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## When Is Enough, Enough?

Dominique Williams

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## When Is Enough, Enough?

By Dominique Williams

Prison is the most tormenting time of my life. I've had to witness events I will never forget. I've seen correctional officers (c/o's) abuse their authority without being held accountable. I've experienced a separation from my family and friends that has caused me tons of pain and suffering. And I have been treated less than human for a countless number of years.

My very first day in prison, I was sexually forced to strip naked by correctional officers while I was in a room filled with ten other grown men who had been stripped naked as well. The thought of that still haunts me to this very day. For example, a c/o forced me to turn around, lift my feet, wiggle my toes, and to bend over naked ninety degrees to spread my buttocks. Then, I was forced to turn back around, lift my penis and testicles, and run my fingers through my mouth. Finally, after being sexually abused by the c/o, I was able to put on my clothes before being sent to another room.

In the next room, all I heard was the sounds of loud clippers screeching and echoing down the hallway. Then I could hear the sounds of grown men huffing and puffing as they stood next in line to have their hair cut off. As they stood in line, correctional officers laughed hysterically outside the door. Now me, I am Rastafari, so the thought of me being forced to go against my livity had chills running down my spine. My body shook in fear as I had to wait next in line. All I was thinking about was how I was going to explain my religion to them and hoped that the correctional officers would show me mercy because, as a Rastafari, we do not cut our hair. But it would be to no avail. Less than thirty minutes later they shaved my head bald.

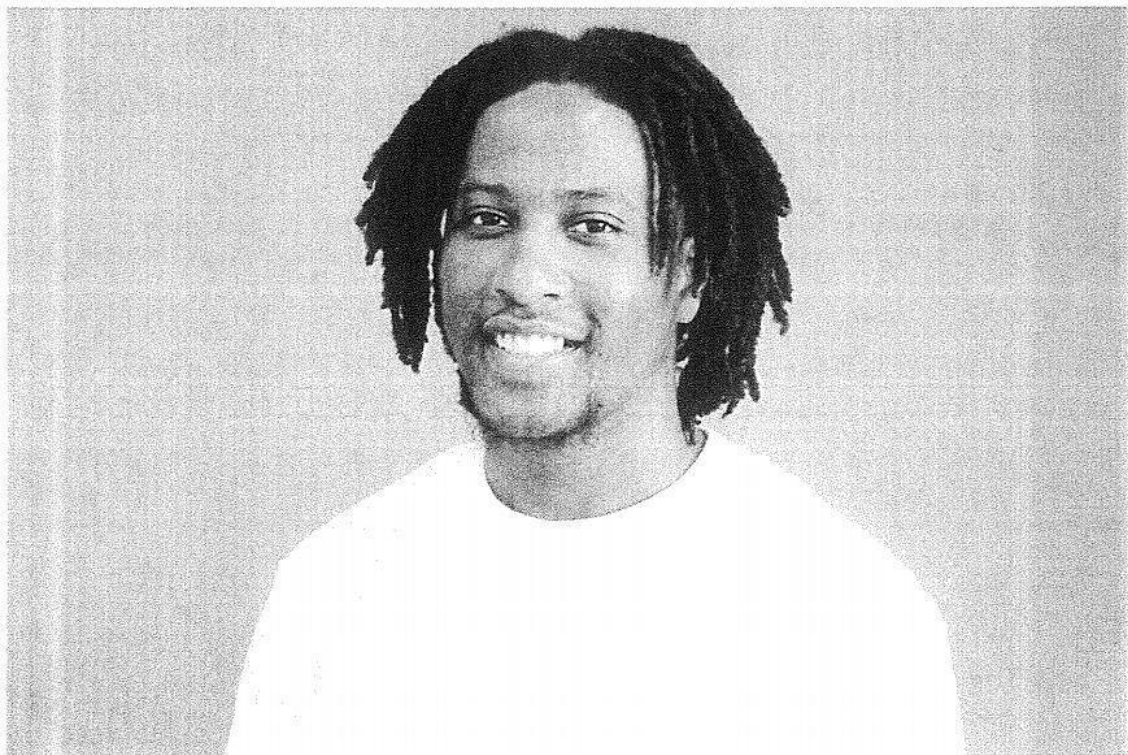
But shaving my head bald turned out to be just the beginning of my worries. The next thing I had to face was c/o brutality. I had been accused of having marijuana on me. The officer had given me a direct order to get on the ground. Before I could get on the ground, an officer jumped onto my back and started spraying me with mace. While the first officer was on my back spraying me, another officer ran up and started spraying me, too. I never had a chance to comply with the officer's instructions. I was attacked before I could do the right thing, and after the incident was over I was placed in "the hole" with mace marinating inside my eyes. The pain was excruciating. But more so I was upset because I had been attacked by guards after they made it seem like I didn't comply with their orders. This incident has bothered me for years.

But nothing bothers me more than being separated from the people I love. Separation from my family and friends over the years has caused me great pain and sorrow. At times it has

caused me to fall into deep states of depression. The more time that went by away from my family and friends, the more the saying "out of sight, out of mind" echoed through my brain. I started to hear less and less from them as time went by and that caused me to feel alone and non-existent to the free world. Other times its very challenging to deal with separation from my family because a lot of them believe I am doing life in prison. Although the judge sentenced me to life, I never accept it inside my mind. I tell myself I am going home every day.

That's why the fight to go home is my biggest struggle.

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Dominique Williams is an aspiring musician, author, and community activist. His goal in life is to become a global advocate for change.

While in prison he has accomplished several goals which include becoming a certified mentor, a certified tutor, and a computer drafter.

He is also the founder of the MeNow Foundation which is a nonprofit organization designed to shed light on people who have changed their life around.

He is currently incarcerated at the Trumbull Correctional Institution, P.O. Box 901, Leavittsburg, Ohio 44430.

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