Thunder Dome
by Jacob Barrett

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Open-eyed and disconcerted at what may come
I brace myself as I cross the threshold of the
Chocolate colored brick structure.
A colossus of razor wire, stone and glass with a
gaping maw swallowing men's souls
"Welcome to the Thunder Dome", a black clad screw
backs from his parrot's perch.
"Sleep when you can, not when you want to" another
smiles through tabacco caked teeth.
Marching through hallways to waiting cells howls
echo from bare naked walls.
A deafening roar growsl from air ducts crammed
with decaying debris.
Belching a constant stream of malodorous fumes reeking
of urine, feces and sweaty bodies.
A potpourri of ass and arm pits grace the taste
buds like a malicious toothpaste.
The heart begins to harden even as the tongue
buffets the rise of bile in the throat.
Men wipe feces on their walls ailing foul victorian
painters.
Tossing urine and body waste blends packaged in
"Shit bombs" of milkshake brown honeydew.
Screaming and leaping around bird cages as if
rabid deranged dancing ravens.
Parading around dog runs on drunken hamster
limbs.
Gnawing on nails darkened by the runny dye of cheap ink pens.
Madly waving arms doused in blood like gore covered oriflamme before battle.
Secured in steel aquariums gold fish retreat from the hovering sharks.
I chortle to myself at the lunacy of the raging environment.
Damned to live in my own minds insanity.
Wondering if I am equally as cuckoo as my ailing brethren.
Welcome to the Thunder Dome...