

January 24, 2015

Claim It

Rage, let go of me! I don't want you to have that kind of control over me. You see, when I'm weak, you sneak up on me, hindering my ability to think. Stay in control. You make me lose my soul, my mind, my integrity, self-respect and dignity.

No, I cannot let you win. I can't succumb to your command because if I do, I'll be through, done, wasted, headed to hell, and will forever be condemned to this cell, and that I just can't do!

You'll lose. You have to. It's you or me, and I'm not through living, breathing, learning, yearning, wanting to do what's right. And because of that rage, I will defeat you!

June 27, 2012

He Needs Me

What is going on? I have court at 2:00 p.m. I'm sittin' here on my bed, frustrated and feeling blue, waiting to be transported to do what I need to do. Instead I'm stuck. The guards. What's up? It's 1:25 p.m.! If I miss this court date, I will not be able to stand the update around the bend! To be at another's mercy is such a stressful way to live. Your concerns, troubles, issues are simply just not his or hers. This is absurd! My stomach is shot, tied up in knots. They just don't understand! Today is a day- so important for me- and my baby boy. I must appear in court on time, or I am going to explode! The good ole boy network is what I'm dealing with—"You'll be okay. Don't fret, li'l miss, you've got plenty of time." Excuse me, sir, I disagree. Have you checked the time? Twenty minutes until the deadline, plus I must go through security, the frontline, so I may be late—even miss my date to better my son's life and mine. Once again, I'll stand in the hands of the man. My fate he will decide!

I'm SOOO tired...

Saturday, February 16, 2013

Restraint

Lord, I'm feeling a little rough, a little ragged, a bit dismayed. You see, today's a day I'm feeling betrayed! Let down, led astray, my heart is pounding into my chest cave. My breathing is unsteady. I want to kill a man. This side of me I truly hate! Despise! I just want to close my eyes and then, when I arise, feel tantalized and energized—away from all these strangers! I'm sick and tired of being surrounded by oh so many perpetrators, haters, lames who try to make claims their bodies won't allow them to back. So many useless words but real actions they appear to lack. I'm sick and tired of being locked up, working every day to improve—improve myself, my thought process—just to be sleeping next to you down the hall, right next door, showing your ignorance more and more! Haven't you been in prison before? Can't you go? Go on home? Oh, you want to stay, to say, "Baby." Oh, I see you're scared to think, to live life, to succeed by yourself and not be illegally executing a plan. When you were locked up, didn't you try to stand on your own? Be alone. Live better. Be better.

Get it together! Add God to your life—for real, reduce your strife. Oh, I see, you say you hate the BOP. You couldn't. You must love this life and all this ignorant stuff. Guess what? I don't want. I need this pen to prevent these hands from committing more sins, choking a person, not making them grin. God, help me through. Together, me and you. I need to see my son, my family, and my Brownie. They need me. I need them too. Please help me. Help me get through. Help me rise and make it soon. Because the darkness is truly lurking in me, on me, tempting me, taunting me, urging me to do the wrong thing to you.

Changes

You would have never been able to convince me, not in a million years, that one day I would be locked away, locked away in here. An inmate, they say, but I've been misplaced. So many days and nights crying, shedding too many tears. The fears I try to hide, you see.

In here, they seem to lack dignity. Some people have such small minds. Then one day, God brought me to a place, allowed me to meet real women. Truly my very own kind! Christian women who love God, their families, oh, and now me too. Thank You, Father, for sending me to these ladies—a gift that only you knew. Now it's time to say goodbye to a member of the crew. I'm happy and sad all at the same time. I miss her already. I know she will miss me too. My friend is leaving. Oh yes, she's leaving. The day is coming so soon. I'm excited for her, her husband her children—the family she cherishes so much! Little did I know I would cherish her and love her this much. I found a friend I'll have until the end, who touched my heart and life. The thought of her not being around makes me start to cry, then I wipe the tears from my eyes and remember this is not the end; this is the beginning. A new chapter for us to create and fill with brand-new memories, including our joys, heartaches, sorrows. She helped to repair my faith and belief in these words I knew I would never again speak, “I really have a true friend.” Thank you and know you, too, have a true friend in me—a different kind of sister, the one they call OG :)

So here's to you, my friend. I wish you well in all you set out to do! You weathered this storm with self-respect and dignity, giving your life

a brand-new meaning! outlook! cause! I am absolutely enthralled to have met you and have you in my world.

So to you, I say, "Together we will stay ever ready to conquer the world."

With love.