

BLOG POSTING

Today is National Memorial's Day. The weather is nice outside which always reflects the climate in this building where it is unmoisteningly dry and dull-as-dishwater. The smell of institution food is unlingering and sadly poor in taste. The company here is shifting in attitude, diversifying in manner, and intensifying in self-control as the weather gets hotter. Unbelievably, some men are just depleted or defeated, while others flourishingly remain optimistic and continue on walking tall with a faith-filled stomach.

Considering the constellation of prison one might assume that life for an inmate is fair. (I've heard the rumors). But what people don't assume or take notice of is how life for an inmate is horrible to some, sad and beat for most, while others strongly stay expectantly hopeful. And yes, there are some grubstreet, low-grade, sleaze-ball people in prison(s) who have committed inexcusable crime(s), therefore, should be punished for their crime(s). But please try to understand that there are also groups of unsullied, saintly, God-fearing, and innocent inmates as well. Individuals who have had to undergo the stigmas, degradations, and images of being classified as the worst. These same people, including myself, have lost, and will continue to lose family and friends as years of time passes on. Missing out on fun times, party times, road trip experiences, the tangibility of a wife and children..all seems too far-fetch like rubbing your hands across the statues in Eastern Island somewhere. It hurts beyond the imagination. But to generalize prison-living as fair is so far from the truth. How can I enlighten you?

We all share a harsh reality beaten into our guts, but in defiance of what life emits from those darkened areas it is up to us whether or not we choose to keep our cool, remain clam, and stay collective. Life is not something you can ignore, deny, avoid nor resist. It's about what you can do with what you got and what you can do with what you no longer have. I've learned that the struggle is not just with one person, ethnic group, country or culture. It is within each persons circumstance; rooted in one's history, background, neighborhood, or household. But what came to be will also come to pass.

My heart is with you brother(s) and sister(s) (Black, White, Hispanic, Asian) doesn't matter because the heart knows no one specific color.

How was your Memorial's Day weekend?