

## Enough is enough!

November 11, 2013

[Before I begin, I first must say that I love my mother more than anything in this world. She means everything to me. With that being said, I must be honest and tell it the way I remember it. I love you, mama.]

For too long i've let my thoughts control me. Back and forth, to and fro they floated around inside of my head accusing me of being wrong. A misfit. A sicko. And stupid me believed in them. Acted them out. But not anymore. Before my sentencing, Judge Coleman wanted an explanation on how could I do the heinous things I did to another human being. At the time, I had no comment. I didn't know what that 'exact' issue was. He was asking what the one thing <sup>was</sup> so that we could fix it to make sure that the crimes i committed never happen again. So for the past sixty-two months, i've search high and low to find that hole that made me broken so that i could fix it once and for all. Cover it with tape and be as good as new. But now I understand that it wasn't just one thing that caused me to do the dispicable things I did. I realize that in order to patch up this boat i'll be taping for the rest of my life.

How about we start with the first patch that i'm sure is more than one. Every since I could remember, my respect for women just wasnt there. Especially when it came to black women. I was afraid to mention it to anyone in fear of how it would sound coming from me. But it's true. Every black women i've known didn't respect herself and if she did, I couldn't see it because my memery was warped with the women who'd let me down. Who destroyed me and watched as I was abused without saying a word. Then there's the cousins i've watched being defiled and beaten with lead pipes and yet still went back for more. How could I respect them, could you?

Visions of being tied to the bed and beaten for hours while my crack head aunt knew what was going on in the other room, <sup>clouded</sup> ~~clouded~~ my vision. She was too busy getting high to give a damn about what was happeneing to me. Then there's Ms. Halala, my fifth grade teacher who after catching me stealing the fieldtrip money, didn't care to ask why, but sent me to Mr. Staff who slapped my arms with <sup>rules</sup> ~~books~~ whenever I dropped the books he made me hold.

Then there was my older cousins who played house with me. Confusing me only to run off with other dudes. And last but not least, there's my loving mother whom I adore, but hated for quite some time. I blamed her for me hating

women. She would always say "Lil Mike, treat a woman how you would want a man to treat me." That always baffled me because the only I have ever saw men treat her was horrible. I never knew how a woman should be treated because she never showed me.

I watched my beautiful mama's blood spay the walls when her then boyfriend broke a Paul Mason bottle over the side of her face, I hated him so much and must've cried all night thinking that my mama was gone. And the next morning when she walked in with that ugly bandage on her face, she was still as beautiful as ever to me. But my happiness didn't last long, because in walked ~~him~~ him. It had to have been one of the scariest moments of my life. I didn't know what was going to happen. It wasn't until later I found out that my strong and independent mama who compared herself to Patti Labelle because she was on her own and didn't need a man for nothing had gone straight to jail and bailed him out before coming home and seeing if we were straight. The next few days, he cooked and catered to my mama's every need. Even trying to cozy up to us. She forgave him, but I never did.

I knew he was scheming again to get back in, then it would all happen over again. I didn't have to wait long because two days later, the police were kicking in our door looking for he and mama because they had been fighting somewhere. But him and mama was gone. They hopped a bus to Chicago and left my aunty to watch us. Days later, mama came in the door on crutches. Her face was black and blue and i think her ribs were broken. She said she fell, but I knew better. I knew he had jumped on mama while she was up there alone with his family. Nobody was there to help her and he took advantage. I don't think she understood what this was doing to me. I know she didn't because we've never once spoke about it. All of it confused me because I thought that that was the way women wanted to be treated. My older cousins said that that was how you kept them in line. And at 14 when I ran away, i prayed that he would beat her up again and this time I wouldn't be there. I wanted her to see that she needed me just as much as I needed her. But she never came and got me. When I really needed her she wasn't there because liquor and boyfriends stole my mama from me. I was her baby. Her youngest boy.

So from that point on, my motto was to get what i can from women while the going was good. Hurt them before they hurt me. Every woman became my sexual despencer for me to use as I pleased. I thought all women were weak and needed a man the way my mama needed men and liquor. I didn't know strong women like Lori, Cris, or Michelle <sup>Obama</sup> ~~Obama~~. There was only Patricia and sleazy <sup>Cousins</sup> ~~Cousins~~

who used me.

I've always been afraid that the emotions I felt inside wouldn't be enough to change me. That no matter how disgusted, ashamed, remorseful, and sick I felt about the crimes I committed, <sup>it</sup>wouldn't allow me to go there and feel for them because i didn't respect them. In my mind they were eventually Patricia's, a woman who had raped and abused me and ruined me. They were older cousins and crackheads who didn't deserve respect. I couldn't see them as loving mothers, sisters, and caring aunts because I never had any. When Tierra said that she was pregnant, my mind didn't click right. It didn't go where it needed to be. Because what i saw when I looked into her tearful eyes were ~~her~~ <sup>new mama</sup> had abandoned me. How Patricia had made me do those sick things to her. My sick mind made me feel as if I was doing her son a favor. As if I was paying her back and all of the women who would eventually hurt her son and me. I know different now. She never deserved what i did to her. Neither of the people I hurt. I've started rewiring my heart and can feel now. There isn't a day that goes by where <sup>i'm not</sup> living with what i've done.

For quite some time, I was afraid to reveal this side of me because once ~~again~~ again I was letting my past experiences and self talk keep me from being honest. I realize that it doesn't matter what people think about me because what matters is the people i've hurt. That 'self talk' was that sick side of me giving one final push to keep me sick. I must thank the people who've been here since the beginning because without you, my rough start at life wouldn't have ended with an even better future.

I wish you all the best. Don't forget to leave comments!

You're on a 'DAY IN THE LIFE' with me,

Michael McHune