

Another day in hell.

Written by: Christopher Thomas Pyles

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These thoughts exist without eminence. A slight intimation of personal mortification. These memories are scars on his weathered soul. They are reflections of rueful introspection. His mind is resonant. He stares at the bottom of the top bunk. His consciousness is distended into sensations of distress.

The prison cell feels like a shirt collar that's too tight. The fabric of his captivity suffocates. This living tomb is a stubbornly resistant blanket in the middle of a good sleep. The walls are unwavering, and the lights are penetrating.

As any agitated mind does he contemplates uncertain matters. "We all play a role filling an illusioned grand quota, but life becomes marginal at some point, and we never challenge the complacency. We tacitly acquiesce to this plot pretending it as our fate. We quantify human worth by the amount of accomplishments and failures we accrue, yet we underestimate each other's value."

Some more bad news from court, and now another sleepless night. He's restless as he loiters in the chamber of his bed. It's too typical that the court cares more about procedure and the management of their docket than the amelioration of human rights violations.

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Prisoner #XYZ reflects. "In order to survive in here we have to fabricate our own private worlds. We'll create a personal version of reality that reflects our priorities, but fall victim to our feelings."

He waxes philosophical. "The depth of a moment slips away into oblivion if you're not careful enough, and as a result of being submerged in our daily affairs we overlook the glory of the cosmos. This leaves us chasing the artifacts of assuagement, and this is it for us. Creed, virtue and the perpetual climate of unreason."

Time is erasive on the inside. You lose track of things that otherwise permeate an ordinary life. He resumes. "Our irrationality is unrecognized potential, and our microcosmic subjectiveness is due to blind ignorance, but most of this is an emotional distortion of our torment, because after all we are out of balance. It's a brazen selfishness how we overlook the symbiotic significance of the larger organism."

Prisoner #XYZ scratches his head. Abstract matters mitigate his frustrations. Anything to distract from the pain of it all. He rolls from his back to lie face down, but stares out of the bars. It's another wall. These nervous identifications

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are the chimera of his perturbation. "Verisimilitude!" He remembers now. It is the appearance of reality. "There are very distinct worlds inside this unabating dungeon. They are social spheres comprised of males confused about their masculinity, and it corrupts the natural order. It's a paltry persuasion rank with degeneracy."

He is miserable in this insufferable place. "It feels unnatural to be contained, but society equivocates at the feet of its problems."

He gets out of the bunk and stands there looking around, then sits down. You can feel the steel beneath the mattress. A whole lot of good it does. The languishing of his incarceration is exacerbated by living within arms reach of another person constantly. The despair can be tasted with each breath. All of these strangers are different and disagreeable. This is not an imagined anguish. The threat of violence is imminent, and the mental harm lingers. There's no privacy, no reprieve and no personal space. This place is a repository for warehousing humans who've committed egregious error. Our strife is for an impossible infallibility. It's an unbearable institution.

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He curses as an explication and drops to the floor for fifty push-ups. There is only one way. That's with his chest to the floor and a full extension all the way up until completion. After some light stretching he sits to catch his breath.

"The cosmos gave us life and instead of honoring our existence in celebration we complicate everything and damage the planet. What a waste." Prisoner #XYZ takes a moment. "There are two primary absolutes: life and death; and one primary inquiry: what will you do with this? The relative utility of our presence is our ability to contribute, and if we can't enjoy the process we're screwed. We are profound in nature, but we are uncompromising when it matters, and we impose a lot of unrealistic constraints on each other to make it all count.

"Oh, no! Here I go again. I'm lightheaded and dizzy. My chest is tight - no, it's my heart! I'm gonna die in here. This paucity of meaningful space makes the cell a tourniquet."

Get up! Prisoner #XYZ has dropped to his knees. Just breathe, man! Disorganized thoughts encompass him. The disorientation is overwhelming. The weakness spreads

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throughout his body. An eerie chill climbs his spine as ice water pumps through his veins. He is nauseous now and the air is thick. He claws at his palpitating heart as it beats rapidly. The sweat begins to pour out. He is unable to stand. His consciousness drifts as his peripheral darkens. Mental torture is realized. A man can lose his mind and soul inside these walls.

These cells are either too cold, or too hot. The cells are haunted. The filth is compounded from decades of deplorable and generations of people (prisoners) caged up like feral animals. They're kept in storage like used goods nobody wants anymore. A sub-human stench saturates. The smell of sewage passes through the ventilation. There are horror stories of people (prisoners) attempting to escape themselves, and they end up lost. The remnants of the last occupants minds losing touch are exposed at a cursory glance of the conditions. Pieces of humanity litters the plain. Even the excessive noises are a plight unto themselves. This is the shadow of an existence consuming you within the drapery of gloom.