

I kind of dont know what to say, or I dont know how to say what I want to say, or maybe I simply just dont know where to start. I mean, I feel so bitter and mad and helpless and stupid and hurt and ragefull and confused and crazy and scared and ashamed and lonely that its troubling because I feel this way all the time. All the fucking time. My brain wont stop, my emotions wont stop, and my release date is nowhere in sight. Pretty safe to say that im a depressed person, which is the only other thing I know I am (the other is prisoner), but ive found ways to disguise my true feelings because its harmful as it maybe to keep these emotions bottled up inside I believe its even more dangerous to bare your soul, or truly be your unguarded self, around people who for the most part dont care or mean you no good. Or maybe my previous words were bullshit (i question my thoughts constantly) because when you think about it there isnt a soul walking Gods' green earth that cant relate to someone thats experiencing something unfortunate. People dont have to like you, or even know you, to feel you. So maybe its more likely I dont want to seem weak or vulnerable in the eyes of - well, anyone.

Somehow, despite being in prison and feeling so inadequate for the past 15 yrs, ive still managed to be a proud man. I guess its because

I find it important to hold on to whatever it is that helps one maintain sanity. Therefore, I can't break. I can't ever allow the system to make me forget that I am a man so I take an extreme amount of pride in the few things (important things) available for a man to grab hold of and possess under such conditions. Things like strength, respect, bravery, a code of honor, the ability to physically defend myself. I even take pride in the fact that women are still attracted to me, which is always a beautiful and pleasant thing, no matter how brief or far and in between the encounter. Now these things are cool, as far as they go. These necessary vanities. Because they help me maintain. They remind me in somebody's son, somebody that still has potential to love, grow, and be better, and not some disregarded specimen unworthy of anything remotely human. But even these things, these things that I take so much pride in, don't keep me from feeling the fuck'd up way I do.