

BLOG/2011/OCTOBER...

IM TIRED...I find lately that the constant strain of being in prison is becoming too much! The constant wondering if I can make it when I get out? How will I ever take care of myself in my retirement years? Have I wasted too much time to create a new life for myself? will I be too old to start over? Will I be alone? Do I have the strength? Will I make it out of here in one piece? Simple things like where will I live when I get out? How do you start a new life with no money and no place to live?????? I find it over whelming. Do I want to be in my 50's and going through yet another transitional living experience? Can I even find one that will accept ME as Iam? Is it even worth all the trouble? how much easier it would be to just give up and call it a day. It is sometimes overwhelming. Im a strong person and can take alot but I feel like Im at my limit and can not deal with one more thing or I will burst.

Most of the time I try and be like sunshine and rainbows and everything is wonderful but the reality of it is everything is not wonderful. Im in prison fighting to be who I want to be, I have no prospects when i get out, I will be olderish and will be starting all over again, yes, I know, no one to blame but myself. I know exactly where the blame lay's but that does not make it any better. How do you find the internal strength to press on??? When you are at your wit's end how do you continue? When the hopeless can not find any hope where do you turn? How do you find the light at the end of the tunnel when that tunnel just keeps going and going and going???????

Im so tired...

Odi at amo 'excrucior'

Terra

The man I love  
carries my heart in his pocket  
like loose change  
knowing it's always there  
If he  
NEEDS it...

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We're in love  
i should not have to  
convince you  
of who iam  
how i feel  
do not force  
me to be your  
insecurities  
my life is yours  
my love is yours  
my heart is yours  
we're in love  
i should not have to  
convince YOU  
You do not have to convince  
ME

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I take a breath  
of him every morning  
i feel his warmth  
infusing my soul  
his strength  
gives me my strength  
our moods  
reflected  
in each others eyes  
each of us  
afraid to admit  
our need for the other  
afraid not to  
afraid that it will be snatched  
away in a blink of an  
eye  
pushing, pulling  
desperate for the other  
to realize

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