

Date: 11/22/2020 11:27:33 PM

Subject: Friday November 6,2020:"...U tested positive... "

NEAR DEATH. (11-10-20)

F it.

What's the point?

What's the point of holding on when the inevitableness of death running through ya body?

What's the point when COVID got me F'd up n F'd over?!

I can't taste sh--! Even when I try 2 conjure up reminiscences of what Frosted Flakes n orange juice spose 2 taste like! - Nothin. I can't taste sugar,salt,bread,tea,chocolate, fruit,... can't even taste water!

So what's the point?

Then I literally can't smell sh--! So who cares if my celly "drop 1: flush 1" I poot puffs of Lavender Body Powder in da air on da strength when I go,but can't smell that sh--,probably even if U pour it in my nose. Got me waking up with F'n sinus infections,like they doin da damn nasal swab all F'n over again!

So what's the point of waking up 2 that sh--.

Freaking tired. But can't F'n sleep 2 save my life - mind U my life is on the line! ask the shortness of breath, which is no fun when u tryin 2 have a bowel movement. Mainly ask my bodyaches specially round the midsection. :(n I shot someone in the abdomen) Only gotta few choices - lay on 1 of my hips or both my butt cheeks! Still all of it hurt - maybe if I wasn't skin n bone. Maybe if they didn't put my dying a-- on the floor! (In a cell meant 4 1)

Yeah though I got COVID nobody give a F---.

They threw my monkeyball a-- right in seg,right in a cell with my sick a-- celly (guess we can't give it 2 each other!) Only difference - he got the bed! Pays 2 B 55! Not so much 2 B 41! So they threw my young a-- on a 2" thick navy blue mattress on the floor. No point in putting sheets on it!

So now I gotta fight this F'n virus,while fighting being stepped on n stepped over,while fighting which end 2 sleep at - closest 2 the toilet? or closest 2 the door;while fighting the bright a-- light above me,which when turned off lingers in a nightlight that never sleeps. (Act like I'm in OBS or something)

On top of that,gotta fight through all the yelling,banging,pounding,screaming, kicking,tapping, pleas 4 attention (some from my celly) from kids who was on the unit with me. Can't stand they a--, but here I am surrounded by em.

No wins

No wins as I gotta fight police slamming traps at meal time,med pass n seemingly 4 no damn reason:"oops! Wrong cell!?! " When that's not the case they fumbling that stupid blue beeper right outside my door. Know they could a put that sh-- way in the back of the tier,outside,4 all I care.

N when I tell the nurse " how y'all gone put me on the floor n in an environment not conducive 2 getting well? How I'm spose 2 recover from this sh--, in this sh--?" all she can say is "sorry."

She mean well,but...

But,I mean well 2

when I say,"sorry."

"Sorry God

I can't do this.

Know u love me n all that blah but I'm not feeling this.

Maybe cause I'm more worried bout my physical comfort than tryin 2 b madly in love with U
Got me dreaming more bout finally having sex than getting out n telling 8 billion people bout
accepting Jesus as they Lord n Savior."

"Sorry.

My mind

body

soul

n

spirit

no longer has what it takes 2 B in prison.

no longer has whatever it was I used 2 have that kept me going: that kept me putting up with
BS:that kept me believing " there's a brighter day"; that kept me fighting the good fight.

Maybe that's Y I haven't prayed 2 recover.

Not sure I want 2...

Just 2 sit through another 15 minute Parole hearing just 2 hear " U got exemplary
conduct,programs complete...,but release at this time would b inappropriate... "

"Sorry God

I simply can't

If I have 2 do more time,

just let me die already

Die of a broken heart

broken spirit

broken life

Least in death there's no prison