

Nathaniel Morrice

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Boundless Me, Fury

I start on a painting and get lost in it. Today is a harder day than someothers. Loud noises from rude people and banging doors wake me up on a day I could sleep in from work. I go to lunch and someone thinks its funny to short me on food and I don't get mad. Walking around and people say stupid comments, theres no reason to respond they don't understand me. The officers do something unnecessary. I call home and miss all of them mostly my son as I go through and fall asleep. Next day is a wreck, chow is late and shorted again, no yard time because its raining, people insult me even friends (You never have friends in prison), no one to call today, and my store was missing some stuff.... So now I say "Self" its time. So I put on the little player with music on it (That you all helped me to get) I pull out the paint (That you all helped me to get). Now it begins as a brush stroke there and blending to add detail. I know I can paint what I feel, I see it and I have to scream it out on a canvas. There it is now I can see it clear, the picture I have to share. The pain, The ache, The Joy, The everything I am and what I became lost in while getting away from here to show you. Without a computer or phone or anything just me, a brush, and some paint. I started painting and I got lost. 😊