

4/13/11

CONNECTING, my name is melissa E. Colbert 258720

AND, I WAS VERY GREATFUL TO BE BLESSED
TO HAVE A WAY TO EXPRESS MYSELF BEHIND
THESE WALLS THAT HOLD SO MANY SOULS
CAPTIVE, PRISON IS A WORLD THAT FUNCTION ALL
ON A LEVEL SOCIETY CANT SEE, AND WHEN YOU
COME TO PRISON, YOUR WHOLE LIFE HAS CHANGED
BECAUSE REALITY HITS YOU WHETHER YOU LIKE IT
OR NOT. PEOPLE, FAMILY, SO CALLED FRIENDS, SEEM
TO JUST VANISH FROM YOUR LIFE, IVE BEEN IN
PRISON 14* YEARS SO FAR AND MANY MANY WOMEN HAVE
NO SUPPORT, MANY MANY WOMEN HAVE NO HOPE, NO FAITH
SOME ARE SO WEAK PRISON RELATIONSHIPS BECOME THEIR
PASSION, THEY CANT BE ALONE. THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO HAVE
NO EDUCATION, AND HAVE SPENT THEIR WHOLE LIFE
AS A REVOLVING DOOR BACK AND FORTH TO PRISON,
CAN I SELECT MY SURROUNDINGS?? NO

MY BUNKMATE COULD BE A FEMALE CHILD MOLESTER,
SOMEONE WHO KILLED THEIR OWN MOTHER, AND THESE ARE
A FEW SERIAL KILLERS. ASSAULT IS REAL, IN PRISON
AND SO IS LONELINESS. BUT A LOT OF PEOPLE MUST SEE
YOU ON THE NEWS AND LABEL YOU, SO FOR ANYONE TOO
UNDERSTAND, YOU HAVE TO GET INTO A PRISON MIND
MOST PEOPLE ARE SO ASHAMED OF WHO THEY ARE, AND WHAT
THEY HAVE DONE, NOBODY NEVER REALLY KNOWS WHAT HAPPEN
AT A CRIME SCENE. POLICE AS HARD AS THEY WORK NEVER
GET ALL THE FACTS, SO I WANTED TO USE MY LIFE
AS AN EXAMPLE, AND BE HONEST ABOUT IT ALL, IF
YOU JUDGE ME YOU HAVE THAT RIGHT, BUT AT LEAST
GIVE ME CREDIT FOR BEING ABLE TO BE THIS OPEN
NOW AND GENUINELY PRAY SOMEONE SOMEWHERE, MAYBE
SAVED, BEFORE THEY LOOSE THEIR FREEDOM, LIKE ME...

My problem started before I was born. My Grandfather had a sexual relationship with his daughter, and two incest children were conceived, my mother was the first child, then came a male child, my grandmother went on to have 8 more children, 10 in all, the first two from her blood father. She left the two incest children, and moved on without a care about them.

My mother grew up with a complex, and don't like children even tho she gave birth to four children. I'm the oldest and the only girl, but my mother hated me. I hate it so, I remember my grandmother a lot, she reminded her of her mother, the one who abandoned her, so the tender years of my life, was about black eyes, busted lips, when she assaulted me there was no mercy, my nose was broken, she would go into rages and always left me bloody, she would assault me with thick cords, sticks, pipes. There never was any love, how can you love someone you're afraid of. She would cut off all my hair, as a child I spent a year in a mental hospital. I told them I see the devil, I was talking about my own mother.

I was always locked in that apartment in Newark New Jersey. Sometimes the food ran out, if she stayed gone for some days, I didn't eat, until she came. My abuse started when I was a baby. I was always hurt, bloody, and sore, she hated me, and as my other siblings are born, she abused us all, the state of New Jersey charged her with child abuse, but they gave us back to her. It was hard emotionally for me, because I was the mother too and became protective of them, and when something happened, I took the blame for them and was beat
(to be continued)