

Sleeping With The Enemies

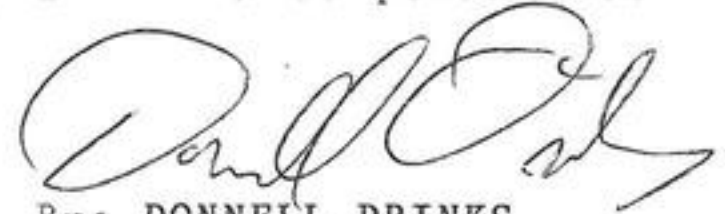
I was asked yet again the question that seems to be the most baffling to my family and friends who are physically free. (Not conventionally incarcerated) I make this distinction as they all are in a prison of one kind or another. Held captive emotionally, financially, religiously or the worse of any a mental prison. Being mentally incarcerated is a double sentence as it can attach itself to any of the previous mentioned forms of imprisonment and manifest into a death sentence. Killing any aspirations, inspirations and motivations of changing your predicament.

Which brings me to the repeated question; "How do I get up each day?" My response always was the same with a shrug of my shoulder "I just do it." I perceived this as a simple question so why complicate the answer. Yesterday when asked this question I finally absorbed the depth of which it was asked. The despair and pity in which my life is viewed it would be better to sleep. Which is figuratively conveying they feel death is a better option for my life then waking up in prison. Now understanding the totality of the question I was compelled to not only find an answer for them but myself. I contemplated this all day and deep into the night. At 4:13 in the morning I was hit with a moment of clarity. A life of heartache and struggle prepared me to embrace the obstacles that daylight brings. You had to outwardly be immune to daily opposition. In the chaos and hectic momentum of the day light I've become comfortable, I stand on familiar ground. The unorthodox of darkness is awkward to me. In the dark confines of my cell, I acknowledge the problem isn't waking up as much as it's going to sleep.

Laying with all the pain, anguish and disappointment your bunk is crowded. Listening for the fading voices and laughs of lost loved ones, but hearing the cries and deafening screams of broken men. Trying to envision the illuminating moments of long ago while focusing on the dark, cold, bland walls with a locked door. Straining to smell the scent of a woman or the aroma of a home cooked meal. Instead being smothered with the odor of anger along with the stench of fear and hate. Restlessly waiting on the morning to come to be

resuscitated by the light.

With the light comes distractions that divert the misery of your physical existence. Within the distraction comes possibilities and this is where you re-energize yourself and remain alert for your opportunity. An options only afforded to the living. Taking advantage of the these opportunities when presented with them can not only benefit you but others as well. Next time I'm asked this question my answer will be as simple as before "Because I'm the chanced favorite and if I don't get up then I can't win!" Still simplistic but much more insightful to the man I am today. The question of why I get up every morning is answered, now I'm left to ponder how I ever get any sleep?



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