

**THE REVOLVING**

**DOOR**

**Writings from E-Pod San Benito County Jail Hollister, CA**

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Published by  
Gavilan College and San Benito County Jail  
Edited by Kimberly Jean Smith

Hollister, CA  
USA

Fall, 2015

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## Introduction

A thief in the night, it comes to kill, steal, and destroy. It sneaks around and tries to wiggle into your life. You know it's wrong, but you're curious, so you try it anyway. Peer pressure hits you, and you want to feel as though you belong.

Once you get the first try, you feel excited, amazed, and, wow, you think that made me feel real good. This is not as bad as people make it out to be. It wants its fingers in the scene, waiting for the next person, the next struggle, it wants you until you're down and out. Then the pain and suffering are there, so it attacks and forces you to believe things will get better. It numbs the feelings. I can keep this under control, you think. It doesn't affect me the way it does others. It was easy to start; it should be easy to stop.

But once you give in, you have more problems than before. So you allow it to come back, twice as hard, to take care of the old and new problems, creating yet more. Next arrives the thought, I'll just do it one more time, then I'll stop. But that one time turns into one more.

The excited feeling came back, and you tell yourself—again—it's not that bad. Then again you compare yourself; I'm not like him; I'm not like her. They're worse off than me. Until finally, you really can't stop, and you don't understand why—a vicious cycle, a compulsive disorder, victimizing, so like a thief in the night you need to catch it before it catches you, takes you for everything you have, leaving you worthless and alone. But you can never stop until you admit—I'm an addict.

Inside these pages, we invite you to take a walk in the addict's shoes, to go inside and think deeply about this cycle, a cycle we know firsthand. Remember though, just because we're in jail doesn't mean we are bad people. After all, before we came to jail, we too thought it was spooky. Since then, however, some of us have learned, we may be in even more danger on the outside.

—The women of E-Pod



“The aching emptiness is perpetual because the substances, objects,  
or pursuits we hope will soothe it are not what we really need.”

—Gabor Maté

*In The Realm of the Hungry Ghosts: Close Encounters with Addiction*





# ABCs of Addiction

**By Anonymous**

Active

Bad

Co-dependent

Drugs

Empowering

Forever

Gross

Hurt

Indecisive

Junkie

Killer

Lonely

Manipulation

Narcotics

Obsession

Powerless

Quitter

Rapid

Strong

Trapped

Unhealthy

Victim

Worried

X-rated

Yearning

Zapped

## My Struggle

By Miss Stephenson

I can remember the first time I did it. The exact place it happened. Did it stop there? No! That was just the beginning of what has seemed like this never-ending road of complete madness. The feelings it has given me are almost unexplainable, yet I can identify them clearly. That first time felt amazing—the way my body felt as I continued to consume. The unknown. Not sure how I will react to the feeling, unsure if I am going to continue again and again or be able to abstain, not thinking about any consequences or even the reward of doing this, until it is too late.

No turning back, even if I wanted to. Years pass by. New ways to feel the ultimate high, making me feel better doing it this way instead. Life just keeps passing me by. Losing more and more...

Sitting here once again. The same place I always end up once I become a slave to the addiction all over again—jail.

Now I have plenty of time to think about my actions and to make a new plan.

About to be released and all I can think is, “Here we go again. Am I gonna be able to make it this time? Will I stay sober? I want to stay sober.”

And then the day comes when I walk out Gate Nine.

# It Can Happen to Anyone

**By Anonymous**

Addiction

At first it's so easy

Easy to start

So you think

If it's easy to

Start it should be

Easy to end

Well, if it was easy to end

Then it would not be an addiction

You don't see a problem

Your behavior continues

Eventually you ask

What am I doing?

I'm not like those others

That can't happen to me

The longer you think that

The longer you continue

This makes it harder to stop

Once you find yourself wondering

Am I addicted?

