

FROM: 10157091

TO: The Bars, Between

SUBJECT: #6 - Thoughts On Being Free

DATE: 09/05/2011 05:30:06 PM

Is it ironic that the things we fear most in the world are also the things we most desire? Love, acceptance and for the inmate, freedom. Of course, sometimes we focus so hard on the idea of something, on the word itself rather than its meaning, that we're unsure of what to do with it once we finally see it. It becomes real, tangible, no longer amorphous but ambient and suffocating, a security blanket that, once grasped, becomes our smothering mask.

Why is it so difficult to see things as they are? The mind is a powerful weapon, a rifle pointed at itself. As human beings, our apparent nature is to pull the trigger as soon as we find it, heedless of the fact that we're holding it by the tip of the barrel.

I have 11 months until my release from BOP custody, yet sometimes the dichotomous fear and desire are nearly overwhelming. I worry about the state my life is in now, and where it will be in the next year. I stress over being with my family again: How will I explain to them why I did what I did? It will require of me an openness and honesty I can't yet fathom.

Oh, but I can fear it.

And what of my place in the maelstrom of society? At 27, will I find myself living under a bridge, an outcast and degenerate, living off scraps and hated by those who can never know my name, or my heart? Have I made a mistake that will label me forever?

If you think I'm being melodramatic, I can only say this:

I hope you're right.