



# What's in my Private Prison Journals?

4-10-26

(Hint: More Dreams. Yay.)

1 of 1

1-8-2025 (What's this? #5 now?)

Seems like I've written about Coby a lot lately. Too much? He is on my mind often, consciously. But in my dreams, there are others. Sometimes my parents show up to visit. Other times, some from the current cast of characters that populates ~~the~~ <sup>this stage</sup> of my life. But, when my dreams are deepest, the most real and wildly unreal, impossible, absurd, yet so thoroughly consuming that I can wake up and still feel that what I just dreamt actually happened and could even happen again... then it's almost always Darrell. He just pops up sometimes, always unexpected, and I invariably have this feeling of... fragility? Precipitousness? Yes to both, but ~~it's~~ <sup>they're</sup> not the word I'm looking for. It lurks nearby. And that, too, is part of my dreams of Darrell — a sense of lurking, like he's always right there, and if I just turn quickly enough in the right direction at the right moment, I'll catch him. He's near, but incredibly elusive: ~~intentionally~~ intentionally so. But in my dreams, Darrell usually won't stay hidden, inaccessible. He reveals himself. He allows there to be an "us" again, in some way. Oh! "Precarious", that's the word I wanted. Or it's one that works now, anyway. He lets me get close again, allows some rekindling of friendship, ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> old, stubborn ember within to glow again... but it's always precarious. Delicate. I'm always on edge in my Darrell dreams, and that's what I woke up to today. A strong sense of edginess.

I'm afraid I've let too much time pass to recapture the details. As always. I only recall that everything was so cold, and I was in a constant state of anxiety. Hopeful anxiety. Optimism, plus a long history of sadness. And we were, somehow, in jail. Or, in a jail, of sorts? A jail-like place? That's really more like it, a place that wasn't jail, yet still was full of features reminiscent of the very first jail I ever saw from the inside, now nearly 30 years ago. Strange. But this place also contained ramps, like in a skate park. And I had a bike. And somehow, always, Darrell was near, yet not quite with me. But there seemed to be a promise he would be. A precarious promise. Something I could fairly easily mess up somehow, and I felt an overwhelming need to not do so, though I also didn't know what I needed to avoid. It was stressful, yet still what I wanted, and I was thankful. I wanted Darrell back. My friend. Our friendship. And for a short time, in my dream, it seemed that might just be possible.

\*\*\* [End] \*\*\*

PS - Is this pen too hard to read? The ink too light?