

- Alone with myself -

Being in prison at first caused me to have nightmares and I felt claustrophobic. As the years die one by one the walls slid slowly closer to embrace me it was frightening but now the claustrophobia has become a warm embrace. Please don't get me wrong I hate every day of my imprisonment with the same cold passion as I did the first day I walked into one. I am no longer beating myself senseless against the walls of my prison. I've surrendered myself to the brutal truth that I am stuck in prison for many years to come. I am now sober and with sobriety comes maturity, so prison was a blessing in that regard. Now I must conquer the childhood that scarred me. My parents were broken and had wooden hearts they sacrificed me and my sisters upon their altar of addictions. I grew up to emulate their drinking, drugging, screaming, hitting and pleading habits. Growing up I became a stranger to myself and I don't know how to find my true-self. I was naive in my sobriety I thought I would be magically healed of my delusions and demons "Not so". Now I can see the path of life I've been stumbling on. Right now I can only claim with conviction the defective things I've done that define me as a human being. I'm a dead beat father, black sheep brother to four sisters and a convicted thief, liar... But hey I'm sober now and I know that's not enough. There's no sobriety fairy who can wave its wand and make my past easier to accept. I travel through the muck and mire of my filthy existence while sifting through the fragmented memories of yesterday trying to find the parts of myself that are missing. My lips taste nothing but the bitter taste of a wasted life.

Roland 6/16/13