

Home is where you make it

Here I go again I try to make time for my diary because hey it helps to get all the stuff out my head trying to stay focused is a hard task I think or I know I'm ADHD but I can focus on certain things. I sleep then wake up but I desent help me.

Every body is going through the same cycle in this place. we spinning our wheels in this. who would have thought that this would be my life forever. in my eyes this place and places like it will be my home for every long time home is where you



make of then eternity remains in this little  
hell on a box. I walk daily to keep my  
self busy and to think how I want or need  
to think.

I was homeless at least 3 times  
in my life its not a very good thing but  
it taught me how to be humble about alot  
of things people take for granted, we  
are all victims of our own making. That's  
to thank that god plamed this forme.

I keep going over all my past  
flaws and dumb mistakes to understand  
why this had to be the ending point. I  
told my self once I finished my 7  
years sentence that was it with police



and Sad Nurse's new look at me so  
or 40 years I cant pull that its have  
or 85 percent of that like my life might  
be over but nobody can understand my pain.

My wife is here but I dont think she  
understands the facts you I believe she can  
be here and will be here but is it worth  
of this place and places like it are my home  
may god bless me to be strong enough to  
deal with this like a man.

Nobody understands the pain I go  
through daily just to keep myself happy  
Freedom aint what its made out to be  
any ways but still I wish I could have  
had it. I think one day I will get it



but it won't be what I expect Adobe  
freedom is an side you feeling you got to  
have it to own it but any ways welcome  
to my home where I try to make the best of  
it.

with the world going crazy out there  
how do as Felon's deal with our lives? I'm  
gonna try to give you a inside key to all this  
but its not easy to hear of for me to  
write. I have to think about the out come  
and force the words out my head into  
my hand and this black pen. welcome to  
my home.