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The fields stretched out before me, reminding me, in a way, of how the ocean stretches out seemingly forever once you're too far out to see land. In these fields the ghost of the past cry out. They cry of war & pain, shackles & chains. These fields have been watered in blood, the blood of the Choctaw, the blood of the slave, the blood of soldiers, victims & rulers. This land is now seemingly quiet, but out of the bloody soil of the past prisons grow.

As I sat in the back of a Mississippi prison bus at 17 years old, looking at this reality before me, feeling the chains & pain bite into my soul, surrounded by history, I felt alone, even as I noticed the other men around me, faces of anger & pain tattooed with hate & indifference. I was alone in my fear & confusion, I did not see past my own emotion, I thought only of my plight, it did not seem real to me, that I was, in fact, one of these men, a part of this truth, I was a prisoner arriving - Mississippi's state prison (Parchman) I was here, I would work these same fields, I would bleed in this same soil, I was a part of it like it or not.

As a child I witnessed my father beating my mother, it was always a reality I tried to hide from in my mind, I would tell myself this is not real my daddy would not beat my mom, this is not my life, I guess it was a coping mechanism I started using then and never stopped, all through my life I'd find myself saying this is not really happening. It never made it any less real, I guess it just was how I would deal with horror. Parchman was horror, being in chains & cages, fighting to defend your manhood, working in the fields, being alone & afraid, having to push through the truth of it. Hearing loved ones cry for you,

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Slowly becoming what you once feared, watching time pass from a cage, the walls closing in, the blood of violence, the feeling of death, the sight of the mess, this is not a test you can never rest.

I Am not in PIRCHMAN any more, I Am in fact in a place all the more worse, Locked in a cold concrete box, never able to see anything other than concrete and steel, surrounded by true indifference, it's as if I've lost my humanity, this place they call ADX Florence, It is America's Super Max, This is in fact, the end of the line.

I've been here in Florence for 5 years now, and being here alone in a cell I've been forced to face myself, to face my past, I've come to realize life is far too short to live it closed off inside yourself, so I try and reach out to others beyond these walls, to share ideas and emotions, to be apart of a human family. I spend a lot of time writing my family and striving to show them that I love and respect them. I'm close to my mother & sister, we are able to deal with this truth (me having life in prison) only because of the fact that we face it.

I realize this whole deal I've written feels very narcissistic, and honestly I may be, this cage is crushing my social abilities, so PLEASE feel free to leave comments or to write me directly. I'm into a lot more than just me. I love to read, I read a lot of historical fiction & fantasy, also I pay attention to our clown show we call politics, it is sad to watch, but I do.

any way until next week.

Together we are strong)

Jesse

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