

IN Prison the word "Love" is thrown around like a foot ball on a Sunday morning. "Love" can be used as a harpoon to slay the great beast loneliness who has many Sons and daughters. I'll name a few for you.

meaningless

melancholy

Being surrounded all day by men with homeless hearts who use the word "Love" to lessen the guilt of being alone makes me cringe. The meaning of "Love" rings hollow in this cruel environment. I've heard the word "love" used by strangers more than I ever did from my flesh and blood and that sadly is my truth.

Roland

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