

I thought to myself it must have been something I did or said but it was probably for nothing at all. Probably the fear factor - that those officers strong armed me, choked me and beat my body like their gun & badge wasn't threatening enough. Did they just want to intimidate me? I blamed myself and tried to justify their actions. Did they justify themselves by saying I was a gang member; that I wasn't innocent? Is that what I might have deserved? If that was my punishment who decided the punishment or was it that because society labeled me a criminal I was a criminal? I don't recall forfeiting my humanity. Our ideals call us to be inclusive, forgiving and compassionate yet instead we love being judgemental. We love to embrace the concept of "AN EYE FOR AN EYE!" who decided I was hopeless or incurable? Did me the outcast & outlaw do the outcasting? I've loved and felt pain like everyone else. So how do I fit the frame of what you say about me or who you say I am because I don't fit in. I'm condemned for the wrongs I've done but aren't you concerned about the wrongs done to me or what influenced me to turn out the way I did. The schools, police and courts started judging me at 13 yrs old. They chose to ostracize & marginalize me and my best interests were put on the back burner. The only answer to my transgressions to me being the odd ball was to throw me behind bars far away from my loved ones limiting & severing all contact with them. If they couldn't relate to me, identify with me or understand me should they have judged me? Why do we choose to turn our backs on the most at risk & vulnerable instead of giving them the most attention.