

Dedicated to:
7-8-13

this is late:later, as I search for words to say. words of understanding. words of encouragement. words of hope. words of something to help you (& I) feel much better than we currently find ourself (selves). The world & it's inhabitant (s) tend 2 B collective.

I appreciate your taking time to respond to "Dear Mr. & Mrs. c/o" (7-2-11) it was written in response to the obvious brokenness that surrounds me. Thank God for blog'n cause in prison it's a crime 2 B nice; giving; loving; excited; or passionate about the pursuit of the abundant life. My smile is even frowned upon. O well :) :) :) My heart is always put on hold as it is forced to PAUSE & REFLECT. Yes my conversation in real life must be filtered & ran thru checks & balances & then left to communicate in cliches that leave us the same as before we just "met". Sort of like watchin Seinfeld.

Hello/Hello

How's it goin?/goin good

Nice weather/ditto

How are you?/I'm fine. How about yourself/same.

Rules forbid HUMANITY from rearing it's beautiful head inside the obscure darkness of these walls. WE all must do time staff & inmates. I am unallowed to help you though you just left your command center to cry your eyes out in the restroom Though I see you comfort eating the pain away. Though I've been blessed with the wisdom to tell you I must remain silent cause anything helpful I might say can & will B used against me at a conduct report hearing.

so I speak in blog'd jargon 2 whomsoever might B listening. sometimes I just say stuff :)

glad u enjoy'd reading that fictitious real life based letter & that it brought a smile to your face.

smiles :) :) :) r nice

still I smile :)