

Exit Staged Right

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1 of 2

Lately my mind has been a fog of thoughts that drift like mist and seem to be everywhere at once. Like an intersection my thoughts criss-cross in opposite directions and lately more than ever seem to be colliding with each other and having major pile-ups.

This nagging feeling eats away at my mind. It's like a sneeze, I know it's coming and really can't stop it. But what's troubling me is not the death of a loved one, it's not the yearning for a beloved of mine nor a spouse who makes me question her doings. No, none of that keeps me awake at night, what troubles me the most is knowing that ~~what~~ within 2 years I'll be released from prison.

How strange is that? Something that many in prison look forward to and anticipate with joy I look upon with what's in reality a timid fear, if there's such a thing as timid fear. As I come upon the ~~beginning~~ beginning of my eight year of incarceration just knowing that I'll have to sustain myself and do stuff I have absolutely no experience. Driving, I don't know how to drive, Job, most of my jobs when I was not in prison consisted of the "underground economy". I can't do that stuff now. Bills, house, school and other things that I have to manage with. It's scary and I can't lie about that, I figured anybody that's been in prison for a long time has been "institutionalized" and will get comfortable in their prison life. Knowing that you'll be outside in the "real" world can seem daunting.

Then I try to compose my self and say if I had all these years in prison, than the exit shouldnt be that difficult. It wont be easy switching life styles and I assure my self along with my paranoia that just sticking to whats right and completing my goals will compel me on the path to progress. I only hope that my exit will be staged right and not a u-turn.