

SOLITARY

MINUTES TURN INTO HOURS AND HOURS INTO DAYS AS I LAY HERE IN THIS SOMBER CELL THAT MANY LIKE MYSELF CONSIDER A CASKET. A COLD RECLUSIVE PLACE WHERE I'VE BEEN SENTENCED TO DIE. IT FEELS AS IF I'M TRAPPED BETWEEN TIME AND SOME NULL NONEXISTENT VOID. AN ABSTRACT CREATURE LOST IN ABYSS WITH NO OTHER LIFE ORGANISM. WITH THE REALITY OF TIME AND THE WORLD LOCKED IN PERPETUAL LIMBO IT SEEMS AS IF THE MOVING IMAGE OF ETERNITY STANDS STILL WHILE THE REST OF LIFE PASSES ME BY. THOUGHTS AND IMAGES OF MY PAST MEMORIES HAVE BECOME MY ONLY FRIEND. I'VE LEARNED TO RECALL MEMORIES FROM THE PAST AND USE THOSE IMAGES TO ESCAPE THE PRESENT. I CONTINUOUSLY FIND MYSELF LIVING IN A WORLD THAT USED TO BE. SURVIVING ON THE SAME PATTERNS REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. HOLDING ONTO MY MEMORIES LIKE A MOTHER DOES HER CHILD. SCARED TO LET THEM GO OUT OF FEAR THAT THEY MAY BECOME LOST FOREVER. WELCOME TO MY WORLD WHERE FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES COME AND GO LIKE CLOUDS IN THE SKY.

I've become a slave to the stillness around me. Even the company of a spider outside of my window becomes euphoric. How can a person's existence mean so much to one and so little to another? There are days I feel helpless but all I can do is continue to dream. Recalling the days I had women and didn't care about them. I used to ignore the heart's immortal thirst to be completely known and all forgiven. But now women become my sole focus, my inner most desire. I remember their touch. The velvety softness of their skin. The sweet smell of perfume. The tickle of a woman's hair as it runs across my face. A lifetime of memories. And now as days turn into months and months into years. I begin to forget. Surrounded by this cold heavy steel and concrete I've forgotten what it's like to be warm. Thoughts of the future bring with it feelings of despair. Then I find myself wondering if I can do this for the rest of my life. Or if a moment of suicidal pain is worth a lifetime of freedom.

Love
Kiyon