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## Locked in a white box

By Yusuf Shire

Locked in a white box for 23 hours, 7 days a week and only 3 of them you get to shower.  
They label it solitary, segregation or intensive management unit,  
We label it the hole, inhumane, cruel and unusual punishment,  
How can I be viewed as a threat to the facility?  
When in reality peaceful is what I've come  
to be,  
Whatever they throw at me I take to the chin,  
Bobbing and weaving like Ali hoping the most merciful forgives our sins,  
Its cold its lonely im a man though I take accountability,  
I put my bed sheet on this dirty floor and pray to Allah for strength and tranquility, I try to be the  
shining light to uplift and encourage my fellow inmates on this tier, Telling them gratitude is key  
and theres more to life than a notorious prison Career, Feet hurting so bad from pacing in these stiff  
sandals,  
Pacing in contentment while reflecting on the verse Allah doesn't burden a soul more than it can  
handle,  
I pour out my emotions as I'm stuck in a white box for 23 hours,  
7 days a week and only 3 of them you get to shower,  
Cuffed restrained and tamed like animals every time I step out this cell,  
Rehabilitation is nowhere in sight a broken judicial system that's already failed,  
A weak mind will never last heart of a lion only the strong prevail,  
Its built for us to be a product of their system,  
After this beautiful journey, Never!  
Will I allow myself to another statistical victim.