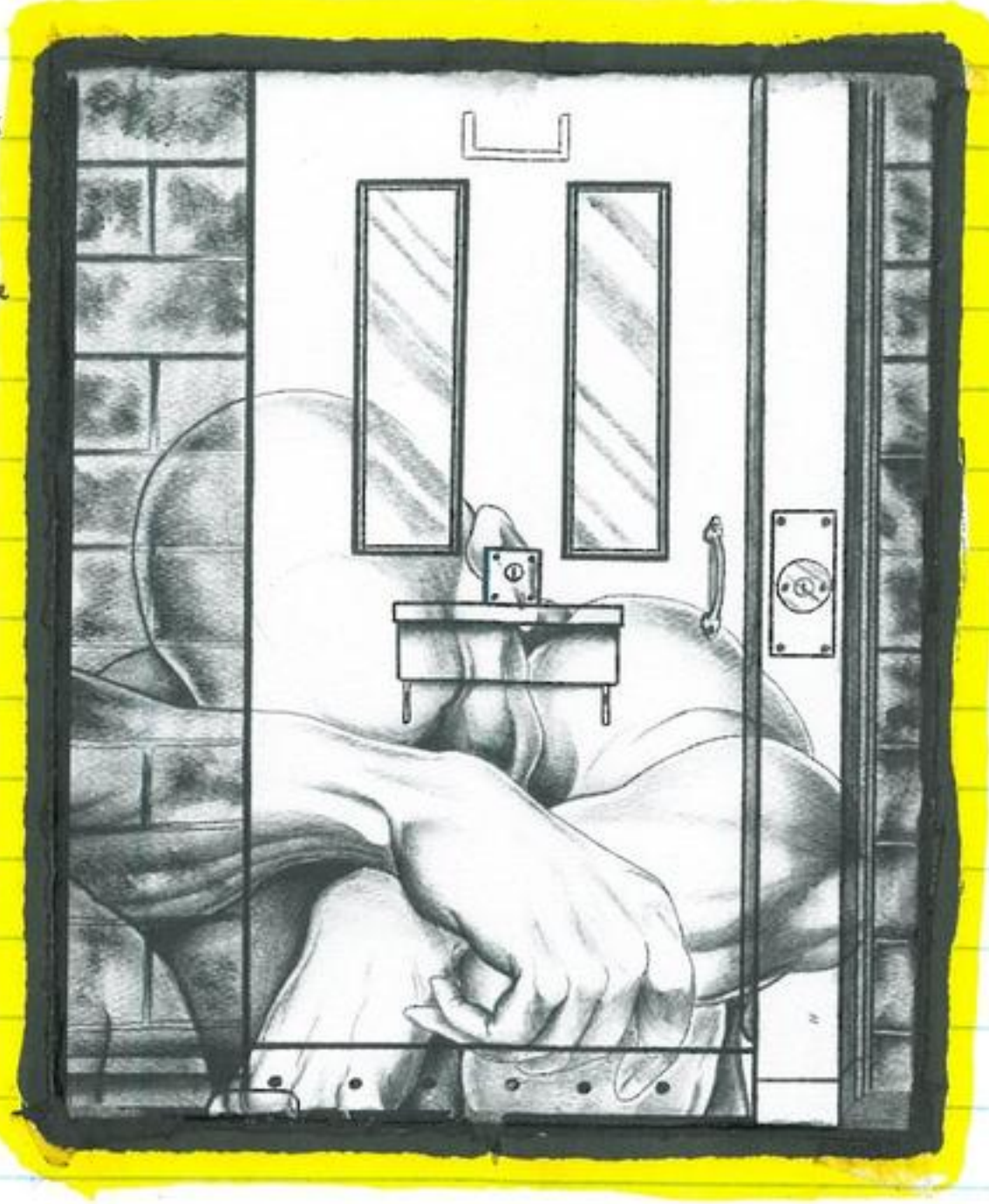


# MY SOUL STILL WEEPS

I walk around as if the weight of the world rests upon my shoulders, and it truly feels as if it does. The weight of the world rests upon my shoulders, and the heaviness of this load is unbearable at times. Even on the days when im at my strongest, im still not capable of lifting this heavy weight, this heavy burden up off of my shoulders. We live in a cold world, and when this cold world is rested upon my shoulders, its this coldness that freezes my soul. All of the emotional hurt and pain that I suffer from, becomes frozen, and remains frozen. But even this cold world cannot numb my emotional heartache and pain, because I still cant stop crying. But for some strange reason, the tears do not fall from my eyes, they only pour out and stream down my soul.



I cannot hardly sleep, but I wish that I could sleep more, because sleep is the only peace and freedom that I know. When I sleep, I sometimes dream pleasantly, and there other times when I have nightmares. I have some sort of relief, knowing that these nightmares will eventually end once I wake up. There is a nightmare that is never ending though, and that is the one that im living through while im awake. This is the nightmare I call "my reality." In this nightmare, im doing a life sentence in prison for crimes that I am innocent of. In this nightmare, I spent the last 8 years confined in solitary confinement, and im still here. In this nightmare, ive been abandoned by many, and am loved by few. In this nightmare, there is no waking up because im already awake. Just the thought of this nightmare makes me cry. But for some strange reason, the tears do not fall from my eyes, they only pour out and stream down my soul.

I really need someone or something to believe in, but belief is a confidence and trust thats beginning to





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fade away completely. God is suppose to be there for me whenever I need to talk or vent, but my calls seem to go unanswered. Not only that, but my calls are never returned. God is suppose to know my heart, but if he really did, then he knows that im not a bad person, and that im innocent and shouldn't be in prison. Yet has left me to suffer all of these years. God is suppose to love me, yet I feel so unloved. God is suppose to walk beside me, and then carry me whenever I am filled with anguish, despair, sorrow, and defeat, but I am left to carry my own burden. The God that is praised and talked so highly about by many people, could not possibly exist. If he did, then where was he when I needed him in the past, and where is he when I need him now. My burden has become too heavy to carry, so where is his helping hand? He has abandoned me, just as many others have, and this sad reality brings me to tears. But for some strange reason, the tears do not fall from my eyes, they only pour out and stream down my soul.



"Broken spirits, lost and confused, emptiness, used and abused." These are words uttered in a song that I know, and this seems to be the "song of my life." But these words cannot even begin to explain how I feel inside, because if you have never felt it, then you can only imagine it, and imagination can only get you but so far. The heaviness and coldness of the world that rest upon my shoulders, the nightmare that I live daily, and being abandoned by God, are all emotional discomforts that hurts more than physical pain. With these discomforts come the tears, which I cannot stop from shedding. It seems as if the tears will eventually stop flowing, but they continue to flow on and on and on. You would think that I would be all cried out by now, but my tears are endless. If you were to look at me, you would see dry eyes, yet my tears continue to fall. But if you were to look close enough into the windows of my soul (eyes), not only would you see the pain and hurt that is very much existent within me, you will also see that my soul is still weeping.