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Prison Love

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Prison Love

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"i took the media march with a city cop and wore my cuffs so proud. like old and honest wedding bands."

Cover Page Footnote

"Second Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: Volume 6, Issue 3, 2006.

ELIAS VAN SON

PRISON LOVE

i took the media march with a city cop and wore my cuffs so proud. like old and honest wedding bands.

like sterling silver olsen twins wrapped around my guilty hands. and he just can't stop telling me how they'll all chew me piece by piece with their smooth microphone beaks till i learn to love the cameras and cold courtroom seats.

but prison's where i'll fall in love.

parole is how they'll break my heart.

cocaine fed malnourished eyes

so they could watch me bathe in hot crimes.

"allelujah! we wanna see him strung up sweet," cries the picket line's one mouth. "we're gonna drag his body through the streets until we see justice run out." and when the victim takes the stand, well-rehearsed and casket tanned, i'll feel that courage start to melt like mascara scared as hell. we watch the prosecution dance the victory shuffle. and when they shake each other's hands and make greedy weekend plans, i'll paint my life out on the walls of an eight by eight foot cell shared by an empty man that tastes like trouble.

i swear she swore she'd never tell.

'cause every word i hear her say cuts close like barbed wire lingerie. and all the freckles on my face are switching sides and changing place till she won't recognize death.

prison's where i fell in love.

parole is how they broke my heart.

probation kept the cameras on

so my loss of pride was televised.