

I am Alone

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I stand on my own two feet to support myself through the troubles that irreputively left me in prison. I stand alone against everything against me. The systems of prison, mental illness, and of common man oppose me in my search for peace, health, and freedom of oppression. I ask for God and the devil replies, I struggle for health and all I see is illness, I look for a way out but all I see is obstacles, I see my fight is old and unstoppable but I'm on my own to figure out everything that is in my life because it is for myself. I am alienated by my intelligence, particular obstacles, as well as my far too common position as a prisoner. All I ask for is a clear way out of the trouble I am sinking in. There's days I see the bright side of living without responsibilities, and then there are times I long for them and hate I let them take everything they did from me. I look at my life to have memories come back to me and a new character arises out of me,

a character with more questions
and more easily influenced. I fight
off my mind to concentrate on reading
and development but I lack the
peace of mind to do this. I feel
like I was placed here to rot.
My youth away mentally and physically
with so little stimulation and government
involuntary medication. I lack freedom
to talk to women because of my
obvious poor situation and lack of
available women. I feel sick in
my soul. I feel as if the worst
imaginable thing is being done to me,
something irreplaceable and meaningless.
I know I was meant for better
things but because of stupid
realities I live a low life world.
Yet I see more than the walls
and locked doors. I see reasoning
far beyond of that of a regular
person or that that I would have
if it had not been for my
maladies. I work on not losing my
self. I seek peace in this storm
which destroys and makes room
for just about anything imaginable.

CS

3-7-20