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THE INSIDE VIEW

JAILHOUSE POEMS

by

DAVID A. DOBBS

A BOOK OF POEMS BASED ON OBSERVATIONS OF PEOPLE INCARCERATED IN, OR WORKING AT A SMALL CORRECTIONAL FACILITY IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND. I WOULD HAVE PREFERRED THAT I WAS NEVER ABLE TO MAKE THESE OBSERVATIONS, BUT, SINCE THIS IS THE WAY THINGS TURNED OUT, I DECIDED TO SHARE SOME THOUGHTS AND INSIGHTS WITH YOU, THE READER. SOME OF THESE ARE HUMOROUS AND SOME ARE THOUGHT PROVOKING, BUT I HOPE YOU ENJOY READING THEM AS MUCH AS I ENJOYED DREAMING THEM UP. HOPE AND HUMOR IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

PO BOX 960
41880 BALDRIDGE ST
LEONARDTOWN, MD
20650

2435 KODIAK DR
WINTERVILLE, NC
28590

CORRECTION'S OFFICERS (C.O.s)

Each one's an individual
much like you and me.
But there the likeness ends because,
you're simply Pod E-three
Even though they seem to be
they are not your friend.
They'll laugh with you and joke with you
and rules they'll slightly bend.
They don't want to get to know you,
because you can't hang out.
You've done things to get you here
"It's just a job to them!" you shout.
It is indeed a job to them
for which they will get paid,
to babysit, deliver food
and rules to be conveyed.
And when the rules get broken
and you refuse to hear their pleas.
There's ten of them and one of you
and they'll taze you to your knees.
You'll listen then, you can't refuse.
You had your final chance.
You came out full of gusto
in what was your final stance.
So even though we're human
and made one big mistake.
They simply cannot be your friend
there's still no need to hate.
You'll leave here before too long
to go to better places.
They'll be here to babysit
and scoff at newer faces.
They're not your friend, they don't mean
to be
You're a temporary theme.
And when you've up and gone away
it's not of you they dream.
So look at them for what they are
not what you want them to be.
They're guards to watch your every
move
not part of your family.
So even if you think you are,

a member of their band.
Screw up major just one time
and see the taser in their hand.



MY JAILHOUSE TAT

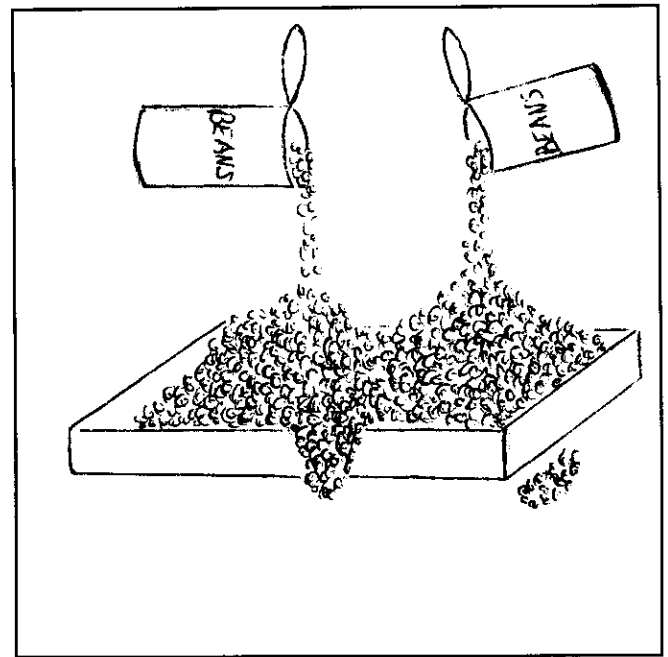
I got a jailhouse tattoo
I haven't seen it yet.
He only just now finished
and the tattoo is still wet.
I went into his dim-lit cell
he sat upon his bed.
I sat upon his toilet seat,
his business seat he said.
We discussed my commissary,
his payment as it were.
I asked if he'd ever done one.
He said "definitely, to be sure."
What would you like for your first
jailhouse tat?
You want something pretty cool.
Something hereditary?
You don't want to look like a fool.
"Well my family is Canadian
and their symbol is pretty tight.
Maybe on my shoulder blade
and maybe about this height."
So I said a Canadian beaver.
I think that would be okay.
I think my family will like it.
It's Canadian all the way.
So he made a small concoction
with baby oil, soap and pee.
At least I think that's what he said.
I think he was kidding me.
He found himself a staple.
"What will you do with that?"
"This is the latest technology
for a modern jailhouse tat."
I thought that I might faint away,
there was a lot of blood.
He poked and dipped and continuously
jabbed
there was a torrential flood.
I couldn't really see it.
I could only go by what he said.
He said that it was looking good,
but it would give me strange street cred.
I had told him that a beaver
would go with my family's home.
It was three whole hours.

My mouth was starting to foam.
So now I get to see it.
I'm excited but I'm scared.
What if it came out stupid?
What if it had no hair?
Well that was the least of my worries.
It's nearly as big as life.
and to think that I was worried,
that a tattoo could give me strife.
I told him just a beaver...
Canadian symbol near and dear.
He tattooed Justin Bieber
Who knew he couldn't hear?



UNCOOKED

I've counted seven different kinds
they feed us through the week.
Navy, red and undercooked
the beans of which I speak.
They always go uneaten
and returned upon the tray.
I guess they put them in the pot
to wait another day.
The white ones often visit us
primarily for lunch.
These, of course, return intact
'coz beans, they shouldn't crunch.
They hide them in a gravy sauce
with cut up bits of meat.
An attempt to hide the uncooked beans,
an underhanded feat.
The red ones served with hot dogs
in my taste are the best.
They're softer so it's easy
to rise above the rest.
The white ones I don't understand,
Pinto? or just white?
They have a tough and hardened shell
but I know that's not right.
Beans should be delightful.
They're, of course, the magical fruit.
They should be a welcome guest
with a resultant, malodorous toot.
But here they simply take up space
on an otherwise bland repast.
Eventually they'll fade away
or they'll be here to the last.
So take the uncooked beans away,
we will not ask for more.
Replace them with some garlic mashed,
that will even up the score.



THE DREAM

It's been so long, I see you know
Your hair is swaying sweetly.
You're wearing that sweater I love you
in
Your make-up's on so neatly.
We're in a golden meadow now, soft and
light
the colors rich and pure.
Bright yellows, soft blues, greens and
reds,
your hazel eyes for me allure.
I'm so glad you came today, I needed
you a lot
it's been so long since I've held you.
I was in a terrible spot,
I dreamt I was away from you
I couldn't reach you then.
But here you are, you're beautiful
I'll never leave you again.
The breeze is light and airy,
as I softly stroke your cheek.
The birds are singing sweetly
they sound so mild and meek.
The sunlight on your hair and face
as you sit there on that log.
Reminds me of the brightest sun
that follows a dense gray fog.
I'm so in love with all you are
and your smile that makes me weak.
Your kiss, your touch, your warm
embrace
they only things I seek.
Wait, where'd you go? You've run
away.
Where are you now, my dear?
I know I'll find you soon enough,
but are you far or near?
Oh I see you, you gorgeous thing
You've run down to the beach.
I'm on my way, I'll be there soon
you won't be out of reach.
The breeze is nice but it's so hot
just laying in the sun.
I feel the burn on my own skin,
I think I'm overdone.

