

October 7, 2011

Divorce: The Final Hearing :(

Well, we had the divorce today--I'm single again....

The judge seemed to like me, and took an immediate dislike to my ex; that for some reason or another requested to keep my name and not return to her maiden one. But who can blame her really; the name Jaime Beth Mahaffey does sound better than Jaime Beth Shirley.

Plus I guess she wants to have the same last name as her son: Collin Johnny Mahaffey. (she insisted we give him my full name--to make him a junior--but I wasn't up for that, plus I wanted the name Collin. The logical compromise of course being Collin Johnny Mahaffey.)



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I feel like I've finally now lost absolutely everything! And that the last little part of me that was left finally died today in that courtroom (number 4 I believe it was.). The fact that I was still married, and we had a son--a family--gave me strength to get through each day. Even though I didn't see or hear from them, I knew they were there, and even dreamed that they might even be there for me if I were to be released and given a second chance at life.

But now, I know repairing that family isn't possible.

The State just isn't for it.

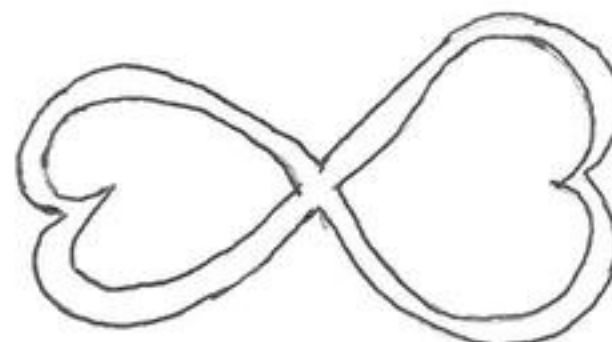
And neither, it seems, is Jaime.

The judge seemed confused at my complete submission to whatever Jaime might possibly want; and I guess it was obvious to him that I loved her still. It's just the fact is: I love her enough to let her go, so that she can have the life she deserves--free of any strings, legal, emotional, or otherwise, to me here in this damned prison.

What do I have to offer her?

Absolutely nothing--or, at least, that's what she's decided.

I wanted so bad to grab her, pull her to me, and kiss her with every ounce of my soul. But the shock-vest I was forced to wear would have went off, and I couldn't risk such electricity going through me, into her. I wouldn't, couldn't, subject her to such a thing. If I could have kissed her and only shocked myself it would've been worth every volt.



Me kissing her however, was not something she obviously wanted done. So all such thoughts are futile.... Einstein once confesed to his teenage-sweetheart: "Beloved sweetheart ... I have now, my angel, had to learn the full meaning of nostalgia and longing. But love gives much more happiness than longing gives pain. I only realize how indispensable my dear little sunshine has become to my happiness."