

FROM: 10157091

TO:

SUBJECT: #1 - About Myself

DATE: 12/3/2010 8:53:47 PM

I write this in anticipation of having this posted online by Between the Bars, with help from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Personally, it kind of boggles my mind that anyone, period, would think to undertake something like this. I don't care if they ARE using a government grant. Maybe they're finally scraping the bottom of the barrel in terms of society's studies.

I'm grateful, either way, that someone desires to know our collective thoughts. I hope the web site MIT has created is user-friendly.

I suppose I should say a bit about myself, for those who may read this not already knowing who I am:

My name is Cody Robinson. I am 25 years old and my tastes are eclectic when it comes to just about everything. I love the grinding guitars of heavy metal and the melodious voices and enthralling stories of decades-old country and western music. I love professional football (sans the prima donnas) and T.S. Eliot. Throw some E.E. Cummings at me, too. I'm learning basic Italian right now; my brother told me he thought it would be cool if I did.

I am incarcerated in a medium security facility more than 1600 miles from home. I have a great family support system, but due to the distance between us and the current economy, I haven't had a visit in nearly two years.

I'm sure it may be in bad taste, but I should also state that I am serving a sentence for a sex offense. I am extremely candid. I feel a great deal of shame for that I'm putting my family through. It seems we're all pulling together for this, though. I consider myself lucky to have them in my life, to still have an outside connection with anyone. What I did was selfish and unthinking, and I believe I am fortunate not to be forgotten. I see too many prisoners forgotten.

I intend to use this blogging service as a tool to illustrate aspects of both myself and of prison life. This is obviously an easy prison yard, otherwise I wouldn't be allowed to walk here, but things still happen. Hell, seven people were hospitalized a few months ago after a riot on the rec yard. It started over some shredded chicken. I'm not exaggerating, not in the least. It's astounding how things escalate.

Anyway, thanks for reading.

Note: I type my blogs as a draft e-mail and print them out because my handwriting can get bad after a while.