

Description of a prison

The walls closed in. I could not escape the endless, darkened wait to freedom. Sat in the corner of the chilled room, I can see the sharp corners at each edge of the room. The walls, painted red many years ago, connecting each corner forming a perfectly shaped square room. The dull paint on each of the four walls carries a burden memories where psychotic men drawing closer and closer to their death had been scratching at the walls. Looking up from the corner of the cell, my light flickers as many moths flutter around it finding the only hope and light that is left in the prison.

The square room held one bed and one toilet captive. The rusty bed was only fit for a very small child, had no mattress and only one thin sheet covered in unknown stains. The stone floor was covered in small, dead insects which were rotting and been eaten by smaller maggots and bugs. Around these bugs small speckles of dried blood could be seen where men had attempted to escape the prison in their own personal ways. Some would succeed. Some would live the rest of their life in pain. Some would return to nightmare in the small and claustrophobic prison cell.

It was time for the guard to pass on his hourly walk. Before each prisoner could see the guard the sound of his steel toecap boots could see him with *ocho* through the halls of the dull prison. Each man would chiver