

**MDOC Salad**

You don't know what it's like...  
 I tell my people all the time,  
 In letters, on the phone, now using pay-up sucka emails.  
 Those press send nit picks describing confining conditions  
 unconditionally, is akin to a large sloping bowl, I say.  
 Sides so steep they remind me of that ugly  
 gray wall at Jackson. Looking way up!  
 As they steadily slice and dice, chop chop chop  
 on the counter-top cohorts, pieces sent flying through the dense air.  
 As turned blue body parts—mostly mouths—land all around.  
 Landing on my shoes. Landing on my mind. Landing on my page.  
 Unaware revenant's spittin' slang like banned can tobacco juice.  
 "Yeah dog, I'm gonna do me like I do," they say.  
 "Sometimes it be like that, ya know." Return serve  
 sugar smack grammer so improper it's ironed-out starch proper;  
 as a simile, comparing me, all-purpose metaphors rising  
 is to be mad as a mothafucka! In here—  
 at the bottom—**ALL THE TIME!**  
 Know what I'm sayin'?

It is not a mood  
 nor a genre  
 Some think it's an illness  
 or a disease  
 Not a color  
 but a condition  
 Not a solid but a stripe  
 sitting in a pocket.  
 If  
 matched with  
 A thin wire  
 Orange  
 seems rich to their  
 so light they pinch  
 lost some  
 Now dressed for  
 out on the gray prison yard.