

June 12, 2017



You'd think, that being in prison would provide you with all the "time" you could possibly need to ... think, wind down, and meditate; but, that's not how it works. This place is chaos. It is Death. It is, a man made purgatory in all rights.

In the March/April 2017 issue of "Psychology Today", a few articles address the issue(s) of solitude, winding down from the daily grind of society, to let our thoughts stew, and our mind settle. "It ... takes a while for the mind to settle to the point where you can actually develop ideas." Says psychologist and author, Randy J. Paterson: "Imagine that you are agitating the surface of a pond, and then you stop. It takes a little time before the surface settles down and becomes clear and still." (ibid, p.12)

The cell I'm in now, is much quieter than where I was. And that's a good thing. A very good thing. Violence fills the prison, and with it comes noise and drama, lots of drama. Lots of noise. But, with this being the Character-Based Unit, CBU, the noise level IS lower -- but, there's still distractions, in what I call: "Leaches". These are guys that do NOTHING positive, contribute NOTHING positive, and are basically just what Crowlie (in "Supernatural") would call, "meatsuits". When I'm around some of them, I can feel them quite literally draining IQ points from anyone they encounter. I try to avoid such people, once I can determine there's no hope of helping them change.

It's not easy.

And yes, many here are criminal; but, they're people.

I try now -- in my old age of being in my 30s :) -- not to judge quite too quickly. Looking at their point-of-view with a modicum of ... of empathy. There's a line in Philip K. Dick's book, "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?", that's good for this:

"You will be required to do wrong no matter where you go. It is the basic condition of life, to be required to violate your own identity. At some time, every creature which lives must do so. It is the ultimate shadow, the defeat of creation; this is the curse at work, the curse that feeds on all life. Everywhere in the universe." (p.179)

Early in the morning is my alone time. It's when I do my best writing. Saturday mornings especially; many of the prisoners are in their cells sleeping in. I'm the Educational Coordinator over the CBU programs and education -- so, I scheduled "STUDY HALL" in the early hours of the weekends, for the classrooms. Getting a non-agitating

moment -- of any amount of time -- is priceless in this place.

Saturday morning is where a lot of "Sky Yellow" happens.

I can finalize my ideas at that time; although, all week long I'm composing various writing projects. I write nonstop! And when I'm not writing, I'm thinking about WHAT to write. It's kind of a curse in itself, but it keeps me busy.

Between writing, teaching, and my art -- my mind is taken away from the pain of prison. I think of my kids nonstop, wanting to do something for them ... to publish some book (or series) that will provide for them financially. Maybe get me my first real lawyer that's not appointed by the state, one that will actually do right by my case and preserve my Constitutional rights to a fair and UNTAMPERED-with trial in which no one criminally attempts to sway jurors.

Things are steadily changing.

In my alone time, I can get a lot of good work done. I'm not one of these meatbags just sitting around leaching Life: I'm doing things to ensure that when I get out of prison, I'll be able to live the life that I feel I was meant to live.

If I can do that; I've done something.

If I fail; at least I tried. At best, I will have left something for my kids -- and grandchildren. Yeah, that's right. I'm about to be a grandfather. My oldest son, Connor, is about to be a dad! That'll make, not only me a grandfather, but now Eleanor, Michaila, and Shylynn, will be Aunt Eleanor, Aunt Michaila, and Aunt Shylynn. While simultaneously making Collin -- Uncle Collin!

I just wish our family could all know each other better.

That's one of the thoughts that dominates my alone time.

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