

BEHIND THE GREY RHINO

**by
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Behind The Grey

I'm into my team I like good cheerleaders ; football. I was a fashion plate with the sporting clothing.Maybe a beanie , a red thinking cap.Like Dwight Clark made "the catch" I was a 49ers fan.But I never thought I had a rival.

He pulled out a knife from some blue yonder ; being this the first encounter with my duality.I was in a lousy trauma center for 7 days with cuts to the abdomen.It was a bubblegum operation or an amateur did it.

I got out of General and self prescribed myself a medication which was indica marijuana and cocoa butter cream.Every time my mark would show I would have to explain what happened.I would get paranoia off puffing so much bomb.

About ten years past while smoking Humbolt bud and driving around in my ride.Kissing my girl was like licking an ashtray being we were both on it.Meanwhile the memory of the stabbing kept flashing by my brain.

I grabbed a steak knife one day and shanked the man I call the blue yonder.After that I was in jail, in the hole and Mr.Dilema.I was brought to a mental hospital in the Napa Valley.

I met all walks of life even girls I would glamorize and date.Though we were from different jurisdictions I was able to "mack" by the girl I cared for just the same. Sometimes I would lament being seperated because she would top out but I had to stay in the "cookoo's nest". The clothing of my new place was an expression of baije communism or everybody had the same fashion.It was far from the mall bought gear I had in the community.

Coping with the contrasting lifestyles was a must for me.I'd do mandallas or colorful fusion of graffiti.

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Every now and then I would pop microwavable popcorn for just about day there was another movie on a big screen HDTV. Somehow the patients could make the movie sound louder with some type of bump & groove speaker.

I have my own room where I have I-Heart radio with an amplifier. I keep my equipment nice and wiped for there is a room check of course for the safety of human-kind.

I watch everybody play cards but try to avoid it because it reminds me of booze. What I read about it is that the "wets" temptation is the "dry's" opposition. It seems like the Tao of drinking. Also there is Tai Chi out in the courtyard. I bought a book in Berkeley by Chen Man-Ching and I'm able to do the 28 move form from what I learned in college. My goal is a ConRep program where we can't gamble and honesty counts. Not even a little scratcher I could have.

I was told that in the future program there is a 1-800 number that connects me for emergencies. Just for riding UBER I have to call for permission. Just for riding BART out of the county I have to get a representative's OK. There is a golf cart transportation on the grounds of the facility where you got to hold on tight. I used to ride now I walk to my visits. So many interesting people have visited me at the center.

I hear the language of the birds like the resident peacocks. The first blue peacock I ever saw was here in the Napa State Hospital. Sometimes here and there they will make poop every where you walk so be careful of your paces. The woodpeckers also peck the trees and make timbal noises. Robins and sparrows eat all the offerings of nuts and popcorn.

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Someday in Winter we were let out front to view an eclipse.I saw the pink moon between the pine trees. Just to breath some fresh air was a gift from staff. I had to bend my knees to see the complete eclipse. It was after a movie of a girl from Beijing stuck in Arabia.

Being inside during the coronavirus era was a fear factor experience of compression.Every time somebody tested positive for it the whole unit would go on quarentine.I drank alot of cranberry juice hoping to get a vaccine.Finally I was injected Moderna which felt like a blessing like I was protected from the virus.I felt sad for the people that would get it and for there families.

Over the county where I got arrested was a learning personal experience about mental illness.I was taught about Triggers, which are things that make a different feeling and Warning Signs that are when you are heading to crisis.Also that symptoms are part of the mental disease.My undifferentiated schizophrenia was changed to plain out schizophrenia.

Every day I pray for forgiveness and freedom.I hope to visit a Sunday parrish and do a confirmation which is accepting the holy ghost.There is a bunch of easy and hard things to do in christianity.It is easy to put a camel through the eye of needle and it is hard for a rich person to enter the kingdom of heavan.Sometimes I feel like I'm made out of bread and wine.I could almost taste the cheese but not wine because being sober is an obligation.

I have suffered a marijuana and beer habit for 15 years.It started as peer pressure but became a false belief as a remedy for my woes.Grandiosity,Parranoia, and Impulsivity was like a monster for me.I thought by self-medicating I would forget the past.The drugs became strange and modern with more psycadellic hallucinations. I know that there is a higher power that will snap the chain of addiction.

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Here due to the lack of funding I was part of an occupational program. Agreeing to work for less than minimum wage I would do back bending jobs. The pay went on our books. Co-workers were quite sociable people. Creative Gardening and Janitorial were the main skills that I acquired. The acts of work were to look good for the re-entry program to the community.

Alot of time went by eating highly fatening food for commisary snacks. The sodium and calories in the spreads was an addiction of indulgence. After a while the units had no more snack or soda machines. We began a health hazard in turn modification of the menu was in progress for healthier less calorie stuff. To loose pounds I became vegan for half a year and I lost 20 pounds. In the community I used to squeeze in 2 meals a day and ate light breakfast and dinners without lunch, maybe I could do it again. Getting full off white butterfish or pink salmon left no room for any thing else. A lobster burrito was something I bought at a modern new-wave taqueria. I'm on a take out treat unit and I get plenty traditional mexican dishes. Somewhere I read the Olmecs had rubber prduced by a tree and paid money for chocolate cacao.

