

## Penny For My Thoughts

Most days my mind is occupied with strategy and tactics. How to argue a point in court. Whom to speak to in the media. How to shape a campaign of phone calls to public officials. Every day my mind is enmeshed in the minutiae of striving to hold accountable the men who have cast me into this concrete jungle. This maze of misery. This house of mirrors. Every day of my life I wake up in solitary confinement with no companions but the phantoms who populate my mind. A man left to his own thoughts can go mad. He spins on the merry-go-round in his brain where the outside world dims and inner perceptions morph into paranoid delusions. Today I looked out my window and the sun caught my eye. A beautiful sight. Oh how I long to sit uncaged to let that beautiful celestial orb cast its warm glow upon my skin wrapping me in its glory. I wish to walk down the beach barefoot my toes curling in the tiny grains of sand as I listen to the ocean. In my wistful state I can smell the saltwater and feel the breeze upon my skin. For

a moment I am free. A moment where the cares of my life and the world fade away. We live on such a beautiful planet. We have inside us the capacity to love and to be happy. Yet millions seek division and dominance. In pursuit of money and power. Today men die in the Ukraine as protestors clash with police. Children die of Famine in Somalia. Babies choke on the smog in Beijing so thick the skyline disappears. Democrats feast upon the political carcass of Chris Christie and xenophobic Republicans cynically cater to hispanics for votes. Israeli's and Palenstinians curse the air each breathes. Terrorists wire bombs and Air Force soldiers fly drones dropping death from the sky upon terrorists and wedding guests alike. Billions are preoccupied with envy, greed, lust. For Money, power, sex. And I sit in my cell watching the world burn. I bask in the glow of my imagined sun with Beethoven's Fur Elise roaring in my ears as humanity destroys itself. Our third rock from the sun dying from the wounds of its children. We all shall die, I only wish to live in the peace of existence my toes in the sand.

By My Hand - Jeremy Pinson 2/20/14