

ENCLOSED

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I trip out sometimes about my imprisonment. The walls surrounding me. Just there, no where to go except about a couple feet left or right, no more than that. It's nothing to me now, somehow though, something in my psyche tells me, nay, shouts at me that this is insane! Perhaps my own or subconscious realize this more than my conscious state of mind. It has cost me (no doubt) to stay sane as anyone who has ever spent years in solitary confinement can tell you.... It'll drive you off your knackers at times, eat at you and leave you in a nebulous state. Waking up from naps or in a deep sleep, the reality bites in and I'm hit with a wave of pure awareness that I'm in a prison, capsuled like pills in a bottle. And unless someone opens the door... I ain't going no where. Who would've ever thought that one can accustom themself as a hostage quite nicely? As I'm in my 7th year of imprisonment, I've yet to reach a treaty or peace accord with my cell. The cell and I are antagonistic to the bitter end. A foe I've come to respect and has come to respect me too. Somehow this rivalry has caused a connection unlike anything I know! My life consist of being in this cell. My doings are in this cell. This cell has sheltered me.... in times of grief it has protected me from the harshness of society.... it has feed me.... seeing me grow from a young lad to a well mannered gentlemen. It's seen me cry, laugh, wonder, think, mature.... It has made me question many things, it's given me a new perspective on life, more importantly it's made me question myself and what/who I am. It has a listening ear when I need one. Not judging me but just soaking in all I have to say. Like a womb it nurtures me and awaits my birth.... the day I'm released back into the world.

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As I sit at the desk in my cell, I've been stuck for about 30 minutes wondering what to write. Numerous topics cross my mind... yet, I can't grasp them. Like a heavy fog has blanketed my mind. Then a thought crept itself through the heavy mist... the thought, of who we are. That thought in itself can compose whole volumes of books. However I won't get into a deep analysis of it. I just want to say this:

From a simple observational standpoint the sperm and egg are equipped with a blue print of how our body is to form. True, deviation or a "malfunction" in the system can cause one to be born 'defective'. Can the same be said for the mind? Maybe you have heard that there will be a point in someone's life that they'll meet someone who will show them who they are, really. To paraphrase a quote... there was a baby eagle who had got lost from its parents. A mother duck happened to see and bring it home. The eagle hatched with other ducklings and thought it was a duck. It'll swim in the lake and even quack like a duck. One day while looking around the baby eagle saw a eagle ~~in the horizon~~ soaring in the horizon, without a doubt or thought the baby eagle expanded its wings and took off to soar with the eagles. How beautiful is it? No, not my paraphrasing but the point of the adage. Everybody does it, all through life we go about seeking a skin that we can call ours. We shift from "crowds", and styles from the norm to the unusual. We seek to find comfort and relations with those that are similar to us. Some people never find their true self and go about living a miserable life internally. They may have possessions but, as anyone knows, that can be gone in the blink of an eye. There's no protection from mother nature! We may presuppose that we know who we are but as stated above there comes a point that not through your actions but by the action of a meeting between

You and that one, that'll show you who you are. They bring out what's in you, what you want to do. But your ego, it can't arise, why did I have to come to prison to realize who I was, why must I spend years trapped in a concrete tomb to know my path? Who we are and who we'll like to be are different things. I know who I wanted to be... that was until I realized who I was. All that was needed was a good dusting and spit shining. Time... it's something that's so valuable, that literally our lives depend on it! Me, the prisoner is blessed with the abundance of it. You, on the streets, with life in a hectic state, going to and fro... you've so little time to think and wonder about wonders.

In ending this I'll like to add (again) this. People give speeches and write books on this type of stuff. They offer advice and all. Me on the other hand, I'll give you practical advice. Humans (wherever your philosophy lies) are blessed or cursed with retrospection and reflection. Damn those horrible memories! You too can find your-self, don't get bogged down by society, break through its obstructive net. Look back at your past life, the tell-tell signs are there. You left yourself clues without even realizing that's what you were doing. You are your biggest clue and who doesn't love a good puzzle? More importantly, thinking, keeping it in your mind will allow your subconscious to grab at it. Thinking... it's underused.

"A noble or godlike character is not a thing of favor or chance, but is a natural result of continued effort in right thinking, the effect of long cherished association with god-like thoughts" - James Allen
As a man Thinketh (1902)

"There comes that mysterious meeting in our life when someone acknowledges who we are and what we can be, igniting the circuits of our highest potential"
- Rusty Burkes