

Nothingness

5/26/12

I often look out at the "large" window in the back of the cell. This window is "large" in comparison to others I've seen. Plus some prisoners have no windows to speak of.

What stares me back when I look out is a piece of nature, there for my viewing. Not being stingy and letting me view her 24/7 as much as I want, she satisfies my eye's thirst. At times she's mad and boils over with dark clouds dropping there cargo to nourish life, yet this anger is turned into something positive and helps nourish plant, animal life and my own curiosity too. In another moment she's very calm dropping her pure blanket of snow on everything, nothing can escape from her nice cold blanket of snow. Dazzling all viewers she keeps the snow flakes falling, they glissing when light hits them. Her relative Mr. Wind can't help but disrupt this calm, pacific view... blowing the snow flakes to and fro. To follow them will puzzle your eyes and leave your mind wondering... where did that one go. Until all is clear and big sun comes shining UVA and UVB rays to completely evaporate this blanket. Leaving a crime scene of water every where... but not wanting to be obliterated, this water finds ways to nourish those that need it. Therefore saying "victory till the death". Now the sun is full of light and giving life to all. No clouds come poking in this view. A plane will pass here and there. Who's in them I ask? What's their cargo? Precious humans or commodities going to a shop to satisfy a want? Mother Nature is really generous not asking for more than R-E-S-P-E-C-T. She puts a mountain in my view, perfected with a lit valley and peaks that's good for the eyes. Trees claim their spot in this one and will not be uprooted... the roots are deep in this mountain. I see a house off to my left, such an atrocity. Nature surely doesn't approve of this one.

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But she knows that species human and she's about had it with them. They know, feel and seek her rage but provoke her still they do. As I look out I see grass, weeds, dirt. The occasional patrol car will rear its ugly exhaust pipe, with its even uglier passenger inside. Ants have ~~staked~~ staked a colony about 2 feet out. The gullers are across and to the side attending their homes, prepared for them abundant little fellows may they come. Lizards jump the window, basking in the sun and living free like their kin. They look like what seems to be doing pushups at times... ahhh, they've been observing me perhaps? Yes, I look out and a ~~STATE PRISON~~
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array of things cross my mind, the green scenery, the blue sky, the greyish ~~ACAS~~, insects. Raccoons sleep even dear come time to time. They seem to know that just looking at them has such a profound affect! I can't take this for granted... but I can't help thinking its all miles. A smile crosses my face and I think back what Simeone said... IF I had a ring big enough, I'll ask Mother Nature to marry me, but will she have anyone?

Then tragedy slaps me in the face, bringing me to reality that with some prisoners they have absolutely nothing to see... no window. Alas! oh, the hurt, the pain, suffering. No leaf to see grow, no flower to watch sprout, no sky... no nature. Cement is all they have. My those Romans! what have they caused? Did, wouldn't've they known? They say even a plant grows through concrete, but I tell you not in a cell. No such thing exist. No view but that slab of cement. such greyish surroundings, depressing, hurtful. T.V can't cut it, books only go so far. All day one sits looking and looking but mother nature is not there.