

Dear Readers(s),
I have not wanted to wake up in the morning for fear that I would get sick. Today was now the same as it was yesterday. A day in the present in which I now am afraid of the Corona virus as much as the audio hallucinations that I have battled my whole adult life. Today feels of yesterday, and of the day before. This time is scary for me also. I've wrote to speak with the vacant psychology department. I seen the head of the psychology department today walk pass my window today. She said she was not seeing passes on her already were raw and back. I attempted to appeal to her by identifying myself by saying this is "Cox", hoping that she would realize that I am one of her SMI (seriously mentally ill) patients. The brush off of her was so swift with justice and autonomy I feel if she believes she is a officer and I a inmate, versus her being the mental health supervisor, and me her patient.

The medication that I receive at night helps with the night terrors. She speaks with me, well she listens as I speak mostly and is there when the conversation comes to the so normal ending of "Pishh man, forget it". This is said because I feel in that moment I am being just seen, that nobody knows my story, or that I am being heard instead of listened to.

I tire with excitement. I crave knowing that they know the threat is real. I question then and I answer then, because confusion is my confusing friend. Now as I sit back to the confessionals both aka the vent I listen to the music of my homeboy's X-box. I wonder what he did today to pass his time, but I dare not interrupt him because now it is 6:30pm and I have not heard his voice at all today. A friend who you don't want to disturb because you know that he finds solace in realize that he is a God.

It feels as though I am in a Psych ward/mental hospital rather than a tree located in Cumberland, Maryland. A Super Maximum Security! A Maximum II status, I am, SMI I was diagnosed with, this tree I don't belong, because the number of individuals with institutional stays/stayings out weigh the initial charge of the convicted. So out of this craziness my brother and I have formed the News Afrikans Blood Stealer. Him being 46 and I 29. A bridge that has gave a short cut to Generation Gap Parkway. To Confront Unjust, OR not to Confront. I believe, No, No, No, we believe that all lives matter. So away with long term isolation, medical abuse, retaliation, program abuse, substance abuse, indefinite segregation, and LLP with freedom of speech, Human Rights, and Civil Liberties. On ward we say to those who require we if we wish to expose those who oppress us in this dangerous times, my mother, sisters, brothers, and friends are at risk as are theirs. Where is the compassion in being human?

The "Cipher of five" will not be complete until I have been given *82* lashes to call and support the cause.

Divine Embrace!

Love Truly: Christopher "Chris. X" Reynolds. Cor. 4R

Ps I thank You APWA family for this opportunity. Without this outlet and newer organizations who have new followers in your path I would only "be".

(Homage)