

Thought of the week

As I look out my cell window at the birds feeding in the yard I realize I will be free as they are real soon. Nine months is so close I can almost smell my grandmother's fried chicken. Over my time here in "Hell" these birds have kept my mind from going crazy. To come and go as you wish, oh how I can't wait. I remember one time when my mom got me a house warming bird. I remember looking at the tag on its leg and thinking how wrong it is to cage something as pretty as it was. I called her to return it because I didn't want to look at it every day knowing I should set it free. Funny thing is now I sit inside a cage with a tag on me. I now understand how that little bird felt. Trapped and alone with no escape. Well, these birds don't understand my thoughts, but they have been a big help in my decision not to return. So, from now on as I sit in a park to feed them I'll always remember that they kept me free ever, though I was locked in a cage. until next blog... blog your it.

Thought of The week

Times are hard when you're trapped inside your own mind. Not able to escape or have someone to help you escape. Each day I wake up in the same dream, same people and same routine. My time here in prison has not changed one bit. It's almost as if my life has stopped. When I got here I was scared, but quickly came to terms that I wanted to better myself. However, I found that in a place like this no one will guide you or even help for that matter. Not one program for self-help nor self-esteem. Like a big playpen with no one to watch after us. I thought prison was to reform you, help you become a better person, so when you do enter back into the world you have ^{the} skills not to return. Well I was fooled. I can say I don't ever want to return, but I didn't get any skills to learn this. All just common sense. Though I've learned better skills in crime. Go figure. No, I came here very angry, mad, hateful and lost. I'm going to leave Broken. I will say this "Hell" has broken me, my spirit, my body and my mind. The people, the fake people that I deal with everyday along with the ghetto ass laws have broken any part of that person I came in as. I can say though, I'm almost glad I didn't fall into this trap. 98% of these ladies will return because they fell for it. I'm apart of that 2%. I'm so far from fake, so far from a lie and I'm true to what I stand for. Amen to that. until next blog.... blog you it ;)