

A Better Life Everyday

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I think about the slit in the night that is the sun rising and the warbler that I seen one day perched atop the razor wire that surrounds the institution. As the sun makes its way into the sky, writting the first pages of love, I am reminded that I am a prisoner, and I'm not allowed to experience this life with freedom. The shadows of the bars that lock my window cast shade on my hands as I write this essay.

And the song of the warbler, and the symbolic significance of the sun are distanced from me by my sentence. If you made a survey and asked everyone in the world, most people will choose peace over war, where I live the idea of peace is like a fairy tale. As I struggle for peace I am reminded of the way that the pleasantness of life was darkened by the evolution of my life. And its been said that I was a character of that darkness. And that I was a bad person. Yet the brilliance of love was always reflecting in my heart.

It's adverse to think about my failures. The sorrow of love that is lost is magnified by the time that holds me. The song of love is a magnificent thing. And its remarkable message is meant for everyone. And its up to me to find a way to join in the harmony of life. Greed, and envy, and addiction are persistant natures. The world makes an enviornment that is traped in space. Even though there is more existance that defies the time that holds us,

there isn't any escape from the realities of nature. The cycles of life cause instances that challenge our decisions. And I've learned from my tenure inside of the prison environment that repetitious exercise is a good means of correction. My body is tried by the enduring longevity of my sentence, however my mind washes over the soreness of my bones with determination. The song of love was written for everyone, even a prisoner like me. My mistakes are like the imperfections of time that confuses us. Because when the clean man sets his eyes on the world, he notices that there is love in all the creations. And when he realizes that bad decisions imperfect these natures he is confused by our evolution. The mountains and the canyons keep the echoes of nature's miraculous gift as the waters of the lakes, streams, and oceans keep providing stages of nature that seem infinite to the windows of our souls. Yet despite all this beauty man has yet to be able to master the nature of love. Some men will envy the prisoner because time is an asset. And to me that type of envy is naïve, because freedom is too luxurious to compensate for time restricted. Just because it is difficult to slow down time when the entranced of pleasure is easily accessible doesn't mean that one should lock themselves away from the world in order to explore contemplative thought.

How will I enjoin my hope to the sacred life if I do not first change my heart? The perfections of love are all being

pursued by people who care about nothing except romance. Yet the signature of love is immortalized in the fires of the heart.

Sacrifice is a word that's associated with pain. However the rewards of sacrifice is sometimes worth the pain. It hurts to know that love can be imperfected by our choices. And that the world that we live in can fall from grace if I don't decide to follow what promotes righteousness. But that is the agenda. The native song speaks of what is true. And there's no human body can out perform that song. When the night reveals its supremacy and the day has passed between the pages of what is reality and the fantasies of what wrote the day and the night, I will be a prisoner. Like the mountains I stand alone and my songs echo into the canyons of hope. The night covers the shadows that painted bars on my hands today and the story of life continues into the night that seems to last forever. It reminds that the story of love is true and that it was written for me. And that the element of perfection that love was made of requires me to have mastery of what it is that is beautiful in the night times of the heart as well as in the fires of the day. As the night conceals the obvious I'm reminded that this song is continuous. All of the stars that fill our galaxy are minimal to our visions, Billions of suns are sheltered by the Heavan. And the

importance of life shines on. Even though I am a prisoner the importance of my light is similar to what is in Kinetics. The importance of life is love. A star will fall from the sky until the music of our hearts finds within its orchestration the willingness to join in the blessed nature of peacefulness that has been given to us. The sky will darken and crack. And the rain will become angry. Disaster will ensue and like the night's presence in the song of our life people will become blind. They won't refuse love however love will lose its prominence to the reality of our human stature. I'm a prisoner and my song is the same as everyone else's. It speaks of the pain and loss that life can bring. And it tries to join with the immaculate conception of what was always in the world. I consider the world's relation to space as I prepare to send these words out to fellow prisoners and the people that work in correction. and I'm witness to the incredible strength of time that our planet has given us. And I consider the world as a song, and what that music plays like. Since the beginning of time the first people of this world felt the fires of the makings of this world. And we lived our lives around those fires. I'm a prisoner so I know about mistakes. I can only pray to do what is necessary to be in order with what can only be described as goodness. For no man can deny

the blessed goodness of life. How good that it is to be alive.
To have a song and be able to practice that song, each and
every day.

Signed, Anonymous