

THE MISERY OF BEING INDIGENT IN PRISON

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Once you are in prison you immediately notice inmates who are indigent. Inmates who are indigent wear nothing but state issued clothing, which is akin to tent canvas. It rubs your nipples raw, wears out long before the prison will replace it, and the shoes are so flat and hard that you are forced to lay down to keep the sore cartilage in your foot together.

Inmates who are indigent get an initial paper-bag with a basic, basic, tooth brush, and a cheap comb. Also in the bag, along with a weekly bag is, a little lined paper, a pencil, a single blade razor, a small tube of extremely caustic tooth-paste that inmates use as glue, and a single small bar of soap. (The soap by the way is apparently the same soap that they use to clean bodies at the mortuary.) These items are the **ONLY** things that indigent inmates ever get. They do not even have access to shampoo!

These poor indigent inmates occasionally receive a tattered old hand-me-down tee-shirt from a kind inmate, so that their state shirt doesn't rub their nipples raw. Sometimes, they trade their food for coffee, or other necessities like shampoo; and since they do not have money to buy extra food their last meal is dinner at 3-4:00^{PM}. Since they do not have food after 3-4:00^{PM}, they are just simply hungry for the rest of the night; until breakfast the next day.

If they only were given undershirts, shampoo, and a box sandwich at night, their quality of life would be immensely better, and improved. Our society needs to care about those incarcerated without any family on the outside more. They are humans, and just like I pointed out in my article about the psych-hall, there are inmates who are not being treated as humans.

Sincerely Sam Shaffer-