

for Paula,



(I'm free)

It's twelve forty five thursday morning, the twenty fourth of february. I am in San Francisco County jail in San Bruno, California.

This is how i feel;

I am living in utter futility, in what i can only describe as the micro-cosm that is space and time.

The universes, ... to me, feels like an enclosier of the smallest preportion's, ... Crowded, .. I can hardly breath.

Wait a minute.

Breath, ... that's right, ... I forgot, ... breath.

And then, ... i-rest.

I close my eyes, I focus on my breathing.

My mouth, ... my nose, ... my hand's, my feet, legs, arms, head, back, chest.

And then,

Being

I am centered, ... I am inside myself, ... I am in the middle, ... I am.

There is no limit in here, no boundry's, I am free, ... i can breath.

I am free.