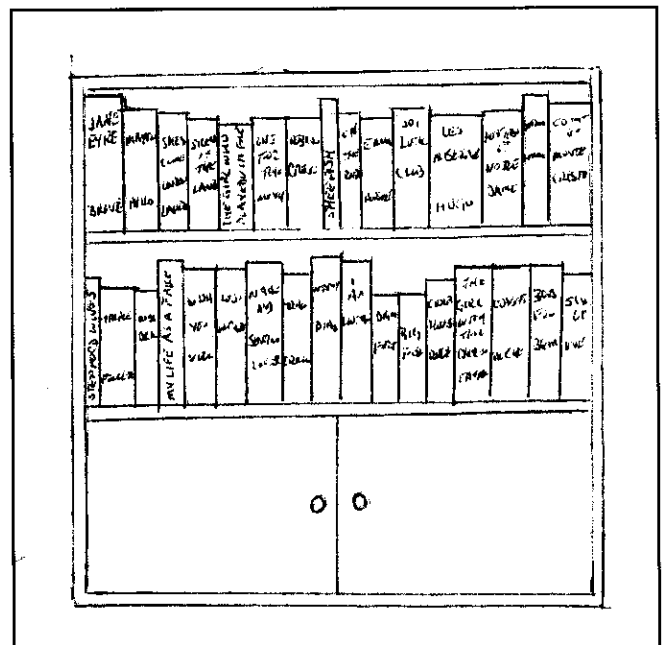
But laying here beside you now,
your tan skin next to mine.
Your warm soft body on the sand
is looking oh so fine.
The lapping of the waves on us
the sound puts me to sleep.
I feel myself just drifting off
and resting oh so deep.
The waves, the breeze, the birds in flight
the sounds are all so calm.
the sand, the sea, your golden hair
just sifting through my palm.
What sounds I hear? What harshness
now?
that leaves my body shaken.
I smile, I frown, I open my eyes
and slowly I awaken.
White walls, white bed, it was only a
dream?
and you're not with me here?
I roll back over to face the wall
and wipe away a tear.



MY NEW FRIENDS

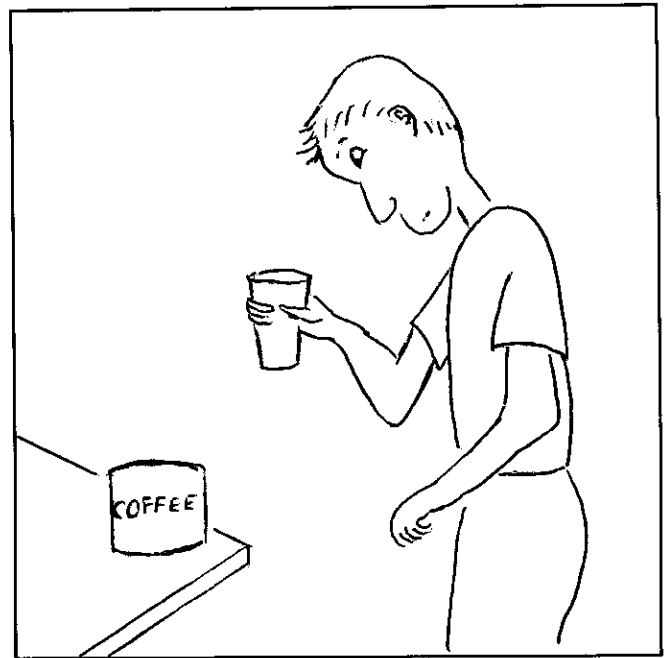
I've been a reader all of my life
 in love with the written word.
 But over the past ten months or so
 my passion for reading has soared.
 Cheever and Deaver, Shakespeare and
 Dunne,
 Irving, LeCarre and Rushdie,
 Stewart and Follett and Herman Hesse
 Larsson, Tan, Hyde and Dorsey.
 Gusterson, Grifton, Hayden and Wouk
 Wallace, Austen, Levin.
 Give me some history from Stephen
 Ambrose.
 Kerouac gave me the wind.
 Michener's novels were heavenly reads.
 Philbreck brought me the past.
 Melville with Billy and Moby Dick,
 Dostoyevskiy was so meant to last.
 I've gotten involved with writers of
 yore,
 like Bronte and Hugo and Twain.
 Dumas, Defoe and the great Wally Lamb
 with Crichton to help ease the pain.
 I learned about Hutterites, thanks Mary
 Ann,
 India Treasures was great.
 Gorkiy Park took me to faraway lands.
 The Hotel New Hampshire and Cider
 House Rules
 brought me an author quite awesome.
 The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo and
 her ways
 made me sad that there's no more Stieg
 Larsson.
 Before there was Sheepish with
 Catherine and Friend,
 Patience and Sarah were there.
 Bonesetter's Daughter and Kitchen
 God's Wife
 and Amy brought Asian's who care.
 The Hunchback was different that
 Disney of old,
 the ending was uber traumatic.
 Les Miserables with Cossette and Jean
 the story was truly dramatic.

My Life As A Fake and Hammerhead
 Ranch
 I'd never heard of before.
 Like Water For Chocolate and Hornet
 Flight,
 I'd include all in my store.
 Not all I've read deserve number one
 some were not worth my reading.
 But She's Come Undone and Dragon's
 Tattoo
 lifted me when I was needing.
 I'm reading more that ten books a
 month,
 A scale that I've not reached before.
 As long as I can I'll continue to read.
 There's always room for one more.
 I'm keeping a list of the titles I've read
 to know if I liked them or not.
 I can usually tell by the excerpt on back
 if I'm going to give them a shot.
 The classics I've read most assuredly
 were
 deserving to be singled out.
 But so many others I'm happy to say
 delighted me beyond a doubt.
 So while I have time and am getting my
 fill,
 I'll continue to read all I can.
 As Evanovich and Beesly and Harris and
 Brown
 keep finding a place in my hand.



THE ROOMMATE

He's comatose, or nearly so
but I think that's drug-induced.
He sleeps for sixteen hours a day
only up for meals and juice.
His teeth are gone, his gait is slow,
he's bent just like a stick.
He looks and walks like he's eighty-five,
but he's only twenty-six.
I'm not sure what he's doing here,
we haven't got that far.
I'm not sure what he does out there,
but I'm sure it's bar to bar.
If he were up, he'd be asking me
for coffee or a snack.
I don't like giving things away
and coffee for him is crack.
He craves it often, he asks a lot
but I didn't take him to raise.
My last one left when he went insane
I get a lot of strays.
They need to fix the entry form
on their revolving door.
I'd like to know ahead of time
if the next will ask for more.
It's quiet now, he sleeps again,
and won't be up for hours.
Until the medic brings his drugs
and I hide in the showers.
It's terrible to live like this.
It's worse to live like that.
It's best to give and not receive.
When do I get it back?



