

APWA

"It was the best of times
It was the worst of times
It was the age of wisdom
It was the age of foolishness
It was the epoch of belief
It was the epoch of incredulity
It was the season of light
It was the season of darkness
It was the spring of hope
It was the winter of despair.

- Charles Dickens

'A TALE OF TWO CITIES'

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The above quote is from my favorite book, the above quote is from my most disliked book.

How strange and confounding that we see and relate to an antique of a book dealing with dungeons and archaic laws.

I try to stay focused on the positive, but the scars are internal.

I sit here, in a confinement cell for a death I had nothing to do with. I look in the scratched up mirror and see what they must see. Tattooed face, scars on lips and eyebrows. X'd break scars on my knuckles from a life of violence and understand. It doesn't matter that I didn't kill that dude, I look like a fucking caricature of violence, so, if the peg fits, right?

But no, my inner warrior resists, says, 'man, fuck that, I am not what you perceive.'

So, for the last 30 something days I've sat in the box, under investigation, while they try and figure out the

truth. Even if they do, and realize that there is no blood on my hands, no stain on my soul, the best law looking at is being locked down until they send me to some other camp in this wonder ridden Sunshine state.

Which actually kinda sucks, because due to COVID-19 there aren't any transfers, so people have been locked back here for months, 5, 6 months. No reading material, no access to phones to contact and check on loved ones. People are stressed, and live in hot, sweaty squalor (no AC in Florida prisons) and do what most people do in situations like this. They get high. Well, what do they get high on? The cheapest, most dangerous drugs available, KZ, meth and O'd on psyche pills. I say 'they' as if I am somehow removed from them, but the reality is that we are inextricable. I am 'they' and 'they' are me.

If I sound like I am complaining, I am not, I am just bruised and angry. I'm tired of the insanity of the box, I am tired of the stress of not being able to check on my elderly grandmother, I am tired of worrying.

This is my testament, and if you want to know the rest, than follow me on down.

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