

My Only Regrets by Jeremy Pinson

I came to prison at a very young age with a sentence longer than I'd lived to that moment. I'd been in constant trouble since age 12 and had brought nothing but turmoil the the lives of my mother, my aunts and uncles, my cousins. I'd lied to them, violated their trust repeatedly and had never learned my lesson.

My juvenile experiences in the criminal justice system were harsh but some people must receive a life altering shock to truly learn a lesson. As a kid in jail I wasn't deterred because juvie was like a really bad trip to camp.

As I progressed into adulthood, minor crimes and ultimately organized crime the shock to my system was inevitable. I witnessed or was made aware of 15 brutal murders. For the first time in my life I was exposed to cocaine, meth, heroine and though I never used heroin or meth I saw firsthand the evils of these drugs.

Several violent episodes left bones broken, skin punctured with stab wounds, teeth cracked. My wounds would heal but my tango with death would not soon cease haunting me. I would learn dark corners of my heart and capabilities

So sinister I dare not write them.

One day I decided to choose the long hard road to redemption. My only regret is I can never redeem myself to my family, the only people whose love and approval matters.

My mother does not write or visit me. My aunt Renee never forgave me. At birthdays and Christmas I am alone, not a single family member will care enough to even say hello. The debt for my sins against them is the indifference with which they now treat me.

There is no quantifying the pain this causes me. In my life of crime my partners never would have believed their ruthless consigliere could be driven to tears in the dark silence of a cell at night over the loss of the love of his family.

So I shall walk the road alone in this life but I shall redeem myself. If not in the eyes of my family, than in my own eyes. An homage to the debt owed those I love the most. Some decisions we make are never forgive, hence the source of my regrets. When the devil offers the world, like Faust one day you must pay what is due.