I got a girlie magazine from a packaging company. Some of the articles had female dialogue with a hot photograph. It seemed so realistic but I could try and get something more. If only the girls were all from the bay area my area. Puerto Rico and Cuba are some of the nationalities of the ladies. The reigning Ms. Universe 2021 is Ms. Mexico. She had something good to say about "Mental Health" place values before stereotypes".

A dreamcatcher I saw at the local shop showcase made me think of the indigenous tribe of this area called the Guapo Yuki. It was pink, brown, and grey or eagle colors. A golden eagle soared by me coming home one day and some how we shared thoughts.

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I usually hear rap music in the hallway. Most of the Hip-Hop that I bought in the eighties are now classics. From Ultramagnetic MC's to the Mantronix DJ series. Eric B & Rakim I saw at the Oakland Coliseum. Souls Of Mischief I think had the original Bay Area style. A brand new genre of music is reggaeton which is a Carribean rhythm at being creative. I had Daddy Yankee and his gasolina jam to the seis of Wisin Y Yandel. Fusing EDM is Alex Y Fido which helps me cope from the beats that take off.

Wednesday I took an old box to the packeging to be filled with as many movies as I had on my property. Some of the flicks were Flashdance, Dungeons & Dragons, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Acapulco Heat amongst others. I'm trying to become lighter and more transitional. Clustering 8 years of malarky can get hectic. Moving units is how to dump alot and renovate.

Out at the yard the squirells ate the onions somebody was groing. They will take food right out your hands. Back on my old unit I was eating a cracker in the yard when a hungry squirell snatched it right out my lap. I had to bat it down. Sometimes squirells mate on the grass prairies. There are grey ones and brown ones.

Skunks have invaded a little corridor asking for cheese cracker donations. Possums are known to climb out of the trees. The frog in the garden does its seasonal croak while the lizard are blue belly monitors.

During this Summer I was hoping to take a bunch of patients down to the Napa river. But that wouldn't be confinement it seems like freedom. I was so curious about it. The river was visible from an officer omni-van. I was scheduled to do an MRI at Queen Of The Valley clinic.

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It was quite scrupulous being a member of the Feather River College. A program for incarcerated people it has a wide range of courses. I'm in my third semester and am waiting for my grade point average and number of units. Child Psychology is something I could use in order to be a daddy or a counselor. I really want to stay a mind that is motivated to finish.

Over at the City College of San Francisco, I owed a wad of money because of a First Responder book that was lost with some of my comic books. There was a ban on my transcripts for about 10 years about that book. Finally I got the limitation lifted by pulling some strings at my current college. In order to move on to something more prestigious later on I will have that cleared.

Back in the days I would buy t-shirts and caps at a college shop in the Berkeley area. Trying to meet other students I was invited to a banquet at a bungalow. We ate fried chicken and mash potatoes. There was a little bit of dancing to some KPFA reggae rhythm. I tried to hug the girl that invited me but it was hard to get to first base.

Sometimes I wish I could do more home economic work than manual labor but I got to bring home the bacon somehow. I push a broom and a mop or wipe down doors and furniture. Also with a glass cleaner solution I clean windows and mirrors. After work is over I eat a mystery snack due to the variety of foods we share.

More of a custodian or a janitor it is hard to really know the difference. I was able to use Wizard deoderant in the bathrooms. And a large vacuum cleaner on some of the big rugs. For this different job I was paid under the table by my aunt. Doing these doo dads makes me feel rich in experience.

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Sorrows of being incarcerated are plentiful. There is a common solidarity of reaching the community. Straight and narrow is the strut of the walk; also honesty counts as a means convincing. Every now and then it feel like a caveman or a sascuatch from Santa Cruz.

I came from an L-FACILITY in the San Jose area. Wearing our own clothing we were able to womanize a little bit more. Crestwood manor it was called where we smoked cigarettes that my asthmatic should not have been doing. Later on I would develop sleep apnia where I sleep with the serenity of a C-PAP machine. Girls seemed to have been irrigated upward from the Guadalupe river from down low California. I did good at the newsletter where I would write about a sporting green. I had alot of money for my birthday and decided to make my escape for at least an evening. At a Dual Recovery Anonymous meeting out front I dashed off and went to eat a mushroom burger and fries. I was exausted and full but I remembered my girlfriend. I stepped inside a gift shop and bought her a fancy sweater ; for myself a pair of Boricua Bermuda shorts with a velcro fly. It kind of shows that I could be independant and adult. I don't regret any of it at all and I enjoyed what I ate that crispy January day.

Because of a district attorney I had to pack up and head back to the Napa Valley; no wine or no cheese just a different mental hospital. I was greeted by a buddy with some cookies and cream. Some of my glueing was for my last facility where I left a whole computerized world. It was a jungle of a unit where I would eat grapefruits and apricots off the trees. I had a see through RCA tv and I used to watch "La Vida Es Asi" with a friend. It was a kind of kinky spanish soap opera with alot of legs. I'm determined to have my own fun in reality out in the community.

