
Lockbolted Letters to Turbo

DAVID GROULX

I hope your enjoying spring.

I know I'd be enjoying it much more
if I was with you.

Happy belated Easter,
you know I ain't much of a Christian.

I got your card today, it was wonderful I read it over and over again.

I sure do miss you guys,
I've been doing crosswords, I'm getting better at them.

There's this song in my head, *You wouldn't like it baby/ you wouldn't like it her/ there ain't no entertainment and the judgements are severe*. I'm sure Leonard Cohen was singing about this place because nobody likes it here. Even the guards.

I'm trying to relax,
trying to recapture the dream I had about you last night,
but the guards came and woke me up for work
it's a perverted sense of humor that runs through this place;

(they will be reading this of course)

Sometimes I can't wait for lights out, that I might get the chance to dream of you again.
I hoping to get a book change, this week I've read Arthur Miller's play *All My Sons* three times,

I guess it's his opinion on modern society, the family living in a military industrial complex.

Other than that, the kitchen is hard work, we're always busy,

I mean ALWAYS;

but most of the crew pull their own weight and we're always joking around.

The cooks don't mind as long as the work gets done.

This place is run around meal time.

I forgotten how lonely I was staying at home alone those weekdays. *All the time.*

Turbo is great company, as you and he both know,

but the conversation was all one sided.

I'm not good at making friends, but I am good at kidding around,

if presented with the opportunity. I will almost always walk through that door.

Don't worry. I'm being optimistic, I'd rather be with Turbo, listening to him burp, than here.

I'm happy you called last night, I was tired, this place is exhausting. I would have stayed up till *lights out* to talk with you, I would walk naked through a snowstorm to a pay phone to talk with you, *with the quarter between my butt cheeks.*

I saw this guard today he looks like Zach, he looks friendly enough with a baby face and very big. The strange thing is, that there is an inmate that looks like Jake. Their mom would laugh her ass off.

The radio is on all day, classic rock *ugh*, that song is on *White Hot- I need you to complete me/I'm white hot/ I can't take it anymore/ I'm white hot and I'm running to your door/ I need rain/I need rain.*

As for songs that make me think about Turbo, I'd don't know I'd have to leave that up to him.

What would Turbo sing. I know he likes that tape, Solitudes: Songs of the loon.

And probably that Nelly song- *Hey baby do you wanna ride with me/We'll listen to MTV.* I remember when we heard that song and started singing the *do you wanna ride* part. Turbo would go crazy and we laughed.

I guess some of the other inmates think I'm unfriendly cause I don't say much, but the talk here is always the same,

How you got here?

How long you got to get out?

How much good time you lost?

Who makes the biggest deal?

Big Deal.

I hear the same conversation over and over again.

It's like that movie, Groundhog Day or Run Lola Run, except there is no way to change the outcome.

I hear "Meds Up" and most all of the inmates rush to the door for whatever pills the doctor has them on.

The nurse comes by twice a day for that, but she's not the head nurse, I looked at her knees.

I'm glad I have you to talk to and I'm happy that the future is so full of possibilities for us, together.

I know it is not easy to be apart like this, but this is what makes it matter, if it didn't matter, it would be easy.

I'm excited about seeing you and Turbo and frustrated at how I cannot express how much I miss the two of you.

I miss the two of you so much.

It is impossible for me to speak of. I suppose there are words, perhaps not, perhaps not in English to tell you how much I want to be with you, how much I miss, how much I need you. You complete me.

I got some good news. That two-faced fucker who worked in the kitchen got knuckled in the card room.

The guy was spreading a rumor that I was pissing in the food, when actually he was the one doing it.

Someone told me what was being said.

So I went straight to the range boss and told him it wasn't me and if he was going to beat me to do it there in front of the whole range,

(fuck I was scared) but I wasn't going to fuckin wait around to catch a beating.

The range boss found out the truth and the next morning, two-faced fucker was gone to PC and the card room was covered in blood.

Its hellishly boring and dangerous as hell here.

And order must be kept because the place is always on the verge of going under lockdown and order is the range boss's responsibility.

I was happy he got it. I really don't want to lose my good time. I could get out and be with you and Turbo sooner.

I try to keep to myself and try to hide it when I am happy or sad.

I can't stand hypocrites and there seems to be so many.

I don't understand how people can be cruel or why they like to see each other in misery.

