

August 20, 2012

"I once said I did not understand you pink triangles at all, and I still don't think I ever will. But I have a better understanding of love than I did then. It's not that you love more or better than other people. I think it's that you love when everything in the world is against you." --Lannon D. Reed, 'Behold a Pale Horse'

Yes, I know I haven't posted in a while. I'm blaming it on the on-going depression, plus the boredom of the same old routine day after day after day. Nothing changes. It also gets to a point where I feel like if I complain about the usual unfairness or the way that people act around here, I'll begin to sound like a baby or a racist, and I can only imagine how that would go. You people have no idea.

So what's been happening? Well, I switched cells. My old cellie was being a complete asshole. One week he's joking around, and then the next week he start's putting his chair in the doorway and sitting there and then complains when I have to go in and out of the cell. "Well...if you'd just move your chair over a foot it wouldn't be a problem," I suggest. "Well, that's what ah do!" he insists. Well, dickwad, you just started doing that and it's a freakin' doorway, so quit acting like a 2-year old. Then, after several months of my staying up late with my reading light on (not the overhead), he gets up and bangs on the bed one night and says how it's not working and I need to find somewhere else to live. I'm pretty sure that was just an excuse.

So...I move to another cell and am alone for about a week. Then they move some ghetto trash in with me who leaves the door open when I'm trying to sleep and last night left the overhead light on until 2:30 a.m. while he buzzes around. How do these people stand to live with each other and how the hell were they brought up? These are the same people who complain about how they're being "disrespected" then stand in front of the TV while you're watching it. But, I digress, and am slipping into one of those two previously mentioned areas.

The worst part about prison is having to be around the people they put you with and you can't get away. In the real world you can, but here you can't.