

Although time Creeps by oh so slowly - like a snail on a lazy stroll upstream - i am nonetheless, incapable of keeping up.

Life - without mercy, without even glancing back simply continued to pass me on by in a featureless blur.

As the years go by, my life merely wastes away here in this tomb-like structure, that some might call a isolation cell.

The walls concrete - practically identical - unrelentlessly glaring back at me, with their deep hard stare from which i cannot avoid.

imprisoned in this fortress like structure, where the windows prevent you from peering out. And the doors seem to never open.

This place where the cold is like an icy wind, chilling you to the bone leaving you listless and lifeless - frozen

This place where sorrow and loneliness are dominant and wage war within me as if in a ferocious battle ripping and tearing apart my heart and soul.

This place where regret and agony stab at you with

their long hard steel. Slashing me to the core.

As i begin to fade away because of these unearthly cruel and life threatening wounds, darkness begins to engulf me. propelling me further deeper into the pit of despair.

while in the darkness which has consumed me, and with nothing else to focus on i cannot help but to become acutely aware of the fact that life has been just so unfair. cruel and unusual.

Realization sets in and panic overtakes me - i dont want to die here amongst the darkness all alone. there is just so much i have not done.

never have i soared the peaks of happiness on the wings of some beautiful angel to take me there. never have i had the enjoyment of experiencing the simple pleasures that life had to offer.

and unfortunately made vividly aware of the fact that there is just so much more that i will never be able to do from here. Dying in this lifeless inhuman existence.

why, why was i born into this life? why into this

World of abandonment and neglect? Why did I have to inherit this world when I didn't even have a chance nor anybody to show me or lead the way?

What lessons were there to be learned? Why is there still no piece of the puzzle coming together.

Dying in an execution that I was never sentenced to was never part of the agreement and was never explained to me.

As I mourn my death - I think about others who may have suffered similar to me - just in their own unique way. And hope nobody else will have to die a similar painful and horrible death, in prison of their own kind whether metaphorically or actually.

And therefore I hope that I might be able to help - whether through words or my experience - to deter someone from a similar path that I had unwittingly trodden down.

Turn around and find another way. Spare your heart the pain spare your mind the disruption. Life isn't fair and sometimes you given things that you do not desire but you don't have to make it worse.

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