

DEAR READER,

6-6-19

HEY. I HOPE YOU ARE DOING WELL!

TODAY I AM GOING TO SHARE A POEM WITH YOU. I WROTE IT WHEN I WENT BACK TO MY COUNTY JAIL (VOLUNTEER COUNTY BRANCH JAIL) FOR A COURT DATE CONCERNING MY APPEAL. WHILE THERE I WAS HOUSED IN UNISO 10. A VERY SMALL QUARTER ROOM THAT ONLY HAD 5 CELLS IN IT AND A SHOWER STALL.

MY CELL, APPROXIMATELY 7x9 FT CELL AND ALL THE WALLS AND BUNKS IS PAINTED WHITE. A CELL THAT WAS PSYCHOLOGICALLY CHALLENGING. A MONTH AND A HALF I SPENT IN THAT CELL. SOMETIMES A PSYCH-ADMITTED INMATE WOULD BE BROUGHT IN FOR A 24 HOUR - 72 HOUR SUICIDE HOLD.

THIS WASN'T THE FIRST TIME SOLITARY HAD DONE DAMAGE TO MY PSYCHOLOGICAL STATE - AND THOUGHT THIS TIME I WOULD WRITE ABOUT THE STRUGGLE OF THIS DANCE IN THE FORM OF "SPOKEN WORD" POETRY.

I HOPE YOU ENJOY IT... OR RATHER APPRECIATE IT.

## SI. & SOL.

- IT IS STRONG, SO STRONG...

BUT WITH A SINGLE WORD I CAN BREAK IT.

SO I SPEAK AND I HEAR THE FIRST CRACK.  
I SPEAK MORE AND I FEEL THE ROAR OF GOD'S FOUNDATION BEING TORN APART!

AN ORCHESTRA OF WOODBONE INSTRUMENTS, A TREE BEING RIPPED TO SHREDS IN A STORM WHO'S NAME

BROUGHT TERROR AND REAPED HAVOC ON SO MANY WHO THOUGHT THAT NEW HOPE HAD BEEN FOUND UNTIL ITS COLOSSAL FURY REACHED HIGH INTO THE SKY AND CAME SMASHING DOWN ON THEM FOR BELIEVING THAT NEW HOPE WAS MORE THAN A TOWN ITS WAS BELIEF IN SOMETHING BETTER AND SO WOULD COME THERE WAY.....

AND HOLDING HER HAND IS THE ONE WHO'S SOLICARY SUBSTANCE CAN WHISPER DESTRUCTION WITH THE MOST DEVESTATING OF HOLLOW ACCS ON THIS PLANE.

AS THIS TIME I AM AT WAR WITH BOTH. I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, STOOD ON THIS VERY BRATTLEFIELD... AND LOST.

THEY HAD TRANSFORMED ME INTO AN OBJECT ACCORDING TO THE IMAGES THAT THEY ENJOY.

THEY QUIETLY ATTACKED ME FROM ALL SIDES. I COULD NOT SEE, I FELT, BLEND AND BOUND, I DROWNED ON THEIR NOTHINGNESS THAT CREATED MY EMPRESSNESS THAT LEFT ME SUSPENDED IN PAIN...

AND I FELT NOTHING... A NOTHING THAT HURT SO - BAD....

I PRAYED TO THEIR JESSER EVERY NIGHT AND BEGGED THEIR MOTHER TO COLLECT HER DEBT FROM ME.

SHE DID NOT WANT ME. TIME AND AGAIN SHE ABANDONED ME AS WELL.

LEAVING ME TO DEVISE A PLAN THAT SHE COULD NOT  
 RESIST. SHE WOULD ACCEPT ME, SHE WOULD WRAP HER  
 ARMS AROUND ME AND PULL ME INTO THE DARKNESS OF  
 HER SLUMBER, AS THE ROSE OF SEPTIMEN CONSTATCOED  
 THE TYPE A POSITIVE HIGHWAYS OF THE VESSEL AND  
 SUBMERGED ME UNDER A BLANKET OF ETERNAL PEACE.

BUT THE BEECH OVERTOOKED ME AGAIN!

--IT'S BEEN SOME TIME SINCE WE LAST MET.

I AND THE MURDER OF YOUR CROWS.

I'LL LEAVE YOU NO CARBON TO SPREAD YOUR DISEASE,  
 THIS TIME, FUELED WITH MY WOES.

YOU INVITED ME TO DINE ON YOUR SE. AND  
 SOL. AND AFTER GRACE YOU THREW THE SUSSEMANCE  
 YOU PREPARED ME FOR ON THE TERMITE INFESTED  
 ASHES OF YOUR REQUEST.

NOT THIS TIME...!

THOUGH I'LL ADMIT YOU ALMOST HAD ME. I  
 PACED AND FUMED AND THE ASHES YOU OFFER BEGAN  
 TO SMELL SO SWEET.

BUT A PORTAL OPENED UP AND I WAS TOLD,  
 "BREATHE IN THROUGH YOUR NOSE AND OUT THROUGH YOUR  
 NOSE AND RELAX. THIS IS ONLY A MOMENT. IT WILL PASS.  
 IN THROUGH YOUR NOSE, OUT THROUGH YOUR NOSE  
 AND REPEAT."

NOW YOUR ASHES LOOK AND SMELL LIKE  
 ASHES AND YOUR SILENCE & SOLITUDE ARE NOW