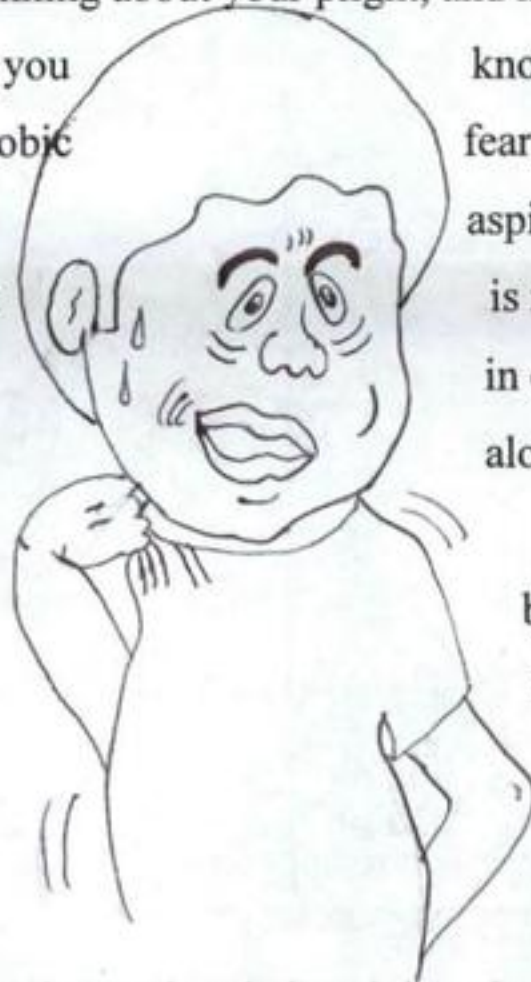


Prison Chronicles:
The Pleasant Breakdown
III

During these stages of heightened defenses; challenging everything and everyone, insomnia; where even four hours of sleep in a row is hard to come by, because so much is on your mind and your thinking about your plight, and how to get out of it as quick as possible, denial of all that you know, extra loneliness and seclusion, depression and claustrophobic fear, we come to realize our sweet, aspirations; because of the sweet dreams, hopes and tremulous mountain that is now before us, the hardest and highest we've had to face in our life, makes all we knew now impossible to attain, let alone still able to think about achieving any of it.



In the minds eye, places our thoughts of *if's* in motion to where believe there will never there is no motivation

to listen to others in prison about what their opinion about our personal situation is or should be; having us grabbing on to any hope we may hear or assume is there, believe is true or anything to make us feel some level of comfort. Even on a small scale, not knowing these voices are meaningless.

What else do you do when there is no other hope in sight and you are feeling like a piece of shit?

Sometimes you have no choice but to listen to something that, even if it is not, sounds like something you need to hear. People go through great lengths to find their personal comfort and in most cases, this, bullshit level of comfort is just what the doctor ordered.

After all, we can never find comfort in ourselves under such extreme circumstances. Its not like we can go to the supermarket, pick up a half gallon of our favorite ice cream, curl up in a soft bed, watch our favorite show and hope that when the

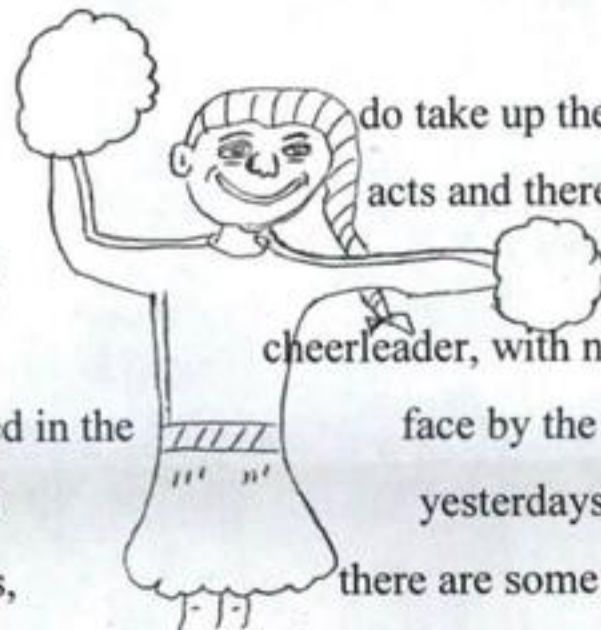
being in prison, it superficially losing *a thousand times of what* we would eventually give up, be an end to our incarceration; to believe otherwise, and begin

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show is over or we wake up in the morning, our plight has changed for the better and it was all a damn dream. But does that really ever happen?

If that were the case, there would be no need in worrying about getting locked up in the first place.

Still, there are those of us who defacing mockery of buffoon laden the stage for brown nosing, boot licking ass kissing. Like an over excited direction. Then, in the end, we get kicked in the chose to kiss ass for then tossed out like

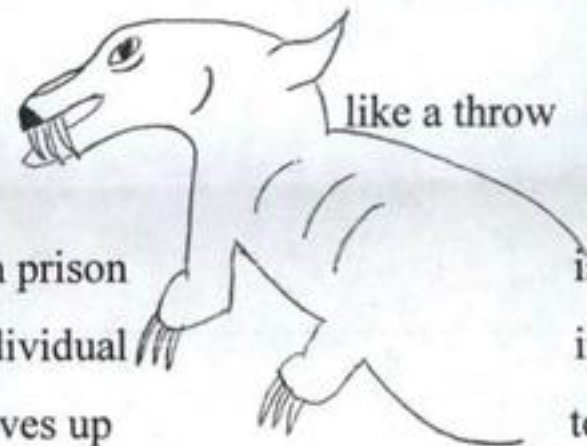


do take up the holy face of acts and there by setting up and outright cheerleader, with no clear face by the very people we yesterdays trash.

The ugly side of brown nosing is, there are some who willingly wait in the shadows like a vicious long tooth animal on the prowl of attack for others to even take a slight stumble. Some are bold enough to cause the stumble themselves, to insure they have a place in the ass kissing department when it happens. 'Call themselves being able to do a better job than the previous purveyor with no benefits at all; except a sneer and head shake of disgust from other inmates and a head nod of agreement from those individual he kiss ass for.

The true benefit will be that of a dirt level servant because you've allowed yourself to fall so far down and allowed your mind to be controlled by another person who does not care one bit about your soul. And you did this all because you could not cope with your reality.

You have allowed others to walk over you (away) rug.



like a throw

This, when the morality of all individuals in prison is dangerously low as it is. There is not one single individual in prison to day, nor in the past for that matter, who lives up to his full potential and does not fully experience life to its fullest. If anyone tells you they do or have, they have simply lied to your face and is a complete moral liar.

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