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There are these times, these times when I have to struggle against the enemy of my being - The Anger and hate, I've allowed to grow - The Anger and hate that I know little by little eats away at my true self, leaving behind a cold heartless shell - A shell that loneliness and pain never touches.

Realistically I know this is an insanity, one that many around me have embraced. You can easily regard all I write as such, I assume, but in truth I am not insane, nor am I able to embrace the darkest teeth of what I see. I can not allow myself to see humanity in such a negative light, when I know better. I know what love is, I know what real and genuine compassion looks and feels like - Also I know prison is not the best collection of the human race -

Being in prison especially solitary confinement, you are constantly exposed to the worst of humanity - Anger and hate fuel these places. You can trust no one. Let alone discuss your feelings, thoughts or ideas - Not everyone in prison or working at a prison is sour to positive. But enough are that it feels pretty close -

Sometimes I think I'd be so much better off if I only just lived within my mind. Always protected inside the cushion of myself. Never allowing things outside of that to effect me. Always content, always at peace. Always happy -

That sometimes passing thought is very flawed however. Because I long for interaction, I long to share in the human experience. Loneliness is very painful and cold. It crushes the self breeding feelings of depression and self doubt - This concrete cage is continually pressing loneliness and pain - constantly reminding me of my status in this life - Showing me how I am viewed by the outside world -

Also though I am constantly issued ammo to battle this. The ammo is love, my family refuses to allow me to see myself as this cage wishes me to - The love inside of me will not fall victim

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to the darker things that press in on me. Really and truly I am blessed to know the full truth of love - to feel the full affect of it.

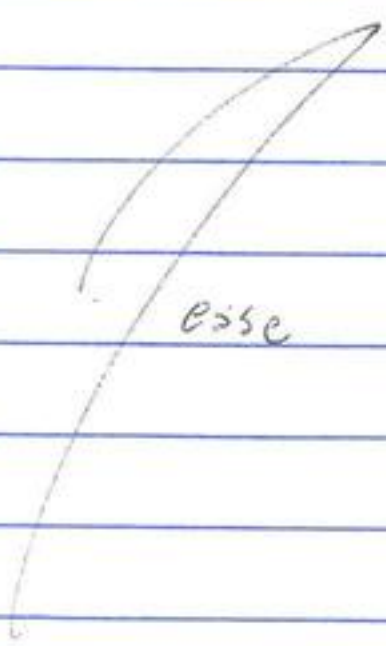
My surroundings maybe dark, cold and lonely, but my being is not. I CAN NEVER explain how extremely outrageous it is to live inside a world of concrete cages, isolation has not in any way aided my ability to communicate my emotions. And in truth, who feels it knows it - so I^{2nd} move on -

Complacent fantasies, they cloud my mind.

Institutional Realities, they suffocate and blind.

In this darkness you can not find.

Drink of the poison I will not mind.



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