

A Confined Reflection[©]

I am someone you never knew existed. How is that so, you question? Well, because I've been raised in a place that's the equivalent to Hates. The place where all the 'bad' people get sent to... yep, that place. How did I come about to be raise there? Not, because I was birthed badly, nor, my surroundings were such, though, it was. There are many who've come from far worse situations and made good. So, I will not provide some sort of excuse as to why I went from the bowels of the Ghetto, so young, to be ingested in the bowels of the beast – that's labeled "The System". Really, it's all the same, the ghetto, prison system... The dimensions are definitely the same. One form of oppression, to another, just different geography.

For most part, based upon research of self, and life; it's been concluded that my journey has profoundly orchestrated a millennium before my birth. By those who knew I would exist, or at least someone like me. See, I've always been quite the loner, I guess that's why Loneliness felt I am her 'life partner'. And, well, you know when you marry a person; it's like marrying into the whole family; and all of the disfunctionality that comes with it.

It's still difficult to battle Depression with wild turkeys and the snow-covered trees just beyond the electrified fence of this "*secure minimum*", truly an oxymoronic title for one of 30+ Wisconsin's prisons. Bitterness leans against the wall scoping me in this dock area in the Restrictive Housing Unit – the Hole or Segregation, folding outta shape and over used underwear. No, I'm not a resident as I have been for many times in these past 23-years, it's where I'm employed... doing