I admit I'm glad that guy got it.

It was just.

He wanted to go to Stony, where his dad is, how fucking ambitious.

I'm here without you, that I deserve I suppose.

And sometimes when I'm lonely for you, I think the sentence is too severe. When I get that lonely; I can't eat, I just want to be left alone, sometimes I wish I could request to go to the hole, just for a bit of peace and quiet.

I get lonely here but the strange thing is you are never alone, there is always people talking, even in their sleep and the fucking radio is always on.

Sometimes a man needs that, needs to think about things. I only got to the gym three times this week.

The Easter holiday really fucked up the routine, there weren't enough guards so we couldn't go.

There is a French show on in the other room there is a man, a woman, and a dog all sitting together and I don't understand a word of it.

Next week the movie is Billy Jack, we'll probably watch it, since there only three White guys in here.

I like the movie, it was the first time I saw an Indian character as a hero instead of a villain, or a White guys lackey, but in the end, Billy Jack goes to jail, just like most of the guys here, including me.

Life here is desperately boring.

The inmates like to watch sitcoms I hate and there is absolutely nothing good to read. Even the magazines available, *cars and trucks*.

This place is a desert for me.

I hope to work on my play this weekend, since I got some fresh pencils now.

The kitchen today was chaos, they are already short of guys and they gave some of the others the day off. That's ok though, all I have to do is think of you and I start to feel better. I remember when we first met, you were drunk, but I found you enchanting. I believe you make me want to be something more, I want to be better when I'm around you. In the past few months you've become the marrow of my body.

You have become someone more, become part of me, you complete me.

Last night things were pretty tense around here because one inmate got bounced out. The screws shut off the TV because they get nervous, but that only increases the tension.

Nobody likes it because things can get really volatile really fast.

Nobody sleeps and everyone is exhausted, couple that with the mentally ill inmates and the predators, it's like living in a mental institution. Everyone is insane, the guards too.

Emotions run really high here, they are in overdrive all of the time.

People get punched out for the smallest things, bumping into someone accidentally gets you punched out
and bounced out,
one guy got knuckled because he said he wanted to go to Penetang.

The rules around getting bounced are still kind of vague. I've seen guys get punched out for not doing their chores, annoying other inmates. Mostly though I think it's just respecting yourself and other inmates, privacy and property; making noise after lights out, snoring is another one that might get you punched out.

Who gets bounced is entirely up to the inmates. Most though get into trouble over favours, nobody does anything for free, same as out there, but here it is much more straight forward,

karma comes quickly. For me, no favours asked, none owed.

Some of the inmates think that our dorm is treated worse than the others because we've only got three White guys. At first I didn't buy that shit, but now I am starting to believe it.

Our TV gets shut off once a week, the other dorms; not once. And there are more White guys on the other dorms, although the entire jail is mostly Native, we got the least amount of White guys (I guess we haven't met our quota).

The jail is full of Aboriginal people, but the screws are all White. I have not seen one Indian working here and it really bothers me. I see it everyday, a reminder of us and them. I know this place ain't full of Indians cause we're all criminals, something is wrong in this country.

Statistically Indians get more time and more often than Whites. I'm not looking for an excuse, but a reason, racism runs deep in this country. I see it every day here.

This place runs on emotion, reason would not make any sense here.

Here there is nothing, no past, but that which we run from, no future, except that which we await.

This place is purgatory, you are neither alive or dead, it's living in the shadow of a real life a surreal existence.

I hate this place.

Here I feel dead,

like the world has forgotten about me and for the most part it has.

Your calls make me feel happy for a while and happiness is a rarity here as is anything else of value.

Here Maslow's pyramid is built on food, drugs and respect.

who has it,

who gets it

The only thing that seems to matter here are the basest of appetites, masturbation, fisticuffs and food.

We never go outside, I guess they don't have enough guards.

I go days without a breathe of fresh air.

Even walking was taken for granted while on the outside. I won't take either for granted again.

I mostly try to stay to myself, count the weeks and know that one day I'll look back on this and it will be so long and short ago and I'll be beside you saying "the past can't hurt us anymore" and I'll be holding you from the day I see you until the mountains fall into the sea.

Yeah, yeah and the dog too. I love you guys, I miss you guys. And I can't wait to see you guys.

*From the Manuscript Always a Broken Sleep
in the days I was known as Papillon*