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Title: The Hearts of men

Every man has a point of no return when it seems to be too much. Whether it's war or prison it has been proven through medical research that after five years in prison, inmates start to suffer or show signs of P.T.S.D. (Post-traumatic stress disorder). Violence is a cycle, violent past, violent communities, violent homes creates more violence.

Upon arriving at this prison my life changed dramatically today I am a Christian. I was involved in the prison madness for years, a man I once considered a comrade in the struggle lives on the same company as me. We've been in other prison yards together and spoke we both were of the same mind, on one of many trips to S.H.U. (Box) he sent me food and soap. No matter where we were at he went on a visit every Saturday faithfully. My life change has caused my circle to change, we don't speak I haven't said a word to him and he hasn't said a word to me. Then I noticed he didn't speak to anyone and he was distant not smiling a blank expression. One night I heard moans and screams of sorrow "I'm sorry, I apologize" we are all single cell, the next day he came out aimlessly accusing another inmate of talking about him. The wrongfully accused individual said you are mistaken. He went back to his cell than later in the day I here the same wall, the same words repeated "I apologize" "I'm sorry". I could only pray I've seen this before but I honestly considered him to be stranger than most

Many thoughts went through me, to get help but what kind of help? Medication, a strip cell, what help, your still imprisoned. I hurt for him and I realized I'm screaming out as well through writing. It's therapeutic I can get things out that are bottled up and I hope to find answers to some of my questions. So I write and hope someone will read & understand a friend, loved one, relative. That is in the same situation. So instead of crying or going ballistic I wrote and this is what came out:

Title: "The Hearts of men"

Matthew 15:19- "For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies."

"I've seen men crawl into holes and never come out. Without any light there brain began to rot. Like Jesus said, what is in a man's heart will come out. The screams and walls fall on deaf ears as music plays and flesh is peddled in periodicals. The breaking point of a man is sad to watch, in the past he extended his hand and helped me out. He laments over his crime that landed him here. Not a concerned ear or even a care,.... In tears I said a prayer. Even though I have changed I feel compassion for his screams. I've heard men scream in pain while being physically restrained. Which one is harder to bear mental or physical pain? A scar to my mind these episodes are a part of doing time. Psych meds has you like the walking dead. Music is the soundtrack to pain, in the background melodies and screams. Surrounded by so much agony has to affect me.

So I read words my father gave me I bend my knee and ask Him to strengthen me. Man is callous

We have no compassion the word says this is because of there master. Love hidden in deceit, like an animal I live in a cage my toilet, bed, kitchen all in the same place, My Lord is who carries me.

When the only person who loved you has passed away and death is the only way to be free and your still young and healthy its a long Journey. Memories that were fresh and vibrant with color have grown old and are black and white. Replaced by prison yards, shackles, chains, commissary sheets and state greens. Can't see past the wall even in my sleep. The world is changing rapidly, son becoming a man without me voice changing he's even taller than me.

Most still stuck in there ways don't want to see you change.... Misery loves company, God gave me purpose renewed me internally He changed me. Once you leave the world you are the enemy. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Everybody I'm sorry" repeatedly screamed like some kind of silent beat a broken CD stuck on repeat. No one hears or they don't want to hear, may be fear? They'll lose it to or if they show mercy they'll be labeled weak... Some have already crossed that bridge silently, behind a door where nobody can see... Scarring and burning, laughing like it's not reality... Shhh! can't let them see, secrets held from childhood. Manipulative liars pretend to be strong especially in the jungle...

This is my wilderness and God is guiding me through, the pillar of cloud protecting me the pillar of fire so I can see. Ignorance, pride surround me. Shameful acts glamorized and dirty deeds publicized. Watching T.V. and fantasize but when I realize. That my way turned me into a loser. Don't know if these words will ever be heard

My Lord may call me home, I'm at peace with my God... Welcome to my world where men talk on the gate as a way to escape their voice filled with pain. Like nails scraped against a chalkboard raking my nerves. Relentless! If they can't rest, nobody can rest.....

↳ This is life without God, misguided, used, abused lost in darkness crying inside. When the Lord calls you better respond because He is the only one who can save your life. I'm gonna walk around my cage, pace in thought and dream of a better place. Patiently I wait on God because I know faith. My God will not forsake me!"