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Concrete Box

There is nothing special about a dull interior with a monotonous, boring monochrome. What is special, though, is the elasticity of your imagination once you cancel all your worries; it can stretch infinitely like a shapeless rubber band if you permit it. Wishing for a change of choices automatically floods your conscience. Your goals and ambitions become fantasies and are out of reach, now. They are having picnics in the world you took for granted. Freedom is the name. "How can I blindfold this reality I put myself in? How do I cope?" Those are the initial questions I asked myself once I ran out of things to think of. The smell in this enclosure can be claustrophobic, if such a thing exists. My eyes have nowhere else to look but inwards. My mind's weather is much better than this physical one. I have memorized every crevice of all corners in this cell. Man, how could I rob myself from the hugs and affection of my Loved ones and trade it for the discomfort from this blanket's rash?

Well, learning to adapt is one of my many gifts and it doesn't have to be Christmas to unlace Pandora's Box. I get undressed to my boxers to dust off this symmetric dungeon's stench synonymous with my Grandmother's (Rest In Peace!) wigs stored up in her attic for decades. My lungs can taste the dust bunnies coming off the vent as I swiffer away with a wet towel. Scenes of my childhood come out of my mental vault and organize themselves in a buffet fashion. I swipe left and before my life's timeline hits puberty, I pause at Tania Garza's image. She was my first Love at eleven. I levitated with glee. The butterflies in my stomach made me feel like Superman. The poem I wrote for her soon floated all over my cell like soap bubbles. I recited that poem, and as each word was said the bubbles burst. Suddenly a dagger stabs my chest. Tania's mom had sent her away from me. The poem was left at the doorstep and did not make it to Tania's hands. That puppy move was myryptonite for sure.

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Concrete Box (continued)

I should have kept swiping left. Waking up from that daydream was a cold fist to my gut. The longer I spent time with my thoughts the colder it became. The flame in my heart keeps me warm and relaxed from the inside, my body battles the obstacles this freezer envelopes me with emotionally and mentally. I operate without the thought of being conquered by the titanic oppression. Just how the Titanic sank, so can the situation I'm in submerge from my persistence's puncture. Weak are the whines of my stomach's growls. However, I hold my ground. It's obvious that the goosebumps are a sign of outward weakness but my soul keeps my heart's flame alive inspiring me to thrive.

Transmigration crosses my mind. What if... wait, death is involved in transmigration! I'm coming out of this one in my original shell. There is no 'Theseus' ship in here, no way! But if I can project, I'll embrace that opportunity with a bearhug and roam freely to wherever the changes in the wind take me. I hunger to seize the opportunity. - I'm done with all the cleaning. I'm looking forward to quench my hungry stomach. For now I'll take a hot birdbath, unfold that desolate blanket constructed with hiving fibers, and wait for dinner with the patience of a monk.

Reflection without a mirror can be haunting. You get to see yourself from all angles and can give yourself the chills. Dinner was a small portion meant to feed a child. My catnap was brief. I get up and start concrete surfing. I can feel the heels and balls of my feet deteriorating with every stride. I'm bored and in need of human contact. A word from the turnkey is like tumbleweed in the desert. Besides, I'm not going to initiate a conversation especially if it has the potential to end up in a physical argument. After a few hours of pacing back and forth I commence my hemorrhoid career and sit on the metal slab also known as my bed.

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Concrete Box (conclusion)

This meditation thing kind of works. I can see the electricity in my brain spark. I can also see a speck of light through the cobwebs of my thoughts. It is a narrow tunnel. I dig down with my roots to hold me in place as I branch out towards the bright glaze calling my name. I carry my emotions with me and have all my worries with my physical self. As the dot grows I can feel my fears of joy hydrating my motivation. Its like fuel for my train of thought. There is so much to see, now. The movement of my eyes dance to a mother's lullaby. When I finally get to the opening, I squeeze out of a newborn's pupil, and quickly turn around to see that the smiling newborn is me. My chest fills with hope and excitement. I feel free. I think I know what this experience means. It is a test of some sort, or an experience that will refine my character and strengthen me spiritually. I look at the surroundings that start to become like the cell I am confined in with confusion. When I turn back to the infant he is gone. Instead I see myself in a meditation pose, smiling, with traces of tears down my cheeks. I float towards my physical self with confidence and sit to match my mold. I open my eyes. This new sense of wisdom tells me I know what to do...

Your world is what you make of it. I have embraced my condition and decided to train myself with education. It is the beginning of a new life. Destiny brought me here, not my poor decision making. What I do with my newfound knowledge is up to me, now. This concrete box is the oasis and source of growth for my future. The dull smell is now a fresh breeze of potpourri. I no longer define this cell as a refrigerator that breaks me. I have conquered that thought with patience and optimism. Every L.E.D. sunrise is filled with anticipation and gratitude. Every sunset is a sign that there is hope that one day I'll take a sip of Elysium's cocktail in Margaritaville... Pinky fingers up, everyone!

* This essay was written for my final assignment for English 1 at Lassen Community College, Susanville. -- True events.