

I begin to self analyze myself as if
im the bad guy and the good guy. I
guess you can say Im bipolar ~~as~~
for day is ok I guess I have been
haveing those thoughts about death again
as if I havent conquered death a few
times already. life means nothing if
you fear death in my eyes. How can I
live and die at the same time? you may
think Im crazy but no Im S/5d
criminally insane. The state says my
habits make me unfit to live in society
so I must live behind bars for the
rest of my life and Im the crook
Right? If life is a question then
is death really a period? This is supposed
to go in my Journal but I guess

②

I decided to share it with you today.
I told my self I rather die than
be in this place but Im still here
I guess you can blame my wife
cause I didnt think she needed to
die with me ~~no~~ matter how much
she begged me to. Am I a cruel for
thinking of taking her hostage just
to gain my freedom? are you getting
the picture now how much I wanted
my freedom? Yes I take (meds) some
say Im crazy but I say they made
me this way the Justice department
all ways likes to point fingers but
Never at them selves. who is uncle
Sam?? It aint no uncle of mine or
may be it is cause black folks love

to dig in your pocket but never shake (3)
money or lint for that matter in. But
I dont think you came for fear me say
that. my mind rambles most of the
time life is a unpleasant bad night
mare the plot really is a tomb stone
and Im a dead man walking. You get
to experience the inside of a deadmans
head like they did Einstein to figure
out he had a brain like us he just used
it make better choices. I found out
that some of the most smart people
are really dumb but thats a opinion
of a criminal right?? Im laying in
my bunk counting days which doesnt
make me a better counter only makes me
very bitter in the process. I use to
have a life which didnt amount to any

(4)
any thing its was poverty with a capital
P its never over no matter how much
drugs I sold, selling drugs on TV made
me more in the lines hard Rich but still
Poor. But I learned being poor is a
state of mind also being broke is being
broke. I was homeless a few time the
worst part of being homeless is being
homeless with a wife and carrying a knife.
I Really mean that I'm not just making
this up. And any fool who felt I was
a target to rob or pester was the
next unsolved mystery. The truth should
be just that be cause I'm a guy not
to accustomed on being without. I use
to take what I wanted for a living
but at the time of my homelessness

I just suffered - I don't know why ⑤
guess god never put it on me to do
what I love doing (take) from people.
I felt like Job because while I
was running from my old life I had
to struggle I imagine that!! If you
tuned in to this then you will see
that my life isn't so exciting. But I'm
here to tell you there is a plus to
all this mess just a bunch of minutes.