

AZ EYE DRIFT?

by: Kuzh Bandoi.

It's My decision. My thoughts develop My words and sometimes contradict My actions. I am in full control of Myself. Things have changed now. Existing behind a concrete wall laced with barbed wire and steel doors. How much control do I really have? I must choose to conform or rebel. I must choose to live or die. People die everyday, I refuse to stay asleep.

Dreams tend to fade but memories last a lifetime. A picture is worth a thousand words - a thousand times. Only I can emancipate Myself from mental slavery. Physically, I am in bondage. Spiritually, I'm free. Emotionally, at times I feel confused with anger, regret, resentment, despair but I've found a strength I never knew was there.

The experiences in My life, both good and bad, creates the ink in My book, but God is My vehicle to concentration. Pictures of family vacations strengthen My motivation. Enhancement through education is the foundation of My communication skills. I focus on My higher power and My inner self as I strive, climb and persevere.

The media release images of destruction on this planet we call earth. I'm not alone and though I feel lonely at times, I still see the light from the sun. It shines because I am no longer blind. Before I was lost on a road with no map, no direction or knowledge of My location in this life. That is a path I have abandoned. I now show attention to My legacy, My God has given Me appreciation and gratitude for the harvest I've sowed. I study, I read, I write if time allows. I learn from others and share ideas with similar minds. I dig to uncover the truth of facts that have been left behind.

A schedule has been set for Me but My opinion plays no part. My calls are monitored and limited. I am required to pay service fees but I seem to have no problem with that. My letters are read before I see them and screened for contraband.

I can drift off into the clouds and find Myself floating amongst the stars. This is only a cage if I turn My attention from what's beyond the bars. I

think about My children growing up without a father. My parents lost their son. I'm a number of profit, a stock, a commodity who is warehoused and left to mold. My imagination allows Me to escape. The showers are cold, the keys are loud, the people are filled with hate! There are mountains on the other side of the gate. It's "yall recall" a quarter after eight. At nine forty-five p.m. all doors must be lock and the alarm is set on the clock, a beep at five-thirty a.m. on the dot. Breakfast will be served at six, a bowl of grits, or instant oatmeal mix. It's not an option, I do not get the choice to pick. If I am broken then how will I be fixed? LOL an emoji of blazing fire. At the bottom of the barrel the only direction is going higher.

Everyday is the same routine; no grass no trees. The color of brink and the feel of dirt. The smell of fear and the sound of hurt. I still have to continue to grow one day at a time. "Get up stand up" is the tune I hear from Mr. Marley. Push-ups, sit-ups, dips and at least five hundred burpies generate adrenaline. Creased khaki uniforms show My concern for My hygiene. Urinals are shared, profiles are labeled, the strong and weak are combined together. Prayers are recited, manhoods are challenged, survival of the fittest is expressed through battles of intelligence.

Some of My words are misspelled and My handwriting is gibberish because the lights are out while I paint this picture. The stain of rust flows in the drinking water as calcium builds up around the pipes. The toilet flushes three times in one use, the sink is a pool for bugs. Laying flat on the bunk I have been assigned to I look up to the ceiling as the warm air leaks from the vent. Compressed in a space, one outlet, one way, the window is covered with tint. A pigeon lands on the sill, I assume he speaks but he glides away proudly to his next destination. Screams echo through the silence, a Man is being raped and beaten by the Man he is expected to share his closet space with. I momentarily drift into a state of unconsciousness.

I am misunderstood. My thinking is discouraged and I must accept the good and the evil. My life has been placed in a bucket and everything that I owned has been dispersed among those whom have betrayed My well being. I can only depend on the God Almighty that I worship. Salvation is personal and business is pleasure for those who abuse their authority. Where can I go from here? All types of questions clutter My mind as I organize My

visions and goals. I have bold thoughts saying, "I will gain what I have set forth to obtain". My accomplishments are measured with time and not material wealth. My Legacy!

As I better Myself as a person - maturity - I learn a valuable lesson about life. Boys are taught to be men and women are expected to act like ladies; who's to judge? My spirit tells Me right from wrong but at times I choose not to listen. The longer I ignore My calling, meaning and purpose, the more I see what life is missing. It is My decision, My thoughts develop My words and often contradict My actions. I am in full control of Myself. I choose which direction I want to take next. I have the free will that My God has given Me! As I drift, I must choose which path I must take.