

September 27, 2011

DIVORCE WOES

You know, I haven't heard from my wife since she had her baby in 2007. And I say "her baby" because that's exactly what she's made him--hers.

Never once has she let him be "ours", like a child is meant to be. And her selfishness is not only punishing me, but him as well; because even though I have to sit in this prison for some years, I still could be a dad for him.

But, I don't think she's thinking of him. A mistake she'll not realize most likely until it's too late. There's no actual guarantee that I'll be alive even thirty minutes after mailing this post, I'm in a place where your life can be taken at any given moment--so for her to expect me to be there for him later if he wants me isn't really what you'd call a safe bet. I want to be later, and I'm trying, as I struggle through each day, but who knows what will happen.

It's the same with my youngest daughter: her mother said "When she grows up, if she wants to come see you--she can. I won't stop her."

These women had both their parents growing up; they have no true idea of what it's like to grow up in a broken home, minus a parent, like the one they each are now living. Because as great as a step-parent can be, there not the "parent", and the kid knows this, the kid's friends and teachers know it, and it makes a difference in there life. I didn't get to really know my own dad until after he died--when it was too late. And while everyone blamed him for that, I know now it's my mother that is to blame for him not being in my life. Just as I'm sure my own two youngest will grow to know: that their mother made the decision for me not to be in any part of their life.

I'm in prison; I'm not dead.

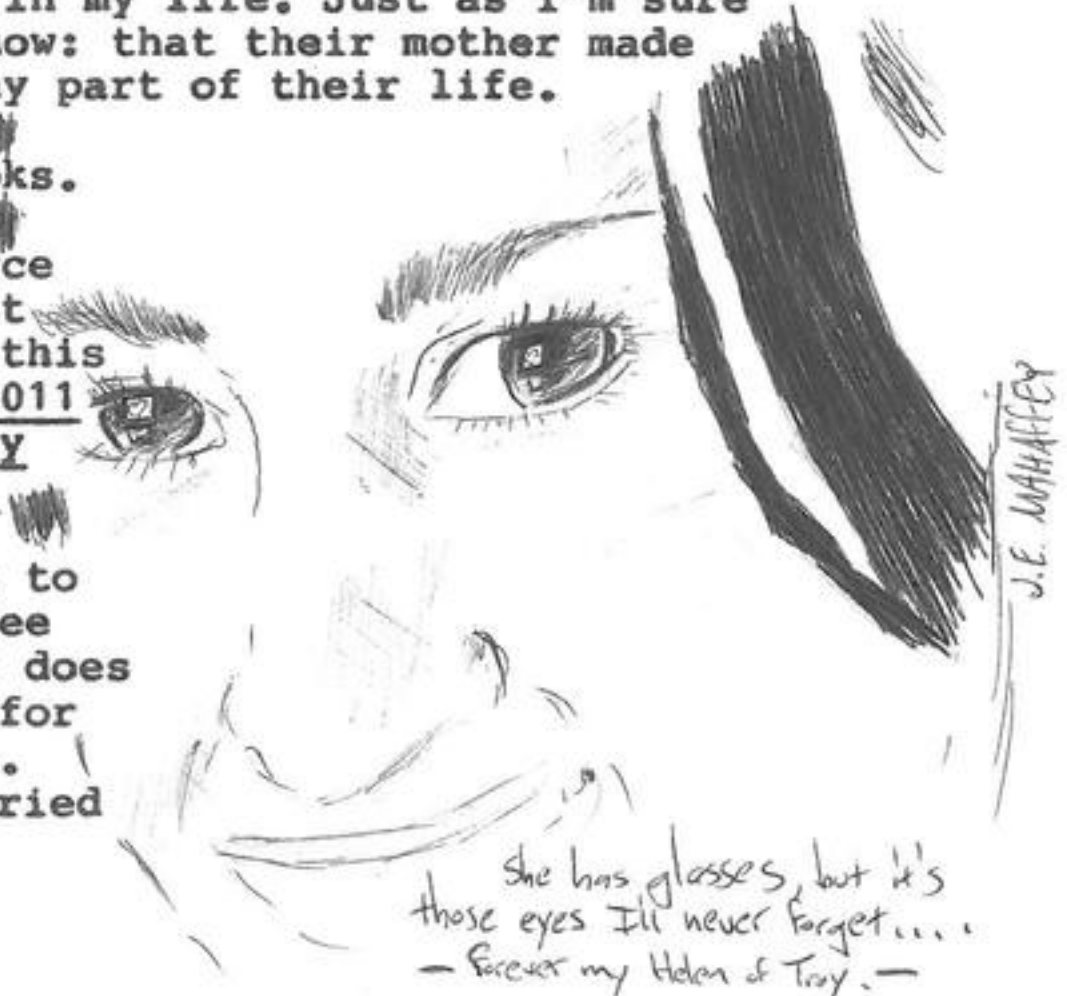
They'll grow up to read my books.

And maybe even this blog....

The final hearing for my divorce that I filed for on my birthday last year is almost set for my birthday this year. It'll be done on October 7, 2011 at 10:45 a.m. in the Anderson County Courthouse, 100 South Main Street, Anderson, South Carolina.

I'm not really looking forward to it--at all. It really pains me to see my ex. I want to hate her, like she does me, but I can't. I've forgiven her for being "cynical" as she called it....

I still remember the day I married her ... and smile.



She has glasses, but it's those eyes I'll never forget....
- Forever my Helen of Troy. -