

1

For as long as I could remember, life has always provided me with not just unedited facts or false perceptive depictions of society. But it enabled me to fail and armed me with the tools to fall victim to circumstances, that prepared me for prison. I never wanted to indulge in the depths of society that was made up of drugs, violence and gangs. But, I was never given an opportunity to choose my path either.

I'm being judged for survival a struggle, where your everyday life consist of nothing but manifested acts you take in through your adolescence. So, right from wrong becomes based on your essentials of not just survival - but you living. The narrative in which creates the fabric of most individuals lives in urban society is based upon a Dias and misunderstood chapter - that's read to the masses or class of people, that's culturally separated by economical and intellectual borders.

My 29 years of existence had been well earned and using endeavors to

Verail my dwellings have casted a shadow of paranoia and fear, that made me more aggressive and unpredictable in aspects of acts committed in both the past and future.

Prison has the ability to elevate your aggression into relentless levels of rage and push your sanity on the brink certain danger. This environment makes you aggressive and the lack of a moral compass would ~~guide~~ guide you down a path of destructive conquest that'll forever break your journey of inner peace and external tranquility. Your hatred becomes stirred with anxiety, pain, sorrow and other emotions that'll concoct a catastrophic failure in your psyche. You'll become cut off from reality and placed in the realms of uncertainties.

I gravitated to the gang culture and embraced the teachings and aid it provided me mentally, because it was all I knew. My push of encouragement came from the criminal minded acts that propelled me through the gratification enlisted by others

Around Me. You can live a lie for so long that, that very fabrication becomes a mold of truth in your mind and you'll find your self questioning who you are. That's when you side with the person that's more accepted by society. You lose your self and forget who you really are while travelling a journey of gaining the knowledge of self.

Then you throw religion in the mix of your chaotic ~~ideas~~ atmosphere - Now you're really confused and twisted beyond repair.

Writing gives me an escape and helps me cop with the pain. I create worlds in my writings and I make peace with who I were and the person I am now - is imprisoned by the ~~fact~~ false narratives that sentenced him to life in an edited reality.

Forever the  
Writer