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LIFE & DEATH

It is said that a baby is born every minute of the day (24 hours). Some even say "every second." At any degree, its a lots of babies, and when you picture those cute little beings, a smile has to come to your face. As a matter of fact, everything about babies represent the beauty of life, of family, of love & happiness. It is the world **'you'** live in, see and experience. Unfortunately, **'my'** world is the complete opposite.

In my world, every minute, someone dies. Not so much in this prison, though many certainly do, but I'm speaking of the world in general. Because everyday in the news media, paper, radio & TV, someone is reported to have died. Famous people die in threes within a ten day period.

So it would appear that as many are born, the same as many will die. It is the law of nature or of life. Some will call it the "check & balance" of life.

In the animal world, such check and balance is depended upon each particular animals survival. Yet there is no animal which populates it's kind, and then turns around and kills it's kind as man has done, is doing, and planning on doing in the future, and will continue to do without any hesitation or feelings of guilt.

When you walk down the street, if you open your eyes, you will see the beautiful green trees and blossoming flowers, the birds singing and even children playing. Everywhere you look, you will see life and the beauty and joy thereof. I see no trees, no flowers, I hear no birds (anymore-they have all been killed). I see no life or beauty thereof. I see dead people and I'm surrounded by the monstrosity of death. The death of hope, the death of love, the death of even dreams.

I live in a place where they try and kill your hopes, desires, dreams, creativity, character, individuality, anything which may give rise to positivity. So I am at a constant struggle to hold on to life, to the beautiful memories of life, or love, of family, of flowers and birds singing love songs to each other, to the cries of a baby or the pitter patter of little feet running around in the house, to the smell of bacon, biscuits, and to the sweet enjoyment of life. And somewhere between the stages of life and death, I will live and survive.

BY: _____

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