

# Prison Bunk

by Kenneth Nadeau

Syrak peppering your tongue, blue cheese melting on ribeye, electricity of her skin, hearing laughs, giggles over waves crashing the shore line. Anything that distracts preying eyes, judging, gossiping, scheming misery.

Lying in protection of dark. Hard, cold steel cradles your sentence. It knows the extent of your crimes, doesn't care. Provides a place to sulk, stiffens your back, forces you upright.

Factory forged in some down rotten city. Hard luck echoes its name. Crack users, prostitutes unwind on it's edges. Serviceable, committed, a consummate companion. Stay up late, you can't sleep, worried by thoughts, whole world left behind.

The only thing to never betray during your sentence.