

REALITY

I WOKE FROM A BEAUTIFUL DREAM THAT I WAS WONDERING FREELY IN A FOREST ONLY TO BE STUNG BY THE UGLINESS OF MY REAL SITUATION. AS I LAY ON MY BUNK STARRING AT THE SHADOWY REFLECTION ON MY WALL OF A RAZOR LINED FENCE SILHOUETED BY AN INCANDESCENT FLOODLIGHT, MY HEART SINKS. AS MY DREAMS MEMORIES FADE I'M FORCED BACK TO REALITY. WISHING I CAN FALL BACK TO SLEEP SO I CAN ESCAPE TO THE COMFORT OF SLUMBER ONCE AGAIN. AS I LAY THERE AWAKE I ASK MYSELF "CAN I DO THIS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE"? I'M NOT TOO SURE BUT THEN AGAIN I REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. I'M CONFINED IN WHAT MAN MADE, A PLACE I'M SENTENCED TO DIE. A CONCRETE COFFIN THAT CONSISTS OF A METAL BUNK, A STEEL TOILET, AND 397 BRICKS, HOW DO I KNOW? I'VE COUNTED THEM. MY COFFIN ALSO HAS A WINDOW. THIS WINDOW DOESN'T OPEN BUT INSTEAD ALLOWS ME A GLIMPSE OF THE LANDSCAPE OUTSIDE THAT I'M SURE WAS ONCE AS BEAUTIFUL AS MY DREAM BUT IS NOW DESICATED BY THE UGLINESS THAT INHABITS IT. HUN TOWERS AND MILES OF RAZOR WIRE ARE A CONSTANT REMINDER OF THE PREDICAMENT I'M IN. LIVING IN AN ENVIRONMENT PACKED WITH ANGER AND FRUSTRATION READY TO EXPLODE AT ANY MOMENT. LIVING IN FEAR BECOMES NATURAL. IT SOUNDS UNREAL I KNOW BUT I'M LIVING IT. IF YOU'RE WONDERING HOW I FOUND MYSELF IN THIS SITUATION EVEN I DON'T KNOW THE TRUE ANSWERS. THE REAL QUESTION IS AT

WHAT COSTS ARE YOU WILLING TO PURSUE YOUR GOALS OR MAINTAIN SUCCESS ONCE IT HAS BEEN ACHIEVED? MY GOAL WAS TO REMOVE MYSELF FROM THE POVERTY STRICKEN NEIGHBORHOOD I LIVED IN. CONSTANTLY DENIED SUBS I RESORTED TO THE ONLY THING I KNEW. THE STREETS ARE WHERE I WAS RAISED AND MY INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL TOOK ME HOME, BEING FORCED INTO THE LIFESTYLE I HAD BEEN LIVING I ARGUABLY HAD LOST MY ABILITY TO DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN MY OWN SURVIVAL AND THE POTENTIAL CONSEQUENCES OF MY ACTIONS. I THOUGHT I HAD TO MAKE IT AT ALL COSTS AND MY LIFE WAS THE PRICE I HAD TO BE WILLING TO PAY. WHEN I WALKED INTO THAT HOME WITH A LOADED GUN I FAILED TO RECOGNIZE THE POTENTIAL FOR DISASTER OR THE IMMINENT PAIN I WAS ABOUT TO INFLICT TO BRING ABOUT MY OWN SUCCESS. AS A INTELLIGENT AND CHARISMATIC INDIVIDUAL HOW AND WHY I FOUND MYSELF IN THIS SITUATION IS SOMETHING THAT ELUDES ME. MAYBE MY PERCEPTION WAS CLOUDED BY MY OWN INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL. AM I TRYING TO JUSTIFY MY ACTIONS? NO I'M ONLY TRYING TO FIND THE ANSWERS. BUT AS I SEARCH THROUGH MY SOUL FOR THE WISDOM I SEEK I REALIZE THE TRUTH CAN ONLY BE FOUND IN MY TEARS.

Kiyoshi HIGASHI