

* MAKING TIME *

06.29.2013

I DRINK TWO SCOOPS OF INSTANT COLUMBIAN COFFEE A DAY. ONE AFTER BREAKFAST AND ONE AFTER DINNER. I WILL NEED EXACTLY THIRTY-THREE SCOOPS TO MAKE ME TO MY PAROLE DATE. I HAVE FORTY SCOOPS MEASURED OUT.

I EAT FOUR MEALS A DAY ONE IS A RAMEN NOODLE IN THE EVENING. FOUR HOURS AFTER DINNER. IN BETWEEN MEALS I EAT ONE PIECE OF HARD CANDY. I HAVE THE EXACT AMOUNT OF CANDY TO LAST ME UNTIL THE 16TH OF JULY. MY PAROLE. ILL EVEN BE ABLE TO SUCK ON ONE AS I LEAVE.

ONE MEAL IS SUPPLEMENTED, DINNER, WITH A JAR OF INSTANT OATMEAL. AND WHEN MY RAMEN NOODLES RUN OUT, I HAVE ONE LESS THAN ILL NEED, ONLY SIXTEEN WHEN I NEED SEVENTEEN, ILL JUST HAVE OATMEAL AFTER DINNER.

I HAVE THIRTEEN ENVELOPES. PRISON ENVELOPES. SOME PEOPLE I NEED TO WRITE TO GIVE MY NEW P.O. BOX. AND A TOTAL OF FIFTEEN MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS I NEED TO SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO. I MAY JUST LOG ONTO A COMPUTER AND REVISE AN ADDRESS CHANGE THROUGH THEIR WEBSITES. — ILL BE ABLE TO DO THAT IN SIXTEEN DAYS.

IT IS STILL UP IN THE AIR IF ADULT PROBATION AND PAROLE WILL APPROVE MY PAROLE ADDRESS. BUT IT IS VERY PROBABLE THEY WILL. SOMEONE ALREADY PLANS TO PICK ME UP.

I HAVE A BUNCH OF CELL PHONE NUMBERS AND E-MAIL ADDRESSES OF PEOPLE THAT WANT ME TO KEEP IN TOUCH. PEOPLE WHO ARE CONCERNED ABOUT MY WELFARE. PEOPLE WHO I CAN TALK TO TO EASE THE FREE WORLD STRUGGLE.

~~WOMEN~~ GIRLS, WHEN THEY SEE ME, THEYLL KNOW. WOMEN HAVE AN INNATE SENSE WHEN IT COMES TO THESE THINGS. THEYLL UNDERSTAND THIS MALE HAUNT LOOKED INTO FEMININE EYES FOR TEN YEARS. THEY KNOW.

I AM GOING TO ATTEND "AA" AND "NA", AND ILL SAY: "HI, MY NAME IS BRANDON AND IM AN ALCOHOLIC, APTIC AND OVERALL STICK FUCK, AND IVE DONE TEN YEARS IN PRISON, MOST OF IT SOLITARY, AND I LOVE YOU GUYS."

AND ILL MAKE THEM LAUGH AND WE WILL SMILE TOGETHER. ILL SEE THESE PEOPLE AT GROCERY STORES AND GAS STATIONS. AND WE WILL JOKE AROUND AS FRIENDS.

PEOPLE WILL CALL ME ON MY CELL PHONE. I WILL LISTEN TO MUSIC AND WATCH MOVIES.

STEAK AND SHRIMP AND PORK CHOPS WILL DIGEST INSIDE MY STOMACH AS MY SKIN PEELS FROM A SUNBURN. IM GONNA CRY WHEN ITS HARD AND LAUGH WHEN... WHEN I MUST. WHEN... WHENEVER WE CAN. LAUGH.

IM THIRTY YEARS OLD EVERYBODY. BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DEEPEST PTS OF HELL KNOWN TO MAN BY A WOMAN IN MILWAUKEE, A MAN IN CALIFORNIA, A LADY IN AMSTERDAM, COMIC IN NEBRASKA, PIANIST AND EX-NUN IN N. CALI., AND MY DEAR GRANDMA. I DONT FORGET YOU GRAM.