

Johnny E. Mahaffey  
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Reply ID: cagp

To l.carmichael:

It means a lot to a prisoner to even be acknowledged as a fellow human, let alone be complimented; so thank you for that.

One day, the work I've done will show, and though not much, I think it'll show that I did the best with what I had. If my own father had done just a quarter of much--I'd be a much better man today. If I'd had a letter, an essay, anything. A book? I couldn't even imagine. A book, if done right, can be a window into a writer's soul. And it's just such a window that I wish to bequeath.

If you like my poems, keep an eye out for my collection "No Air" to be released June 19th! It'll be available as a free ebook, and I'll be posting a link to it here on this blog.

I didn't forgive my own father until I was closing in on age thirty; and by then it was too late, he was dead and I was societally incapacitated by then. No writing exists from his hand that I'm aware of: if my own children ever reach an understanding as I did--perhaps even an empathetic forgiveness--they, at least, will have a window in which to see me any time they wish, even seeing me see them. Like when the movie "Shrek" came out, and my daughters would dance elegantly around in the living room. "No. Not Ellie. Fiona!" My first daughter beamed, singing, with birds gathering on the outside of the window to watch.

Literally, there was a little birds nest on the window's ledge. :)

My writing, the poetry, the stories, the essays & memoirs, all serve to record and preserve such moments of human bliss. Not many of us have a life without sadness, mine being no exception, but it's had its moments. I don't have to go to any "heaven" to see angels: I've seen them come from the women I've been fortunate enough to love, and watched as they danced on my carpeted living room, and most importantly, I've seen them smile.

#onlygoodpeoplecare

J.E. Mahaffey