If you have to ask then you

More than likely are

Then it becomes hard

Hard to stop

Hard to understand

You keep telling yourself

It can't happen to me

But it did

And now you have to admit

You're addicted

Because the longer you take to quit

The longer you will be stuck

You don't want to admit it

You lost control

Guilt and shame kick in  
Forcing you to try and hide it  
But it's there lingering  
Making you believe everything will go away  
Causing obsession, problems, you lose  
Your friends, your life, your family  
There is no addiction you can control  
You lose yourself you think you're  
Crazy  
You won't ask for help, you don't want to  
Admit you lose  
But once you do, things can change,  
Take the first step see for yourself  
Admit that my life has become  
Unmanageable...

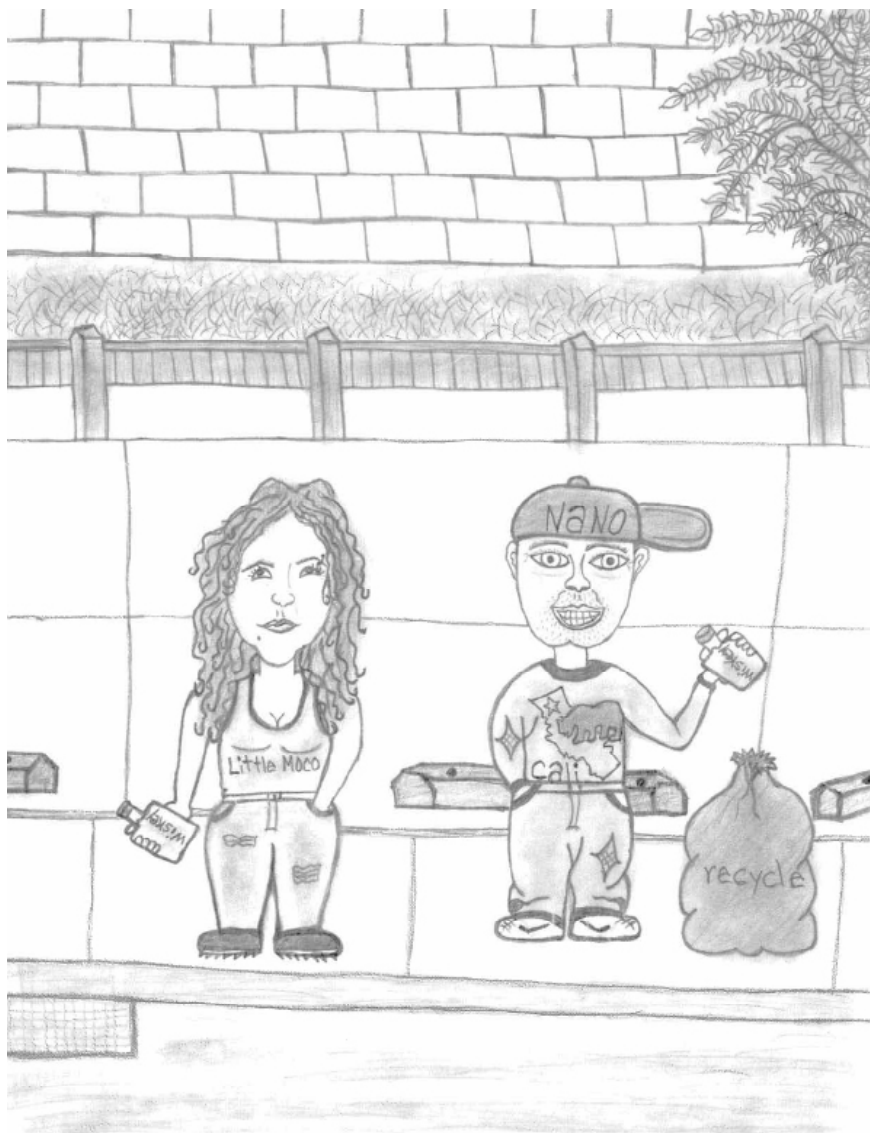


image by Vianey Crizantos López

## Little Moco & Nano

By Vianey Crizantos López

Little Moco and Nano went to recycle, walking together at nighttime with a black plastic bag. Both of them are good friends, and they go recycling because both of them are homeless, and they do it because they are alcoholics. So in order to get the next bottle of whiskey, early in the morning they have to go to the recycling center and cash in the plastic bottles and aluminum cans or else Little Moco and Nano get sick because they need to get alcohol.

