

# Blog Post

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December  
27th  
2013

Hello reader's I haven't wrote in About A month or so, I'm Still Induring Abuse by the Texas prison System for Filing A complaint Against some officers.

The tactics they use Are Not letting me make Commissary when I need to or by MAKING me wait 13 hours in a day room with out going. I'm placed on A unit that is so large that for me to walk to the chow ~~hall~~ Hall on my cane, I hurt so Bad I SCAMP and cry. I did However get to make Commissary on the 23rd OF DEC, but had to pay A Guard to do so. Oh, It WAS just A Soda water and ICE cream, but what the hell why Should I have to do stuff like that.

I'm placed on A building here At this unit, without Security Camoras, the only one on the unit, why IS that, don't they want A record of something, that just Happens to befall the Inmate who has filed complaints Against Abuse.

I'm Approached daily for SEX by these men who don't seem to give A damn, hell I WAS approached before they Even found out I WAS A GAY MAN. Now its WORSE, some do get the Hint Still others hope I'd Change mind over night - ANSWER ME this, why Does this unit put the gay men on Another building with all the other gay men, but leave me to this one, the one with out Camoras



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I'm not allowed, so far, to visit their library to check out a book, I can't get to the Education Department to reenter college, and they won't allow me to attend A.A. meetings, I can't even get a lay-in to attend church or see the unit chaplain after what happened on the 25<sup>th</sup> Christmas day! And to be honest this is what is hurting the most. I was told my dad died on Christmas, and to be frank I didn't think it would hurt this way, there were things left unsaid - at least we had started to build a relationship I had spent years trying to destroy. That was all given to me through working the 12 steps and frustrating that process. What really hurt was the next day I asked a officer Morris if he could call the rank so I could see the chaplain because I was hurting real bad, officer Morris said, "Why he's not a Dr." and walked away - still to this moment I haven't seen any body except the two kind ladies who told me, I wish I could remember the sergeant's name, she was so kind and Mrs. Robertson was very up lifting, at least there is some type of compassion still left in this cold dying world.

I usually start the new year off with a poem for that year, but this year, I had to write one to get me through this hurt, and pain - like it has always done my poetry cures me of my fear's and anger please sure these words with me...