

0-10-19
Prison life fuels me wantin 2 leave. wantin 2
"earn" my release. 2 go home & marry a teacher. Yed they
say matrimony's not in my fate, not that it's 2 late, but
Mr. Walker says "You'll never get married. - You 2 devoted
to the scriptures." [Home is where Prishers at] I feel like
a widowed bride; France. Yearning for home, love that I missed
while stealin my 1st kiss. Caught red handed my 2nd was, then,
abandoned. Love is political; so manipulated. Pain hurts so
much we hate it. Playin games while losin ourselves, our
identity; our essence, our Jesus pieces. Somebody else - "me" is
dead. What I just said. Am I blog'in for followers or
2 teach or 2 reach. Can you have fame & no fortune.
If I did now what's my partner - of gossip. Inmate
~~can~~ com or "con" run by "Rerish" Holden & brother
Nick-E (that wasn't an insult to the Holdens)

I want to go home; 2 a busement... tired of prison
speak, I've become a prison seek (buy the book). To be
or not to B. rehabilitated. when only "recidivism"
gets to leave (& come back & leave & come back)
& I can't go home cause "he" keep comin back (they send em
to the same prison - you know. A venture all it's own)! Rehab
makes home harder. You get it now but must remain
here till your time is served (2/3's) Rehab 2 much &
we'll keep you here... that was a joke? "Honesty" I feel
like a fully capable ~~man~~ functioning MAN. See prison life
is a pampers I must ~~wear~~ wear until ~~2013~~?
despite my being able to control my bodily functions.
Didn't write that, that well but you get the gist
Healthy adults shouldn't wear cloppers. Forced "to go"
own myself...