

Dear Sanity
Anonymous

Hell...oh! Yes, I am still here Cassa Diablo and your twin with the prefix 'in' keeps pounding on the door for me to come out and play forever more. As I begin another year trapped in the horrorism of this daymare, it gets more and more difficult to tell what is real because there is nobody here to tell. In this stone and steel dungeon of solitude only you could know the apartheid in which I exist 24/7 alone in a space barely twice as wide as a coffin.

I know we are all born enslaved to the passions flesh is heir to. With pleasure and pain, the two masters we must serve upon this sin-stained glob of clay we call earth, perdition wails to me a hallow threnody in bondage to the black hole of time. Memories of betrayal and losses gather confusion and sorrow all into one and I am at the climax of my impotence. Such an autopsy of the past now renders me silently to reap "I won the hearts of no one" in life's playground of the lost and found.

There was a time when the Fates wove us together. For a moment we shared laughter now washed away by years. Time marched on and we walked apart. As survival dictates, questing humans always cling to those who feed our wants and needs – on and on we go. In a culture of deception and desperation weighed down by the unseen gravity of sin, clouds of pride and vanity blind us all. We tolerate evil influences of apostatizing friends and join in the collective ignorance to live in a state of diffused awareness where nothing lasts forever. In vain, we prostitute ourselves to a god in exchange for that ticket to heaven we want!

Now, as I wither without beauty in the sunset of my life, like a broken vessel tossed dead and useless to the world, I have become as humbled as the stardust from which I came. In such a void of desolation beyond the lunatic fringe, there can be no warmth of voices here, not even a mirror to acknowledge I exist. So, I drift in gothic darkness where no sunlight can touch my grave as the world spins further and further away.

To you, Adieu.
Forever I Am,
A Canadian Prisoner in Solitary.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anonymous is a prisoner in maximum solitude at Warkworth (Medium) Institution.