So they're walking and talking, telling jokes because Nano is trying to cheer up Little Moco by making her laugh. Little Moco is having a hard time. Her heart is broken by the man she loves. She tries to be strong about it, so she laughs as they walk along. When all of the sudden both of them get stopped by the cops!

The cops asked them questions. "What are you two doing?"

So Little Moco and Nano said, "We are just recycling, Sir."

The cops asked them their names and ages and ran their names to check if they could go on. Nano was free to go, but Little Moco was not. The cops told her, "Looks like you have four warrants."

She asked, "For what?"

"For V.O.P. Turn around. You're under arrest."

Little Moco sees her friend Nano standing alone with the black plastic bag of recycling bottles and cans. He's all sad because saw the cops take Little Moco, his friend.

Now she's in jail, doing time in there. She has, like, 15-days sober and she's gonna do longer because she's been sentenced to one year in jail, and all of this happened in Hollister, California.

Nano misses his friend Little Moco because she's funny and a true friend; Little Moco misses him too.

Now Little Moco has another friend in jail. Her name is Chavela, who is barely starting in her sobriety. It's kind of hard for Chavela, so Little Moco is trying her best to help Chavela go through her withdrawals. She understand Chavela, so both of them will be alright.

# My Lost and Confused Life

By Sonia



lost confused. Heart broken, tears, crying out loud for help. Need love, affection. Need my losts. I have a wish, I will bring my kids back to me. The loss of my boyfriend. He loved me. He left me. Confused. No answers. Going crazy. It could all be gone, like a blink of an eye. Tears, no direction, walking, falling, walking, falling, trying to cope with life. Want to give up. There's no hope. At times, there's sadness. I'm hurting people without thinking. Want to replace and put my health back like a puzzle. It's all scared, like a lost puppy. Hopefully all this will change, and I will forgive but not forget. God please help me, guide me. Give me answers and please don't let me go or get lost. I just want to go with Michael. I miss him so much—so, so much, and there's nothing I could do. I can't understand, why, why all this happens to me. I'm confused. I get mad, sad, angry at myself. I want to take myself out. I want to sit alone in the dark, hide, and think over and over. In what way or where did I fuck up that all this keeps going, and I can't find answers and direction?

Addicted to Lies  
**By Lovers Lost Because of Jail**

Here I am  
Again in jail  
There you are  
Again you've failed  
You said you'd write  
But I have no mail  
Everything you said was just fairy tales

You lied to me  
Once again  
You let me go  
You played pretend  
I'm locked away  
And you are free  
I'm all alone  
I finally see

I caught this case  
I caught this time  
I wish that I could press rewind  
I'd change my thoughts  
I'd change my mind  
To all of your bullshit  
I wouldn't be blind

Would I trust you  
The answer is no  
But I did just that  
And now I know  
You only care  
About yourself  
When I come home  
Don't call for help  
Don't say you love me



