

6-21-12

~~AMC 2012~~ AMC 2012

I think that mental health is a big issue that needs to be focused on for the greater good. I think lack of it has made things harder on the mass of people incarcerated. I suffer from mental health issues and have been unable to receive the proper medication that works the best. Some inmates are either over medicated or under medicated. It's from one extreme to the next. I am an Ad-Seg (Administrative Segregation Offender) and do not have access to phone privileges regardless of my behavior or level status. Inmates are not allowed to seek medical attention soon enough, regardless of mental or medical. I only see the mental health doctor once every six months or so. I don't think this is ample time to make a proper evaluation of inmates based on an appointment once every six months. I think that organizations working to end mass incarceration should focus on more education programs that afford inmates the ability to learn more without high requirements during their time incarcerated. The support that I need that I am not getting is the option to pursue any type of education ~~or~~ outlets. I believe if I was allowed the option that would allow me to further my education without having to pay for it. I would be more motivated to change my custody level in a more positive light. Plus the requirements to change my custody level are extreme and hard to comply with over a long period of time. I believe adjustments to these requirements would help ~~inmates~~ motivate more inmates to change their statuses.

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What today will bring?

I am a confection and mass of nerves and can't seem to sort through the thoughts moving through my head without any sense of time. It has been a long time since my last entry. I have not even bothered to answer my out going mail to various people that I write. I have started a journal for the boys. I have yet to complete my 5th assignment for my school. It's the hardest yet I think because I actually have to dwell on it like nothing I have thought about since this moment. I have sent my manuscript to various publishers and agents in hopes of some kind of response that would seem to be in my favor. Things in this place seem to be like an "Endless Waltz". There's no sense of time or tranquility to it at all. Everything is sporadic and chaotic to me. It's hard to think clearly and process my thoughts. Even sleep seems to elude me and I become a slave to it in search of something that will help to calm my nerves against the rain clouds inside my head. The noise is like a loudly banging drum to me. I read and try to dwell on things in the outside world but I find they do not hold my attention for very long. I have not nor could I ever become complacent within my surroundings. That is impossible in itself. It is a great feat to endure and survive this place on a daily basis. I hate it now. The things of this place repeat themselves constantly. I have no control over things in the outside world. I feel like a caged animal who is at a circus poked and prodded with sticks of fire until my skin is blazing with fire. Nothing motivates me out of this stupor. I do anything to try and remove myself from my environment. But I can not. Even though the chaos doesn't directly affect me I still feel the far-reaching effects of it. I have an extreme sleep schedule from one extreme to the other of the spectrum. I stay up for days on end and sleep for only a few hours to recuperate myself somewhat. The sleep is medication-induced and helps to leave the things of this world behind me. I go into myself where I can be alone and it's dark. Even the blackest hole of space seems to be filled with light compared to the deepest recesses of my mind. They say life is what you make it but even still I can not make my life be what I want it to be. How does one change the card they have been dealt in life? How do I take control of my life to make it better? This is not what I envisioned for my life when I was a little girl....