THE COFFEE MAN

Everyone loves the coffee man;
his coffee is like gold.
It can get him almost anything.
If he wants it, mark it sold.
Watches, shoes, a radio
with headset if you please.
A big shot here, a small shot there,
it's gone just like a breeze.
It works not just for getting stuff
but draws in friends like flies.
Most are temporary,
like clouds across the skies.
They come by to ask about
random and sundry things.
Looking for a shot or two
They'll listen while he sings.
They'll listen to his nonsense.
They'll let him ramble on.
Once the coffee goes away
he knows that they'll be gone.
Now he knows that they don't care
'bout what he has to say.
They're using him to get a fix
to make it through the day.
They're using him, he knows it's true
but that isn't a crime.
'Coz talking and not thinking
makes it easier to do his time.



INNOCENCE

My court date is coming
and I might get out of here.
It cannot be much longer now
and I'll be free and clear.
It must be soon, it can't be long
and I'll be getting out.
I've been here for two months now.
"That's long enough!" I shout.
When they came and picked me up,
I told them everything.
They can't hold that against me now
Since I was coming clean.
They asked me lots of questions
about things I might have done.
I sat right there and talked to them
I didn't even run.
I've signed all kinds of papers now
they called it an indictment.
But I don't know what all that meant,
should there be some more excitement?
So now I'm thinking with my case
they're all going to meet,
to figure out just how to get me
back out on the street.
If I can go and see the judge
and let him know I'm sorry,
I'll leave this place and not come back
so he won't have to worry.
There's lots of reasons I can say
to tell him what I did.
I'm sure he'll understand it all
because I'm just a kid.
I haven't seen a lawyer yet
but they'll be on my side.
So with their help and their support
this thing with me will slide.
But on one's come to see me so
I'm not sure what to think.
If I have to stay much more
then that is gonna stink.
I feel bad for all these guys
who have to stay a while.
'Coz I'll be out of here real soon
and live it up in style.
so I'll be thinking of these guys

when I get out of here.
'Coz nothings gonna stick to me
I have nothing to fear.
So like I said I'll be out soon
and I'll be on my way.
'Coz honesty's the best policy
that's what I always say.



THE ANGRY MAN

He's the angriest man I've ever known
But only to her it seems
He laughs and jokes with all of us
but to her on the phone he screams
"It's your fault that I'm in here bitch!"
He's holding nothing back
"If not for you I'd be at work!"
He's relentless in his attack
"You stupid slut, you're good for naught
I'm cleaning it up a lot
"You're an absolutely worthless twit
'coz of you my life is shot.
If not for you, I'd be at work
scooping up some crab.
But you and nine assaults you caused
I can't believe, you scab!
I've been in trouble for so long
because of you, you know
If you would stop harassing me
and causing me to blow
You're worthless and can only work
if I give you things to do
You're doing nothing to help yourself
but no one else wants you
Maybe if you went and tried
to prostitute your bod
someone, somewhere, somehow might
just give you a nod
Now get my tools and get my boat
you worthless piece of crap!
And try to clean up this mess you made
I'm looking like a sap
Call my lawyer, call the press
do something to help me here
If not for you I'd be at home
drinking another beer
I'll kick your ass when I get home
if you don't help me out this time
You're the only problem here
And now you've made it mine
I can't stand the thought of you
just holding on the line
so I'll call you back in a little while
if I can find the time
Go do something useful now

you ungrateful little whore
I love you and I'll call you back
so we can talk some more."



TRUE LOVE

It's only when they're fighting hard
that she will turn him in.
When they're bloodied, black and blue,
a fight she cannot win.
He hates her every time she does
and he just calls her mean.
But this is life support for her
and he just won't stay clean.
He calls her names, she punches him,
he hits her in the head.
They never think that this goes on
'til one of them is dead.
Those of us who hear of this
might think it very strange.
But til they get the help they need
nothing will ever change.
He'll keep on abusing her
and she abusing him.
And still the battle rages on.
No one will ever win.
They're stuck with one another 'coz
their habits are too bad.
They'll keep going just like this
and that is rather sad.
But somehow they still call this love
with bruises, blood and beer.
And they'll keep fighting back and forth
and he'll be back in here.



FANTASY

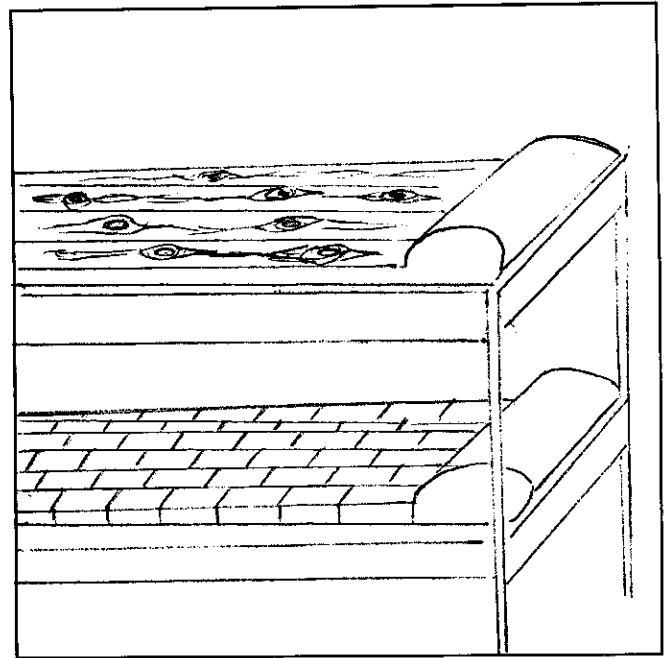
I think the C.O. likes me
She smiled at me and said
"Are you okay?" I smiled back
and it went to my head.
She kind of touched my hand a bit
She was giving me my mail.
Her finger lingered on mine a tad
and made my feelings sail.
She looked at me right in the eyes
almost as if to say
If you weren't here, but with me there
I think there'd be a way.
I'd have my way with you my dear
or you'd have your way with me.
We'd take turns caressing us
if we weren't here, you'd see.
I could feel her kiss my neck
'coz I'm into that you know.
But wait, a nice hot shower first
to soften up the glow.
Do you want to shower all alone
or should I go with you?
you want me there to soap your skin?
I think I'd love that too.
I'd brush her hair one hundred strokes
if I could wait that long.
I'd put my arm around her waist
and hum a little song.
My love for her would know no bounds
her love for me would soar.
I'd make her feel so special,
a kiss would start the tour.
you'll do everything I ask?
then please get on your knees
I'll go down instead of you
it's you I want to please.
I'd massage her front, I'd massage her
back
interrupting with a kiss.
I'd make her feel she's in a dream
if I could have this wish.
we'd hold each other half the night
the other half we'd play.
it's only for this long caress
its just for that I pray.

when will I see you again C.O.
to continue this fantasy?
I'd give you everything you want
if you'd love a girl like me.



MY MATTRESS

It's three inches thick.
It's hard as a brick.
This mattress that I must sleep on
I don't mean to complain
but it causes a strain
on a back that no longer is strong.
It's harder by far
than a table or bar.
Laying on this is just so wrong.
I can only be more sore
if I slept on the floor.
How much longer does this have to go
on?
It might not be bad
if three more of them I had,
but I still wouldn't be singing a song.
'Course I'd rather have one
than be left with none.
I just wish that I could be gone.
But if they hear my voice
a pillowsoftt is my choice
and from this mattress I will be long
gone.
So I'll give it a rest
and hope for the best
for this mattress that I must sleep on.



