

Free style Essay

3/11/23

So I Label this "Freestyle" because I am not quite sure how to Compose a true Essay nor do I know exactly where this will go...

I am here serving a 60 year sentence for a heinous murder of a innocent, loving Mother and Grandmother. Of which I am ashamed of, sorry for, and still to this day do not know how I came to be Capable of.

At first I was of the mind to just be ruthless and hard throughout my life here but after a few fights and violent assaults I realized that there were three people of whom truly cared about me and deserved any contact that I could give. My son, mother, and stepfather have been behind me no matter what I've done.

Upon this realization I put my hands down and lifted up my eyes to what only really matters in this life, my family.

Since 2020 I have grown into the man I could have been had it not been for the stunted growth by the abuse of drugs.

I am now an artist, writer, and someone with a wealth of knowledge to help those that will be receptive.

I pride myself on the morals and values my parents taught me. I see the mass of the incarcerated blaming staff for these poor conditions and thus targeting officers and abusing any and every privilege as a means to express their misery.

I keep to myself and remain polite and easy to get along with. I know that these Correctional officers are not my enemies. Heck, I've had great experiences with staff. Don't get me wrong I've had an argument once or twice but I have not nor will I ever assault a staff member.

I consider the plight of staff more than I do the guy next to me. I feel for those that have to come here each day and subject themselves to this environment.

Maybe I am much more than these walls will allow...

Dirty, Confined, unforgiving, and uncaring are but a few words to describe this environment.

I truly want rehabilitation but I'm left to do it on my own. Yes, there are programs and jobs but there are hundreds of factors that have to be considered. Any one of which will take us away from opportunity.

Say one guy is jealous of me as a white male gaining progress all he has to do is drop a note to I.A. with a lie and bam! I'm under investigation in "Restrictive Housing". If that doesn't work then they'll send one of their "shorties" to assault me, at which point I have no choice but to defend myself. Then of course I am held accountable as if I'm the one of whom started this set of events. Craziest thing, there is law that says I have the right to defend myself.

I've been the victim of this within my first month in Menard Correctional Center, 2014. I did 30 days in the hole after someone snaked (caught off guard) me almost unconscious. Yea, I shook it off and put a whooping on this guy but I was pepper sprayed and throw in a seg cell even though a cage full of officers saw this guy blind side me...

Now they say "Restrictive Housing" but it is still segregation. Changing a title doesn't alleviate the mental impact of cell confinement.

I've done so much time in "Seg" that I prefer it over "population". The sub is that I cannot have access to all available programs back here. The question here is why? I am guilty of perpetrating offenses that has placed me in "Restrictive" ②

Housing." I am and always have been man enough to admit my wrongs and accept my repercussions. Even with my current 60yr sentence, I owned up to my faults and even ~~went~~^{went} as far as asking for this time after (90) something days in County Jail!

I say all of that to put emphasis on my accepting nature.

Staff would tell anyone that I am unlike most of my peers. I want peace and opportunity to show my strong work ethic. I have become a strong capable man away from drug abuse and have truly realized my potential. All I need is a real chance!

As of right now I have a few months left in seg but I dread coming out because I dont want to be subjected to the non-sense these guys perpetuate. The hate, misery, and destruction runs deep. In "Restrictive Housing" I am not exposed to it as much.

what to do?