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I Speak Again...

Greetings to you all utilizing on this world within a world, I'm apologetic for my lack in keeping my blog updated. PLEASE do understand the stress and mental torment one has to endure when in a super-max segregated confinement unit. It has been nine months now, and I've seen some things I never thought to see a human being do in life. I witness a young kid no more than 22 years old, repeatedly bang his head to a cell door until blood began to run down his face. I've seen a individual cover himself in feces, eat feces, drink his own urine. I know of two who hung themselves since I've been here, and one who use a ink pen to dig an cut open his wrist.

YES you all may find such actions to be absurd, insane, or crazy actions to even consider doing in life. I feel the same! But in the type who wonder what it is that makes these individuals that has surrounded me committ such acts? Could it be flat-out, "the fact their unable to endure the un-human conditions imposed

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upon them?" Who can in life truly endure being placed within un-humanely conditions, without committing some un-humanely acts in due time? hnn!?

Are maybe its just about weak and strong, the weak allow their conditions or environment to create a un-humanely character that committ absurd acts. And the strong adapt, endure, truly being the beholders of their own fate. Who knows, you tell me?

With that being said, I leave you all with something to think about on the above subject matter. And I also leave the people with a poem called "Abandon-ship", some may relate to the poem and some may not. But it was inspired by a relationship of mine, touching on a love lost and far gone.

Salute...



By.

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