

Dead Man walking,

Inside the solitary confines of concrete and steel I pace the floor. It's not as if I can walk far. Five steps - about face & repeat. It's not really exercise, I just think better on my feet.

Dreams of rebellion, fantasies of liberation. The reality of existence is constant resistance. Stagnant minds lead to lifeless bodies, so these papers of oppression try to find ways to destroy the mental.

The tomb of those who think outside the box, the outcast and resisters and one can't forget the lower class, politically inclined or the mentally ill. The only warmth we receive is in a letter or a tear!

Somewhere inside each of these dungeons a woman is pacing the floor, holding on to sanity by the threads of resistance. Pacing in a cell, while alive in hell.

Mr. Daniels