



**GET BUSY LIVIN' OR GET BUSY DIEING!**

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Isn't that how the saying goes in the movie? (Shawshank Redemption)

Yeah, well, it SOUNDS simple.

But, this life is far from simple.

I don't EVER want to hear anyone complain about their "job" or bills, or not having time in the day to do this or that! About, how busy their day or night was. About their little melodramas that they brought on to themselves by choice! I don't want to hear how hard it is. Because it's NOT!

Spend less time on FaceFuck! Work. Pay your bills. Stop lying. Stop lying to others, and yourself! Stop being LAZY! Life is NOT that hard. If you're in school, do your fucking work. STUDY! Put down the beer, the drink, the joint, the pipe, the needle, the condom, and do what it is you KNOW you are suppose to do.

Don't go on the computer to flirt, and look to get laid--go onto the computer to do clean activities such as researching that business idea you have, or writing that essay, poem, or novel. Learn! Not lay! All that wasted time. All those days upon days of playing; by the end of just one week ... how many hours are wasted online, doing nothing productive? Nothing that advanced your school, career, or family! Nothing that served no other purpose than yourself.

Every single day I have to worry if I'll live through it!

I have to watch out for what I say, what I hear, or what I see. Be careful of where I go, and when I go there! I have to worry if I'll be able to eat each day! If the water will be okay that day! If the food is edible--which most times it's NOT! Like today, we have what's called "poultry gravy" for supper--I can't eat that--it's ground up chicken and turkey guts and leftover parts! We all know that it's very carcinogenic! So many guys die here from cancer.... I've seen so many just waste away, and fast. We don't get screenings or anything like that ... I don't get to go to medical unless it's considered to be an "emergency". As in, I'm on the floor and can't get up. That's why, when guys fall out, and get diagnosed, they're usually Stage 3 or 4 already, once they start chemo--they're gone within a few months.

This is my life and how I have to live.

Knowing I'll die on that floor.

I already expect to have the absolute WORST Christmas of my entire life, this year--things are THAT bad for me right now--and the "New Year" won't be any different. Will I live to 2019? 2020? I don't know. To be honest, I'm surprised I'm alive now, and have made it this far.



I'm alive against strong odds; but, why? To suffer. That's the only reason for my existence, I believe. Pain. Since I was a child, it's all I've known. So why did I ever expect adulthood to ease any of those pains?

I wish people would just do what they KNOW is right....

The whole world would be so much better. So much nicer.

If only I knew someone that would keep a promise.

Just one promise. I've done too many years alone now, that I've reached some kind of an emotional limit, and I don't know what to do. I do NOTHING wrong. I don't drink, I don't smoke, I do no drugs, I don't lie, cheat, or manipulate; I don't lust over women (I have two moments in my life when I was dating around, seeing different women, and I regret it so much, I really do. I wish that I could have dated, and been with, one woman, I really do. I just wanted to be loved, I could care less about variety, attention, or getting laid, I just wanted love.) Everyone just sees where I am, my circumstances, and what I'm accused of. They don't see me--all they do is pick up and throw the same stone at me over and over and over--and, I'll keep getting hit by it until the day I die. Thing is, I'm now numb to that stone. It's old and brittle.

I'm busy living, or trying to live--but everyone else I see is busy dying. Just living in the moment, the current fix, or whatever (or whoever) has their attention. Frivolous materialism, or they're blindly just in want of the next high, or orgasm.

I just want to be with my family. I want to provide for them too. I'm trying to live, but everyone already has me written off as dead. I wish I could be out there in the world ... it wouldn't be wasted. I'd work all day every day, just like I do now--doing what I know I'm suppose to do. Right now, my hands are tied because NO ONE will help me, but I can't believe that things will always be that way. I won't.

One day, everyone will see how wrong about me they were.

And they'll realize that it wasn't just me that lost precious time, they did too.... This life is too short to be holding animosity, grudges, or to be doing things out of spite, or for sport. This life is not a game.

Being on the outside of society, looking in, gives a unique vantage. And the one thing I see mostly, is a giant rat race, in which the rats don't realize that they are a part of--most of them chasing the next piece of cheese around the corner, some guarding their horde, many lost and hungry in the maze, some hurting others for fun, some doing nothing more than copulation, while those controlling the maze are sitting back in bliss ... unaware of their own imprisonment.

Life doesn't have to be like this.

We're making it this way by choice.

Our own self-destructive behaviors stumbling us at every turn.

If you have a friend--or someone you love--cherish that. Because, when you don't, you'll feel it every minute of every day. I will forever be judged by my past, and there's nothing I can do about it.

I'm seriously now considering giving up writing, and art.

I just feel too hollowed out inside, and I'm just making a joke of myself--a spectacle--anyways. 12 years! 12 years of this!

Our society does NOT give second chances, at all. Not for me.

But, it's not just society--people don't give second chances.



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I really don't mean to be judgmental!

I know that everyone has problems, and I know it's easy for us to see the problems of others--and their wrong choices--without seeing our own so easily.

I used to have problems, and still do, like anyone.

I was never a drug user, or anything like that--but, I guess you could have said I was a love junky, I wanted to be loved so bad, that I threw my life away on multiple occasions in an attempt to have it. If I had a chance to go back and redo it--I would exercise more ... patience. But--my heart was always in the right place. I know it was.

I guess, the point of this post--is to warn anyone willing to listen: SLOW DOWN! Life can be easy. I know it's hard, believe me I KNOW. But, you don't need to move so fast, you don't need to escape reality, or run to the arms of another, or expect them to have the material things you may need for YOUR life. Love has to be natural. Life has to be natural. Or, at least, it can be--and its more beautiful when it is.

It's not my plan to die in here, in this hellhole. But, every day I am faced with the possibility of death, my death--no matter what prison in what state, it's the same. Death and decay in these maximum security prisons. It gets to me, and, understandably I think. A lot of guys have to take meds to cope with this life; but, I won't do that. Those I see going on the meds ... they get lost, and their life takes a strange turn. It's hard to explain, they just aren't themselves anymore. It's almost like this: if you are NOT mentally ill, and you go to Mental Health, and pretend to be ill, just to get the meds--then, in time, those meds will MAKE you mentally ill for real, and by the time you've realized it, you'll be too far gone. Pretending to be mentally ill is dangerous!

I dealt with my issues in my own way, with education.

Learning has helped me see the world better.

And, by seeing the world better, I see myself better.

I wish that I could get out, and help clean up South Carolina of its drug problems, and help with criminal domestic violence awareness, things like that; and, help strengthen up the child molester registry, make it flawless, where no one can slip through undetected, and teach more children about the red flags of a pedophile that could be hiding somewhere in their life. Teach single mothers to date more wisely. My original idea for this was to found "The Jaime Foundation", and let Jaime have it, use it to heal not only herself, but use her situation and experience to teach others, to help them, and possibly save some kids from experiencing things they don't need to be exposed to.

People need to shut down their electronic devices every now and then, and spend time in reality. Sit down with family and have dinner, together. Surprise a friend with a handwritten letter. Just live. Not so much in the moment to moment, but savor life with a clear mind. Remove negative people, and vices, from your life. Stop hating! Put family and those you love, over all else! Society teaches us individuality is key--but it's not--family is. Family, and TRUE friends.

I'm treated like shit every day--but I still move on, trying.