

BOXED IN AND BURIED ALIVE

Maybe it's my imagination, or maybe it's not, but it truly seems as if these 4 walls that surround me are closing in around me. I'm pretty certain that they were much wider apart yesterday, last week, and the week before that, but now it seems as if they are inching closer and closer together. The ceiling was much higher also, but now seems to have sunken lower since the last time that I checked. The steel door appears to be much larger, wider,



and solid than ever, but the slot on the door which I'm served food through like a animal, has shrunk. It's no big deal to them though, because the portions of food served is not enough to erase the hunger pangs anyway, it's only enough to keep us alive. But am I really alive? Some days I'm not even sure because for the past 8 years I've been confined in this harsh and extreme isolation, and it feels as if I'm trapped in a coffin, buried alive.

I check my pulse often, and I always hear a faint heartbeat, so I guess I am still alive physically. But what about mentally and emotionally? I have survived being in solitary confinement for the past 8 years because of my inner strength, will power, and resiliency, but every moment is still a struggle. I do all I can to keep a tight grip on to my sanity, because insanity threatens me everyday. I may be strong, but the reality is that this isolation is designed to make the weak minded weaker, and also to make the mentally strong weak at times. It's at these times that I realize how closed in the walls are, and how sunken the ceiling has become. It's at these times that it feels as if I'm trapped in a coffin, buried alive.

I sometimes pinch myself, not to check if I'm alive, but to see if I'm actually awake. The pain from my pinches make me realize that I'm awake, and this realization is very unfortunate. I always hope that this is just a nightmare, and that I will eventually wake up, but sadly this is a nightmare that I have to live through while I'm awake. Some believe that sleep is the cousin of death, but to me sleep is the only peace and freedom that I know. In my eyes, being awake is the true relative of death, and solitary confinement is

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apart of that Family tree. I wish that I could sleep more, so that I could enjoy the comforts of peace, because being awake brings me back to reality, which is of me in A Coffin, buried alive.



Keeping the mind occupied is key to surviving in this abnormal environment, but this key does not always open the lock. When my mind is unlocked, I am able to occupy my mind by reading, studying, writing, and working out, but on the days when the walls and ceiling begin to close in, I find it extremely difficult to focus on anything else. When this occurs, my mind remains locked, and no key can open it. In here an unoccupied mind, is simply unoccupied space. Space that remains empty, hollow, lonely, and cold, and this eventually leads to depression and thoughts of hopelessness and despair. But nothing is more depressing than being trapped in a coffin, buried alive.

The administration signed my death certificate when they decided to keep me confined in solitary confinement, under the status of Administrative segregation. A status which has a begin date, but no end in sight. This confinement is not therapeutic or beneficial in any way, but they are fully aware of this. This confinement is designed to break spirits, damage minds, and freeze hearts, something else that they are aware of. Yet they continue to keep individuals confined for years upon years, and only release them once they are completely broken spiritually and mentally. They keep individuals confined until they are broken beyond repair. Doccs is considered judge, jury, and executioner, because they judge you, decide your fate, and carry out your death sentence. Within the confines of this cell, the walls continue to close in, and the ceiling continues to dip lower and lower, and there isn't enough room to stand, only enough room to lay in my coffin, boxed in and buried alive.

Troy