

CURIOUS.

# Grave<sup>I</sup> Diggers

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IM TOO IMMATURE. THATS IT. TO CONVERSE WITH OTHERS I NOTICE IM JUST TEN. OR NINE? BUT SITTING HERE SITTING IM NINETY. SITTING HERE SPILLING MY DEEKEST FEARS IM ALREADY DEAD.

I DONT CARE ABOUT PEOPLE JUDGING ME LIKE ONLY THE DEAD WOULD. ON PAPER. BUT TO WALK IN THIS OPEN SECTION AND HAVE PEOPLE SNIGGER PLAYFULLY, OR START CONVERSATION, I SEE ULTERIOR, SHADY MOTIVES IN IT.

"WHAT ARE THEY ACTING LIKE  
my FRIENDS FOR? WHAT IS IT THEY WANT?"

IT WILL KILL ME IF ONE DAY I FIND OUT ITS DELUSION DREAMING THESE ENEMIES. BUT, ITS LIKE IM DEAD ALREADY. BURIED IN STICKY SOILS OF NON-TRUSTING.

II

I know I keep going over this but this  
is what I do about it? How the hell  
can people justify solitary confinement if  
it turns people into things that think  
their grandmas out to "book" them?!!

My coffee is poisoned. even though I  
opened the factory seal sag myself. my  
peanut butter is poisoned. even though I  
opened the safety seal to find a smooth,  
unblemished layer of peanut butter.

I've flushed all my coffee because  
it's poisoned, I think. flushed a whole  
bottle of B-12 vitamins because...

But I've done things politically.  
It's that gnawing at me. prisons are  
white supremacy. I'm white and have  
been screaming revolution against white  
imperialism. Shouldn't I be afraid?

How much of my paranoia is  
common sense? and how much delusion?  
If I get killed I'll lose my  
wounds... so, I plug off my power, I ignore  
people. people trying to kill me with  
knives. coax me into population where  
screws are handy.

(I must!) I'm going to stay in solitary,  
until I overcome these thoughts.  
like a man drowning underwater  
to avoid a thundercloud. but this is  
solitary common sense. which we have in abundance.