

August 2, 2012

An Apology for the Kids....

You'd think that being confined to a cell would give you all the time in the world to do anything you want. Well, as far as thing that can actually be done in a cell go (e.g., read whatever, write whatever, draw or paint whatever). But it's not quite that way--it's just as hard to do things.

Here we are in 2012, and I'm still behind on my goals.

The books I'm working on.

The paintings not yet painted.

All the things I want to make sure I get done for my kids are still mostly works-in-progress; but I do feel that once things start reaching completion that everything will just sorta fall like dominoes.

The only thing I can say in my defense, is: that it just really sucks being in prison. It's not easy seeing the true colors of those you love, and those of society. How most people are just about themselves, and nobody else. No empathy whatsoever, especially from those in law service.

And I re-emphasize *law service*.

Depression looms at the start of every hour here, and giving up seems to be the norm--the expectation actually. But the fact that I can't leave my kids empty handed that drives me, and on top of that, I refuse to let this imprisonment beat me down like some dog.

Every day, I work, and work, and work.

It'll pay off one day.

I hope.