

Allegory or reflective metamorphic essay on what ways i am a prisoner

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Waking up in the morning is maybe the easiest part of my day. Going through the whole day, every day of my life is the hardest. This is the life of a prisoner, but I am not the typical behind-the-bars crook; I am a prisoner of my own life, with just a peephole as my only chance of escape. It's not that I hate my life or people around me, it's just that, I think I could be more than what I am today, that continuing this kind of life that I have is like wasting precious sands of the hourglass. This is not some wild imagination, not just some long-shot hope, for I am now creating away out of this prison, making the peephole wider, so that my body could go through. I am currently employed full time, living a life with my family of three kids, one is 8 years old, another 2 years old, and the youngest is just 10 months old. I can say that I can go by every day with what I do for a living, but still, there are some things missing in my life. I can feel it - even though I can't see it, I know that it does exist.

That's the point where I realized that I am living my life in prison. Something is hindering me from freedom, from fully discovering myself and my potentials. Even though I have a happy family, it is like its being overshadowed by that desire to break free from prison. Life in prison for me is a typical day doing the same things over and over again. I wake up; spend a little time with my beloved family, and eventually spending the biggest chunk of my day at the workplace. Sometimes, I ask myself, does everyone feel like this. Am I supposed to be doing the same things over and over again, spending my time alone, away from my family in order to make some money? I kept asking this question for so many times, but still, the answer just won't pop in my head. What do I need to do? I feel like I am

behind the cold steel bars, locked up away from the real world, forced to live a life under a routine, doing the same things over and over again for so many days. Not a day was different, with no means of escape, no way to fight for my way out.

I was living a life of a free man struggling to be freed from an unknown prison which only he knows about it. By the end of the day, I am exhausted, drained to the bones. I can't spend more time with my family because I have to sleep in order to wake up early for tomorrow's work. I wanted to spend more time with them, but I can't; I think this is a consequence of being a prisoner (Anonymous). You can't decide on the things you really want to do. You have to go by the routine, or else you'll suffer. For me, suffering is hard because it will not be felt by me alone. It will also affect my family, my loved ones because they depend on me for sustenance so that they could grow into healthy, normal, free people. I think about them so much, and then I realize that I can't stop now. I shouldn't be selfish; if I only think about myself, then my family will suffer. I think a lot, maybe this is what prisoners do with their spare time. Unfortunately, thinking a lot also has its consequences. It keeps me from falling asleep, which is very bad in my case. You see, sleeping has been the only luxury that a prisoner can enjoy.

He can be at peace with himself and with his surroundings. He is at ease, blissfully resting the night through, wishing that it would be longer so that his tired body will regain its energy to the fullest. It also gives the prisoner something that he could hold on to for a while, something that he could really treasure. Being in prison you learn to value sleeping because it is where his dreams are made. Dreams for me come in different forms. It could

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be about the things that make me happy or be about my family's happy moments. Sometimes, it could bring about nightmares, but I've learned that if you live a life of a prisoner, you learn not to fear these nightmares. Sleeping is only about dreams, and these dreams not only bring about happiness, but it can also give you a little bit of hope, and maybe a glimpse of what lies ahead in the future. There was one time when I dreamt about my life, about being a prisoner (Brians). It gave me a clear view of what my real problem was, the reason I became a prisoner in my own life. It was because of my lack of education which has brought me behind bars.

It gave me a clear mental picture of what it's like if I had finished schooling. I could be someone else, be someone better. I could have a chance of landing a better job, and possibly a better life. I can make the most of what I do, and I can make my family happier. It wasn't just a dream because it showed me the way. It is reality - I can make everything real. Everything is possible, as long as I believe that I can. Armed with the dream of finishing school, I packed up everything I need. It would require all of my wits, my confidence, and my willingness to pursue this dream. Luckily, I have everything I need with me. That's why I took the step which I know would take me out of this prison. Through the small peephole of my dream, I will make a larger hole, in which I can pass through and be free from this prison. It was the lack of education that has kept me well behind bars. It's now my time to escape.

Reference

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