

WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS

The rough roads travelled The obstacles and struggles faced with The hurt and pain All of these things can be seen vividly, as I sit back and reflect on my life, and this is my reflection

I hardly knew my father. This is not based on the fact that he was in and out of my life, up until I was 6 or 7 years old. It is mainly based on the fact that he was heavily addicted to drugs, and these drugs stole mind, emotions, soul and eventually his physical form. The image that stands out the most, is the last time I saw him. Not because it was the last time that I remember seeing him, but because of something else. **HIS EYES**. I walked into my parents bedroom, and caught him going through my mothers purse, when he thought that no one was around. He looked up when he heard me enter the room, and looked at me with bloodshot red eyes, that seemed to stare right through me. After a few seconds, he went back to his search for cash. A few years after that, he died from a drug overdose, but he was dead to me long before then. His eyes still haunt my thoughts to this day.

I grew up with abandonment and trust issues because it seemed that many people that I loved, either deceived or abandoned me. This made me angry and bitter, but I bottled up my true feelings, to mask my hurt. By the time I was 14, I was a high school drop out, and had more than 7 arrest on my record. At 15, I was sent to youth detention center for 18 months, for Robbery and assault. While there, I found myself surrounded by individuals who were full of hate, misery, and bitterness. I was surrounded by teenage boys, who had cold hearts, and old souls. I rebelled along with my peers, and after 13 months, I was spit back out into society, and once again began to hang around individuals just as bitter, and lost as I was. Alcohol, crime, and rebelliousness is what my life consisted of.

At 19, I hit rock bottom when I found myself back in prison. This time, for crimes I am innocent of. Due to this, I grew even more angry and bitter, and as I awaited trial (for 3 years), I acted out verbally and physically. Like so many others, I entered this situation totally unaware of the functions of the criminal justice system, so I put my entire trust in the hands of court appointed attorneys. Attorneys who cared less whether they won or loss because at the end of the week, their pay checks would be the same amount, so they defended me with not much effort or care. Growing up in a urban community, I knew, or knew of many individuals who were arrested, and then eventually convicted of crimes, whether they were guilty or not. I had decided that I did not want to be one the innocent who got convicted, so I took matters into my own hands.

On the first day of trial, I attempted suicide by cops, when I leapt across the defense table, and got into a big melée with several court officers. It was alleged that I was attempting to escape custody, but that was never my intentions. If I

intended to do so, then I would of ran toward the open doorway, not away from it. The only thing that I was attempting to escape that day, was my life, but this was not to be. As I layed on the ground, I was being beat with batons, punches, and kicks, but the physical pain did not seem to bother me. It was my broken spirit that caused the most pain. As A result of this courtroom fracas, additional prison time was added on to the life sentence that I already was given, but I did not seem to Notice because my broken spirit seemed to overshadow it all.

After the courtroom melee, I was placed in Solitary Confinement. I've been in this extreme isolation for the past 7 years, and my confinement in this setting is indefinite. A few years back, as I stood in my cell and listened to my surroundings, I heard A few Solitary prisoners verbally degrading one another. I heard some one else crying. I heard another rapping lyrics that spoke of pain and struggle. I heard someone else singing A sad love song, that spoke of heartbreak and heartache. I heard several others banging on their doors, and shouting at correction officers. All of these voices and sounds spoken all at once, sounds like A foreign language to ears not accustom to it, but my ears have grown accustom to it long ago. But on this particular day, after getting back to my cell After an emotional visit with A loved one. Coupled with the fact that I was depressed, and full of despair, hurt, pain and broken spirits, I became so overwhelmed, that I attempted suicide because my soul yearned to be free.

The attempt was unsuccessful, and afterwards, as I sat on the floor, I did something that I hadn't done in many many years... **I CRIED..** I cried for what seemed like hours. I cried for what seemed like days, weeks, months. I cried A waterfall that never seemed to want to end. I cried tears that felt alien against my face. As I cried, I thought about my fathers blood shot red eyes. I thought about my mother who did her best to raise her fatherless children on her own. I thought about many of my so-called family and friends, who have come and gone over the years, and those who were long gone from the beginning. I thought about all that i've endured throughout my 29 years of living. I've endured abandonment, deceit, and betrayal, by many that I loved. I've endured heartache and heartbreak. I've endured despair, mental and emotional anguish, and bouts of depression. I've endured losing several friends to murder or suicide. I've endured losing several family and friends to prison, and drug addictions. I've endured cheating death more times then I can count. I've endured many hardships during the past 10 years of my incarceration. I've endured, and still endure many lonely days and nights in Solitary Confinement. All i've endured, has left me permanently scared mentally, emotionally, and physically.

My life's forecast is dreary and frigid, and because of this, my soul is chilled to the bone. My lifes forecast is gloomy, and this gloom seems to hang heavily on my heart. My lifes forecast dees have its sunny days, but the sunlight will not last long

