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OCTOBER 5, 2013: LISTENING TO "INNOCENCE" BY DISTURBED. 11:00am

OCTOBER IS A HORRIBLE MONTH FOR ME. IN 20 MORE DAYS IT WILL BE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF MY JUSTINE. IT WAS A SENSELESS KILLING AND IN MY HEART, SOMETIMES I THINK THAT THIS WAS THE UNIVERSE'S WAY OF PAYING ME BACK FOR ALL THE WRONGS I HAVE EVER DONE. I WOULD ENCLOSE A PHOTO OF HER BUT I DON'T HAVE COPIES AND I AM AFRAID TO LOSE THE LITTLE I HAVE LEFT OF JUSTINE BUT IF ANYONE WANTS TO SEE WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE, YOU CAN GO TO MY FACEBOOK PAGE OR MY BROTHERS (JUSTIN PEZZECA) AND SEE THE FEW PHOTO'S I HAVE LEFT OF ME AND JUSTINE. I WROTE BAD POETRY MANY YEARS AGO. IT WAS MY WAY OF DEALING WITH COMING TO PRISON AND EXPERIENCING THE LOSS OF MY JUSTINE. I WILL INCLUDE MAYBE 2 POEMS. ALOT OF THEM ARE NOT SUITABLE AND I WAS PRETTY TORN UP AND VIOLENT BACK IN THOSE DAYS AFTER HER DEATH. I WANTED TO KILL EVERYONE. BUT THIS IS ME HERE REMEMBERING HER IN MY OWN WAY. SHE WAS THE SWEETEST WOMAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN. THE MOST PRECIOUS, SO INNOCENT I FEEL LIKE I CORRUPTED HER. SHE LOVED ME FOR ME AND STOOD BY MY SIDE NO MATTER WHAT. I COULD LITERALLY GO ON & ON ABOUT HER. BUT TO ME, THERE WAS NO ONE BETTER. ALL SHE EVER WANTED WAS TO HAVE A HAPPY LIFE FILLED WITH LITTLE DOGS AND BABIES. JUSTINE WAS 5 FEET TALL AND WEIGHED 100 POUNDS. I WAS NOT THE PERFECT MAN FOR HER. I HADN'T MATURED YET AND I WAS NOT A MAN. I HAVE GROWN TO LOVE HER MORE NOW THAN I EVER HAVE. I AM LOST WITHOUT HER. RIGHT NOW I AM RAMBLING AND HOLDING BACK THE TEARS BUT IT'S NOT EASY. TO LOSE THE ONES YOU LOVE WHILE IN HERE, IT'S THE WORST. I WOULD GLADLY GIVE HER THE REMAINING YEARS OF MY LIFE IF THAT WAS POSSIBLE. BUT THIS ISN'T THE MOVIES. THIS IS REALITY. ALL I CAN DO IS LIVE, BECOME A BETTER MAN, ATTEMPT TO BE SOMEONE SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF. I LOVE YOU JUSTINE. RIPOSA IN PACE AMORE MIA. (REST IN PEACE MY LOVE). JUSTINE DREAMED OF GOING TO ITALY WITH ME. SHE ~~WAS~~^{WANTED} US TO LEARN ITALIAN TOGETHER AND VISIT THE PLACE WHERE MY FAMILY CAME FROM. PLUS, AS A TINY LITTLE IRISH GIRL WHO WEIGHED JUST 100 POUNDS, MY GIRL COULD EAT AND SHE LOVED ITALIAN FOOD. BLEW ME AWAY THAT SHE COULD EAT AS MUCH AS ME AND NOT GAIN A POUND OF FAT. SHE WAS THE ONE HUMAN BEING THAT I KNEW IN MY ENTIRE LIFE THAT THERE WAS NOTHING ABOUT HER THAT I DISLIKED. NOTHING. ANYWAY, I HAVE MY OWN WAY OF REMEMBERING THE LOVE OF MY LIFE. I MAY HAVE FAILED HER, BUT I WILL NEVER FORGET. ONE OF THE TATTOOS ON MY LEFT BICEP IS A SKULL WITH WORDS IN ITALIAN SURROUNDING IT. "MORTE NON E' LA FINE. E' UN NUOVO INIZIO". (DEATH IS NOT THE END, IT IS A NEW BEGINNING). AND THIS IS A BELIEF THAT I HOLD ONTO DEARLY. I WROTE THE FOLLOWING AFTER SHE DIED, IN ORDER TO HELP WITH MY OWN GRIEF. THIS WAS AFTER THE ANGER STAGE. RIGHT NOW I'M WATCHING A MOVIE CALLED "LOVE ACTUALLY" ON THE TV LAND CHANNEL. TAKE CARE, HOLD ONTO YOUR LOVED ONES AND GO MAKE SOME LASTING MEMORIES. GOD BLESS. CIAO.

PS: IF YOU'RE READING THIS KRISTA, ON OCT. 16 MY BABY GIRL WILL BE 16. HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANGEL. DADDY LOVES YOU HONEY. PLEASE FORGIVE FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO BE THERE. I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU KRISTA. I MISS YOU BABY.