

FromHicks, Keith
Date Received02/21/2022 01:35 PM CST
SubjectThe Roof

The Roof

I took too long leaving the weight pavilion, the old head was encouraging me to do one more set. The c.o started cussing me out. As I walk past we locked eyes and exchanged words that lead to him calling me a black matha fuccr No! I'm not going nowhere with you now! I need a white shirt. He grabs me I push him off then again. Now he's choking me clawing my neck. He's down widows are breaking men are screaming. Frauds come running. You better not touch him either! Isolation. The next day I was on a van heading toward Greene. After my home time was up sent back down the wall. Same c.os looking at me ready to pounce. They surround me as I walk through the maze of concrete. My hands are cuffed inside of a cuz box chained around my waist. They are walking me but have my jump suite hemmed up. I'm not going to give them any energy though. I know any kind of energy and that's the excuse to do what they want to do...even in front of the cameras. I keep my chin tucked in anticipation of a sucker punch. We walk on to an elevator... next stop, the roof! Yes the roof! This was where death row convicts were housed just a couple years ago. The tension inside the elevator is real. Me and six officers stuffed inside. When the door opens we walk across a small concrete Bridge into the other side of the building where two more c.os are waiting. the older one says loudly. Which one is this? A younger one said, he fuccr c.o ????? up!!!! Oh! you like to break jaws huh? You fucn tough huh? Two big doors clunked loudly disengaged and slowly started to open and clanked loudly once fully opened. We stepped into a sally port and the doors did the same slow clanking closing shut. Then a second sets of door identical as the last do the same thing. It seems as though the process took about two minutes. We step off and the goon squads of c.is are now waiting. All of then over 250 lbs. Like foot ball players that never made it. Its dark inside like all the light bulbs ain't work or something

There was a musty human body oder smell, any one who has been to a restricted Housing Unit knows this smell. It comes from men only getting showers every three days everything closed in, toilets flooding feces on the floor floating in the water. There front desk is fenced off.! The Sgt. comes out takes out a key and unlocks a closet door. It opens up toward me so I can't see what in there. I'm thinking this is it right here. This is where they roll on me. The L.T says come on, I reply what's in there. Him, that's where you going to be. Me, I ain't going in there. Yes the fuc you are! One way or another! How ever you want to do it! I peak around the door and part of my spirit fades. Its a cell inside of a cell inside of a closet! Triple stage of darkness! I walk in they take the change off and I look around. There is a camera inside of a box in the wall. There are four steel hooks on the floor at the four points of the bed. This is to chain you down to the bed. There is a shower in the cell. I push the button and water barely comes out and runs down the wall. The cell I'm in is right next to the door to the outside bridge. Which means every time somebody comes or go. The loud clank jars you up. If you don't know its going to happen part of you can't help but to jump because its

that loud and sudden. I can't sleep good never because of this. Just me in the cell. No books allowed. If I got a letter and pictures they will open the letter up, after the mail room checked it already and if there was pictures they took them out. No magazines no books no pics. They want total isolation from the world! The cell was freezing my pride made me work out but I did it to stay warm as well. Days ran together. I was laying in the bed one night and I started hearing voices. I was like oh no I'm tripping! I'm really tripping! Then they went away. I question myself..I heard them again! There saying go go go run!!! yeaaaaah! I know I'm hearing it now I get out the bed and look under the bed.

I get as close to the vent as well can and I'm not tripping! I can hear people there watching the Super Bowl the Ravens are playing new York I believe. I scream into the vent! Who wining?? The Ravens!!! who dat? Its Bonedalloc!! Oh shit they said you was gone? We went back in forth a couple times and then silence just me again. I think of every girl friend I had every foot ball game party. I came to prison at 17 I'm 22 now so there are only so many memories. I stand on the bunk and rap every Public enemy song I knew. The Sgt open the door. Shut up! I'm not shutting up y'all took my pictures I don't care no more. He slams it shut. The next day a worker from pop brings the breakfast tray up. Its Bull! He sees me puts the tray in the door and asked me do I need anything. Yeah something to write with! He comes back at lunch nods gives me my tray. And there is a a bendy RHU flex pen on the tray! No paper though!. I look around take the mattress off the bunk and starts to write a rhyme on the metal bunk frame. They will hate u when u blac on dis white mans earth/And ya skin color darker than the water and the dirt/Go harder when it hurt I was tried in the fire/with the burglars and lies/And the murders for hire/Take a up look up in the sky from the bottomless abyss/And to my surprise the sun shine on a crop/So my movements clandestine waiting on the best time/To bust out the belly of the beast lower In-Test-Tine!/Dey give u rest time, long term segregation 23 and one locked down in some bird cages/I'm feeling animal like the big bad wolf/So they threw me in a cell inside a closet on the ruff/ I hear the huff of the devil and I see him coming/He wit a swarm of killer bees yeah I hear the humming/But I ain't running middle finger up to the fuzz/This is for my Brothers in the struggle... one cuz! I tagged it up until I ran out of ink!

When they finally took me to yard it was in a cage on the roof. Even the top is fenced in. A flock of pigeons on top! The ground is covered with at least two inches of pigeon shit! There was another brother out there with me. He had an assault as well. He has a lisp like Mike Tyson. Him, I heard about you brother. Me yeah how? Him, you stood ya ground everybody talking bout how you moved out. Me, you work out Him, we don't have any choice in the matter. We did five thousand jumping jacks straight! If you think that's easy. try to do a thousand. You can only look up threw the birds to see the sky getting darker. They left us out side in the freezing winter until it was night time. Him, Brother when they do come get us don't speak. Me, No weakness no rap. Come to find out, I wasn't eligible for the LTSU program. that's long term segregation. So they would transfer me back to Greene every couple months then back to the roof. I almost lost it. They wanted to put me in a cell to wait on the bus back to the wall. Its a eight hour trip of being chained. I ain't going in that room. Yes you are! Bet! I don't care I don't want to get on that bus anyway..let have it. The L.T said put him by himself...the hell in a cell continues.....I left certain details out. Didn't know how long it could be and I'm running low on emails this week. I want to get my poems/stories

published. Like a rap that goes with a short story. But I wanted to get this out to you asap. I hope its o.k thanks for considering me. Giving me a out let! Peace!