

# ANGER

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I'm frightened at the anger that runs through my veins. The frustration accumulating to its top until like a volcano, only violent explosions come out, which bring some relief.

Curiously enough, I'm not a walking time bomb. Prison causes a lot of anger, it's enough to make you do things you thought you were incapable of, adrenaline running, heart pumping oxygen... like no thoughts to your actions... just a crime scene or a mess. But through dedication and effort over the years, I've learned to channel my anger and emotions. The cold crime scene I leave is a pool of sweat. It may sound awkward but for many it's a perfect valve to release the pressure. It's tormenting to be stuck in a cell. If you walk a prison yard you'll see some of the fittest people around. Some will spend hours working out just to get tired enough to go to sleep. Others do it as a necessity to be physically fit for battle, like the volcano, shit is bound to pop off without any notice and with testosterone running high, men are out for blood. Simple stuff can cause you to go over the edge and acting on impulses in this place can cause serious problems. A big ball of angry energy is what prison is. As coping mechanisms different people do different things to escape the torture of being entombed by cement.

I'm frightened that one day, my hard work and dedication to taming this beast called anger, will release itself from its cage and cause havoc and untold consequences for my self. Like many I too workout to ease ~~the~~ the pain, pressure, anxiety, tension, anger and distress that prison causes. I'm frightened at the anger that runs through my veins... might run me.