

## THERES NOTHING IN PRISON!

ANOTHER PERPETUALLY KICKED PRISONER WAS FRANTIC WITH RECKLESS ANXIETY AND DESPARATION AS HE WAS AGAIN PLACED INTO THE RESTRICTED HOUSING UNIT "AKA" SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

ONCED AGAIN HE WAS BURIED AND SILENCED IN A CONCRETE TOMB DESIGNED AND BUILT BY AN APETHETIC CAPABLE SOCIETY SURROUNDED BY THE CLANGING SOUNDS OF CHAINS, DOORS SLAMMING AND THE NEVER ENDING ECHOES OF WHINING, CRYING, KICKING, HOPELESS, PLEADING PRISONERS AROUND HIM.

AS THE DAYS MARCH BY WITHOUT MEANING, HE COMES TO FEEL LIKE AN INSECT INSIDE OF A JAR CAPTURED BY CURIOUS CHILDREN AND FOREVER TRAPPED IN THE ILLUSION, BUT REALITY IS CLEAR AND SOON REVEALS THE CARELESS, UNDER PAID ~~SERVANTS~~ POLITICAL SERVANTS INCESSANT PETULANT PECKING ON THE CELL DOOR WINDOWS MAKING SURE ~~HE'S~~ HE'S ALIVE.

THERES NOTHING IN PRISON BUT SOCIETIES WASTE. ONLY CHAOS AND A SEEMINGLY INSURMOUNTABLE PILE OF DAMP FILTHY PROBLEMS AND OBSTACLES THAT ARE CREATED BY RULE INTERACTIONS.

FOR THE MAJORITY OF PRISONERS WITH LOW MENTAL ACUMENS, THERE IS NO ROOM IN THEIR MINDS FOR REHABILITATION, ~~THERES~~ ONLY REBELLION AND BLIND RAGE CAUSED BY ALL OF THE SEPARATION OF THE SEXES AND BASIC HUMAN NEEDS. THERES ONLY REVENGE IN CAPITOL LETTERS THAT FILLS THEIR WEARY MINDS AS THEY PLOT UNTHINKABLE SCENARIOS AND TORTURE TO EVEN THE SCORE AGAINST THE DESPOTIC MINDS OF THEIR CAPTORS.

IN THE SCHEME OF IT ALL, VILE SUFFERING BY INDIFFERENCE OF MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE, ALL JUST DOING THEIR JOB MAKES FOR ANGRY, INFECTED, FESTERING WOUNDS. THE POLITICAL SERVANTS ARE NUMB AND INCAPABLE OF FEELING WHAT THE DEPRIVED FEEL. LIKE PUPPETS, THEY EXIST ONLY FOR SELF INDULGENCE AND TO APPEASE THEIR MASTERS. THEY STRUGGLE TO SEE THE LIGHT, BUT THEY WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE DARK LIFE LIVING BENEATH THE ROCK JUST AS THEY WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE CRUELTY OF IMPRISONMENT.

THERES NOTHING IN PRISON. SO HE WRITES LETTERS TO ANYONE WHO WILL READ THEM, BUT THEY DONT RESPOND. HE SCREAMS FOR FREEDOM, BUT THEY DONT HEAR HIM. HE HAS BEEN DRIVEN TO MADNESS THROUGHOUT NEVER ENDING PERSECUTION, YET HE IS STILL SANE.

HE IS FORCED TO LIVE IN GRAVE ISOLATION, DESTITUTE SIMPLY BY THE CRUEL WILL OF OTHERS FOR ILLOGICAL AND WICKED PURPOSES UNDER THE FALSE GUISE OF THE PENELOGICAL INTEREST AND SECURITY OF THE PRISON.

TRUTH IS, THERES ONLY TYRANNY AND A POLITICAL PRICKS INTEREST, AND THE ONLY SECURITY IN ANYTHING BEHIND THE WIRE ENTAILS VIOLENCE.

BUT NASCENT ~~SOCIETY~~ HISTORY SHOWN THAT VIOLENCE

ONLY BREEDS VIOLENCE? SO WHO CAN BLAME HIM OR EXPECT ANYTHING BUT VIOLENCE FROM HIM?

THE DENIAL OF THE AMENITIES OF CANTEEN ALTHOUGH HE IS MORE THAN FINANCIALLY CAPABLE, FORCES HIM TO FEEL ANOTHER PERPETUAL HUNGER WHICH IN TURN PSYCHOLOGICALLY PROGRAMS HIM TO FEEL NIHILISTIC TO THE CORE.

THERE'S NOTHING IN PRISON. ONLY DEPRIVATION. THE DEPRIVATION OF COMPANIONSHIP AND PHYSICAL EMOTIONAL LOVE FORCES HIM OUT OF DESPARATION TO LIVE IN THE MEMORIES OF HIS MIND CALLING TO REMEMBRANCE PAST INTIMACIES OF THOSE HE ONCE SHARED A CONNECTION.

THE CAPTORS AND SELKISH TOTALITARIAN SUBHUMAN CULTURE IS TOO DRUNK ON ITS POWER AND TOO BLIND TO FEEL WHAT HE FEELS AS HE LYES ON HIS PRISON BUNK STARRING AT THE CEILING BESIDE OF A CLOUDY WINDOW COVERED IN METAL MESH THAT LETS IN ONLY MINIMAL LIGHT, JUST ENOUGH TO ADPEASE THE RICH LIBERALS.

LIKE A DOG WHO HAS LOST THE WAG IN HIS TAIL, HIS SPIRIT LONG BROKEN BY HIS MASTER, HE STARES WITH HUNGRY EYES AT FREEDOM BEHIND THE LIME LIGHT OF TRUE REALITY AS AN INVISIBLE TINY TEAR STRUGGLES FORWARD TO MEET YOU.

THE TWINKLE IN HIS EYE THAT ONCE DENOTED LOVE HAS BEEN WASHED AWAY BY INCARCERATION, EXTINGUISHED BY A SOCIETY THAT TURNS A BLIND EYE TO THE HELL CREATED BY AMERICAN JURISPRUDENCE. JUST A SNARLING MEAN MESS OF CONTRADICTION.

ALL THAT IS LEFT IS A SPLINTERED SHARD OF FORGIVENESS LEFT OVER IN HIS COLD CALLUSED HEART THAT HAS BEEN KEPT WARILY ALIVE BY A SMALL GLIMMER OF HOPE.

WITHIN THAT SMALL LIGHT OF HOPE, IS A DREAM TO ONE DAY FIND A ~~small~~ CORNER OF THE EARTH AWAY FROM THE EVILS OF HIS CAPTORS, TO BE COMPLETELY FREE FROM OPPRESSION, BIGOTRY, CAPITALISM, AND TOTALITARIAN CONTROL.

A PLACE WHERE HE CAN ONE DAY LIVE AND BREATHE AGAIN.

A PLACE OF SOLIDARITY, EQUALITY, PEACE, LOVE, BEAUTY AND WORK WHERE HE MAY FIND MEANING. THERE'S NOTHING IN PRISON - - -

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SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

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