

Break

INSTITUTIONALIZED PART 2/LET US BRAKE MEN IN OUR IMAGE...

Although most prisoner housed indefinitely for extensive periods in solitary confinement, who at some point come face to face in the mirror with this almost unrecognizable DR. Frankenstein like creation, might describe in heinous details the disfigured features of institutionalization as a model of this legislative how to guide to constitutionally dismember the immaterial faculties of one's natural resistance to being tortured; 'if you ask me?' notwithstanding the all too familiar hallmarks were one too many inmates choose suicide rather than to carry on cooperating as a co-conspirator in their own dehumanization, the most atrocious account in the hideous annals of the how to brake an inmate guide is not exclusively the part were we experience our intellect losing the battle against our instincts to preserve whatever fragile fragments of sanity, we might be so fortunate enough to miracously salvage while the pressure of the desire to make sense out of no sense crushes our conscious, but more so a toxic chemical combustion of sensationalized reactionary parts. Most of which are undetectable to the untrained eye until there is this violent explosion of highly inflammable feelings. Including one feeling in particular were I discovered that the actual source of the pressure of the desire to escape the inescapable fate that is my institutionalization has evolved just as much as the necessity to breathe oxygen, drink water, or eat food out of the immaterial faculties of these GOD like forces you and I identify as self preservation. Immaterial faculties like our will, our reason, and our emotions. Which makes it all but impossible for any inmate who's genuinely interested in rehabilitation to unceremoniously in good faith, put his or her human nature up for ransom, under the illusion of owing and repaying a debt to society, when this debt requires one agencies of independence in exchange for a politically induced state of permanent disability. So let me be clear, if only for the sake of leaving absolutely no room whatsoever for any misinterpretation or doubt about what I mean by the title 'LET US BRAKE MEN IN OUR IMAGE', because what I mean is exactly what I see when I witness with my own two eyes, the Tennessee Department of Corrections enforce at gunpoint the every aspect of my functioning eb in full compliance with my own dehumanization. After it has incapacitated my rights. After it has incapacitated my mind. After it has incapacitated my heart. After it has incapacitated my soul. Until I have no power. Until I have no will. Until I have no reason. Until I have no conscience, nor feelings, or individuality. Until I have no potential to not only survive the challenges of the day to day struggle to adjust and fit in outside the prison walls, but also to even so much as love myself enough to care. What I mean is that by the time that one too many Frankensteins' are unleashed upon society after long enduring the post traumatic stress disorder like effects of extensive solitary confinement, and the state of Tennessee takes notice in some form of an impulsive, irrational, unprovoked criminal act, that we have nothing left of our humanity but our instincts, it will already be too late. "MUCH TOO LATE!" Not because the majority of the institutionalized will already be back in state or federa( custody) by then, but much too late because they will have never left it., since the institution by its own nature was designed to metamorphisize into a living, breathing, replica of its own likeness. So they can call the systemic torture and dehumanization of the mentally ill- "TOUGH ON CRIME". "Better yet", they can even call it criminal justice. But if you ask me I'll just call whatever is left of what has never been a department of corrections, this broken thing that keeps reproducing these broken things.....

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