

MY Journey for Love

10-11-12

SOMEONE ONCE said to me that love is like a swirling tornado that sweeps up and envelopes the two people involved. After the chaos is over and you regain your bearings, the world as you know it would be forever changed.

I spend many days in my prison cell wondering what it would be like to finally meet a woman who would complement my life. Well not my current life, considering ~~the~~ fact that I'm in prison, but the life I am determined to lead at all costs. I mean, there's somebody for everybody, right? Even for a man in prison? My greatest desire is to wake up with a special lady in my arms, one who loves me as much as I love her. One who can appreciate my personal journey through the depths of hell, only to find her at the end, shining like the sun after a stormy day.

A part of me is very impatient and frustrated at the fact that the word, 'soulmate', is

horrendously over-used in our modern society. As Americans we live in a culture that is extremely biased by a mixture of religious dogma, prudishness and sexual repression. We're damned if we do and damned if we don't.

Dreaming of some fantasy woman is ultimately just a fantasy. We all have had dreams of a magical person who is supposedly the other half of our soul, waiting to meet us in the land of elves and giant pumpkins. And yes, real men dream about this stuff too. Often times they just scared to admit it. But not me!

The fairy tale love stories aside, I do firmly believe that two people can be drawn together for reasons that are not easily explained with words. Now imagine trying to do it with words only, in a 6 by 12 box, in prison. Welcome to my journey for love! Rechell Williams III

