

DEAR WORLD. IVE SPENT THE PAST TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE ADRIPT. FEELING AS IF I HAD NO HOME.

IT WAS ~~MY~~ ANGER, BLAME, THAT MY YOUTH-MIND PINNED ON MY FAMILY. FOR WHAT? I DONT KNOW. IT IS AS IF I JUST NEEDED TO POINT THE FINGER AND RAGE AT SOMEONE. LIKE A NEWBORN BABY SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER AT A ROOM FULL OF STRANGERS. A ROOM FULL OF SOMEONES.

SO I JUST SPENT THE AFTERNOON IN CONVERSATION WITH A PRISON PSYCHIATRIST. WE SPOKE OF FREUD AND POLITICS AND REVOLUTION AND PATRIARCHY.

SHE DIDNT COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY IT, BUT SHE HINTED ABOUT THE SIXTIES.

SHE KNOWS RESISTANCE. SHE KNEW IT.

I CAN JUST SEE HER LEAVING OUR VISIT AND STOPPING SOMEWHERE. MAYBE A SMILE. MAYBE A TEAR OR TWO. OR JUST A SIMPLE SHAKE OF HER HEAD.

SHE AND I — THIS IS NOT SOME WIERDO TYPE THING IM SPEAKING OF — I SEE HER AS A FELLOW BRAIN — WE SAW EYE TO EYE ON SO MUCH. BUT SHE...

ITS LIKE A LONG, LONG TIME AGO SHE HAD TO PUT DOWN THE FEATHERS AND BELL BOTTOMS BECAUSE SHE WAS BURNED OUT, OR WANTED TO LIVE INSTEAD OF DIE.

AND SHE COULD SEE INTO MY EYES AND WITNESSED — THERE ARE MOMENTS IN LIFE SO HARD TO EXPLAIN!

BUT, I CALLED MY HOME AND SPOKE WITH MY FAMILY TODAY, AFTER THE PSYCHIATRIST VISIT, AND THEY WANT ME HOME. THEY WILL WRITE A PAROLE BOARD LETTER IN SUPPORT OF ME.

IM NOT ADRIPT ANYMORE.

AND THE DEEPEST PART OF ME IS AFRAID TO LOOK THEM IN THE EYES. AFRAID OF WHAT THEY WILL SEE.

ITS BEEN SO LONG. THERE'S BEEN SO MUCH...

AND IN MY MIND I LEAVE THIS ESSAY WITH A LAYOUT OF MY GRANDFATHERS HOUSE, THE LAND SURROUNDING IT, THE FARM ANIMALS AND FARMING EQUIPMENT.

I PICTURE BODIES, BRAINS THAT LOVE ME, MOVING AROUND, LIKE ON THAT MOVIE "BEETLEJUICE" WHERE THE COUPLE HAVE THE MOCK-UP TOWN IN THEIR ATTIC. ONE MINUTE SOMEONES ON THE TRACTOR IN THE FIELD. THE NEXT EVERYONES AT THE KITCHEN TABLE.

IM SCARED IF I PUT MYSELF INTO THAT PLACE ANY PLACE, ILL JUST SIT IN A ROOM AND ISOLATE MYSELF. AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE ON THE SET WILL WONDER WHATS WRONG