

August 8, 2013

Prison Voices!

INTRO- Earlier a dear friend of mine and i were talking about life and how we saw ourselves and this is what he had to say. Tell me what you think, mine will come next.

When I stand at the sink in the morning, I do best to avert my eyes from the mirror. I can't stand the sight of myself. I hate my reflection because every time I see it, I see ME! The real me with all my insecurities. No confidence lives inside of this terrible mold of a human body. Fear reigns supreme over all of my thoughts. Failure is not a dissapointment because I never look to succeed. Feeling loved is a luxury my body can't afford. Why? Because my very complexion disgusts me. Abomination is the filthy word I feel my mom's defines me by. A waste of procreation. Uncertainty of waking up these next thirty years. I only take breaths because my lungs force me to. I welcome death, but a real coward nonetheless.

I am my public enemy #1. I only take steps to try destroying me. I overeat on false pride. Stuffing my body with pig's hide. Now that my eyes are averted and i have your attention. I look down at a stomach and chest that has lost a battle with gravity. Because of too much hair in uncommon spots, society calls me a freak. They won't accept me. I have big stupid hands and feet. A man with a size twelve feet, but it means nothing in the package department. How blessed am i genetically? Here's a clue: I'm so ashamed, I hate to stand up to pee. Now to my long legs that come together at the knees.

The saying goes that all black men are athletic. If that's the case then that had to have skipped right on over me. Because I was thrown together with no muscle tone and thin bones. Is there need for me to go further? You asked, so i'm telling. I am trapped in my mind with deep and dark thoughts. I hear nothing but the truth. 'Kyle you fucking ungrateful bastard. A dissapointment to the family. You deserve every year of that sentence. HA! HA! HA! When shit get tough, you quit. Let's see you quit on this time.' At least that;'s what I think they must be saying although no one ever talks about me being in prison. On visits and phone calls, it's the pile of shit on the floor that everyone steps over but never asks how it got there.

I'm always available to be hurt. The only child, so take care of me. My own mama didn't love me and everybody else felt sorry for me. Yeah, that about explains their support. The joke was always on me. I was emotionally busted open. Never certain, only hoping. I never spoke because I was too unsure.

So I have always thought and known that deep down, my thoughts rang true. I always thought I was nothing, so I acted it out. Somebody please tell me, life isn't this empty!

THE END!

First and foremost thank BtB for giving us this platform. It has been very vital in our progress towards growth. I try to give you the real raw emotions that ~~ec~~course through us on a daily basis. Hopefully, this is one of those special pieces that will inspire others to open up and be honest about some of the things that they're not proud to admit.

Peace and love to all. You're on "A DAY IN THE LIFE", with me,

Michael McLhune