

Covid Assignment

Part One: "Last words"

I would like to first say if you're reading this mother, COVID claimed my life. I never thought this was how I would go out, alone in a jail cell with poor medical treatment. But mother, I want you to know I'm sorry for letting you down and sorry for giving up. I pray as you read the following you understand why and how bad things got for me as I fought to live. It started as just a fever and turned into cold chills that caused pain that ran throughout my body. Then came the loss of taste, I'm talking everything was tasteless moms, I couldn't taste anything I ate and that made it hard to eat. When I was able to eat it didn't last long because I was bent over the toilet throwing up what I eat and what felt like my insides.

That did give me some good thoughts, well maybe not good, but some type of memories that was with you my mother. Remember you coming home late into the night and I would find you throwing up from drinking all night? Yeah moms, those were the days right? Your little man holding your hair out your face. It's crazy because you would still be throwing up as you yelled "little boy what is your little ass doing up" lol. I feel less than the man you raised as I write this because I can hear you standing over me the day I got shot.

"Boy you fight for life. I didn't raise no punk, now fight and show these soft ass punks that did this you can't die." Sounds so funny now as I sit thinking back to them days. Damn it's crazy moms, a man-made virus took your boy's life. I think of if that shot would have missed my body that day, would I have still been a disappointment of a son? I can't say, but them bullets changed me mother, and so did this covid 19. Coughing up blood, Short of breath, loss of taste, and throwing up daily is what my life became. I guess the courts got what they wanted now moms. Well my eye's is getting heavy moms, I pray this letter reaches you because if not they just got away with murder. Damn just thinking now I wasn't even given a call to you.

Part Two:

My first step after being bed ridden and 30 days of no moving, my legs felt as if they would give out on me. I walked to the door to cover it to use the toilet. I hadn't used the bathroom on my own for almost four weeks now, it felt good to be back on my feet and doing it for myself. I smelt like how old people smell after living in a nursing home for so long, and I needed to shower bad, but I knew there wasn't a chance of a shower today. The c.o that was there was, for other words, an asshole.

I washed up the best I could before I felt my body shutting down. My legs buckled and my chest got tight as I started to get light headed. I pushed the button for a nurse and was told when she can get to me. I layed there for 10, maybe 20 minutes and no nurse ever came. So I hit the button again.

"C.o I need a nurse please," I said over the speaker.

"Sir the nurse is off giving medication to the block and we're short on staff today."

"C.o my chest is tight, I feel as if i'm losing breath just talking. Please have someone, anyone, come help me."

"Sir i'll call to see if she can come back ok?"

"Thank you c.o."

"Oh sir, you know your gonna have to pay for calling an emergency right?"

"I think my life is worth 15 dollars c.o but thanks for letting me know that."

After an hour goes by, I'm laying there asleep and who but the nurse come knocking at the door. "Sir are you ok?"

"I wasn't 2 hours ago."

"I understand but I'm here alone, do you still need to be checked out?"

"Well yeah since it cost me 15 dollars."

"Sir it don't cost you, you're in the infirmary for covid."

"Maybe the c.o could be given notice because they wanted to use that as if I call for an emergency I'll have to pay ,as if my life isn't worth 15 dollars."

"Well I'll try sir and if you start to feel short of breath that's a side effect of the covid and weakness in the bones, you also may feel light headed."

"Yes I had all of that intel." I layed down and went to sleep,my body just still hurt.

"Try to sleep. I'll check back in later sir," she said. They are going to let me die from side effects.

Part Three:

It had been 33 days since I was told I had covid and 8 days since getting out of the infirmary. I was back to full health. I didn't feel any symptoms of covid. I thought I was good until I wasn't, I started losing taste and using the bathroom more and more. Short of breath and pains that shot through my body. I didn't really start to worry until the chest pain on the left side right up under my armpit.

It was the first Sunday of December around 7:30 pm when a nurse came around for night medication when I asked what could it be or if I should be worried. She was nice about it and really gave me hope that I would be okay but said I should put a sick call in just in case. That night I started to think about a study I saw on the news about the life long effects that the virus will have on the internal organs. Studies say that the organs will begin to shut down over time if not carefully monitored and well treated. Covid is a booster that can turn your common cold into the flu, or give you flu like symptoms.

I wrote this piece because like me it's people that may not understand the risk when not following the rules set in place to stop the virus from spreading. I was one of them until it hit me in a way that I could never prepare myself for or understand. A 31 year old black male that has been in jail 15 years, that's half of my life behind a wall. A black man's life expectancy in jail is between 68 and 75 years of age. I came to jail at sixteen. I have 38 to life, when I go for parole I'll be 54. I took that and made a deduction from the maximum life expectancy "75." 21 years of life left. Now you take off the 5 to 10 year's the covid virus effects will have on me. I have between 11 and 16 years of freedom left if I make parole. I broke down my life to give people a clear understanding of how shorter life could be for not wearing a mask. Also, to let people know that you can't take life as a joke because when it's over it's over. I'll be free one day, yes, but I remain a slave to covid 19.