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ESSAY TITLED ALONENESS BY THE POET DIRLEWIR
WRITING ARTIST

DAMIANE LEE, JOHNSON, JUNIOR

IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE I WAS VIOLENTLY
WRINGLED FROM SOCIETY AND RELATIONSHIPS
WITH WOMEN I AM A FIFTY EIGHT YEAR
OLD AFRICAN MALE AND I'VE SPENT
MORE THAN HALF OF MY LIFE IN SOME
TYPE OF INSTITUTIONAL SETTING MY SUPER
EGO, THAT HISTORIC, PROUD, IMAGINE,
IS A VASTLY DISTORTED IMAGE.
MY PERSONAL COLLECTIVE, UNCONSCIOUS
SELF, THAT CORRESPONDS WITH GOOD,
AND EVIL, JOY, AND PUNISHMENT,
LIFE AND DEATH, IN MY DISTORTED
THINKING. BUT THAT TRUTH IS IN A
HUMAN BEING FIRST, AND A MAN SECOND.
I ALSO HAVE TO LOOK BACK I PLAYED
IN ALL OF MY PAINFUL EXPERIENCES
OVER MY LIFE TIME.

ESSAY TITLED ALONENESS.

I'VE RECOGNIZED SOME OF MY PATTERNS OF BEHAVIOR BUT IS MY ATTITUDE I CAN CHOOSE TO BE POSITIVE OR NEGATIVE. BUT NO MATTER WHAT I'M GOING TO BE A QUITE FRIENDLY OLDIER GENTLEMAN AND ONE THAT LITTLE CHILDREN ADDRE AND TRUST AND I NEED TO STAY NEUTRAL AND TRY AND TREAT EVERYONE WITH RESPECT AS MUCH DEPENDS ON THEM AND ME. NEVER HANG OVER A BROTHER OR SISTERS SHOULDER. I KEEP MY SPIRIT ALIVE BY CONCENTRATING ON WRITING POETRY AND ART. MAYBE I'M NOT A POET OR ARTIST BUT I DO HAVE CONFIDENCE. BUT FATE RARELY GRANTS ONE SATISFACTION!

ESSAY TITLED ALONENESS

I AM COOPED UP IN A TWO MAN CELL
AND IT WOULD BE IN FACT VERY
EXHAUSTING IF I WERE IN AN
ISOLATE BY SIX SINGLE MAN CELL
I KNOW MY MIND AND ALSO MY
THOUGHTS COULD EXPAND, MY MIND
COULD WANDER ABOUT AS I SOAK IN
SOME ALONENESS, NO ROOMATE,
NO MILDORAMA, NO ENCESSANT
CHAIR, BUT COMPLETE SILENCE,
AND SOLITUDE, THE PROBLEM WITH
MY ROOMMATE IS HE NEVER SLEEPS
UP NOT FOR A MOMENT, BUT THIS
PEACE AND SERENITY I COULD
EXPERIENCE IN A ONE MAN CELL
WOULD BE THE NICEST VACATION
I VE EVER HAD AND I WOULD CLEAN
MY CELL TO THE HIGHEST
MILITARY STANDARD.

ESSAY TITLED ALIENNESS

I COULD READ BOOKS, AND BOOKS
WRITE POETRY, AND STORY STORIES,
AND WORK ON MY BODY, MIND AND
SPIRIT, ALSO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS
LOOKING OUT THE THICK DUST COATED
PLASTIC WINDOW OF MY ONE MAN
CELL INTO A THICK WOODED
JUNGLE A UNVARYING WORLD. ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE AND
THE IRONIC CHAIN LINK FENCE
RAZOR WIRE PIERCES THICKLY
COULD GLISTENING IN THE SUNS
RAYS LIKE AN LONG VERTICAL
SILVER COILED SNAKE OF MIMICRY
I'VE COME TO REALIZE IM NEVER
GOING TO BE REALIZED BACK INTO
THE CIVILIZED UTOPIAN FANTASY
SOCIETY I ONCE LIVED IN

ESSAY TITLED ALONENESS

MY REALITY MY WORLD IS LATELY
CONFINED, IN JAIL OR IN A STATE
PENITENTIARY, OR STATE HOSPITAL,
ALL WITHIN AN INSTITUTIONAL SETTING.
I COULD BE A LOT WORSE

THAT THERE ARE SO MANY BABIES, YOUNG
AND AGED PEOPLE DYING ALONE
ALONENESS IN SOME FILTHY 3RD
WORLD SLUM. SLOWLY STARVING TO
DEATH FORCED TO DRINK WATER
CONTAMINATED WITH URINE AND
HUMAN EXCREMENT. THIS TYPE OF
SUFFERING GOING ON IN THE WORLD
WORSE THAN MEN.

BUT I'VE CHALLENGED MYSELF
HEMINGWAY SAID THE WRITER'S
FIRST DUTY IS TO SERVE, HIS
SECOND IS TO WRITE.

ESSAY TITLED ALONENESS

I HAVE TO WRITE AND READ EVERY DAY. AND I WILL SURVIVE I'LL ALSO KEEP WRITING UNTIL I'M PHYSICALLY DEAD. I DON'T FEAR DEATH. I DO FEAR CLINGING TO LIFE. BUT SCIENTIFICALLY EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING ALIVE WILL DIE ONE DAY. EVEN THE SUN WILL DIE IN A TIME FAR, FAR INTO MILLIONS FUTURE. BUT TRUTHFULLY THE THING I FEAR MOST ABOUT MY DEATH IS HOW IM GOING TO DIE THE END.