

MY INCARCERATED WORLD

Section I: "*Incarcerated Mirrors*"

"Jackson Pike Jail Mirror"

The reflective surface,
A 12-inch across rectangle.
12-inches down and 2 feet above my head
I rise up onto my tippy toes,
"Oh, look – it's my forehead.
Maybe I should use our razor and make bangs?"
I jump up
For half a second, I see my whole face –
forehead to chin.
It's red and flushed from my exertion.
Oh great – was that a zit?
I jump up, again.
Nope – not a zit, just a reddish blotch.
Dry skin?
I jump.
Wow – Am I out of shape!
Wait, what did I see?
I jump.
My forehead is sweaty now.
I am struggling to catch my breath.
Sigh – why is this "mirror" so high up?
They don't want me to see myself anymore.
I am just a case, on a docket now.
I'm fading away.
I can't see my eyes.
What color are they now?
They always mirror my mood.
What color is defeated?
What color is hopeless?
What color is imprisoned?
What color is jailed?
Do I still exist, if I can't see my face?
Is this on purpose?
Did they build this space with this goal
in the planning?
The windows line the upper walls.
They don't face outside – no
they face the inside hall between the pods.
On display in the Zoo.
Oh look, another tour –
That smiling old man tall enough to look

through the window at me.
Oh, great! I'm on the toilet;

Just another zoo animal on display.
Another reflection I cannot see,
it certainly sticks an image on my soul.
Sad, captive cat
trapped -
fading -
non-existent -
I jump,
I flush,
Red blotches.

- end -

"First Prison Mirror"

I have landed
Intaked and shocked
I can hold the 4 by 6 inch mirror
In my hand now
What do I see?
Similar red blotches as before –
Embarrassed, Exhausted,
Frustration, Fear, Anger,
Insecure, Sad, Scared,
Resigned, Liberated –
Free!
I can see my emotions again.
I can know they exist
by the reflection I hold.
Sure they can take it.
Of course, they can break it – break me,
I see –
I see,
without a reflection –
will I cease to Be?
It's only important –
this image on my Soul.
It's the only reflection that matters
I'm healing,
I'm in process,
I'm fragmented – pieces and parts
uniting as one whole
in the grand schema of life
I see.
I see,

Another side of me
Divine Nature shines out,
Do you see?
Do you see me?
In your reflection –
in your mirror?
My hair is now brown,
blonde in my mind.
My eyes are fierce green.
And you?
What do you see in the reflection I show you?
Does it match the true me?

Or, without the mirror
do I still exist?
I'm fading –
I can't see my eyes
oh yes – there they are
reflected back to me in your eyes.
Yes, there I am,
I see!
You within me, me within you.
We exist!
No mirror required,
Put it back on the shelf.

- end -

"My Incarcerated World #2"

I live in a ghetto
behind walls called rehabilitation.
I offered to help others
struggling to cope.
I was not recommended
by my Mental Health Liaison
to be of service to my peers.
I am, once again not good enough
(or too good) by someone else's standards
to fulfill my purpose.
A purpose given to me by my Higher Power
tasked daily to share wisdom
of the infinite Universe -
The Law of Attraction,
The Law of Manifestation,
The Mindful, present-tense focus
of The Oneness.
My name beside Greats also
so misunderstood in their time
is not my focus - sure a welcome perk.
This knowledge is too great
to hold alone - inside.
For its power is compounded
in each and every sharing.
So, its "no", this time.
A "please help us", next time.
I'm right in the Now.
Learning more
and expanding.
Growing, sharing
each and every way I am tasked to do.
See, you can close a door
and I...
will always open a window.

-end-

My Incarcerated World #3

"Movement"

I am blind, So you are blind to me.
I am deaf, So you never hear my pleas.
I have a Walker, easier for you to brush past me.
I have a wheelchair, always waiting to be pushed.
Now imagine me as an incarcerated fellow,
who can not hear, is blind - I am incapacitated.
My entire existence measured by the progress I can make.
Now, what do you think?
Will you give me sympathy now?
Or am I an easier object to ignore?
Tossed inside, into a revolving system
that grapples to help the mobile and
certainly doesn't want to
count me - a citizen of rehabilitation.
I lower their profit margin.
My wheels fall off, my walker stills, my chair breaks.
I stew and simmer in silence (Bullies abound)
I feel your frustration, your waves of anger
smack my face.
I would rather you yell!
In here, I have surrogates for my cries.
"I need a pusher to go to the infirmary!"
No one moves, no one volunteers.
I wait.
Stomach's responsive growl.
I tip-toe forward, inch by inch.
My oxygen tube twisted.
Shallow breath, rapid heart, aching sweaty limbs.
My nemesis in front of me - will it send me reeling backwards?
The hill.
My momentum for life rocked by a stranger's mercy.
My whole being is focused outside.
I love the breeze.
I feel trapped -
in this chair -
in this silent world -
in the sounds I will never see.
How will I accept only motion
within me?
Mobility stifled.
I am always halted -

Limits of theirs, limits of mine.

The Call -

"Dining Room #2!"

Eyes up pleading, hopefull,

"Will you move me?"

-end-