

February 22, 2012

Prison Woes: Memory and lost loves

Is it bad that I can still remember the birthday of a fiancée that I had in the summer of 1999? It's actually burned into my memory--forever. And every February 22 it pops into my head no matter what I'm doing or where I am....

Happy 29th birthday Candice, wherever you may be.

1999 was forever and a year ago, but my photo-memory has a way of tormentously replaying each painfully beautiful moment lost to time as if it were just a moment ago. But I guess it could be worse--I could not have the memory at all. It obviously left an emptiness in me, since we never really split up from each other but were pushed apart by others because of our age difference (I was 21 and she 17).

I left--for her good--and never knew what had became of her. Even though I did attempt a few times at contacting her in like, 2003 and 2006 (before my marriage to Jaime) to no avail.

And, I tried in 2001 to find her on the net, I just recalled that little failed venture. I'd sent messages out to about a hundred or so girls with her same name, none were her.

I've burned so many bridges in my life that I'd need the prayers of Noah to put them all out. Those lucky enough to remain friends with those they've loved, should consider themselves very lucky. I couldn't even stay friends with the ones I had children with--they just weren't capable of it, or, just didn't see it as worth it. Selfishness gets in the way mostly. Plus for some reason or another they feel it their place to punish me with silence, despite what it's doing to the children. But, I'm ranting now towards a different topic.

The point I guess I'm getting at is that ... it sucks to love someone, have them as a main focus of your life, and then, just a few years later--or decades--they're a memory. Even though I'm thankful for all the good memories, it still doesn't make much sense why so much of what we plan for never works out. But that's just life I guess.

