

:Movement:

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There comes a time of acclimation when one moves beyond all the frustration and anger and simply becomes a type of observer. It's like a near-death experience; the spirit seems to leave the body and simply watches, from afar, as the recently abandoned empty shell continues to suffer whatever trauma. Considering this present incarceration, the body has eventually become a soulless wreck mechanically chugging through the same daily activities every 24 hours. Numb to all this, I seriously teeter on the fringe of institutionalization — which seems to be the price paid for a certain clarity. Could the last 16 years of self-analyzation be what led to this acclimation spoken of? Not that frustration and anger never arise, because they most certainly do, but suppressing the cortisol without lashing out violently has gotten easier. Using my analytics to observe with a clarity the such as what

was not there at the beginning of these past 16 years allows for the perception of a different reality than that when I used to physically battle my situation.

I am not doing too bad and am actually pretty happy for the most part — all things considered. There are plenty of other prisons and/or work camps, worldwide, where people have it much worse than I. Even in my own past have I had it worse than presently. So what if doing well isn't good enough. So what if everything I do trying to change for the better seems nil and overlooked. Fact of the matter, if I didn't have such a heinous history, full of robberies and police shootings, I would not be experiencing such an existence now. I accept that this is my own fault and this acceptance serves to move me forward. I cannot change what has been done, and, more-and-more, realize that I have no power over what currently takes place. Dirtbag 4-time offender beyond any type of redemption; this is what many see where I am concerned. Cops always looking down their noses at me, even when we are being cordial with one another. Finding that people in the free world are usually wary when I contact them looking to engage legitimate business. I had come into a little money a while back and could not so much as even hire professionals to manage some social media promoting my writing and art! It is my belief that when businesses — or people, in general — get an envelope with a Colorado Department of Corrections return address, through Postal Services, they automatically become skeptical. 16 years ago such disinterest would invoke an amplitude of anger bordering on psychotic. 8 years ago, I would be put out by it — maybe even saddened.

Today, I simply roll my eyes, sigh and think: "Well, you did it to yourself."

There is no use letting so much negativity dissuade me. If I walk around being angry all the time, I am simply continuing to make myself a victim of those past actions that put me here. Sadly enough, there were enough victims back then; let's stop the victimization. As horrible as I once was, I am not defined by these actions of yesterday, I create who I am in the here and now because moving on and being successful is the only true victory! This is what fuels me — it's what moves me. For the first time in life I have set my focus on a collection of positive dreams because I now know that dreams grow up to become achieved goals. This focus, it includes my writing and art; it includes a 501(c)(3) re-entry nonprofit that will employ me, someday, when I am back in the free world — that day possibly within the next 5 years. I will, someday, succeed legitimately, and, then, aid others to do the same. I look forward to and work toward this because, no matter how slow everything seems to move ahead right now, no matter all the bureaucracy bogging down my motivation, writing and art, and those servants of this bureaucratic master of nothingness who look down their noses at the dirtbag turned positive individual, life inspires me more than ever and that is a beautiful thing.