THE EXPERIENCE

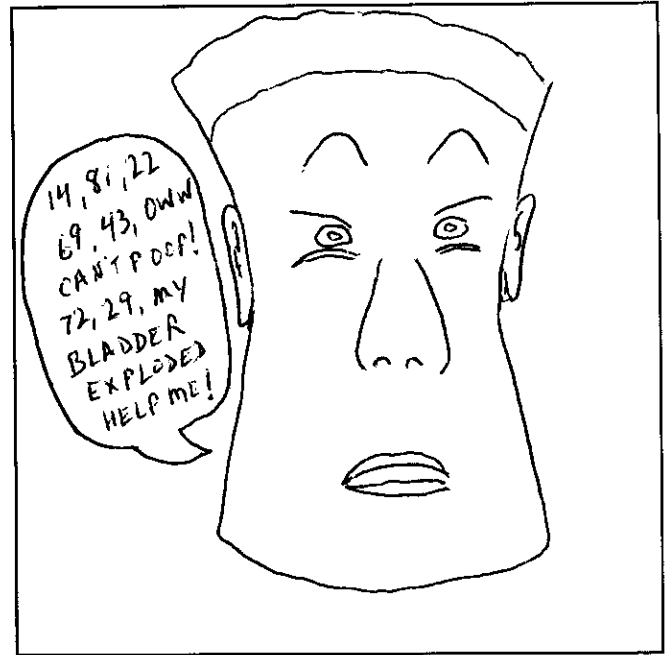
I can't believe the people in here
could actually make it outside.
They don't seem to have much going for
them,
but here in these walls they thrive.
They aren't able to add, subtract or
divide.
You know that they can't really read.
But give them a sentence of any amount
they'll know what you'll really see.
So many years at D-O-C
equates to so many served.
Minus the good time, and all the code
reds,
a quarter of time will be yours.
But how do these people make it outside?
How did they really get by?
With government handouts, shelters and
meals,
and stealing to pay for their high.
I listen with interest when they talk
about
what shelters would give them a rest.
The lines that they stood in to get free
cheese,
the coffee that was the best.
Living in dumpsters, living in tents,
crashing wherever they can.
Some of the people currently here
consider this part of their plan.
Three hots and a cot, a shower and
warmth,
beat spending the winter outside...
where winds and rain and biting cold
makes you wish you were back inside.
Getting back in is easy to do
for drugs or trespass or theft.
Grab a girl's butt and a sex offense
will get you five years or less.
So once they come back, they can live
like kings
and take other inmate's stuff.
Applying your street smarts to those not
as strong
or an arm twist might just be enough.

But those of us who really had lives
with houses and families,
careers and cars and bank accounts
all stripped from us like we were thieves.
This has been an experience
and certainly not that great.
I could have lived without all this,
I could live without the hate.
Everything's done for a reason they say
but I've kind of lost my faith.
I don't know what's down the road
but I don't have long to wait.
Some see this as a temporary home
others as very traumatic.
If I could leave now, I'd never come
back
the right path would be automatic.
But that is the difference between they
that live
like this for most of their life,
and we who have made a simple mistake
and see this as more than strife.
I've reached the point of diminishing
returns
more time in here does me no good.
I've learned the system, I know how to
live,
I've learned to survive in the hood.
And when I get out I'll never look back
no matter what they say.
This will be just a bad memory
as I quickly drive away.



INSANITY

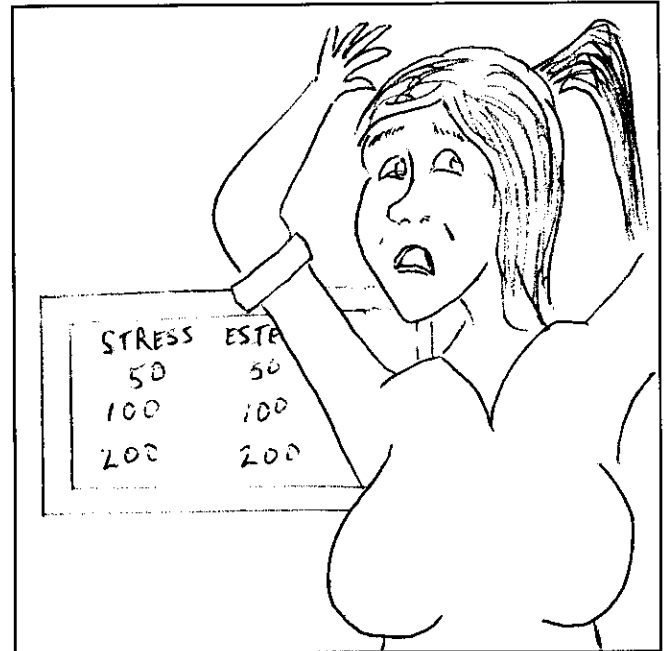
I watched a man go crazy.
His mind began to rot.
I thought that he'd been faking.
I'm still not sure he's not.
He started out quite normal,
much like you and I.
A little slow, and slurred in speech,
but a regular kind of guy.
He started having problems
thinking of what he'd done.
His conscience got him quicker
than if he'd had a gun.
His bowels shut down completely.
Couldn't poop, then couldn't pee.
Started telling numbers
to people he couldn't see.
He had a couple seizures.
The first he'd ever had.
His son had been afflicted.
Apparently they were bad.
I asked if he were faking,
if he thought they'd send him home.
He answered yes but I wonder now
if his mind began to roam.
He was no longer normal.
But then who really is?
His mind was lost while searching
for a reason for what he did.



JEOPARDY

"Tell me for a hundred points
how to boost your self esteem."
Contestants scratched their heads and
looked
as if they were in a dream.
"We went over this for three whole
weeks
I know you can tell me how.
Self esteem, you know this one.
We'll try something else for now.
How about reducing stress
for one hundred and fifty points?"
"We're not sure just what you mean.
Do you mean like in your joints?"
"No! I know you know this stuff.
It's supposed to be a test.
It's masked behind the Jeopardy game,
you're really not trying your best."
"Use your "I" words teacher.
Describe your feelings" they say.
"You guys are driving me crazy!
I don't mean to feel this way."
"Have you examined your emotions?
Have you lost your self respect?"
"No, class, I don't think so.
Oh no, I'm lost as heck.
I thought that I was teaching.
I thought I knew my stuff.
This game is failing miserably.
Was my teaching not enough?"
"No, teach, we were kidding.
We know all the answers" they said.
"We learned enough from what you
taught
to mess around with your head.
You taught us how to handle
emotions, stress and fear.
You taught us how to use "I" words
like I wish I wasn't here.
But most of all you taught us
that one day of the week.
We look forward to a respite
from the stresses and can speak
About what might be troubling
and keeping us in pain.

