're dealing  
with a bunch of criminals,  
Ones that are capable of anything at any time and that's  
the damn truth.  
I've seen my share of fights that have gone on and it's  
scary,  
In the cafeteria, the guards can get control of it faster than  
if it's on the yard.  
I don't have much protection in here but staying to myself  
for now helps my cause,  
Eventually, I'll need to hang around people who will look  
out for me when need be.  
My life was good for the most part before all of these  
tragic events happened,  
If I could turn back the hands of time with my life, I'd be  
happy.  
I was given signs and opportunities to get my life together,  
Now people call me by my cellmate # instead of my first  
name.  
Spot checks throughout the day and these numbers are my  
identification,  
This is going to be a long night listening to these crazy in-  
mates.  
Now I finally understand what people in here mean when  
you sleep during the day,  
What a life I used to have before I ended up here on lock-  
down.