

What is It?

Gives me a false sense of reality. Actually, it is my reality. I never thought that I could think so much until I spent some time in it. Thoughts sometimes positive, sometime negative, sometimes emotional, but nevertheless they are thoughts.

I've seen grown men enter it at night healthy and in the morning come out of it on a stretcher fighting for their lives. It's scary because I don't like it, but sometimes I find myself yearning to get back to it so that I could get a good night's sleep. Sometimes I want to be in it so that I could get away from the chaos going on outside of it.

It's been my home for a while now. It keeps me away from my family who desperately needs me out there with them. It has kept me away from raising my son. It also kept me away from my Mom as she died slowly from kidney disease. It almost broke me with that one! However, I refuse to let it get the best of me. I am going to use it to my advantage. I am going to pray in it as much as I can to get closer to Allah. I will read every book that I can get my hands on while I'm in it. I will write to my son, my nieces, and my nephews while I am in it. I will tell them how bad it really is.

I will not let it get the best of me. It tries to tell me in different ways that I am going to die in it. Never that though! Even if I have to live in it until I am seventy years old, I will walk out of it on own two feet. I have to! If I don't, that means I let it beat me.

It can't hold me by itself. The dirty cops, the lying witnesses, and the unfair judicial system helps keep me in it. Once I defeat all the help, I will be able to walk out of it with no problem. When I do walk out of it, I'm coming back to help the rest of my brothers. It thought it would destroy me, but all it did was preserve me. It wanted to make me weak, but it made me strong.

It taught me so many things about myself that I never knew about. It taught me that if I wait for certainty, then I would spend my whole life standing still. I just have to be excited about what is in my power to control and be accepting about what's not in my power to control, then move with certainty into an uncertain future. I have to move that way because it is unforgiving.

It stays full by feasting off our dignity, sanity, freedom, integrity, and the list goes on and on. Its model is that, "We hurt people who hurt people, to show that it is wrong to hurt people." Doesn't make any sense! But when I help free all my brothers who are in it, it will starve to death and turn to dust. Then it will see what it feels like to have people walk all over it every day. I hope you can figure out what it is, because it is not worthy of me to say its name. ***Fuck it!***