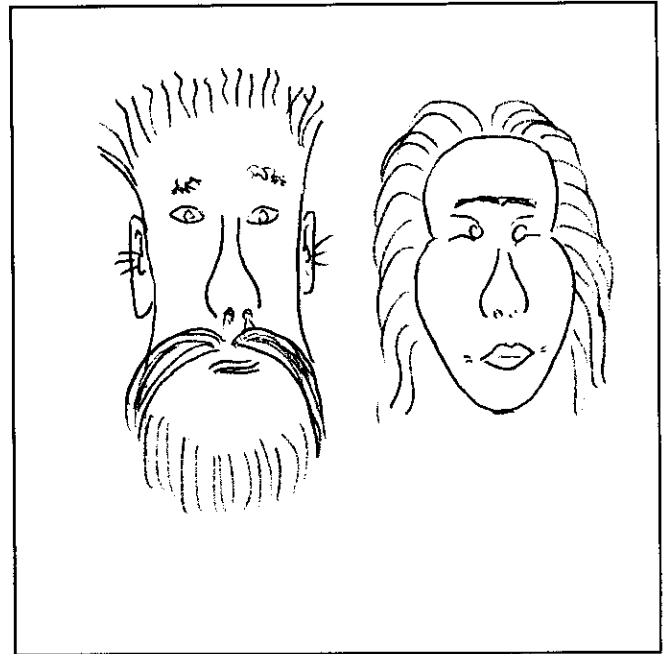
We meet with you and learn some things
without a lot of strain.
So whether we display it
or keep it deep within,
just know that at life's jeopardy
you've given us a chance to win."



LOOKING GOOD

My hair looks like crap and my beard is
a mess
and my eyebrows are growing like
crazy.
My lower back hurts 'coz it has no
support
and the lights make my vision quite
hazy.
It's cruel and unusual punishment I think
to be left with no tweezers or file.
But a few rotten apples have ruined it for
all.
They'd shank you as quick as they'd
smile.
For one of those portable nail trimming
sets
for Christmas that I gave away,
I'd give up the third blanket I'm not
s'posed to have
and even give part of my tray.
Some of us used to take care of
ourselves
with mani's and pedi's and more.
Can't find you hair gel or emery board
then quick we'll just run to the store.
But here there's no limit to what you
can't have
and you surely can't make yourself
pretty.
So beg for the trimmers and clippers and
hope
that no one will think you so petty.
But looking presentable's more than just
vain,
it makes you feel more like a person.
You're stashed away in a crappy old
place
that you really are hoping won't worsen.
So do what you can and clean up your
act
and trim up those unruly ends.
Go pluck your eyebrow's with what
nails you have
and put your looks on the mend.

You'll feel much better and won't look
so bad
and people might follow your lead.
You can head up a better class of folk
in preps for when you are freed.



STINKY KID

We got a new arrival.
We call him stinky kid.
He won't get in the shower
like all the others did.
I don't know why he won't go.
We clean it every day.
It shines like sterling silver
or like the sun across the bay.
It's really not that scary.
The water flows like rain.
We have a custom showerhead
and a swiftly moving drain.
The water feels refreshing
in 90 second bursts.
It might really scare him.
For him it even hurts.
The one time he got in there
I think I heard him scream.
Could it be he fell asleep
and yelled within a dream?
Perhaps it really burned him
like the Wicked Witch of the West.
Maybe he'd get in there
with floaties or life vest.
He'll have to get a shower soon;
we have to get a tool.
I think a group of us are going
to wire brush this fool.
We'll make him love the showers.
He'll stink no more we're sure.
A beat down with a wire brush
can be a long term cure.



WHAT YOU SEE

What you see is what you see
not me, not who I am.
you see me as a criminal
caught up in a jam.
You look at me, I know you think
I've always been this way.
But I was once respected, loved
and made an honest way.
I worked and raised a family
I have walked with grace.
I may have made just one mistake
to put me in this place.
But that's not what you're looking at
that's not what you see.
I'm getting just what I deserve
you'd throw away the key.
I was your mechanic, cook,
your teacher or your friend.
But what you see is what you see,
our friendship's at an end.
And you don't know my guilt or not
you don't want to know.
You feel uneasy seeing me,
you can't wait to go.
Don't catch my eye or then you'll feel
there's something you should say.
But you'll be walking out of here
and me, I have to stay.
I'm the only one that knows
exactly what I did.
It's not like what the paper said,
but you don't care a bit.
You just want me put away
for what you think you know.
So leave before you say something.
I just want you to go.
'Coz what you see is what you see
not what I am or was.
You'd like to see me go away
that's whata the system does.
We've parted now and I can go
back to my lonely thoughts.
You can leave and be assured
that one bad one was caught.



THE TOOTH FAIRY LOVES ST MARY'S

The tooth fairy must live in a mansion
by now
because of St Mary's County.
She gets paid by the tooth that falls out
of their heads.
The coinage is simply her bounty.
She's driving a Maybach and living in
style,
she's heating it up in her sauna.
Her lawns are all manicured pretty and
prim,
with exotic flora and fauna.
She's kicking it back while she lays in
the sun
beside her Olympic-sized pool.
She heats it up then in her hot tub for
ten.
The Jacuzzi with TV is cool.
So how did she make it? What made her
so rich?
How did she manage this scam?
With sweets for the kids, and cold sodas
for all
she suckered them in with her plan.
She cornered the market on fluoride you
see
and sold it to someone in India.
Where they're starving and living their
lives on the street,
but their smiles are large when they grin
at'ya.
They have toothy grins that go ear to ear
no need for the tooth fairy there.
From two years to 90 they keep all their
teeth
with minimal social health care.
She gave up on most of the other poor
lands
that we would call those third world
places
to focus attention on this county rich
with teeth that fall out of faces.
She's biding here time and enjoying
herself

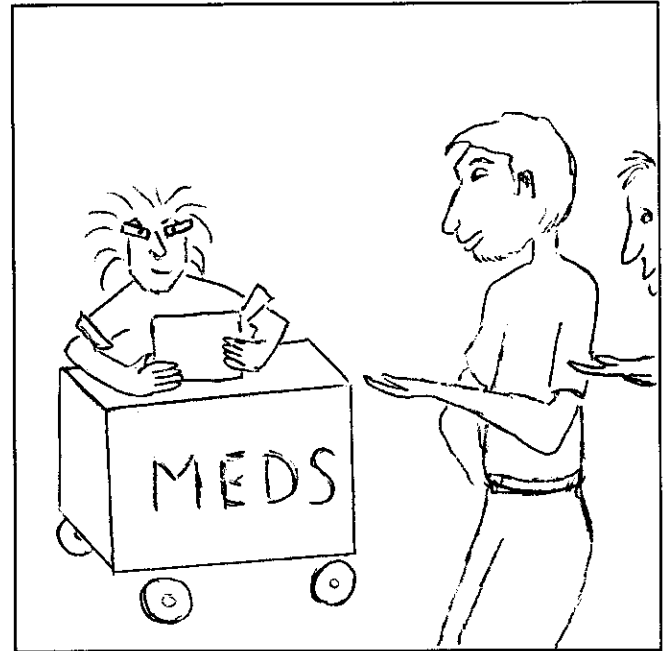
to wait for those great pearly whites.
And here she reposes and sips on a drink
and dreams of those vast toothfree
sights.
She'll keep living large and live high on
the hog
in these toothless and backwoodsy lands,
where not even the poor in the rest of the
world
can rival these enamel-free spans.
So keep doing what you're doing St
Mary's ya'll,
and strengthen your citizen's gums.
'Coz their teeth are all fading and going
away
and leaving these oral hygiene slums.



