



## IF I make it to dawn then I have made it For the day

By M., Florida, 2012

Through the past I have wondered if there was any lower limit to the human spirit than here where it is imprisoned, confined to its self-serving worst.

I wondered, but that has changed, this has changed, I am changed. Not the prison, it never changes.

It is caught, seemingly, in time, or out of time, the concrete and convicts are as constant as the moon and tide. The prisoners do not change, the same forced bravado, the same troops of men noisily doing nothing day after day. Like clockwork the clamor and din rises each day around noon until it is only so much confusion. No rhythm, no harmony, just noise. It is as if some prisoner of long age determined that sound signified existence; "I make noise, therefore I am". And I caught on.

For all the sound and furious activity of the day, most here are anxious for the night so that in sleep they may find some brief respite, some escape. I have never found their sanctuary in the night, no dark asylum, no requiem. It is my habit to stay awake the whole night through, waiting for the day, the dawn, the light. I've come to prefer the hours just before and after dawn, the quiet, the solitude.

And the dawn has become an assurance for me, I tell myself that if I make it to dawn then I have made it for the day.