



Feeding routine

By Vanilla Gorilla, 46 years old, 6 years on death row

I hear the big stainless steel food carrier being loudly scraped through the narrow metal gate by someone. I poke my spy mirror through one of the numerous holes in my cell door and look through it down the walkway to see it is a lieutenant pushing the cart.

The heavy set middle aged white male stops the cart right in front of the first cell and with the help of the two officers working the wing they start to feed everyone. The lieutenant takes his hand sized brass key and unlocks the small slot in each cell, then one officer takes a tray off the cart and hands it to the inmate then fills up his cup with punch from a cooler atop the cart. The third guard pushes the cart forward after each inmate is fed.

January 2023

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