Prisoner:

Lights hung low casting unfavorable shadows in the already grungy basement. The walls were wide enough for one chair each to be directly facing the other. So close that their noses almost touched the cold metal bars that separated them. The night lay stagnant and the room remained quiet. No one else bothered to visit. No one else bothered to care.

The man wiped his nose on his sleeve and peered into the rivaling eyes. How badly he wanted those eyes to be his. Those eyes on the other side of the bars that gleamed of freedom, those lightened tunnels that led to a carefree mind. But, no. He would be in here for the rest of his life. Wasting away on his dreary schedule, his patterned days, his ardentless thoughts.

Again he looked to the man across him. He had never met this man before, yet he knew him better than anyone. For he was him unshelled. Maybe if he hadn’t stolen, or lied, or cheated, he wouldn’t be stuck like he was now. Life in prison for identity fraud! How shameful! How petty!

He reached out and touched the bars, felt the piercing cold against his skin. Felt the piercing guilt against his mind. Never, never again would he be free. But to be the man across the bars…

Enough.

He got up, left, walked away from the cell.