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I had an interesting experience taking a class called Taiko Drumming. It was about festival Japanese rhythm with a name like Maysuri Dayko. The tempo of the song had about seven intervals. We also played a flame rendition called Oroshi. Bachi sticks were used to play on a Skuroko or Odayko drum. It all took a bit of following the main rhythm and making a different rhythm. One time we ate Sushi and Ginseng ice cream balls with edible chop sticks. For events we would perform with an Obi belt. I thought there was a co-relation between Taiko and the Taino tribe from Puerto Rico; but I later learned that Taiko originates in Sado island Japan. The group became known as the Taiko Dragons and did many gigs.

Today there is a heatwave summer coming up so I'm trying to stay warm in issued baije shorts. The elastic belt is so tight that it leaves imprints on my skin. Before I had a pair of blue and pink Coca-Cola shorts and saw a green neon girl in a bikini. It was so hot at the beach that I could barely walk on the sand. Here in Napa there is a river under a bridge; partly dry the water looks like being in heaven.

I wish to return to the bay area here on the west coast. It's been so long that I have had a frozen yogurt or a sour-dough clam bowl by Aquatic Park. Riding BART is like being so fast in a Star Wars warp. The lakes of San Jose were loaded with deer as well as the Marin headlands. One time a white tailed deer was looking for food near my car. It was a Ford Mustang 4.8 and I took that convertible car almost everywhere. It was impounded once it was a one hundred dollar bill that would grow in price everyday.

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I used to be in a tiny program in county called CHOICES. I painted cool shirts in acrylic like a hochiman portrait and a superhero. We also used groundbreaking techniques where you concentrate on an object of the room. I ate extra bologna sandwiches and watched the Count Of Montecristo. Aerobic videos and Tai Bo was offered as exercise.

Here back in Napa, different courses were offered for self-efficiency. The groups were called New Start (positive self-talk) and Choices (making goals). At the end of the course we all made super cheeseburgers. The best thing I learned was about different parts of the brain kind of like the hippocampus, the cerebral cortex, the frontal lobe, and the job of the neurotransmitters plus receptors.

New Directions was another group about the effect of drugs on the brain and that drug addiction influences to do something criminal. I did not enjoy the questions about my family tree. We really worked hard and toward the end of a semester had donuts and coffee. What I was able to remember from a documentary that cannabanoids in the brain when activated can create a greater addiction to marijuana. I'm building my Willpower to be a sober person. I feel that if I congregate with other people preaching sobriety.

Dual Recovery Anonymous was a group with a message like mental illness and drug addiction are not our fault, which I agree with completely; it creates a sensation of alleviation. Sometimes buddhist meditation was used to a florescent lighting. Social testimony was highly appreciated by the patients of the San Jose Crestwood Facility. Mr. Natural who was the hip provider was a fan of the Wizard Of Oz.

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Today I awoke to the sound of my alarm watch. Around 8:30 a.m. I got some sugar free candy: Reese's for San Francisco, and York peppermint patties for the representation of New York. I relate each candy to the Giants and the Yankees, in matching the color copia. I hope to go to work even though it'll be scorching heat. I really like the groups that are input and feedback run by some of the staff and I believe that Coping Skills should be one of the themes.

I would like to be released and not retained here at the hospital. Hopefully I could make the voyage straight from Napa to Novato when I get accepted into Canyon Manor. I'm learning patience and keep my hopes high about the whole thing. Through good behavior and obedience I should reach a desired level toward a program. I do stuff that keeps me from harm and realize brotherhood here on the unit.

Here I am on Sunday where there is alot of football on television. I remember watching Jennifer Lopez, Shakira and The Weekend on the halftime show in the Superbowl. Football gives guys a chance to be loud and moan or scream within the ups and downs of a game. I also saw the Buffalo Bills cheerleader documentary and a show on the boob tube about the Dallas Cowboy ceerleaders.

I've never played organized football but I have done something of the such. Tai Chi a bit was for mindfulness and physical exercise here in the backyard of the Napa State Hospital. The trick was about mixing your breathing with the movement. Some of the forms are poetry in motion; kind of like watching a Bruce Lee from the 1970's. There is alot of stances that help the arms flow freely. A T-stance existed that the teacher showed for transitional movement.

**The Black Buddah
Red cloak of dragons
Hummingbird yak butter
Walls of a piggy bank
A cashier could be Chan
Cal P Chan for the quarters
Asabache legs in a girdle
Shells of repentence
Curious George in a bomba dance.**

**I say "wepa" to asiatic "ni hao"
Remembering a Cantonese brown
But the cuisine is chop suey
Butter cups in the huts
Hut one Hut two
I type fingernails through the Fu.**

**Bambu shrimps play baseball
Homerun driver Cepeda
Bright lights Giants down Chinatown
So Kikkoman;so Cha Cha Cha
Or an oboe of Beijing class.**

**Mustard looking incense
Coconut delight delicious
Black buddah lives by
the daqueri moon of the night..**