

The Realities of my World

So many people are captivated by these false realities that they lose themselves, simply becoming a product of this environment. I begin to watch as their dreams and aspirations slowly faded away. The fire in their eyes began to subside. I took into consideration that maybe it is too hard to stay focused in such a tempting situation, the ones in blue consistently insulting us; refusing to view us as equal. To them we are only animals in state green uniforms and they are the human beings. Therefore, their dominant attitude weakens those who aren't mentally strong. My peers further segregate each other as they pretend they're the ones in blue.

I question where do we find escape?
Where do we turn when you have become too tired

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or if all? Within our prison system there is a society of its own. This place continues to fail us. They strip us of our dignity and degrade us instead of rehabilitating us. They provoke us into arguments we know we'll never win. Their words and actions supersede ours as they break us down. These people are meant to protect us, yet all they do is abuse us for their own entertainment.

It is the moments when our backs are against the wall that we realize that it is too painful to face our realities because in the end it is confusing to understand how such inequalities are even possible. Then I come to terms on how my country's foundation has been built off the suppression and oppression of its citizens. How are we within a nation that

proudly screams, "This is the land of the free" but for every life born or migrated here has paid a price.

Some cheaper than others. Inequalities run races between the strips of our flag and every star represents 50 states that holds the largest mass incarceration rate globally. I lay in my prison cell questioning what does justice consist of? Justice to me sounds like a distant dream.

Too many families end up broken by these walls, along with hearts and souls. Which makes me think how individuals could carelessly waste their precious time returning to this place; where the ones who sit behind desks in their fancy suits believe that correction takes place. It isn't this place that changes you but the will and desire from within. This place only gives you a larger amount of time to realize

analytically what your past, present, and future holds with clear conscious eyes and an opened mind. Life unfolds and reveals itself in many different forms, which too often are misunderstood. Sadly, within here divergent realities rule our world and the corruption of the power structure conquers our lives; taking advantage of the weak to get ahead.

I am not suffering alone, my child is motherless and his fears are reminders of the heartbreak I caused him when I received my 16-year sentence. My mother's aches and sorrow vibrates through her voice each time the phone says we have one minute left. This place actually ruins more than what people want to recognize. My cries land on deaf ears and the eyes and mind of "justice" fails to see the years of pain and my wanting to be accepted. However, they have hearts sealed from feeling compassion as they draw

portraits of my young black life. Images filled with too many flaws, they fail to highlight the beauty instead they display the ugly. Neither do they take their time to get to know the real me.

It is the lost souls traveling through this rough America that keeps me up at night hearing a familiar cry of agony, as my pillowcase soaks in rivers of tears. I learned that even if you do nothing wrong, they'll still view you as guilty because of the lack of ability to see what is beneath the surface. I am still to find myself in this toxic jungle meant to destroy me. I have withstood being isolated with nothing but my demons, I forced myself to grow. I knew the moment I felt myself outgrowing my cage that the search for more knowledge was what I needed. What is freedom

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if my mind is locked away? How could I be set free and remain foolish to their game? I was expected to fail because of the lack of blue in myself and the pigment in my skin. This world has swallowed me whole, a young naive girl unable to see that I was only a pawn in their master plan.

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