MEDS

You don't see them for hours.
They stay inside their beds
until that glorious hour
when someone hollers "Meds!"
Medicines to calm them
so they don't get too upset.
Medicines to minimize
that overwhelming stress.
The medic checks the 'puter
to see what they should get.
"Can you raise my intake?
'Coz I don't think I'm set."
I know that what they're getting
is helping every day.
They're feeling so much better.
This will help their stay.
It's making them sleep better.
Awake is what they hate.
They're only getting sixteen hours.
Can they knock out the other eight?
I know that you have something
like a Rip Van Winkle pill.
Something that will put me out
all twentyfour hours still.
I have no need for eating
if sleeping I can get.
Twentyfour hours, seven days a week
my sentence will be set.
I can sleep my time away,
I won't have to know.
My sentence will be over;
my time will come and go.
Someone's kicking at their door,
they've gotten off their meds.
Someone's throwing dinner trays
Time to lock them in their beds.
But is that the answer?
Lock them in all day.
Take away their medicine
and now you have to pay.
So think of what you're doing;
Zombie nation on the rise
better than heathens
uncontrollable with their cries.

Just keep giving them something that
will calm their wounded mind
'til they get out and off their meds

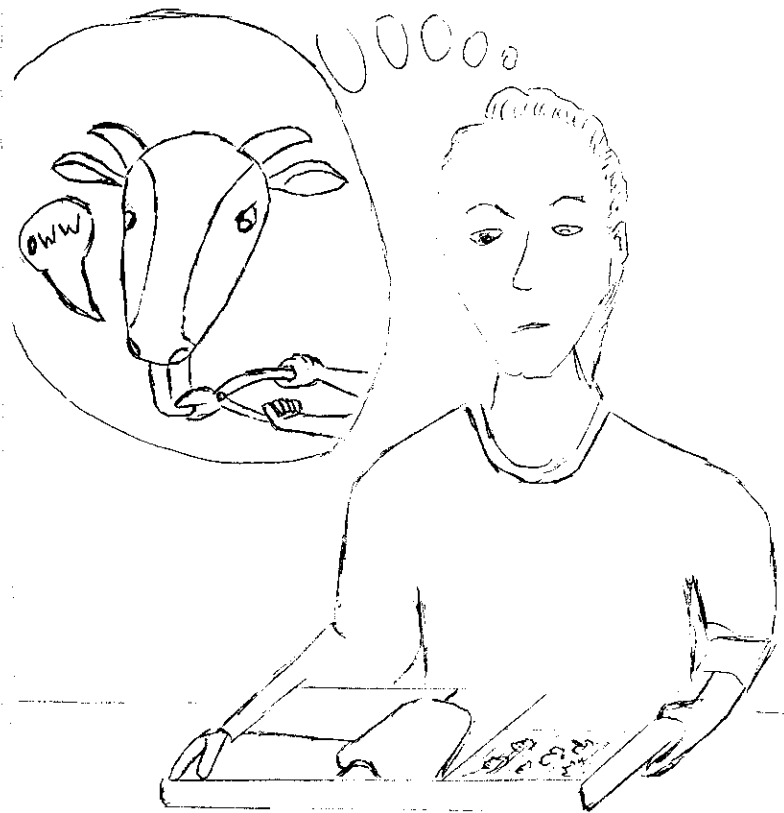


MYSTERY MEAT

THE ONLY TIME THAT WE AGREE
IS WHEN IT'S TIME TO EAT
THAT'S WHEN WE GET TOGETHER AND PLAY
GUESS THE MYSTERY MEAT
IN THE NAVY WHEN WE SAW IT
WE CALLED IT S-O-S
WHEN WE GET IT HERE UPON THE TRAY
IT ANYBODY'S GUESS

THE COLOR'S UNLIKE ANYTHING
YOU'VE ACTUALLY SEEN BEFORE
AN ODDLY MIX OF BROWNISH GREEN
THE COLOR OF BACTERIAL SPORE
OR IT CAN BE UNNATURALLY DULL
AND COVERED UP WITH GRAVY
BUT NOTHING LIKE YOU'VE EVER SEEN
NOT WHAT THEY SERVE THE NAVY
SO THAT'S JUST WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE NOW
ON YOUR TRAY TO THE NAKED EYE
BUT WHAT IS IT WE'RE LOOKING AT?
WAS IT AN ANIMAL? WAS IT ALIVE?

SOME SAID THAT IT MAY HAVE COME
FROM THE MOUTH OF A BIG OL' COW
IT MAKES ME SAD TO THINK ABOUT
A TONGUELESS BOVINE NOW
WE GET IT IN TWO DIFFERENT WAYS
THE FIRST LOOKS LIKE ROAST BEEF
A SLAB UPON THE TRAY THAT SHOULDN'T
CAUSE YOU ANY GRIEF
BUT TASTING IT I JUST DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU WOULD CALL THIS STUFF
IT'S NOT LIKE SOMETHING NATURAL
AND GREATLY OFFENDS TASTE BUDS
THE OTHER FORM WE GET, IT IS
LIKE CREAMED CHIP BEEF ON TOAST
BUT THERE'S NO CREAM OR BEEF OR TASTE
JUST CRUMBLY LUMPS AT MOST
I WONDER IF THIS ALL COULD BE
SOME FORM OF SOYBEAN SWILL
AND PRESSED TO FORM A SLAB OR GROUND
TO MAKE A GHASTLY MEAL

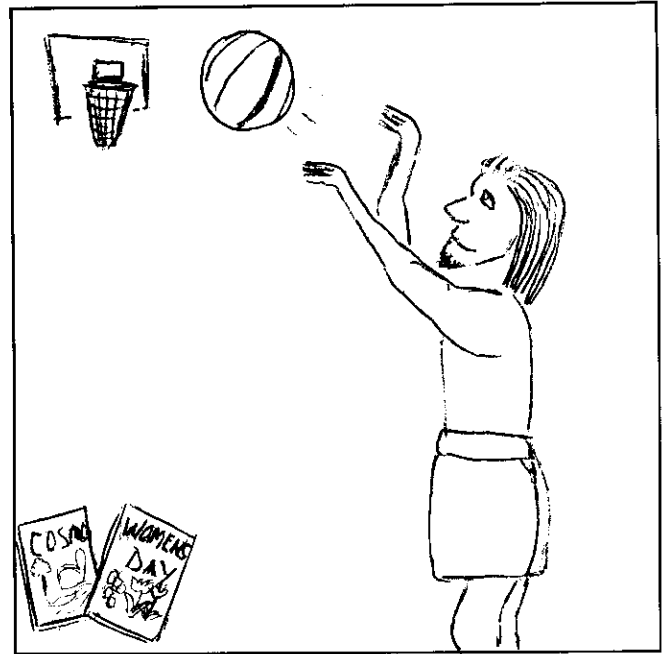


I WONDER IF THEY THINK THAT WE
CAN NO LONGER TASTE
I KNOW THE GUARDS AREN'T EATING THIS
FOR GOOD FOOD THEY'RE MAKING WASTE
SO NOW WE'RE BACK TO WHERE WE WERE
TRYING TO GUESS THE SOURCE
OF WHERE THIS MYSTERY MEAT MIGHT COME
WE STILL DON'T KNOW OF COURSE
IT'S STILL A GREAT BIG GUESSING GAME
THAT STUMPS US TO NO END
I GUESS WE'LL KEEP ON EATING IT
SINCE MONEY THEY DON'T SPEND
TO FEED US FOOD THAT WE MIGHT KNOW
OR ACTUALLY EAT AT HOME
BEEF TONGUE, OX TAIL, PIG'S FEET GROUND UP
WILL CONTINUE TO MAKE US GROAN

