

Prison Chronicles

Prison is something different for everyone. It can come in all shapes and forms and does not discriminate against any race, ethnicity, age, or gender. People are trapped in mental prisons every day while having access to physical freedom and monetary freedom but live like they are shackled. Others, are in physical confinement, stripped of all forms of liberty, yet live without restraint of any kind. I celebrate the freedom that they could not take from me. I choose empowerment over confinement. No longer hindered, I walk in self-validation. These are the Chronicles of my many prisons.

Fences

Forget you fence! You're always in the way. You keep me away from everything I have ever wanted, separating me from anything genuine. You disconnect me from anything concrete and leave me detached from all actuality. You severed me from everything I love. You suffocated me with the bogus yet kept me connected with the artificial counterfeit. My face is smothered with the synthetic and imitation versions. You keep me saturated with falsehood and submerged in the lackadaisical. Forced to lose myself in the land of indifference, the Kingdom of listlessness, and never-ending excuses. You banished me to the Realm of Truth Distorters, and the soured Province of the Misplaced. I am never free from added matter in your presence. You have isolated me from the legitimate. You are a sick control freak! You are a bully! You are an antagonist taunting my sanity like an offensive game of Red Rover. You are my enemy. You are a cut-throat coveter that continues to play with my emancipation. How dare you deny my greatness? You have come between me and my everything. Are you keeping the bad in, or keeping the bad out? You tease me with your fortress of power. You are my Alcatraz.

So, I walked

So, I walked. The door clicked, I pushed the metal door, and stepped outside the barbed wire fence. The silvery grayish demon who has kept me hostage for over double decades, looked so different from the outside. I walked. Maybe I stumbled or sauntered, I have no idea because I don't even think I was breathing. Yet again, I could actually breathe. My sense of smell was maximized to full throttle

making me almost taste the vibrant colors that surrounded me. The rays from the sun melted against my face while I frantically searched to memorize every inch I had forfeited so long ago. The air was lighter outside the gates that I may have even been floating. I couldn't stop smiling. I smiled so big and so wide my cheeks hurt. I walked. All by myself, no handcuffs cutting into my wrist, no metal piercing my ankles cutting off my circulation, no distorted angling of my wrists because of the weight of heavy chains and black box trapping me like a wild animal. I walked on my own. No chaperone, no guard with a bulletproof vest, no extra guard with a gun and an attitude. I walked. Draped in pure joy, light-headed by the heightened experience of freedom, I put one foot in front of the other. I walked with an overwhelming ache in my heart struggling to choke back tears of loss, regret, untruths, and rejection. I walked across a street like I do it every day. I stopped to let a car pass by. They honked and waved. It was the first time in forever I knew I wasn't invisible.

Unfaithful

I'm in an abusive relationship with my past. It holds on to me like a hostage. I can't seem to differentiate who can't breathe without the other. Your sunken hooks are embedded in my flesh creating fresh pink scars. Healing has become vacant. Your obsession with me is obscene. You are sickly aggressive with your prey. Every time I come up for air, asphyxiation pulls me back under. Just when I think I've lost you, you resuscitate me with your venom. Daily, I choke on your cancer. You have rotted me from the inside out. I am cheating on everyone with you. Anchored by a detrimental choice. We are joined in lethal matrimony, giving new meaning to "the old ball and chain." There is no soul shared here between us but kept under lock and key as my soulless mate. I don't know if I can live without you. I am unfaithful to everyone but you. I am dedicated to no one, but you. Only you. My one true love.

I Matter

I matter; if not to you, to someone. But I matter. I'm like left behind particles of breath that linger in the stillness. Like left over remnants of a broken crown pieced back together with purpose, I remain. I matter. My mistakes even matter. My disappointments and my failures have left catastrophic dents in the lives of so many without intention. I have created new beginnings from barren, hurtful places, because I choose to. Unspoken pain haunts the deep footprints I left behind for others to drown in; or maybe hide in. Even if it was one kind word, it mattered. One smile, one eye-to-eye connection from across the room that secretly let you know I understand; you understood. Our destruction was not in vain. Disaster holds power that pushes someone like me. I just try harder to prevent another calamity. My brokenness fits me like a glove, but I wear it so well. You see it from a mile away because it makes me shine so much brighter. I matter. I gather crumbs full of syllables to form memories, mission statements, and memoirs. I capture the seconds when the realization of one's value succumbs to the lies, they were once spoon-fed. I do not just exist, I live. I matter. I squeeze every moment for enrichment like freshly squeezed lemonade. I yearn and wait to be inspired. The fire just keeps brewing inside. I matter. I keep fighting. I matter. I can still love. I matter.