

Thunder Dome  
by Jacob Barrett  
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THUNDER DOME

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 parrots perch.

"Sleep when you can, not when you want to" another  
smiles through tobacco caked teeth.

Marching through hallways to waiting cells howls  
echo from bare naked walls.

A deafening roar growls 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 aping 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.

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Gnawing on nails darkened by the runny dye of  
cheap ink pens.

Madly waving arms doused in blood like gore  
covered ori-flamme 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...