

2014-03 Hopkins - Silence

Silence

*by Suzy Hopkins*

He came over to me with an 'I'm up to somethin' look on his frightful tattooed face. All inmates want something when they approach you.

He cheerfully said, "Miss Hopkins , I want a pass to the law library to work on my appeal."

I said, "You know you lost all your privileges because you are always picking a fight on the main exercise yard."

He angrily said, "It's not my fault. They start it."

I said, "Every single time?"

He ardently said, "Yeah. All the time. They disrespect me."

I said, "Get back to me in 30 days and if you have not broken any rules I'll consider your request."

He impatiently said, "But Miss Hopkins, I need to work on my appeal now."

I said, "I can't help you."

He furiously said, "You don't want to help me."

I said, ".....(silence)"

He optimistically said, "You could make an exception. I've seen lots of other inmates in the Law Library."

I said, ".....(silence)"

He somberly said, "Aw, Miss Hopkins, you are so mean."

I said, ".....(silence)"

Discouraged by my silence the inmate wandered off. Silence can be more powerful than any spoken words.