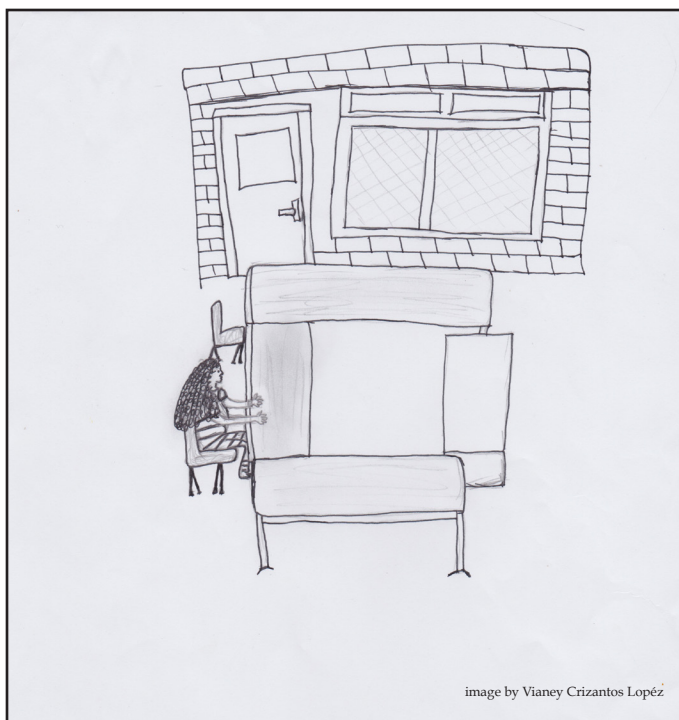
Don't say you care  
Cause when I really need you  
You're never there

I always suffer  
For your mistakes  
Well I give up  
That's all I can take  
You might have taken advantage  
Of my broken heart  
Walking all over me  
From the very start

Well, today I'm alone  
I'll just let you go  
Get on with that my life  
Just to let you know  
So don't hit me up  
When I get home  
Don't ask for help  
Learn to manage alone

What goes around comes around  
Is what they say  
So have fun getting hurt  
I'm walking away  
I'm leaving you in the past  
I'm saying goodbye  
I'm never going back  
To you and your lies!

POEMS BY ANISHA D. TORRES



## My Fears

**By Anisha D. Torres**

Here we go again  
Waking up in my cell  
Green doors, gray floors  
In a white brick hell  
Case after case  
And year after year  
I'm here again  
And it's just for a beer,  
I had the money  
To pay all legit  
But I wanted to keep it  
To get loaded and lit,  
A crazy choice  
That I chose to make,  
Yes, how many more times  
Will I choose to take  
The hits of the drugs  
That get me here,  
I want to change  
But sobriety I fear,  
It's hard to explain  
Just what I mean  
It's hard to get out  
Of this crazy drug scene  
I'm scared to be sober  
Cause I'm scared of the fall  
Scared to get clean  
Then go back to it all.  
But I want to change  
I want to get better  
I will not be stuck  
With these addictions forever

# Nobody Knows

By **Anisha D. Torres**

Nobody knows  
What I do  
Nobody knows  
They don't have a clue  
You can't tell by my looks  
The way that I walk  
You can't tell by my speech  
The way that I talk  
Nobody knows it  
There's a war in my head  
My heart is aching  
Can't get out of bed  
When I do  
It's right back on  
Using the drugs  
It's the same damnsong  
"Change Nisha,  
Do all that you can."  
Words that hurt  
They come from my man  
For better or worse  
The vows we took  
We have gone through so much  
Both our lives have been shook.  
Yet nobody knows  
I cover that hurt  
My husbands away  
Tears land on my shirt  
So I cope the only  
Way I know how  
To these damn addictions  
I must take a bow  
They got me good

Yes such a great act  
At first they were fun  
Yes so action packed  
But hiding at work  
Or in the bathroom at home  
Going anywhere  
To do it alone  
I come out looking normal  
So nobody knows  
I'm crying for help  
But I don't let it show  
Somebody help me  
Please set me free  
I'm tired of the drugs  
Consuming me  
I'm a functioning addict  
The worst of my kind  
I need some help  
I'm losing my mind  
So what do I do?  
Let my secret spill?  
Will it help me,  
Stop going downhill  
Please somebody ask me  
If I am OK  
Yet nobody knows  
So I live day by day  
Help me somebody  
Take my hand  
Show me the way  
A brand new plan  
But I'll hide this hurt  
This crazy pain  
Nobody knows  
About this crazy train  
My secret needs  
To come right out  
I need to tell someone  
Let my secret out

