

# Love Hurts

by Jeremy Pinson

Although rare people do fall in love in prison. I have unfortunately fallen under the spell of this powerful emotion. Sometimes I think love is a mental illness.

When this person calls my name I smile. When he sends me notes of love I smile. There are a million other things he does that make me smile. The other day a white supremacist was speaking to us both and true to form he asks us "You know how them fags talk right?" And me and him bust out laughing hysterically. The white supremacist smiled uncertainly not at all aware of how we'd just shared a private joke at his ignorance.

I wake up thinking about him and many things remind me of our secret love. Sadly we can't hold or kiss one another. Any form of deeper intimacy is forbidden. So we smile together, share jokes only we hear, and open our souls to one another in a way bonding deeper than those who can share real intimacy. But though he is a source of bliss, this love thing hurts too. Worse than a gunshot wound. I wouldn't trade it for anything though.

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