

Dear Blog,

2/7/13

Today has been a topper on an exciting week. This morning I got the opportunity to interact with a mentally ill inmate, expressing an interest in using his "piece" on me. It makes for good conversation, over the day's first cup of coffee; getting to maneuver through the overcompensations of an individual with a history, who is reaching under his shirt and claiming to be "packing". It became obvious within seconds of his entering my cell, that the only thing he was fighting was his deep seeded inferiorities. It has been my experience that the talking is rather easy, and a person bent on such, isn't doing much else. So after the initial preparation for hostilities found itself unwarranted, I calmly returned to reclining with my cup of joe, and played therapist, until the patient resolved to give me a fist bump, some case law - which he had to retrieve from his cell - and went about his merrily institutionalized way.

It is sad, learning how to stand your ground, but yet, take into account the psychosis that years of being "corrected" puts us in, knowing that 98% of us will be taking this baggage to the streets with us one day. The character in the latest drama hits the bricks in 5-months, taking almost 30 years of corrections with him. Exactly what is being corrected, aside from certain economic and political interests, I would like to know.

The morning continued, bringing on hour each of music school, weight training, and yoga, respectively.

I'm looking forward to an afternoon of jamming on the guitar at music school, and then putting in some hours on one of the portraits I've commissioned.

Speaking/writing of music school, I'm sending one of the songs I've written. I'm interested to see if anyone happens to "get it." I am currently preparing a song for the up-coming Easter show. It is the first show I've had the opportunity to play at, in almost 3 years. I'm in a serious state of anticipation. By the way, the song I'm sending with this entry, is NOT the song I wrote for Easter. That would just be wrong.

I received my copy of a 1983 civil rights law suit I filed against the state. It was stamped 11/26/12, my little Thanks Giving of sorts. Glad to have the process started. I hope to find some accountability, but don't really expect it,

Until next time.

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