## Pick Your Poison

By **Anisha D. Torres**

A line of shards  
A shot of black  
A line of coke  
A bud bowl packed  
Tons of pills  
Yellows and whites  
Pick your poison  
For the night

Or maybe whiskey  
Is your choice  
Come on speak up  
Where is your voice  
You know you want this  
Inside of your veins  
Step right up  
Get on the train  
It's just one time  
Kept on the low  
So pick your poison  
Get on with the show

Nobody tells you  
When enough is enough  
You become addicted  
Your life becomes rough  
That one little hit  
That one little line  
That one little shot  
Could be the last time  
You can overdose  
And never come back  
All of that  
For a small little sack

So pick your poison  
But I won't lie  
Your poison can kill you  
Yes, you could die  
But nobody warns you  
Drugs lead you astray  
Could this be it?  
Is this your last day?  
Pick your poison  
But please aware  
Not everyone  
Will always be there  
These drugs only lead to prison or death  
So could tonight be the night  
That you take your last breath?

# You and I

By **Anisha D. Torres**

The both of us were sober  
When we first met  
Both of us were healthy  
I'll never forget  
But one party I threw  
Changed it all  
It changed our lives  
It made us fall  
The drugs came out  
And we didn't say no  
The drugs came out  
And we gave them a go  
Then we couldn't stop  
No, we kept getting worse  
What at first was fun  
Was becoming a curse  
As the weeks went by  
So did the friends  
Our good times started  
To come to an end  
Then Christmas Eve  
The cops took you away  
I cried and cried  
Why couldn't you stay?  
I started to change  
For the better  
But without your love  
I was under the weather  
We held hands in June  
The best day of my life  
You became my husband  
I became your wife  
Yet hardships followed  
Our wedding day.



I ended up in jail  
Drugs led me astray  
So here we are now  
We are both doing time  
Although we are apart  
We are both doing fine  
I'm going to change  
Stay sober, get better  
Hold on tight to our love  
We will soon be together!

## Unanswered Questions

By **Anisha D. Torres**

Nervous as fuck  
Sitting in county jail  
Because at my house  
There's a bad foil trail  
Lighters and tooters  
Yes, things of that sort  
But I can't do a thing  
I have two weeks until court  
Will my dresser be opened  
My secret discovered  
Will my secret life  
Soon be uncovered

I would try to hide it  
But now I'm not there  
Will he find my needles  
Kick me out and not care?  
Will he give me a chance  
To change my ways  
Or kick me out  
No longer let me stay?  
Unanswered questions  
I ask every night,  
Maybe now I should change  
Slow down and do right

For my Mother  
**By Anisha Perez Torres**

I wake up  
To the slam of a door  
I hop off my bunk  
Feet land on the floor  
“Visit” they call  
As I grab my striped shirt  
I think of my family  
My heart starts to hurt  
I hate when they come  
Cause I hate to see them go  
But it hurts my heart  
If they don’t show

The door slams behind me  
And I take a seat  
I pick up the phone  
My heart skips a beat  
My mother before me  
Tears in her eyes  
I just want to hold her  
As she sits there and cries

But I must do my time  
For the things I have done  
I feel all the guilt  
For being a selfish one  
I apologize for my actions  
For all my mistakes  
It’s time for a change  
Before her heart breaks

So this one goes out  
To my beautiful mother  
When I come home

We will get closer to one another  
Thank you for everything  
You've done so much for me  
I'm going to change for you and I  
When I am finally free

# Sobriety and Addiction

**By Anonymous**

Set your free  
Open mindedness  
Better life  
Responsible  
Integrity  
Experience happiness  
Thinking of others  
Your choice

Always haunting me  
Despair  
Denial  
Isolation  
Chaotic  
Torn apart  
Insanity  
Overpowering  
Never enough