

## THOUGHTS...

10-21-13

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I've been trying to write ... truly I've been brain storming as to what to write about. With so many subjects to discuss how can I not find something? With the trauma of being cooped up in a cell all day how can I not find that to write about? The dampness of a cell, the anguish that only comes with only being able to walk about 9 feet here and 4-5 feet there. Many prisoners write about it so I'm not trying to too but also sound like a complainer.

It just consumes you though. And I'll say with confidence that most prisoners wallow themselves in a TV to try to mask the realities of the world around them. If you think about it what is TV but a drug and more so a opiate to docile a many of men.

Lately I've been in a slump and it's not that good of a feeling. It's a time when I don't want to do anything nor do I want to get up or put much thought in anything, although I'm cognizant of this feeling and state of mind. It Sucks cause when your in prison and you do stuff, like keeping busy with reading or studying, not only are you straining your mind to keep your sanity but you lose track of time ... your sense of perception of the world becomes a fog that makes you feel lost.

I wonder if the reader (if any) makes sense of that. It's like with every word I write pressure is relieved. Like a tea pot pressure is relieved.

How depressing is it to know your in a box? The darnest thing is that (at least I think) even people who are 'Free' are put or place them selves in a box.

2052

People confine themselves on their own don't  
they? This thought is taking a strange turn  
so I'm gonna end it.