HE'S SENSITIVE

He's the most sensitive guy that I've ever met,
well really I don't know how much.
I know that he has a feminine side
and with that one he's really in touch.
He's really polite, he never offends,
and his eyes tear up when he smiles.
His hair he can do in only eight hours
and if he doesn't, well, then it gets wild.
Now he can shoot hoops like John Havlicek,
his half court impressive to see.
But beat him in horse a number of times
and at rec he refuses to be.
He showers a lot, maybe four times a day,
I guess to make him smell sweet.
The sensitive side gets the best of him then,
he even plucks the hair off his sheet.
He may have lost girlfriends, some tougher than he,
they might have thought he was sick.
But he was just showing his feminine side,
and they didn't want to date a chick.
I think out of here he goes many lengths
to make his appearance quite snappy.
But here in this hole if something comes up
it can make him feel quite unhappy.
Now there's nothing wrong with a sensitive side
if you have a counter to boot.
A manly side to make up the diff,
the one that don't give a hoot.
But something there may be lacking
when it comes to manning it up.
The feminine side is the dominant one,
he drank heavy from the hormonal cup.
Now I hope that he recognizes that this
is simply a bust on him.
But I know he cries when I beat him at horse
whenever we rec in the gym.

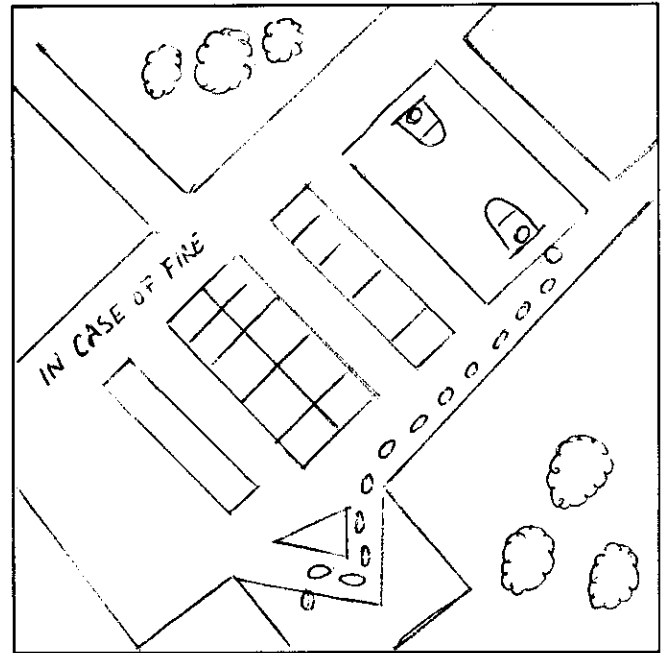
He is a great guy for a sensitive soul
and I think that he'll be okay.
But a subscription to Cosmo might not
be bad
in case he turns out to be gay.



EVACUATION PLAN

If the building catches fire
where do I have to go?
I've checked the chart a dozen times,
it really can't be so.
I leave the safety of my room
and march on down the hall.
But am I going outside,
where it might be fall?
Where the spring or summer air
can whip away the flame?
Where cold and blustery winter days
can redirect their aim?
Oh no, I'm not so lucky.
I'm gonna be a refried bean.
The walled-in outdoor B-ball court
that's covered with a screen.
That will be where I am held,
my final resting place.
With fire raging 'round me,
I'll sing Amazing Grace.
The walled-in outdoor B-ball court
is surrounded by jail walls.
Four of them in all, that is
but we'll have basketballs.
If the jail's on fire
I'm guessing it will burn
all the walls that exist now;
the court it won't discern?
So we can stand inside the court
and dribble til we sweat.
Will the C.O.'s be with us?
They're getting out, I bet.
So if a fire starts somewhere
I'm headed for the showers.
I'm betting I can last in there
at least for several hours.
I'd rather take my chances there
where I can't see the burn.
Than stand where I'm surrounded
by those flames and wait my turn.
We haven't had a fire yet.
I read that in a book.
So now's a real good time for them
to take another look.
How wise is it for them to send

us all out to our doom?
You might as well just let us be
and leave us in our room.
So look at our escape plan
and avoid making it risky.
Just lead us outside safe and sound
or we'll be burned and crispy.



ODE TO A TOILET SEAT

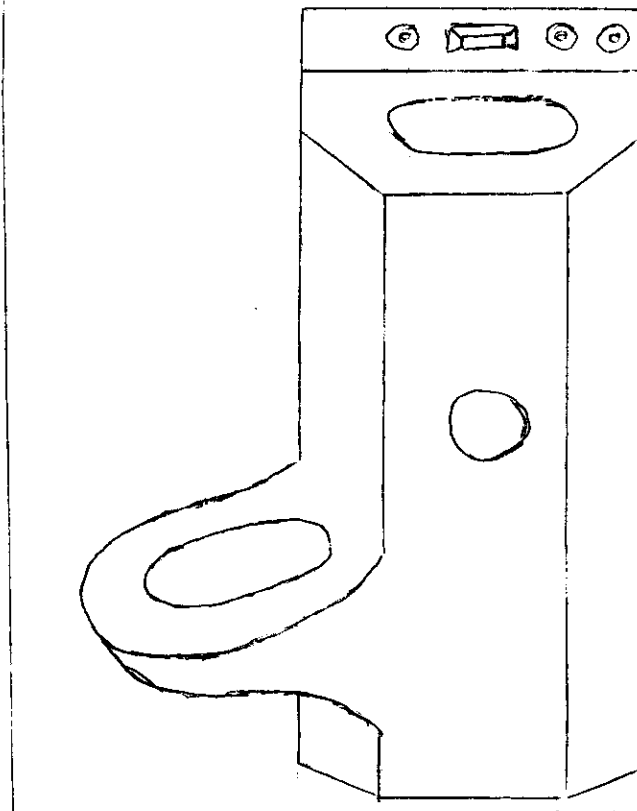
WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT SOMETHING

AS MUNDANE AS A TOILET SEAT?

