

WHAT I SEE

All of us here obviously dream about the day we'll leave this place. I've only been down a little over three years, but a few of my friends have passed into the double digits. Every single morning, without fail, I take a few minutes to look out my window, through the bars, at the forest that surrounds us, and I try my best to feel what it would actually be like to touch one of those trees again. I imagine walking barefoot through the grass - sharp twigs poking my toes and the smell of the damp earth surrounding me.

I don't care about buying a new car, or hooking up with as many women as possible, or making more money than the damn President [redacted] when I leave this place like a lot of my fellow inmates fantasize about. I just want to be with Nature. The grass, the trees, different colored flowers, and soft, living dirt; every life-giving thing that I was too "busy" to appreciate before my world caved in is calling to me, just out of my reach. I look at that landscape outside my window and tell myself each morning: that's where I'll be when I get out.