

JEVON JACKSON # [REDACTED]  
New Lisbon Corr. Inst.  
PO Box 2000  
New Lisbon, WI 53950

What I've Seen

I once watched a prison  
take a child  
and stretch him into angles,  
so when that little boy walks home,  
instinctively,  
they all scam out his way.

I once watched a prison  
fight a tiger—  
biggest one I've ever seen,  
with claws that plucked dragons  
quick out the sky;  
I once watched a prison  
smite a tiger  
gut a lair  
twist a jungle inside out.

I once watched a prison  
stomp stomp,  
extemporaneously,  
on all the glowing garden flowers  
budding fresh in our Imaginations,  
so when folks speak of orchids  
and azaleas and sun-kissed lilies,  
we run to hush their lips, for safe.

I once watched a prison  
do long division  
with human heads, with  
cold bodies coiled tightly  
in the damp black earth, fresh mud,  
the fingernails— a filthy team  
of angst and cudgeled anger  
crumpled into a fist  
of sloped open graves.

I once watched a prison  
shrivel up the sun  
into an orange pebbled nut,  
not with bergs of ice  
or black holes, but simply with  
the bent silhouette  
of its stone razored face  
pressed firm  
against the dirty glass window.