

# Fries With That

IM TOO FAR GONE. IM NEVER GOING TO BE ABLE TO MAKE IT UP OUT OF THIS. "HE'S CRAZY", THEY SAY, "HE'S GOT MENTAL ISSUES." BECAUSE I REFUSE TO ASSOCIATE. REFUSE TO AFFILIATE WITH ANYONE.

BUT WHEN DID I BECOME CRAZY IF I ISOLATED SINCE FIRST GRADE?

MY LAST ESSAY, LAST POEM, AND THE THROMBOSIS/MURDER CONNOTATION/REFERENCES. IM AGAINST THIS WALL. MY HEART HURTS. I BELIEVE I HAD A HEART ATTACK AND PART OF IT IS DEAD.

AND IF IM LOOKING BACK ON MY LIFE AND SEE ONLY ME ALONE; SEE ME ALONE BUT AT EASE THIS. WHAT'S STOPPING ME FROM GOING ON DEATH ROW AND LIVING LIKE A KING UNTIL MY HEART FULLY BLACKENS?

BECAUSE IF I GET OUT OF PRISON IM NOT GOING TO... ITS NOT GOING TO BE GOOD. ILL ADMIT THAT. I CANT TRUST NOBODY AND I DONT FEEL NORMAL UNLESS IVE NOT SPOKEN TO ANYONE FOR WEEKS AND MY BRAIN IS FLIGHTY WITH NON-COMMUNICATION. ITS LIKE IM ADDICTED TO BEING SENSORY DEPRIVED. WHERE WILL I FIT IN IN SOCIETY, COULD ONE GET PAID FOR SWEEPING A CLEAN FLOOR THREE TIMES A DAY, BRUSHING TEETH UNTIL THEY BLEED AND WASHING HANDS A HUNDRED TIMES A DAY?

I COULD JUST PICTURE ME WORKING THE McDONALDS DRIVE THROUGH WINDOW. TAKING TWO ORDERS THEN RUNNING OFF TO THE FRIDGE IN THE BACK, BUILDING A CELL OUT OF BOXES OF HAMBURGERS AND FRIES.

THEN LYING DOWN ON MY BACK ON A PALLET OF CARDBOARD CHANTING "LEAVE ME ALONE. LEAVE ME