

PEEPING

LETTER 1

To another life, England

HMP Belmarsh, Nov. 28th 18-

Belmarsh prison, such a lovely place to rest one's mind at, the mere essence of their cruel and tormented minds wandering the grounds pleases me more than I think normal.

Today whilst converging towards the place I have forever wished to call home, I took notice of some poor tree's coat slowly being stolen away from him, his orange and yellow complexion so brightly coloured yet so miserably losing hope of survival. One once dressed like a queen, in a trice is left demoralized and bare. Even the most splendid of creations; derive from darkness, beat and battered souls, never granted the days to marvel at their slaved makings. I have mastered the art of eecedentassy, having been with oneself for as long as time stands, loneliness does not consume me, its presence soothes my undeniably bruised heart. Solemnly solus. I am walking, unlike some on this planet; I am capable of using the anatomy I was made with.

I can hear his breathing, I can see it. His air seeping out out of the welded shut pipes. I want him, I need him. Why is this earth so cold? Why does one's toes have to be swallowed into our mothers tears, the fabrics drenched in seconds? Should one suffer because of another's pain? Although personally, I find the most described as unbearable, consoling.

I can see him, the auburn lock of hair I hope to one day palter amongst my fingers. I crave him, like a starving child deprived of her mothers teat. There was a day I was not able to watch, thy therefore drove me to the edge of lunacy. I can see myself in him, whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same. He is his usual person; staring at the same unidentifiable crack on the wall he has done from the first day I watched him. Where he constructs his guilty desires and fantasies one would assume. The crack holds his hopes and prodigies, his entire entity, the very thing he is deprived of; life. Although the eyes are useless if the mind is blind.

Born innocent and guiltless, this insufferable orb of humanity deprives the worthy of affection, until the tender of us have turned like that of a

lifeless creature; a puppeteer's plaything. Cold and paralyzed. Pulvis et umbra sumus, we are but dust and shadow.

The man seemingly enjoyed his absolute own companionship, sometimes when deprived of 'life' for so long a time, one has to make his own to sustain oneself. It's so lovely seeing the solitary accompanied by their minds. Their fabulous minds. To be a 'watcher' is one thing, but to indulge in 'peeping' is another. I prefer to describe myself as a 'peeper'. Though is it such a crime to do it for the greater good?

Today I saw him create life in a cell with no one but the bars that engulf him in this dismal place. Often, does he communicate with those who are not there, some would claim him to be schizophrenic though I see a man making do with what he has left in this desolate place inhabited by nothing but evil and prejudice.

Paracosm disorder; a detailed, prolonged imaginary world created by a child. A psychological, trauma-related coping mechanism. Sometimes one can hear his pulsating screams rattling throughout Belmarsh's hollow, barren structure. I adore these encounters more than my existence, thy is psychotic, though aren't we all a little deranged? The difference is that his victims come to him willingly. In the night when we sleep and dream, we're all of us psychotic, the difference is that some have the power and the will to make their dreams come true. The power to eke out a little more life is uninteresting, when compared to the power one has to end it. I desire to be like that of him.

Most find his nyctophilia character enigmatic, I recognize him. It is me, I am him.