

Dear Mother & Father

I know not how or where shall I begin, as it seems the beginning & end are the same to me. I was consived from Poor Choices, Rape Rape & Even Love, my first stage of incarceration came from a different type of judge. I was sentence to hard labor in a small hot room beavly room for one but I've known a few to house for two in the womb. I wasnt Formally charged but my waist chain/umbilical cord was of rare materials Flesh & Blood.

I've known shackles & Chains since snatched from my land given a new name. Broken & Beaten were the goals & plans sad to say I played into the hands. I've Scarred & blood stained my hand, my vision be blurred & footing shaken upon my path. I've searched to find a new way fresh & free, though I must climb inside myself to find me.

I can't rather I won't blame old transgressions of the past to dictate my future. Nor shall the excuses of it's because of them, this, that or my right, to sit well with me for my wrong against you or more importantly myself.

My bandage is my cross to bear, Poor Choices, Selfishness, Greed, Lust, & Addiction put me here. I have grown over the years Mastery of Self Improvement is what I know I'll soar higher & higher limits unknown. I can't no I won't be confined to a 6x9 nor shackles.

& Chained shall I be by the limbs. As I defund the program
that served rendering me a disservice to Mother & Father,
My Family & Friends also bigges myself.

MURDER [LASH]