

LOST & PROFOUND

Written - Feb. 2021

Literal torture inflicted upon my mental health
No longer am I young, it ain't my sense of wealth
Each minute is an awfully cruel, emotional drain
Falling into dark pits, losing ground fast, without any gain
How can I rehabilitate, improve & be changed,
When your psychosis is to isolate me & make me deranged?
You separated me from the pack, now I'm a recluse
Hear that sound? Rollin' around my screws are now loose
This duress adversely warps my mind
Stressin' in solitary (SHU, ASU), it's effects are far from kind
Efforts to use coping skills become a major complication
Nullified because neverending cortisol distress of subjugation
This solo situation - prompted by a ruse - is fully forced
I hear hella voices & counting yet from reality I'm divorced
Forced solitude makes me feel so hollow & empty inside
It's cemetery silent, feels like a graveyard, like I've died
I'm locked in hear-all alone, can't call those loved ones, my vital life line
Desperately, I need a phone to hear voices I love so I know they're fine
A panic induced isolation, causing me to truly, seriously suffer
From intimate connection to life, there's no greater buffer
Being socially lonely has a permanent & deadly impact
It feels like your entire soul has been fatally attacked
The mental Black Hole exacerbates the mind's pain
I don't know to deal with this erraticated brain
They told fabrications to put me inside all lies!
Since I'm falsely accused, should I inflict real pain evoking tears from eyes?
This scenario is well known to drive many men critically insane
I am strong & will thrive until I can no longer feign
I feel like I'm at the end of my rope
What else can I hold on to, to give me some hope?
Prison is dark already, this deconstruction of brain, only makes it more
How long before they open this pit from the depths of Hell's door?
When will this cavity fully engulf & swallow me?
I want to feel as if I'm part of something bigger, don't you see?
Focus fiercely because light always comes after the dark
All you need is synapse wire with a small inner spark
You have to come back - circle of life - like a boomerang
Gotta fight hard, grit your teeth & show your fang
In my mind's eye, this is the solitary (SHU, ASU) segregation effect
My face, a facade, so my emotions you can't read or detect
Physically, I am fine, safe & sound
But still, the loneliness in my heart and mind is quite profound.

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