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Dear Readers,

March, 30, 2020

From North Branch these words are being wrote. The message that we wish to demand is Protection from this time of crisis. Is it to Merit for us as convicted criminals to ask for help? Has the World forgotten that we exist? Maybe a cry that a unqualified Mental health Professional should get.

It is us who have to watch the world suffer, and be met with fears that our next Phone Call will go unanswered because they have contracted "C19". It was me who had to lead along with two others the need to demand why Prison Officials choose to "shake down" our hearing Unit after the Governor said all gatherings of 10 people are restricted. It was us who received investigating numbers in respect to the Institution ignoring the "Social distancing" and "Shake down during a viral Pandemic". It is us who now are faced with hindrance and retaliation because we feared for our safety because we lack the faith in the medical contractors that the Maryland Doc hires.

Case Management (vacant), Social Workers (vacant) Registered Nurses (vacant), Psychologist (vacant), Warden (vacant). Every body who is of importance has to act in a "Acting Capacity" because this institution holds the most vacancies in the Maryland Division of Corrections. What does it mean to me who has been seen and diagnosed with a Serious Mental illness? I cry because I'm afraid that just because I portray a strong visual, administrative Officials won't believe

believe me.

My health includes my mental also. My welfare includes my well being. My safety includes my feeling that I can unburden myself to those who are tasked with my body. I fight so that my mind can remember the faces of my family without having to look at my photo album.

In this moment I know what it is to have a triple mix. I have two sets. Health, Safety, Welfare. I and Others now smell fear, feces, and pepper spray. Who better to protect us than them? Do I make sense when I throw myself at the mercy of the institution? Should I admit that I am powerless without proper guidance? Maybe I should ask the wardens Empty Position to intervene on our behalf.

March, 30, 2020 and my birthday was yesterday and I now am 29 years old. Am I receiving the proper treatment when all I wanted to do was escape into an abyss of highs and medication? My day has come and now I feel forgotten. Yesterday I felt like a person of importance yet today the mental health Registered Nurse didn't ask me how I was doing.

It was my neighbor who spoke with me through the confessional booth and the vent. In my medicine cup I receive meds for the voices that call me. In the vents we go from friends to therapist and patients. In our cells sits a speaker that has said nothing to me and loud I believe

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Yet I think I hear it so I cover it with tape. I am known as Chris. X cofounder of the New African Blood Strand yet I am still my SID# 2390623. My life is no secret, so when I say that it is hard I need the readers to multiple it to your favorite number.

I sit on a tier of single cells with individuals who have now recommitteed the very crime that most of them are currently serving time for. I have not committed a jail house slaughter. So why is my friend one who is capable and now I must serve as his ear and his other? Is this 23<sup>#</sup> and 1<sup>#</sup> setting appropriate for individuals who have verified mental health disorders? Do you wish to taste the rainbow as you pick a pill out of my hand to match your smart like demeanor as you judge me?

Who counsels the people who have killed in prison to survive? Should they submit request forms saying that they are now ready to talk? Should they not have to worry about how crafty the Psych Personnel is that Homicide and suicide is the only option and relief of treatment? Who listens? I know, Me! Not them, but me.

I really am tired.

Christopher. Reginald. Coy

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