

DONT ^I SPEAK

01.25.2013

I CANT GET OVER IT. EVERYONES OUT TO GET ME! STILL. A CAPTIVE NAMED "TROUBLE" LEFT SOLITARY A COUPLE MONTHS AGO AND WAS "BOOKED" LAST WEEK. MEANING HE WAS STABBED UP AND SENT TO THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER. WILL I BE NEXT?

IM NOT GOING TO LIE ABOUT THE EMOTION I HAVE; THIS EMOTION WE ALL HAVE SITTING SOLITARY. ALMOST TWO MONTHS SINCE IVE LEFT AN UNOPEN, CLOSED SECTION (WHERE WE DONT LEAVE OUR CELLS BUT IN HANDCUFFS) AND IM ALREADY NOT TALKING TO ANYONE AGAIN. AND HAVE MY DOOR PLUGGED OFF.

BUT, YOU SEE, THEYRE POISONING MY COFFEE THEY GIVE ME. AND JUST BEING NICE IN ORDER TO GET ME TO POPULATION SO I CAN GET "BOOKED."

ITS HOW WE ALL FEEL. IM ALMOST POSITIVE. AND PEOPLE SAY MINDS CAN REALIZE WHAT ONE THINKS OF.

ITS NOT EXACTLY COWARDICE OR FEAR I SPEAK OF. JUST REALITY. TO ACKNOWLEDGE WHAT WE ARE CAPABLE OF DOING TO EACH OTHER OVER BILLY, PETTY SLIGHTS.

IMAGINED SLIGHTS ARE SLIGHTS. AND SITTING ALONE YEARS INCREASES IMAGINATION.

"POV. SPE." CONT.
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I'M NOT SURE IF PEOPLE READING THESE
WORDS KNOW MY STORY, BUT I'VE DONE TEN YEARS
SOLITARY ON AND OFF. MY MIND'S FUCKED UP.
I EVEN THINK MY GRANDMA'S OUT TO GET ME
AT TIMES. I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER MAKE
IT UP OUT OF THIS DELUSION TURNED REALITY.
BUT I'M GOING TO TRY...
NOT FOR ME. BUT, FOR YOU. THE

CURIOUS.
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