IT'S THERE TO SERVE A PURPOSE
AND THAT PURPOSE CAN'T BE BEAT,
IT'S THERE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
TO CUSHION YOU WHEN YOU SIT
UPON YOUR PORCELAIN THRONE
TO COMFORT YOU 'TIL YOU QUIT.
WHEN JOHN CRAPPER MADE IT
THE FLUSHABLE SEAT, HE SAID
THAT EVERYONE NEEDED COMFORT
SMALL RELIEF FROM A LIFE OF DREAD
NOW I'VE BEEN THROUGHOUT ASIA
TO SEE SIGHTS BEYOND BELIEF
BUT ONE OF MY MOST FAVORED THINGS
BROUGHT GREAT PLEASURE AND RELIEF
THE ASIANS OVER DO IT
LIKE MOST EVERYTHING

BUT THEIR SIMPLE TOILET SEAT
WAS MADE FOR QUEENS AND KINGS
FIRST OF ALL IT'S HEATED
SO YOUR TUSHY WON'T GET COLD
AND YOU CAN CHANGE THE SETTING
FROM WARM TO NEARLY SCOLD
IT ALSO HAS A FEATURE
I HIGHLY RECOMMEND

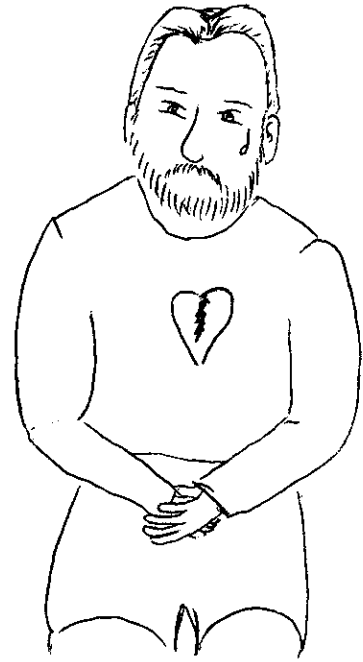
I CALL IT A BUTT SHOWER
A BIDET TO LADY FRIENDS
BUT THIS IS SO MUCH MORE THAN THAT
A MASSAGE WITH GENTLE SPRAY
AND YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT FEELING
IT WILL MAKE YOU WANT TO STAY
DID I MENTION YOU CAN CHANGE
THE WATER TEMP AS WELL?
A SOFT AND WARM MASSAGING SPRITZ
AND YOU WILL TURN TO GEL
OH YES MY BUM AND I HAVE MET
OUR MATCH WHEN IT COMES TO NICE
I'VE SPENT MANY WAKING HOURS
AND EVEN PASSED OUT ON THERE TWICE
I EVEN PUT ONE IN MY HOME
AT THE COST OF A SMALL USED CAR
SO WHY DO I BRING THIS UP WHEN
I CAN ONLY ENJOY NOW FROM AFAR?
WITH ALL THESE COMFORTS OUT THERE
AND THE LIFE MY BUTT HAS KNOWN
WHAT IS IT NOW EXPOSED TO?
WHAT DO I CALL MY THRONE?
A COLD AND HEARTLESS HUNK OF STEEL
IT NUMBS THE RECTAL NERVE
A REMINDER THAT OUR BUTTS ARE GETTING
A COLD BLAST NONE DESERVE
WHAT COULD BE LESS HUMAN?
WHO DEvised SUCH A PLOT?
WHO WOULD DARE OFFEND
JOHN CRAPPER WHO CARED A LOT?



THIS ISN'T WHAT HE INTENDED
WHEN HE GAVE AWAY HIS NAME
WHEN IT WENT FROM UGLY OUTHOUSE
WHEN THE CRAPPER IT BECAME
WHAT HEARTLESS ENGINEER AT SLOAN
CAME UP WITH THIS IDEAL?
THAT WE CAN MAKE A SINK AND ALL
IN UNCOMFORTABLE STAINLESS STEEL?
I WISH THAT HE COULD BE HERE
WHEN YOU CAN NEARLY SEE YOUR BREATH
AND MAKE HIM SIT UPON THIS JOHN
THIS HUNK OF FREEZING DEATH
THEN I'D KNOW HE UNDERSTANDS
I KNOW NOW THAT HE SEES
WE REALLY HAVE TO HEAT THIS THING
TO AT LEAST 98 DEGREES
AND NOW I REFUSE TO USE IT
IT'S MY SILENT PROTEST YOU KNOW
ALREADY IT'S BEEN FOUR DAYS NOW
BUT MAN I HAVE TO GO
IF I COULD FIND A WAY TO USE
SOME MAGAZINES OR SHEETS
I'D CUSHION UP MY HARD, COLD STEEL
AND LET MY BUTTOCKS REST IN PEACE

ALONE

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE TWO THAT YOU LOVE
FINALLY GAVE UP ON YOU?
THEY NO LONGER THINK ABOUT YOU 'COZ OF COURSE
THEY HAVE THEIR OWN LIVES, THAT IS TRUE.
YOU WERE THERE ONCE; A BIG PART OF THEIR LIVES
OH, FOR SO MANY YEARS
BUT YOU'VE BEEN GONE NOW, IT'S BEEN LONG ENOUGH
AND THEY'RE THROUGH SPILLING ALL OF THEIR TEARS.
THEY CRIED OVER YOU FOR MANY A DAY
THEY DID EVERYTHING, THAT THEY OUGHT.
BUT NOW YOU'RE JUST AN OCCASIONAL CALL
AND YOU'RE A SOMETIME THOUGHT.
YOU DID SOMETHING WRONG, ADMITTEDLY SO
YOU THOUGHT GETTING THINGS OFF YOUR CHEST
WOULD MAKE IT BETTER FOR ALL THOSE INVOLVED
BUT SILENCE WOULD HAVE BEEN BEST.
IT'S TOO LATE TO CONSIDER THE IF'S IN YOUR LIFE
IF YOU HAD DONE THIS OR DONE THAT
YOU'VE LOST THE ONES MOST IMPORTANT TO YOU
AND YOU WONDER IF YOU'LL GET THOSE LOVES BACK
IT ISN'T THEIR FAULT, YOU WERE A BIG PART
OF THEIR LIVES AND YOU LEFT IT A MESS
THE EMBARRASSMENT, SORROW AND HURT THAT YOU CAUSED
WELL MAYBE THEN THIS IS THE BEST.
RELIGION WILL TELL YOU THAT GOOD THINGS WILL COME
TO THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO WAIT
THAT THIS IS ALL PART OF A GREAT MASTER PLAN
THAT SOMETHING GOOD COULD COME OF YOUR FATE.
IT'S HARD TO ACCEPT THAT THAT MIGHT BE TRUE
A POSITIVE THAT COULD COME OF THIS
YOU'VE LOST THE ONES MOST IMPORTANT TO YOU
THE GOOD PARTS OF YOUR LIFE THAT YOU MISS
SO IS THIS THE PAYBACK FOR THINGS THAT YOU'VE DONE
PREDESTINED OR FATE FROM THE START?



COULD YOU HAVE (CHANGED) THE WHOLE OUTCOME AT ALL?
COULD YOU HAVE (CHANGED) ANY PART?
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT MY LIFE WAS MEANT
TO BE ABSENT FROM THOSE THAT I LOVE
THAT I CAN GO ON FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE
PRAYING IN VAIN TO ABOVE
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ON TOP OF THE WORLD
WAS WHERE YOU WOULD ONCE STAND
TO HAVE IT ALL GO AWAY, BLOWN APART LIKE THE WIND
WHIPS AWAY THE DRY DESERT SAND
I WISH THAT I KNEW WHAT THE OUTCOME WOULD BE
I WISH I KNEW HOW THIS ALL ENDS
I WISH I WAS STRONG, LIKE I USED TO BE
I WISH THAT I COULD MAKE AMENDS
BUT THE ONES THAT I LOVE HAVE DESERTED ME NOW
AND I REALLY CAN'T BLAME THEM A BIT
IT ISN'T THEIR FAULT THAT I WENT AWAY
BUT I DON'T THINK I'M READY TO QUIT.
I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU AS LONG AS I LIVE
I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER MY DEARS
I'LL KEEP WRITING SONNETS WHILE I HAVE THE STRENGTH
AND KEEP FIGHTING BACK MY OWN TEARS