

NF

## The DARK Cloud

### FROM PRISON WITH CARE

When a person is arrested, regardless of the reason, regardless of being guilty or not of the crime, a horrible dark cloud starts to form in his or her mind. Dark cloud of anger, pain, sorrow, or desperation. All due to the uncertainty of his or her destiny that scares the accused to the very deep of his or her soul.

As we the accused go through the legal proceedings, the dark cloud gets darker, threatening with bursting and tearing us apart.

[If] found guilty, the dark cloud takes possession of our thoughts, of our being... But, it is until sentencing that it bursts, giving us the cruel sensation that we have been crunched down, that every eye on the world is looking at us, judging us as something worth less than trash.

Our loved ones, believe that the imposed sentence is the worst that could have ever happened to us. Or to any one accused of a crime. But they have no idea how wrong they are, or how wrong that thought is.

As we are sent to prison, our fears, nerves, anger and pains start to calm down, we start to see clear, that regardless of

EVERYTHING THAT WE HAVE GONE THROUGH, THE STORM FROM THE DARK CLOUD HAS JUST BEGAN TO FALL UPON US.

AS TIME PASSES IN PRISON, WE CAN FEEL HOW EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE VANISHES FROM OUR LIFE. MOST OF ALL, WE LOSE CONTROL OF OUR VERY OWN LIFE.

TO ALL OF YOU OUT THERE ON THE FREE WORLD, REMEMBER THAT HE OR SHE, WHO ONE DAY NOT TOO LONG AGO, UNDERSTOOD YOUR TROUBLES, YOUR PAINS AND YOUR SORROWS, MADE YOU LAUGH OR CRY, GAVE YOU LOVE, OR ADVICE AND WAS A PART OF YOUR EVERY DAY'S LIFE, FOR GOOD OR BAD... STILL LOVES YOU AND NOW, NEEDS YOU MORE THAN EVER.

WE (THE PRISONERS) DO NOT ASK YOU TO BUILD YOUR LIVES AROUND OUR PAINS AND SORROWS, WE JUST ASK NOT TO JUDGE US OR BELIEVE THAT [IF] IT WOULD HAVE NOT BEEN FOR OUR ERROR(S), LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT OR BETTER. REMEMBER, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT LIFE HAS FOR US BEHIND A "IF."

IF ANY OF YOU OUT THERE, COULD UNDERSTAND THE BEAUTIFUL FEELING THAT EMBARK US, WHEN WE RECEIVE A POST-CARD, OR A SIMPLE LETTER THAT ENSURE US THAT THERE IS SOME ONE OUT THERE WHO STILL LOVE OR AT LEAST REMEMBERS US.

DO NOT LET THE DARK CLOUD RAIN UP ON US, WE ALREADY HAVE THE LAW MAKING US FEEL

The dark cloud imposed upon our soul,  
Our real dark cloud of punishment comes  
to us, as we become forgotten from you.  
Remember us, as we will always remember  
you.

To all prisoners, love your family and friends  
even after they have forgotten you.

I do love, remember and pray for my loved  
ones every day. And I have been forgotten.

With love from Centinela State Prison,  
because I care about my fellow inmates.

