

"Sitting in the cell"

Three ^{walls} ~~walls~~ and a door plus a small window. Looking out the window to see barbed wire fences and mountains. Putting together a plan to achieve freedom. Staring at the bottom of a bunkbed in deep thought. Snapping myself out of it by thinking of happy times. Looking at my pictures of family, kids and friends. Seeing their growth and thinking "damn I'm getting old". Seeing life through their eyes as they enjoy it. Longing to be there in those pictures and moments smiling with them. Remembering times from the past, the good and the bad. Listening to old music and remembering when it came out and what I was doing. Sitting in the cell is a common thing in the penitentiary. Nothing but time to think, dwell, reflect and remember. Feelings of shame come over me. Feeling like I'm peaking and wasting my prime years by sitting in a cell. Hoping that someone is thinking about me at the same moment. Watching my 19 inch TV to pass the time and take my mind off reality. Glad I have a good celly cause we spend so much time in one place. Small confine that is my home for the moment. Writing to mentally escape the negative thoughts that swirl in my head. Never thought this would be the place where I sat for 15 years of my life.

But grateful I'm able to write this instead of only being a thought and headstone. You can become miserable, bitter and hateful from sitting in a cell.

So I find peace in myself so that never happens.