



## Commentary:

I did not have the pleasure of meeting our last writer. They had heard about the course from other members of the group and asked whether they could join some of the follow up workshops. Normally our anthologies are compiled solely from work by those who have attended the course; however sometimes there is an exception to the rule. Because this short piece showed such a **honest** sense of the writer's situation, we deemed that this addition may encourage the writer's development, as well as illustrate the hunger detainees have for creative forms of **rehabilitation**.

# In A Nutshell

By A. Hamby

Last Night, I had dream.  
It was one of those where you don't  
want to wake up from.  
In it, I saw my best friend Jessica.  
I felt as though I was floating on air, because I  
thought I would never see her again.

She said she was with me till the end of time.  
She said it, but only in my dreams.  
I awoke to the deputy knocking on my door.  
How long have I been locked up  
it feels like 50 centuries.

That's being a bit melodramatic,  
but still that's how I feel  
and I'm just jotting down how I feel.  
I really don't hate jail.

I mean, do I hate not having my freedom, yeah!  
But I've been institutionalized my whole life  
I barely know the difference.  
So mmh hmm that's my life in a nutshell.

