

The Project.

Background

my names Shawn Commire #1687791 I'm writing this on 3-15-2020

I was born 2-12-1991 in Bay City MI. My dad had custody but I basically raised myself. I use to stay at my Great Grand-mothers house a lot. Also my Great Aunt Vets. Just before my incarceration at 16 yrs old I lived with my "Aunt" Melissa.

The world outside of my family unit was a learning experience. I grew up extremely poor I went to a really "preppy" school. Seeing other families I was always comparing & studying. I knew that life as I knew it wasn't its fullest potential.

I grew up in trailers for the most part. They was overran by fleas & at one trailer cockroaches. There wasn't any sheets on the bed & if I didn't go get it I didn't have it.

I grew up hating cops & law enforcement. Any type of Authority I often felt like everyone was out to get me. They had to be avoided at all costs.

My first experience I can remember with the legal system was when I was really little, my dad got pulled over by a cop for probably speeding. As he pulled over he said "fucking pig", during the traffic stop the cop looked at me & I said "what ya lookin at ya fuckin PIG". In preschool me & the teacher's pet liked each other, she use to always hold my hand, but I always had to go sit in the quiet area all alone. As a teenager I got tired of being broke so I started selling dope, as early as 11-12 but steady at 14. School wasn't important & NOONE pushed me for it. Soon all the cops knew me or knew of me. A lot of times I wouldn't be doing anything more then going to a friends house because I knew it'd be able to catch a few hours of sleep & the cops would see me & a chase would ensue. Right around this time my

brother was in & out of Juvenile & I remember wondering why there wasn't something better in place to help him instead of locking him up for a weekend-months let him out & lock him back up. Soon after him & his homie skipped school & broke into a abandoned house started huffing gas, His friend lit up a cig & the whole basement engulfed in a huge fire ball. His homie was 90% burnt my brother 60%. His friend died that night. My brother David Commire died months later. His mom left him in the bathtub too long & he died of hypothermia. Criminal charges was never filed against her. That was the beginning of the end of that life cycle. I came to prison with Nat'l life a few short years later.

Incarceration.

I've already included my facilities & levels.

Incarceration for me is a long never ending day. Staic complaisantly. I wrote a poem about this not too long ago, I'll include it.

For me I wake up everyday & it seems like a punishment. Chinese water torture on steroids with absolutely nothing I can do about it. Being I have natural life without parole theres nothing to fear nothing to lose. I do however keep pushing for better days. I work out constantly. I draw & participate in PCAP with VolM mostly every year. -under Shawn Sinister. I have over 32 certificates that I went & got. Being I have nat. life I don't qualify for classes because it goes by your E.R.D. - earliest release date - & I don't have one.

The only reason I push for the better days is because I refuse to be one of these guys that don't know anything. I'm fighting a uphill battle & I NEED all the help I can get in the event I get the opportunity to walk through

those gates, I not be carried. I've been through this my whole
 life. I know from experience that out of Allll the people that
 come & go in your life your the only person that want leave.
 Growing up I never had anyone to emulate, none cared enough
 about me & my precious future. As above so below. I
 100% believe the mDoc as a whole dont care ether so if I
 dont do something nothing will be done. This doesnt deter me
 from having that self love & pushing for better days. Through disciplin
 & sacrifice they're there to be had. Prisons pretty lonley. I
 do not identify with most of these people. I dont get
 high. I dont take meds. I dont really have people in the
 world that are consistent in my life, aside from maybe 2 people.
 I am well known & respected in prison. My name rings bells.
 Living in a cell doesnt bother me per se because I've been
 incarcerated since I was 16. I've never had some big house
 or lavish things. The hard part for me is living in a cell
 with whoever they decide to put in my cage with me.
 Whether thats child molesters, or scumbag dope heads or dirty
 ppl. I normally dont have any issues, who ever moves in
 conforms pretty quick, or they leave. Im currently stuck in
 prison til I die & I dont always feel like being around
 someone else. I hate the petty bullshitt that always seem
 to take presadence in other peoples minds eye. All the nonsense
 they're so hurred about wait even matter in Sycs from now
 let alone Smin to me from now. I have a incredibly
 hard time just walking the yard without someone bothering me.
 Wanting to be around & talk. Expecially if I go to level
 4. The living conditions at prisons are based on that
 prison. Each prison is its own world. Its own city/state.

