

Just another Day in lockdown during covid 19

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hello everyone

As I sit in the cell I realize how frustrating this must be for some people, IT really doesn't bother me that much since I am an artist, I have always been able to occupy my time, see I look around me and see a bunch of men that want to get high and drunk, and don't get me wrong I enjoy a bottle or two of hooch here and there, But I still try to work towards something, see I used to be a professional tattoo artist, and I have started to make some Black lives matter pieces to donate and send to art galleries, The guy that I live with called me a sellout, which I think is kind of funny coming from a guy who gambles away money that his family sends, I don't know I have a talent and I feel that I should use it, But I don't know I feel that the police shouldn't be killing unarmed people, and the prisons just lock us down during covid 19 I can't get a job at this time, and there is no one out in the world to send me money I can't go to an art program or anything, if I didn't have my talents as an artist I would have lost my mind and went hungry by this point I ended up in the hole a few months ago because they were forcing me to live with a man that yelled racist comments all day thought that everyone was talking to his family and about him and that the birds outside were saluting him, how can they force this on people I was happier in the hole in my own cell, were we weren't allowed anything, for me none of this matters see everyone sees this place as a punishment, I have been able to use all my days to work on art and trying to improve myself on an inner journey, cause in here I have learned, But in my opinion that is the real problem, no one in here really minds their own business, if they would they could probably change their lives for the better, I know that once I got to the point were I only worry about my stuff, But it's the journey of life that matters, see for me, I got outside for some fresh air, I had plenty to eat, I was able to take a nice hot shower; does a person really need more I mean I would love to talk to my family But I doesn't really happen I know part of this my fault and part is theirs, I'm going to be here for a very long time, I really am at a point in life were reflection and realization

has changed things, I understand that my parents will be dead when I get out of here and my kids will be grown up. But then again I have to worry about making it through another day without getting killed, because violence is all most people understand, in here, I don't like being violent, and I real don't know how to hate people any more I try to see the good in everyone, and love everyone, in a way that I just want to see the best for everyone, how do I do this in a place so full of hate and stupidity? These are some of my thoughts feelings and daily goings on I deal with, some days are harder than others. A man once told me not every day is the same, it took a while to understand that, but I realize that I have to try to make my life better cause no one will but me, of course through all this I try to have hope and make the world a better place, yet I realize that the whole time in life I would say what can I do, I'm just one person that can't make a difference, I never will, & I think like that, it's funny when I think about it this is just another Sunday and my thoughts are all over the place. But I still look forward to the next one.

Nuclear
Death