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(CONTINUANCE)

After my first, and only time using Cocaine etc. it quickly became me, I started making sure I stayed well supplied, smoking weed partying all night long, but I became dependant on all those drugs, no one could see that hole in me that was getting larger everyday. it was easier to deal with my family, friends. it was also easier to deal with my life style Bank robbery, murder, drugs, prostitution, robbery, forgery, credit card fraud, Cocaine selling, shoplifting, you name it, even loan shark, when you borrow a certain amount of money you paid interest. Even tho, all these crimes are against the law, nobody really cares, and alot of people are rich, have legit businesses, but it was dirty money that started it all. and even men will sell sex. when you live in that world, you get respect by how much money you make, and there are many times you will have to defend yourself, during a drug transaction, in 1984 I was SEVENTEEN and also sexually assaulted I shot and killed someone, I've had several violent circumstances. I never started anything but, I wouldn't let people with there own drama defeat me. it's just something you don't do in that life style, that world can be a beast.. the longer you survive, you accomplish more. Alot of guys sell kilos and would find me

A prize, Because I Am Apart of that Lifestyle plus A family who share All the same values one Guy I know, would Get butt NAKED, And Enter Businesses establishments, that would have A money safe, And step And Balance himself in Between the red security beams, And never trigger the Alarm, And would walk Away butt naked with thousands of dollars they trusted there Alarm system. one Guy Cant read or write, he is very Handsome And grew up in the project, And has never had A job. But keep 5# to 8# name Brand Cans. The heist diamonds, And there are illegal Gambling Houses we call Vegas Houses, And Monday thru Sunday A couple million hit the table, He is A Legend in that under world, Also even tho, he has A legit Business, He has mini vans to this day that still go pick up other hustlers, who travel And go from state too state, playing store clerks out of very expensive diamonds. And there good. one Guy owned A very famous funeral parlor But, has A private escort service, what ever you have A jointa job He can provide. He was known as A pimp. Clausy person, He didnt discriminate, his own wife who he professes too love, sold her body just like everyone else for money And he reaped all the benefits... there are also, those who know how to go up the electrical pole, And give you many free services for there own fee And you'll never receive A monthly bill And the list could go on and on...

Alot of people do wrong, But they take care of people and provide loved ones with nice things. My whole life was shifted, and it was too the point, I would have thousands in my pocket every day, and still felt incomplete, Alot of guys was attracted to me, but most of them felt intimidated, because I didnt need them money, I didnt need to cook for them, so they just admired me from a distance, but I was far from who they thought I was I couldnt tell them, my true self, my actual hope & dreams, my secret desire too join the madines, they was only attracted to what was visual, so I never trusted anyone to love me for me, I couldnt risk more pain, I was embarrassed of my family, love for them and for someone who wanted to be in my life, would mean he would definitely have to be financially stable, and I would have to choose that person or my family and I was codependant on them. My life had started off crazy and there deal was better than no deal. All we had to do was please Gianni, and we all did, people who have been more fortunate, and have successful careers, and easily the ones who would judge me, and use some naive vision. But when your down into dire situations your reality has to be developed, because by the good, and you have to believe in something, and learn the truth, especially when

your own mother and family play Superior
and major roles in given your wings their
first Broken Bones. Even when you know
it's wrong, you still stay in that crime of
passion. Love is more lethal than any weapon.
My 1/2 brother wrote me like three years
ago out the blue, I mentioned him earlier
and it felt good to know he was so open
minded, and then one letter I wrote him, I
explained how my ordeal of being molested
bothered me, because I grew up feeling complexed
because, after that and I testified, and he
my uncle was sent to prison, my father, and my
father side of the family. Never wanted me
around anymore, all of them have home's
care, and into church, but they can't be apart
of my life when it was me he violated. He wrote
me expressing to put all that behind me, well
I just had to deal with it, I can't just
forget when that pain has hurt me for years.
I started doing drugs and drinking at a
young age. Here in prison is the first time
ever. I have been clean so, I cried, and
cry now, I have wrote forgive me letters etc.
I finally excepted some help after 10 years
in prison. I actually completed a full year
of one on one therapy and I was so blessed
to do so, I couldn't believe I didn't just
fall dead from the volcano of emotional turmoil
that's why I love what I write because I
free myself and I have been set back too

A jaw realitys my mother And family will never
change, so its impossible for any of them
to see my vision, And have been challenged every
certificates I accomplish, will never be anything
to come. I have let my past life stay with them
I dont have family support, this is one of the
worst times in my life, But then again its not
im lonely for what should happen because
im family But what happen And dont happen
wont ever make me a slave or confirm too
what has almost stole my sanity. im so
proud of myself, even tho, theres no one too
understand what, a celebration it is, to be
able to know your value And worth. to finally
confront your past And who you are, And not
Afraid to be a open book I will answer
anything truthfully. And I write this part
because prison doesnt change you, And this
environment, holds nothing genuinely positive
you have to want all that for yourself
no one push you, its a personal choice.
theres many things negative you can
choose too do. Everyday time heal And
reveal, Everyday I will get lighter spiritually.
its crazy here Everyday. And walking in
prison Everyday, isnt easy And maybe
it all happen for a reason, I have too
pray, things will be better oneday, the
street life take so many people, I cant
go back, that would be the end of me
(to be continued)