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AND THERE ARE TIMES WHERE YOU JUST WANT TO DIE WITH EVERY FIBER OF YOUR BEING. WHEN YOUR NOSE STARTS BLEED-ING BECAUSE YOU ARE SO IRRITATED. YOUR ONLY SOLACE IS THE FETAL POSITION. GLOBS OF BLOOD BEING SPIT INTO THE TOILET. TAMPON UPON TAMPON SHUVED INTO YOUR NOSE TO STOP THE GUSH. HEART PAIN. STOMACH PAIN. THESE WIERD ELECTRICAL VEIN AND BRAIN PAINS.

YOU WAKE UP THE NEXT DAY WITH A TOILET FULL OF BLOOD. A DRINKING CUP FULL OF BLOOPY SPIT.

YOU'LL NEVER SURVIVE THIS FUCKING SHIT, YOU THINK. IT IS THE INTERNAL PAINS THAT GET ME THE MOST. LIKE ITCHES YOU CANT SCRATCH. WISHING IN YOUR OWN WIERD WAY THAT SOMETHING WOULD JUST BURST ALREADY AND GET IT OVER WITH.

THESE ARE THE TIMES YOU COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT THE PAROLE BOARD AND FREEDOM. THE TIMES YOU REALIZE ALL YOUR FRIENDSHIPS ARE FACETIOUS MINDGAMES.

BUT YOU DONT WANT TO JUST SLOWLY SUFFOCATE WITH A SHEET AROUND YOUR NECK. ITS TOO QUIET OF A DEATH. YOU RATHER DO SOMETHING AWESOME. LIKE THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE IN TWO THOUSAND EIGHT; THE DISAPPEARING AN OFFICER IN 2006; THE OVERDOSES, THE DRUNK DRIVING, THE CRACKED-OUT-WHITE-BOY-IN-THE-GHETTO-WALKING.

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DIE MY WHOLE LIFE.

BUT IM TOO MUCH OF A COWARD...

SO, ANOTHER DAY BEGINS INSIDE SOLITARY. THE BLOOD IS FLUSHED. MY BODY IS PLACED IN A POSITION THAT PROVIDES THE LEAST INTERNAL PAINS. AND I WAIT. BASICALLY I WAIT FOR MORE PAIN TO FIND ITS WAY TO ME. MORE DEATH, BAD NEWS OR DISEASE.

THE NEXT SENTENCE. THE NEXT ESSAY. THE NEXT POEM. THE NEXT COURT MOTION OR LAWSUIT.

AND IT ETERNALLY FEELS LIKE NOONE CAN UNDERSTAND ME. NOONE HAS EVER UNDERSTOOD ME. AND NOONE WILL EVER UNDERSTAND ME. THAT IN THIS DIFFERENT SPECIES OF HUMAN BEING BEING TREATED EVILLY BY THE ENEMY SPECIES. AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, ONE DAY MY OWN KIND WILL SEARCH AND FIND ME AND WE CAN LAUGH AND CELEBRATE. TOGETHER AGAIN.