

The streets had become a home and steady foundation, in which, I called a safe haven. I became indoctrinated in the realms of deception and dictated to by the demise of my own self destruction. The very tools I crafted and forged was the instruments, that I fell victim to.

It was as if I colonized different compartments of my ~~brain~~ cerebral intelligence to propel me into the depths of an unwritten society yet to take existence into the throes of reality. Success and the more consequential endeavors had become morally disrupted by vanity, hatred, anger, and discontent probing along the corners of my thoughts.

I enlisted the aid of a catastrophic metamorphosis that altered my abilities and collided my will of desire, passion and principles that isolated the rational intent I once marvelled in exchange for a set of circumstances deemed impractical, nonconclusive, and immorally orchestrated to derail my success.

The physical prison that I'm confined to now isn't as challenging as the mental

Domage of Naquish Castrated by the demise
of my own will to destroy myself. I hide
behind the smiles I express, because frowning
and showing the very emotions that I feel is
more devastating than the incarceration it's self.
Nothing in prison teaches you how to cope with
the ~~deep~~ depression and hardship of being
isolated from society. I'm more mentally
grounded by a new set of principles that
materialized throughout the journey of being
held beyond my freedom. Prison helps
not those who are compelled to it's
rules, but they're condition^s to self destruct
and lose focus of morality. Prison didn't
help nor encourage me to change. I did
it because I didn't want to become what
prison made of most people.

There's not much good left in me,
but the small bit that does remain, I
want to hold on to.