

Weekend Reflections

Today is Saturday July 13, 2013 and it is 8:36 p.m. I awoke at 5:00 a.m. today and wrote a 4-Page blog post but moments ago I nipped it up rather than submit it. In my original post I griped about my family in general and my mother's lack of effort in maintaining ties with me in particular. But other than the satisfaction of writing down my inner bitterness the post would have done nothing to improve my family relationships. I have penpals in 8 countries, a blog, more lawyers than some law firms even have to their name and plenty of fellow inmates to massage my ego so why does my mother's aloofness leave such a bitter taste in my mouth? Its not like I have a shortage of people to occupy my attention. And worse I dont know if it is my mother's detached manner or my desire for attention going unfulfilled that bothers me more. Freud would have a field day with me ☺ Haha. Anyways enough of that. So I

was moved yesterday to a new tier to be an "orderly" so now twice a week I will be let out of my cell to sweep and mop the tier during which time I can socialize with the other 11 inmates. I am the lone hispanic among 11 black inmates. It is Ramadan so the 4 muslims on the tier are fasting. I'm curious about what Ramadan is but I don't dare ask lest I open the door to a sermon about Allah. Folks you'd be surprised how many amateur Pat Robertson or Louis Farrakhan's there are at ADX. The muslims are aggressive in how they convert fellow inmates. They use peer pressure, group disapproval and barely concealed bribery to convert prisoners to become muslims. As an atheist and a homosexual I am of course viewed as the Great Satan of ADX. Which is funny because as the best jailhouse lawyer around they must consort with the Devil to get lawsuits or other legal work done. And this is how I have

gotten to know terrorists and fanatics of all stripes so well. These men are dangerous not because of what they do but because they preach their beliefs in an inspiring almost seductive manner that lulls the mind to sleep and then when a person is hooked the extremist radical thoughts are planted. Of course I am not swayed. My mind is well shielded. If the Government knew what I know they'd be frothing at the mouth. Even as I sit here now one of them is at his cell door preaching. I have headphones on and rap music blares in my ears but I hear him in the background. So that's that. Next week my therapist is on leave so I won't be getting my weekly opportunity to vent my anxiety and feel normal. Prison strips you of feelings of normalcy not just because of the isolation but because social opportunities are toxic. I tend to stay at the edge of the crowd silently watching or privately conversing with one man

at a time as one man after another competes to be the big man on campus. In a way prison is like a Kingdom and while some prisoners wear the royal crown I stay in the shadows whispering advice to each ruler who assumes the throne. None of them last very long. In a den of masculinity and ruthless competition it is inevitable that leaders among inmates rise and fall. As many as the Warden relegates to exile fall to violent coups. But not me. My convictions outweigh my vanity and neither endear me to the inmate populace. My education and intellect make prisoners somewhat revere me. I understand how a doctor must feel to have the masses blindly trust him. People view doctors much like I imagine peasants viewed those in the past who were thought to practice magic. Knowledge is a powerful thing and those without it revere those who do. I must add there are also those who resent it. I love the prisoners who I like to

call the flat earth society. Most inmates are just uneducated but some are hard-core believers in antiintellectualism. The earth is flat, is revolved by the sun, and mention fact, science, or a book and they will punch you in the face. I hate these beady eyed trolls almost as much as they amuse me. Sadly they are but a small snapshot of society at large, though I'd bet there's more idiots in prison percentage wise than in society. Oh how it galls me to be confined with such fools. I kick myself in the ass daily for following these lemmings off the cliff. Luckily I snagged a root and still can lift myself out of this cell one day and do great things. Most days I am a fierce advocate of prison reform. Today I am less charitable. Can't help but to be a dick one day a week. Got to balance my liberalism with a dose of the other side once in awhile lest I lose touch with reality. This rambling post should amuse or enrage a few people but that's better than boring them. Goodnight.