

William Miller  
277-20  
My Skeleton Key

Art is an escape for a lot of men and women in prison. It is no different for me. For many years I have lived and languished in Solitary Confinement. The only spark of life in "the hole" was often the one I found in my soft rubber, safety pen. Many hours I've sat scribbling away, teaching myself angles, techniques, composition, and shading - to this day I am still learning! What I thought was an unrefined art at first (pen ink) has now become something intimate. It is more than a "prison hustle" or something to just pass the time with; no, it is a labor of love that I truly love and cherish.

With that said, I am unfortunately sitting in the hole again, searching for my muse to light the way out of the dark. Thankfully, just as before, I have my pen. Therefore, this year's artwork has all been created solely with the blue, rubber pen I keep. No pencil, no eraser; just me and the key to my freedom.

W.S. Miller II