


Debra

I don't know why you're not writing to me. I'm tired of begging and waiting for mail that's never coming. Whatever the excuse, it's just an excuse. I don't want to mangle words nor do I want to hurt you. In order for me to survive myself with some sort of normalcy I have to purge my wounds. I know it will hurt you to read this but it's killing me to hold this shit in. I don't hate you or blame you for anything that happened to me. I know being molested fucked me up in so many ways. My first memories is of Dad beating the shit out of you. I remember the nights of screams and broken things. Growing up I became a stranger to myself. We've both had shitty lives and we're fused at one another's wounds. I love you and miss you like crazy. I know the light at the end of your tunnel is growing dimmer and you're trying to find some peace with it your self. I hope you find the peace you have been searching for your whole life. I am letting go of my pain and sadness I have because of you. Please know I forgive you and I don't hate you. I hope you forgive me for the pain I've caused you

our hearts beats blood because we have energy running through our ~~ours~~ bodies. I think that energy is what we call our "souls" Einstein said that energy never dies, our physical bodies die but our souls return to where we came from. Please look for me when it's my turn to go home and I'll look for you

I love you man

Love your son

 6/12/13  
Love Some Done.