

This was my attempt at visual art. I see my story, but can you? My preferred art form is ~~in~~ words. I'd like to think I'm a good storyteller. Both, factual and fictional. I guess you're supposed to find your own story in arts, but I'd rather lead you to see what I'm saying.

That being said, here's a view of my comfortability to represent these hiccups I drew:

"HELLO. From the other side." Does it look like this in here from out there? Can you see me at all in my shadowy, gray environment? The sunshine stops at that fence. The flowers don't even grow color. All the life in here appears dead. Black.. White... All is gray. OR... Is it... **Me?** Has my mind shut all this off? Am I watching it glow out there from inside my dreary cage? I mean, I ~~could~~ understand that, I'm NOT who I used to be. Since my incarceration, my glow has surely desisted. All I now do is exist. I feel that I'm a burden to everyone. My Mother, who supplies me - financially - with just enough to properly survive. Thank God for a loving Mother! My Dad, who has **Only** picked up the phone when it rings. Though he's always been **Only**. My friends, whom I no longer have. lol Then there's society, who believes me - the worst. Worth less than a thought. The lights have positively been turned off - in here. Color and life stands still behind the fences. So, curiously, from inside this darkened, dreary cage - Which ~~may~~ be my mind... "HELLO?"

The Mzp



This is more for me; ~~of~~ of me. The Map is a depiction of my travels in my tenure as an incarcerated Prisoner. The Map is comprised of Facilities I've been housed in, Things I've seen on the way, and other Places (hospitals) I've visited or been to. Memories. Ultimately, The Map leads to hope. As far as the wings at the end of the map are that hope - which is Freedom. While my Journey is ~~is~~ currently incomplete, The treasure to this map is still at large...