

Dear Blogs,

July 2, 2012

The very first thing is remorse and a great deep and apparently infinite sorrow. There are so many to apologize too. My Mother, and my stepfather. My little brother Burney, all my siblings, especially my sister Roseanna, who took me in after my big sister Christina and my Stepdad and Mother could no longer deal with me. I had terrible wild emotional swings. To my stepdad Jennille, I felt he hated me, I was not allowed to put posters or art on my bedroom walls but I did and had terrible screaming fits at him. I did not know how deeply I loved and recognized how good a Dad he was to us until maybe 5 years before he passed away. He took good care of my Mother and us kids for over 35 years. I do not have good grammar, punctuation so please, bear w/me. I apologize to my best elementary school friend Randall Mc —, he knows why. I say, I love you so much to him and to my next BF, in High School, Kenneth Walter We —, I was in love w/ Kenny at 16 during a sleepover I reached out in the early over

hours and touched him "There," I just
 lost it, I knew the boundaries, he
 jumped up and outted me in a most
 brutal fashion to all the other friends
 in the room. That's when the fighting
 started, we fought every time, we met.
 I loved him everyday in every way.
 but in small town behavior in 1971, "Wrong"
 I want to apologize to all the folks who
 cared for me, ran w/me / loved me.
 When i was 6 I was caught naked
 with little "Caroline" in an old garage,
 My Big brothers, Phillip, Jimmy, her B/brother
 Ralph, caught me a couple weeks
 later and told me to perform oral sex
 on him or he would tell his Dad on
 me for being naked with his little
 sister. We were both 6, Ralph was 9.
 So for almost 2 years, I learned all
 about being scared and forced, finally
 the police caught us in the bushes
 in the park. I was 8, that hot summer
 night, I heard Ralph's screams as his
 daddy beat him with his belt, and
 I cried and cried, lying on my blankets
 on the floor, my 2 brothers up in the bed.
 We moved a short while after that.
 My big brother RIP, who I cherish the
 memory of. Found my poetry hidden not

beneath the boards in our clothes closet. He told me he was very proud to have a writer in the family and that it shouldn't hurt my words. The happiness he gave me that day still lingers. Phillip always tried to help me a warm, loving man, a Crier in his Cups, and shy and sensitive normally. A few years later he told me, "I know you a Drag Queen?" It was funny, I said, "Ma Rock Star, not a Drag Queen. But I've seen both." He was my private Elvis look alike impersonator. My brother James leaves little for me to remember, he is my only "Real" brother from the same Mom & Dad, I always felt his disgust at me. I have prayed for his forgiveness, and cried many a time wishing he would be my Big brother, but I guess it's not to be. But I digress! I want to express how deeply sorry I am to all those collaterally hurt by my lack of respect for discipline or authority. Roseanna, in this life she was the one person who loved me from my family enough to clothe, feed, house me, even years later, and all I did was go to prison for 4 life times and leave her all alone. She has a will of iron, all she ever wanted was a husband who →

didn't hit her, she stopped writing me
 in 2011. I miss her so much, I've been
 clean & sober for 12 years. I am awake
 to the raw pain of my behavioural
 failures. It hurts even when im
 asleep. I'm not kidding. Until a person
 gets a life sentence, with no hope of
 going home, seeing brothers & sisters or
 growing old with the people you've
 known all your life. Until that
 happens, I used to think that the setting
 sun, or my homelessness was the scariest,
 loneliest feeling, not knowing where
 to sleep, where to go, but that feeling
 is a B-day party compared to waking
 up and going to sleep, day after night after
 day in this cell, until im cremated by
 the state of CA and strewn on the wind.
 I sometimes lose who I am. I had
 no weapons, I'm paying now, Larry, I
 am paying David & Jim and Jim Baruch, and
 Karen, im paying, Jamie G. Ms. Ziggy, I'm so sorry.
 I hurt you. Wren, & Ziggy and dear kind
 angelic Carol Matthea im sorry. I'm sorry
 to "The Kids" and so sorry to Benny, Jay
 Gregg, I'm so sorry, Theatrix, Stephanie
 sorry, Metaphor Cafe family, Amazing James
 Newish, what a true artist there. My little
 Green-eyed Rene, I'm sorry to Ruthie →

5.

Im sorry to Barbara, and Crazy Jodie and
Ralph Nelson, sorry to Nana & Kenny
& Roger Gordon, sorry to Linda Sue Burch
and Christopher Haze, sorry. Michael Battista
I was so in crazy love w/ you, and never
ever let on, you had gifts to share w/
people far more deserving than I, to Kietie
& Joey Bauman to Cardiff by the Sea to Everitas
to Teencadia, Del Mar, sorry to Gary Schmitt
in Philadelphia, Marya Jensen, sorry to Denny
& Theresa Harris, sorry to Michael Gunther
who died alone, unloved or so he thought in
a Tijuana hotel room. sorry to Willy Grey,
and Sandra the Train killed them both in
Teencadia, sorry to Tommy & Freddie, to Wally,
sorry to Jennie, Donnie & Michael, Joose
Change, to Steven, Paul, Bud and all those
cute, cute girls that followed you guys around.
to Marty, Mon Marty, you should of told
me I was such a loser, you were so decent
I trusted your opinion always from Indiana,
to Tampa to Philadelphia to Los Angeles &
San Diego, Atlanta Columbus Ohio,
Escoradio, I loved Escoradio, but lost
my mind completely there. To the Bank Teller,
Im so sorry I scared you everyday im
filled with remorse for my behavior

But i won't continue to apologize, its not,
its not healthy over & over. ⊕

It is July 15, 2012, Karen's B-day
is on the 26th, so is Luis's, too
people i loved with all my heart.

I never said i was organized,
bright or behaviourally correct.
But for all i knew at that time
you were the only one. But times
moved on.

Yesterday, I started a Band "Dead Randy"
a Clothing line - "DEAD RANDY." More soon!

P.S. Hello Gregg,