

# incarcerated...



by Jay

In a small confined room, I stare at four walls painted a sky blue. I sit in a bed, a bunk bed. I'm on the top bunk. The wall facing me is the door, a width of about a yard, the length about two and a half. There is a little inch thick window looking into the triangular setting range, where there are five picnic tables but only the seats are wood, the table top is iron. Since it is a triangular space, three

tables are set from the points of the triangle, to the base or flat line of the triangle length to length almost direct centre. The T.V., in the centre of the range, is encased in steel or iron mesh up high on the wall. There are two phones, totally local collect call phones. They're on from, I believe, 9:30 a.m. to 11:00 a.m., then from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Then we can use them from 6:00 to 9:00 p.m. Anyways, twenty people have to share those two phones, most of the

time only those who could handle themselves can attempt to use the phone. Because the phone is like a dream, it links you to the outside, or brings you in touch with the people you love. The phone would cause friends to fight and that's what makes it dangerous to want to use. Because if it would make friends fight, imagine two people who don't talk. The walls outside in the range are pink, floors are brown, but nearly everything is steel or concrete, little is

wood. Through this description you'll hopefully already know I'm in some kind of incarceration. They call it a Detention Centre. I call it a prison for the in-humane. When you enter, if you are not insane, depending on your time here, you will be

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