

LOCKDOWN

by Joseph Urbaniak . exQlusive
It can't happen to me

[Ed. Note — Joseph Urbaniak is an inmate at Harnett Correctional Institution in Lillington, N.C., and is the plaintiff in a pending lawsuit against the N.C. Department of Corrections to secure the right of LGBT prisoners to possess non-sexual, LGBT-themed books, newspapers and magazines. Q-Notes is publishing a collection of Urbaniak's writings in this exclusive, short-run column about life as a gay man in prison. Names of individuals in the story have been changed; in some stories, Urbaniak refers to himself as Sebastian McShane.]

My shoulders were sore. I had done a pretty intense workout the previous afternoon out on the yard, and I was feeling it today. As I rubbed my right shoulder, I heard a voice behind me.

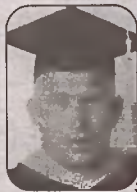
"What's wrong, JoJo?"

Tony walked into my room and sat on my bed. I was standing next to the window at the head of my bed, looking out at the Blue Ridge Mountains that loomed across the valley from the prison.

"Just a little sore," I said, keeping my attention out the window.

"You been working out?"

"Yeah." I stopped squeezing my trap mus-



cle. "I might have overdone it a little."

I turned around to face Tony and leaned against the windowsill. All I had on were my white prison boxers. I was thinking of jumping into the shower.

Tony looked around my room through the Coke-bottle glasses that sat on his large nose in the middle of his pockmarked face. His skin was pecan-colored, he was over 40, and when he smiled, he showed a gap-toothed grin. He was either black and Asian, or black and Native American, or all of that, depending on what day he was asked. With his six-foot-two, 280-pound frame, he seemed menacing, but had the mentality of a 14-year-old. Once he had sat in my room crying like a baby because some young white guy he wanted to hook up with told him to fuck off.

I'd known Tony about a year-and-a-half, but he wasn't someone I considered a friend. I could only take him in small doses over periods of time, otherwise I'd feel like screaming from listening to his whining and crying. But those of us who are gay in prison stick together and look out for each other. Sometimes he'd come to my room and just thumb through my magazines, not saying anything, while I read or wrote. Having each other's presence felt it comforting and safe.

"You gonna take a shower?" Tony asked.

"Yeah. Maybe some hot water will loosen

my shoulder up."

"Can't I massage it for you?" He had an excited eagerness in his tone, like a boy asking for a puppy.

"Uh, no. I'll just get in the shower and —"

"C'mon. I give good massages. I ain't got nothin' else to do."

"No. That's okay."

Tony looked down at the floor like he had just lost his best friend. It made me feel bad; I didn't mean to hurt his feelings.

"Okay, you can give me a quick one before I take my shower."

Tony jumped off my bed, his toothless grin beaming. "Cool!"

I pushed my door closed but didn't lock it. I didn't want anyone to walk by and see us. I could imagine the rumors that would be started from him rubbing my shoulders in my room, with me in my boxers.

"Lie down," Tony said, patting my bed. "I'll give you a good back run."

I lay on my stomach, and Tony stood next to my bed, bending over, and began rubbing my shoulders. It felt good as he squeezed and worked the muscles. I could have fallen asleep under his hands.

"I'm going to get up on the bed," Tony said. "My back hurts from bending over like this."

He climbed up, straddling me just above my butt. I felt his weight on my legs and back, as he began to rub harder and deeper up and down my back. He rubbed up and

down for another minute, sometimes using one hand, sometimes both. Then his hands moved to my lower back, to the waistband of my boxers. I felt his fingers curl around the band, and a split second later the boxers were being pulled down, as I felt his weight shift on me.

"Tony? What the hell are you doing?"

Before I even finished the question, he had me pinned to the bed, his hands locked onto my wrists. I couldn't breathe. I felt him rubbing his hips into my ass.

"Stop it! Get off me!"

"Shhh, I'm gonna do it good," Tony whispered in my ear. "You'll like it."

His hot breath made my skin crawl; it smelled of cigarettes and coffee.

"No! Get off me!"

He ignored me as he pushed his way inside me. Teeth clenched, I tried to push him up off of me, but I had no leverage. All I could do was shove my back up.

"Yeah, see, I knew you wanted to do this," he said.

"No! I don't want to do this. Now get the fuck off me!"

His grip tightened on my wrists. The more I struggled, the harder his breathing got, and the harder he slammed his hips against me. He stuck his tongue in my ear.

"Yeah, baby, I like it when you struggle. Fight it. Fight it!"

see It can't on 27

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