

How They Light Cigarettes In Prison

Drowningman

Crazy Charlie did it again, lights out assholes. Sharp shiv. Knuckles knives. Lights out again. Stay alive (one more night). Calm precision, sharp incision cuts holes in you. Doesn't matter what it was. Now we're all fucked because: twisty ties. Words won't make it work, it just won't make it light. When the lights go out on the whole cell block they pull their rusty shanks from behind their backs and walk the floor waiting for the perfect time. You lie with your head in the pillow praying, crying. Telling yourself everything's going to be alright. But it's not; not at all. Guns and knives behind their eyes. The things you say drive me crazy. The "ifs" and "buts" are driving me nuts. Seems the same thing happens every time. What this is, electrical.

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