

5/29/13

Good morning ladies and gents, or shall I say afternoon? Anyhow, whatever time you have taken the time out of your day to scroll the pages of BtB, I am very appreciative. And yes, i'm back from my little hiatus. I have taken advantage of the opportunity to blog. To be a blogger. For me, it's more than just throwing some cool sounding cliché's on paper. Through this blog, i aim to grow and meet new people while sharing my everyday struggles. And if it's not too much, tweak my craft as a creative writer.

How about I give you an update on the past few weeks. Besides the studying I put into learning what being a blogger means and the responsibilities it carries, i've also come face to face with the fact that there are things in life I have no control over. One of them being, the kind of relationship I want to have with my daughter. She turned six last November, and in the last five years, I haven't heard from her. Unwritten I don't know how many letters. Not just any old letter, but heartfelt ones. I sent holiday and birthday's cards, but not one response. I have heard from the mother of my child on a few occasions in the beginning, but the last years, not a word.

What gets to me the most is that I know it's my fault that i'm in here. I've spoken with countless men who've said, "Man, just let it go. The best thing for you to do is stay out of that girl's life." On one hand, I can see where they're coming from. I wouldn't want my baby girl coming to visit me in such depressing conditions either, but I also love her and want to know her. I am forever cognizant of why i'm here.

It was my decision to go out and commit one of the most inhumane crimes one human being can do to another. I'm aware of that and it's not a day that goes by that I don't feel it. But at some point I think I have to forgive myself. I'm not dead, and there is never going to be a time in my life where I could repeat those events. I wouldn't allow it.

I digress. -Back to the topic. I can recall being like six or seven years old and coming to Kettle Moraine prison with my moms to visit her, then, boyfriend and remember the effect that event had on me. It wasn't until recently that it was clarified. What am i talking about, you want to know? I'm talking about by me growing up in an environment where to be black _I know this isn't going to sound right to many of ears, so I apologize in advance- and young you already had it in your mind that you would someday in your life wind up in jail.

So for me to go in, eat some cookies, neat up a burger and pop popcorn,

it gave me the impression that prison wasn't so bad. There wasn't much of a difference than what we did at home. I never saw the constant oppression being put on inmates by over eager guards. I never saw the gang violence. The so-called "Segregation units" where you're treated like the lowest of the low.

So here I am, wanting a relationship with my daughter, but also am afraid that it'll somehow cause more longterm pain than I already have. I've been absent for the better part of her life. She don't know me except for pictures. And then you all know, -Yeah, you women. Not all, but some.- when the father is out of the picture, your pain and hurt somehow makes the father a good-for-nothing dad. And in some cases it's true, but to hear that as a child, I know first hand the emotional damage that can cause.

Every since I can remember, Moms would sip from her bottle and then it'll start. And since my brothers looked exactly like my pops, hell they might as well have been him because she would say some of the meanest things to them. "Yo' daddy ain't shit. You know that, boy?" And the words would get meaner the more she emptied the bottle of Paul Mason.

So I present this conundrum to you all. My friends, my family away from family, do you think an incarcerated parent should have contact with their child(ren)? If so, to what extent? If not, why do you have that opinion?

Leave a comment if you can. If you can't discuss it with a few friends or family members. I'm sure this subject has never crossed the dinner table;

Take care and love and peace to all.

A DAY IN THE LIFE!

Michael McInune

Elisbeth-Anne, thanks for being there every step of the way. I am forever grateful.