

SECURED

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I often ask myself how secured I am in my cell. Hearing this, one may think, with justification I suppose, how sane I am and where my mental state is at.

What I mean by secured is I often think what if these walls had ears and can hear my every thought (Now you're thinking, for sure this guy has lost his mind!) Far from it my dear chap. This thinking doesn't stem from a psychosis of some virological damage that's been caused by solitary confinement, it's caused about by not having enough stimuli and socializing that my mind bores to and fro without some way to stem the flow of drudgery and bring about the flow of 'normalcy'.

No, I'm not wearing foil on my head to keep the walls from listening to me. It's merely a tactic I employ to keep my mind from becoming static and frail so I turn to erratic thoughts you can say. Anything that'll keep my mind working and occupied. So, what if the walls can hear my thoughts? In the first place how many of us have thoughts that we wished no one knew of? What dark secret lies in us?

It's amazing and frightening to know that we can hide our thoughts

has come to an end. It's been good in the sense that I've been able to view myself from afar and get to know my personality. Strange how solitary can do that but at times all you have is yourself to keep you company. Prison itself allows you time to find yourself. Solitary on the other hand allows you time to dwell into your-self in a deeper level.

All in all my stay in solitary has been good for me. I've learned alot and grew in good ways. Most cant say this, but my mental fortitude has discovered the 4 walls that surround and isolate me in solitary confinement.

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