

Pages from One's Diary

By Tyler W. Stinson

Eight years, three months, one week, and six days since the last time I was free in this fucked world. I've spent my worthless and unjust life running and avoiding mankind's dogs who kill at night. Such a life lived now seen and viewed upon as to be a wasted life. For these wild and ruthless dingo's, who've sworn their loyalty to this worlds laws, have at last found and put rusted chains on me and my murdering hands.

God's commandments that have been carved into stone templates, I've disobeyed and ignored, even still I stand just as careless and unafraid as the days of my past. The ink I've pressed into my skin, a silent reminder that I am a lost soul, trapped to wonder in this soft and pathetic fucking world.

The proud canines that have come to imprison my body, but never my thoughts, find it necessary to lash out at me daily for my vicious and heinous crimes towards such a societies innocents. Their whips that seemingly crack and split the flesh on my back will not bring back the countless lives I've stolen from this world... nor will such eye for an eye punishment teach me a lesson. As I endure and take in the excruciating pain inflicted onto my tired body, I can't help but laugh, as if my blood spelt onto the floor was a joke.

They... who believe that their swift and sharp leather tipped whips will birth fear into my never ending days, look into my eyes only to see a blank stare. As the mutts look for answers in my cold and lifeless eyes, they wish to know and hear my thoughts, formed by my life of sin, isolation, and misery caused and felt.

Just as they, whose ropes tighten and constrict my arms and throat, I do not know why or completely comprehend why I am of such violent nature or why I come to find it hilarious at times that most would weep and beg for mercy. The widely known emotion of guilt and sorrow, I've never felt or experienced. Why am I not a normal being in this society? To this world I've been birthed to see's me as an outcast and a horrible monster. This thought among other troubling thoughts of mine forces my mind to wonder in such ways most have never attempted. Boredom allows me much time to ponder on such odd and unusual thoughts.

Sometimes I fancy myself as not be human, yet my blood runs red and my heart beats like all mans hearts beat. The bastard fucking mutts who've thrown me into a small room with metal bars that form walls, have come to call me mentally ill and unstable. Their poorly made observations announced years

ago, days before my body was incarcerated and forced into isolation. Even now as such an observation is aged and forgotten, it makes me laugh.

I am a man of terrible and unforgivable sins, but my mental status has nothing to do with my reasons for slaughtering countless numbers of innocent people. I've come to accept that I am an evil and sick person, my thoughts and views are my own, but I am not mentally ill. I prefer the term pure evil and inhumane.

In this ever lasting and seemingly never ending hell of a four walled room, I've found comfort and ease between my daily torture and interrogation. At first I could not bare the thought of allowing this society to throw me into such a solitary confining imprisonment, but this room I now call my home.

Particles from my finger nails scar the floors of my cell, my blood, tears, and dried spit cover the aged and infested blankets that make my bed. The very small window at the top of my cage has come to torture my mind just as the dogs have come to torture my body. The ever slightly dim light that the small window cast into my in closed box forces my thoughts and mind to beg and cry for freedom. My screams and cries for such freedom that I long for, makes my lungs feel as if they are bleeding from the inside.

The comforting warmth from the sun and the feel of a fall wind against my face and arms, I miss and wish to embrace once more. Even as I beg for such freedom I now long for, I wouldn't change anything I've done. I know the dogs who kill at night enjoy to see my suffering, just as I enjoyed every moment that it took for my helpless victims to die before my eyes.

Every night, once the suns light becomes absent, I fall to my dirt covered knee's at the foot of my filthy and worn blankets that make my bed, and bow my tired head to pray. My soul is blackened, such a fact I've come to realize, yet this nightly prayer I've memorized calms and relaxes my beaten and bruised body.

"May God be a merciful and forgiving God. Let my sins not condemn me after death as they have already condemned me as I live. Allow my loudly spoken words to see no end. The ruthless and barbaric dogs who kill at night will no doubt be the hands of my murders. My scars and wounds laced across my back and body be done not in vain. Farther in your holly name I do pray... Amen." This simple prayer I mumble and whisper every night, eases my troubled and constant thoughts and allows my broken body to rest for just a few short hours.

Even as my incarcerated and lonely life passes me by, self pity and remorse are not what consumes my thoughts, instead my mind is shadowed in the memories of the days of my freedom. My short years

of freedom, it now seems, I spent watching the weak and helpless fall prey to my unmerciful hands.

The sick and demented thrill felt from silencing the last and final cries of my victims... I've come to miss dearly. I am truly a twisted and evil man, as I stand emotionless, careless, and now a fading shadow in this world.

This never dieing imprisonment and these dogs who hold the key have not murdered me yet. The hour of my final day, will only be seen by the world as just another dead psycho, but to me, it will be the most beautiful and breath taking day of my life.

Once my lungs cease to function and my body lays motionless, I will stand before God cloth less, awaiting judgment for my sin filled life. I wonder what he will say to me, will he be wrathful or forgiving, ashamed or proud? Either way, his punishment for my sins could not be worse than this fucking almost unbearable imprisonment that I endure now.

Climbing to the heavens or falling to the circles of hell, I still will stand unafraid and emotionless, for to me it is all the same... One big fucking joke.

© 2010 Tyler W. Stinson