

Thoughts of the Incarcerated Soul

By: Anthony McDuffie

Thoughts of the incarcerated soul, are like nomads that roam the Earth

to gather seed of happiness, to plant in the soil of the mind;
With hopes of cultivating a harvest of long lasting joy, in the heart of the troubled soul;

That confinement done made cold. So cold you could feel the temperature

drop to 90° below zero - like weather of the North Pole.

So chilly, like the winds of Chicago. You would shiver at his thoughts to let go, shun goals, and lose hope.

When the mind is diseased, the truth becomes unreal and the incarcerated

soul feels the same pain millions of Syrians feel, after being displaced.

The mind tends to wander into this dark place of devastation, despair, and desperation, like Haitians after Hurricane Matthew. Imagine being inside a hurricane with 200 mile per hour winds, blowing at you.

In contrast, "with the faith of a mustard seed..." Jesus said, "one could move mountains...", and so the thoughts of the incarcerated

soul becomes his strength and power to travel into the core of mountains, digging deep inside the core, like miners digging for Gold; hidden treasure that has been lost throughout the ages;

that even sages hint, the quest shall be a lifetime journey. Yet the journey of the incarcerated soul begins like a philosopher, philosophizing ideas, beliefs, truths, traditions, and creeds. So he reads and reads and reads, until suddenly, one day, he

stops reading and realizes an ever present gift he had all along.

It was the philosopher's stone. His very own precious golden Thoughts...