

MY OWN PRISON

LIKE A DISEASE, A PLAGUE, NO ONE WANTS TO CATCH, NO ONE WANT'S TO KNOW, TOUCH, FEEL, OR EVEN LOVE. WORTHLESS AND UNWANTED TO THE WORLD. I AM NO LONGER A HUMAN BEING TO SOCIETY. NO MEANS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO EVER ACKNOWLEDGE MY EXISTENCE. THESE CHAINS, THE CUFFS, THOSE WALLS, THIS CONCRETE TOMB IS MY REALITY. I AM THE WALKING DEAD, TO FEEL LIKE I EXIST EVEN FOR A DAY, I THIRST KNOWLEDGE, WISDOM, STRENGTH. REFUSING TO BE INSTITUTIONALIZED BY MY CIRCUMSTANCES, THIS UNJUSTLY SYSTEM HAS PROVIDED FOR ME. CAN I BREATHE, MAY I FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE SUN ALONG MY FACE AND FINALLY FEEL ALIVE. WILL I EVER BE LOVED FOR WHO I TRULY AM.

by. . . WILLIE BAILEY, 2013