it really depends on the core inmates that's there. Which dudes are running things for their respective groups, farms & nations. You could be at a joint for years ride out & ride back in & it'll be diff. It's mainly dependant on the core inmates it does have to do with the staff also. If the C.O.s are petty - until one of them get dealt with things could be tight on the economy & hustles. Violence almost always follows when C.O.s are petty for inmates & C.O.s. because noone cares if they ride out. Where as if C.O.s let guys jail & things are loose there's less violence, because noone wants to ride out. At those penitentiaries violence occurs on a lesser scale because where there's "money" theres people who owe. There's also a exception to every rule. There's joints that the C.O.s are laid back & it's still a warzone like M.P. - michigan reformatory, or the old kinross, among others. It's all about how you carry yourself. You are treated how you're perceived. Everyone gets tested. Housing depends on the facility your at. Some do friendly moves some dont. work & employments a joke. The most you can get paid aside from a factory job or dog handler is .37¢ a hour. It's normally .23¢ a hour - that's the kitchen, other than that it's 12¢ - 35¢ a month. A Deodorant cost 4¢ soaps .67¢ toothpast 4¢, 2 soaps .35¢ coffees 4¢ a bag. That's not to mention everything else. Then theres songs for your tablet, phone & - which you have to do last at a time. Bottom line if you don't have someone in the world that loves you, you better find a hustle join a gang or become a monk & practice abstinence as your religion because you won't have it. Visitation is a sweet bitter feeling. If you have a girl

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Friend there's only one hug, quick kiss at the start & end of your visit. Depending on the C.O. you might get lucky & rub her back as your arms around her. If you piss the C.O. off they have complete control over you & your people. If you catch a substance abuse tickets, for drinking Spud, or cig. or drugs they take your visits, for as long as you want. For a guy like me that means for the rest of your life. You can jump through hoops & eventually get them back. Recreation is pretty much one sided. In level 4's, like the one im currently at has a call out for basketball. Thats it. No handball. So its racially motivated. I'll never be playing Basketball with a bunch of bloods or gangster disciples or crips, unfortunately thats just the way it is. Altho I get along with mostly everyone prisons not a place to open up & go where your not suppose to be. It opens you up for problems. Them guys are over there building & spending equality time together, im not them so im not over there. As I said before for every rule theres a exception. Im incredibly athletic so ive played basketball with whoever but I try & stay in my lane. In the lower levels this isnt such a problem but the higher levels you only get so much time out a day & that times precious. In the lower level things arent as segregated because your out all day. Politics & whos who & whats what is a HUGE part of everyday prison. Its exhausting. Heavy is the head that wears the crown.

Communications in the higher levels are rough. Everything's segregated so everyone has their own phone, each group. So depending on which group your in you may have 4 or 5 bros that all have to use the phone your only out for a

hour yard. It's hard to mesh up to your people schedule in the world when yours is set. A lot of people NEED that world connection or they lose their self & fall into depression. I pay monitored as is phone & letters & there's only so much you can say in letters or on the phone before everything's said. I survive in prison by being a standup righteous guy. I am who I am always - I pride myself on consistency. I keep my circle as tight as possible. If I even for a sec feel like a dude a scumbag, dope friend, loud, drawing unnecessary attention to himself I'm quick to disassociate with him. People play for keeps. One misstep is the diff between going on about your business & having a scar on your face or worse. I hold myself incredibly responsible & accountable. So I expect the people in my circle to do the same. In prison you don't have to stand tall just stand up. If you cool & stay out of the way you'll be relatively fine. You'll get tested & it's 100% up to you how the rest of your bit will be after.

Where & how do I find joy in prison? I find great fulfillment which is better than joy for me. I try not to get too happy. With great highs comes great lows. I try to maintain so it can be greater later. I try to live day to day & invest in me & my future when I can. I try to stay forward progression. Even if that just means maintaining because as long as your not going backwards or stagnating your still moving forward, & that's all you can do sometimes. I've found it's ok to be not ok as long as you don't stay there. Everything I do is for self because if I'm not doing good mentally, physically or financially then the people around me aren't either. They can't begin to depend on me if I can't depend on myself. I love being a

