

Back to Prison

Though I suspect many readers are as bored with the subject as I am, I yield to a commissioning editor's request for some reflections on returning to prison. Having spent 29 months in a federal prison already, I know what to expect. I have seen the immediate future, and it doesn't work very well; but it is survivable. Like any trip of any duration, it requires a lot of wrapping up of pending matters. Packing is not a problem, since I am not allowed to bring anything in except eyeglasses and a small religious object. As soon as I kiss my wife goodbye, I will be meticulously strip-searched and my clothes sent back to her in a parcel, as I join the sartorial style-setters of the residents of the Bureau of Prisons. I am planning a fierce pursuit of fitness and weight loss, building upon the partial success of my previous sojourn with the same congenial hosts, which has been interrupted by my last four months of rather sumptuous dining in New York.

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