

It's a deadly struggle, a thin line between insanity and sanity. A fight to remain normal in an abnormal situation or fall in the trap. The trap to lose myself, my identity, my relating to humans, the world, my peers and society at large. I can't stress enough what four walls, walling you in can have on your psyche. People view this as a necessary step to deter crime. Not the case. Do you know what's the correlation between the rate of imprisonment and crime? Do you know what affect solitary confinement has on a human? If a animal is cornered what does it do? Now imagine permanently cornering a animal for a certain amount of time? It's a living black hole that doesn't kill you but departs you to a universe of your own creation. The mind... it's the most powerfulllest force in solitary. It not only becomes your best friend but a balancing force in which without decay steps in to engulf you. Stuck in this world you tend to create new ones of your own invention. Imagination is a ally that you protect at all cost, guarding it like bankers' guard their cash. Time travel not only exist to you but it's your vehicle to traverse the world beyond the walls. One's focus must extend to other phenomena beside the inside of the cell. It's like a tunnel in which you fall in, looking up you see the light that gives you hope, looking around you feel despair. No amount ~~of~~ of material that prisoncrats give us can make-up for the leaking of our self. Our life-blood drips day by day as we sit in solitary confinement. Sooner or later when the last drop of life falls.... So does our sanity.