good rolemodel for the people I love. I love to grow mentally
 so I can then help shape the future of those worthy around
 me. In a Hurst part of my little cousins life, my nieces
 life & few friends. Gives me purpose. I work out to release
 stress & tension & that's been real good to me. I read a lot.
 I watch informational t.v. I draw & am learning to paint.
 I find classes to take. I'm a hopeless romantic so I
 usually end up in a relationship with someone in the freeworld.
 Which etches away a few years at a time. Life's about
 balance. In here or out there. No matter where your at, life
 precious & should be treated with respect. You only get one
 & you can't EVER get it back. It's also meant to be
 experienced & lived. Reality IS & existence exist. A is
 always A until it's not. On another level tho it's about
 perception. How you perceive yourself & life is how you'll
 be & feel about it. You can only sit & cry & bitch for so
 long until you decide to check out or figure things out.
 What does your incarceration mean to you? To me it means a lot
 of lost time. lost life. lost love. My sentence means this is
 it. Until death do us part. It means I lay down & die or
 stand & fight & sometimes that means by myself. It's desolation
 at it's core. It's hard to live in a world you can't connect
 with. Having thousands of people around you can't understand &
 don't care to. Through all the education I've supplied myself.
 All the self taught leaps & bounds, through Art & music. The
 life skills i've come to know in a way feels hollow & empty.
 It don't matter & what's it for? I can't go home & I don't
 want to be here. My incarceration is a daily reminder of
 everything I'll never have. I'll never be the amazing father

I didn't have. I'll never own the home I never lived in. I'll never have the family i've always wanted. I'll never be able to go out at night & relax & stare at the stars. Its the small things that seem so insignificant when you're out there that you'll miss the most when its gone.

My incarceration has affected ~~to~~ me in every single way. Its changed me forever. More importantly its affected my family & friends & continues to. I know my victim's family is affected & not a single day goes by I don't think of them. I have the victims name tattooed over my heart with R.I.P. My case was so crazy which I can't discuss because im currently going back under the juvenile bill.

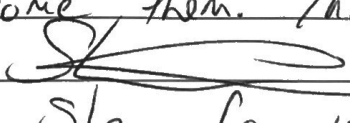
Incarceration affects everyone involved. Its up to the individual on what happens next.

I believe incarceration is a very necessary evil. If we don't have rules & regulations we're no better than the pigs rolling in the mud. There's sooo much wrong, though, I wouldn't know where to start or how to fix it. So its my belief that it'll always be messed up.

Ultimately life = said lifes about balance, too much of anything is terrible. Inside of that lies the solutions. Prisons a very rough mean place for inmates, C.O.'s & family members.

I won't sit here & sugar coat anything. Much like life tho its what you make it. A person will never change until that person wants to. I'm not perfect & I don't have all the answers. I only know what keeps me going & pushing forward. I know who I am & most importantly who I'm not. This all came from me wanting better & growing up. Seeing everything that I potentially lost

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However, The solution starts before the problem starts.
Implementing Structures for at risk youth ~~I~~ Starts in
the communities. People being aware in the here & now
& paying attention. Ultimately people are people & nobody is
perfect. I can only speak for me & I know for certain
if someone, anyone would have saw me & the pain I was
in as a young kid & stopped in & directed me & showed me
better I would of had better. To try & step in in a
adults life with their learned habits & ways of life & expect
them to be something more or better is insanity. Not impossible
however the focus needs to be on our children. Because
they're our tomorrow & so important. People need to see people
as people & not make excuses. I was a blondish/brown
haired white kid with huge babyblue eyes & all i've known was
struggle. Nothing has been handed to me & everything I got
mentally, physically & financially has been hard because I want
& got it & continue to get it. From trouble as a kid
to the betterment of self today, everyday is because I go
get it. Knowing is half the battle.

This poem I wrote is about freedom with having nat. life.
Hope this is what the project is looking for & I could
be insightful & helpful im 100% open to questions or
comments & I welcome them. Thank-you for your
Time Respectfully 

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Greys & Shades of blue.

Regrettably you cross my mind, wondering why I even bother,
the thought of you makes my stomach knot & twist, yet I can't
forget to remember.

The silence illuminates the screams behind my blue eyes,
then the situations start to sink in & I come to realize.

Hurt, disdain & disgust,

frustration starts to linger, my reason & will begin to gather dust.

Alone in the darkness & no one knows

the loneliness beseeches my mind's body like cold wet worn clothes.

My future turns blurry, indifference sets in, tomorrow, I don't care if I see,
this desolation seems like my destiny.

There HAS to be something more than this, I begin to surmise,

much like a hark magician, pulling dead wilted flowers from his hat, a smile
in his dull eyes.

Nothing but an illusion a trick,

the whole thing I think it's sick.

To think tomorrow will be brighter than today,

is a fool's mission, a lost battle against the decay.

There is no more sun. Only darkness looms,

As my eyes adjust to Greys & shades of blue.

The disparage to this life before me,

til death do us part rings true to my stoic complaisantly

Numb to it all, until once again,

I fail to forget to remember, classified as this manic duality I am.