

Youth and Young Adult Prison Prevention

The light of hope, inspiration, goals and achievement all begins with you. There is only darkness out in the streets, waywardness, unpleasantness and crooked paths, when your desires for evil are greater than your desire for prosperity.

When you stand at the foul line and prepare to take a shot at the basket, one of two things will take place. You will either fail at your attempt of achieving your goal of making your basket or you will succeed.

Which ever occurs will determine your very next move and dictate the actions you take following that shot, which will consist of trying again if you fail, which in turn will bind you to achieving your goal until you are successful in completing it, then you continue to achieve and is the righteous route you should take and the only action you should be involved in; achieving your personal goals in life because nobody is going to, or can, take that shot for you.

Or you will simply drop your ball after failing the first time and give up on achieving any of your dreams, which will be unwise of you because after you give up on making that shot, you'll tend to continue to troll the streets of darkness.

The filth of prison will be waiting for you to fail this time, but you can go to any gym which has plenty of light and shoot as many baskets as it takes for you to succeed, then move forth, go to college and achieve all of your dreams, goals and pleasant desires.

But you must remain on that foul line and continue to practice without wavering or allowing any attempts by your friend to persuade you to give up. Then you assist someone else or perhaps make a group thing out of achieving together.

Let's say you've already been in one dispute where you failed to contain your anger, lost it and harmed another person or their property. You do not want to repeat this because if not the first time, surely the next time, your punishment will be great and guess what, it will remove you from your foul line of chances. How much more freedom can one ask for when he/she is able to take his/her own free shots at success?

You do not want to be taken off your foul line because you've worked hard enough to get there in the first place, which is no easy feat and, like I said, you're the real success story once you've made your shots. The point is, let nothing disturb your rhythm while on your way to success and so, if you've already made one mistake or so, do not continue to make mistakes that can cause you your freedom. The only thing you want to keep doing is keep shooting for success, taking a positive road to success for yourself and others around you.

Personally challenge yourself to always minimize your thoughts of harming others while maximizing ways in which to assist where you can.

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Can I

Can it be? Time stops, tree tops flop to the side, my head sags like its dead, the sky-clouds, no movement, freely. Can I? Can't, be free to be me, locked between these four walls, stocked in these halls, literally blocked in this cell block. I'm totally shocked I can't even see my daughters tear drops. All of my plans just fell in this can. The bottom of this man can't even open this can, not even with a can opener, the opener of all cans. Can I jump out of this can, land back on land, take a stand, not pick up where I left off but where I begin and say damn this can? I'm told as I learn for myself, see and believe no money in my bill fold, no rescue from this stronghold. Am I washed up or just locked up? Question is, is this the end? Not my trend, not by a long shot. Hopefully they give me another shot, don't know when but will be ready when they decide to bend, lend, me more time before the end to be with my family and friends.

At least they aint mad at me. I'm disappointed in me, failed to take so many opportunities, caused the death of our relationship, financial hardship, a hard ship to steer. I'm drowning in fear, losing my tears trying to get out of here. I'm close but not to the east coast so I can toast from a boat while eating roast. Instead I'm roasted with hopes of being the host but will never boast from the boat to the throat. Hold up, don't choke on these notes.

Learn from these don'ts. Say you don't but you do want another chance to be invited to the big dance. Like fancy pants, I spread my wings, fly all over like Jehovah looking for Nova...Scotia, beautiful leaves, trees and all of these people, please, can I brighten up my day without you taking my sunshine away?

Did I

Did I cause my own downfall; fell from where I was in life, caused them to give me life for what I did in life; striked my life out like it was a none-existing life? Did I shed life on my life tending to my family and friends in my life, brought life to this world, not to the end of life, caring and sharing even with those who were trife in life? I can't get this off of my mind. It will remain with me until the end of time, my life. I feel like I can't feel no more. I've learned the ways of mankind is to take man down, put a sock on my life. Did I not warm the feet of those who were cold in their life; those who were bold and cold to those who weren't even rolled into a life? Life hands man a hand to shake the dirt out of his life, then turns the light out in his life. Did I reach and reach and reach to turn the light on in my life? It's fair to say I did what I had to do to shed light in life to give a fair chance in life. Seconds count, second chance, second dance.

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Would I

Would I be fare in looking out for my own welfare? Would I have the right to fight for my own freedom to be a part of society's norm? Would there be negative fanfare over my desire to reach higher than the walls that confine me? By running, leaping and bounding over those walls with the mind found in me would I be able to jump high enough without the thought of deceiving me? Would I just have to experience the thought just to learn the results? Would the states bank account continue to grow if it cannot count on me for its continued cash flow? Would my future outlook be bleak if I can't see my feet on the other side of the creek? Would I be looked upon like a freak because I'm not unique? Would I fumble after being freed from the concrete jungle or would I tumble over adversity as though I've entered a university?

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