

TOTALLY FREE - NAKED MADNESS - BIANCA SAMS

GWEN

I am free. My body is chained, banged to shit and bleeding out but, me... I am free! Thread bare and free.

Drip, drop drip. Salty blood in my mouth. Drip, Drop, Drip. The dank cold bearing down upon my soul. Drip, Drip, Drop. But this cells does not contain me.

They snatched away my identity, freedom, comfort.. left me here, cold and dank... alone, they hope I'll scream and cry for home. Drip. Drip. Drip. Drop. Leaving Pain as my only companion. The part of old self that still remains but...I am free.

In boot, they prepped us for situations like this. They told us that Pain is a good thing. It let's you know you're still alive. Awake. Moving. Pain is your only friend on the field. Pain is your trump card in the war. Pain is your protective armor ...even in here. The searing burning hell of it keeps you moving and motivated to never give up. Never give in. Through eye popping pain you will push on and the enemy shall never win.

But what they don't say is that it can also blind you, disable your brain and immobilize your actions. Pain searing pain short circuits you. Your body, spirit, and mind can be torn asunder. You can lose you in the midst of it all. You can make bad decisions in order for the pain to stop with every drip drip drop of blood that fall, you can lose yourself, lose it all.

Yet to be devoid of it, numb, pared down bare, striped to the core. yes...even if it means living in a zombieland shit show shadow of self, can actually make you more clear, more alert, more vigilant. Because without the emotions clouding your judgement, without the sentimentality of right and wrong, good and bad, happiness and pain lies a lucid valley.

If it is a matter of must do or die-trying, there is no room for pain. When some one is beating your face in with a freezing rubber hose or wiring your mouth open and sending volts of electricity that send your teeth flying into the wall at such force that they embed themselves there, if you can't feel it, if the pain isn't motivating you, if emotions are in a lock box safe from the pain, the clarity...the ability to survive raises exponentially.

They no longer have power over you. When you're no longer weighed down by pain, you've thrown aside your armor, your spirit is set free. They no longer control you. They can kill your body but, your soul is already gone. It's some where safe. Some where untouchable. Free.