

{ OLD THOUGHTS }

She left me when I needed her most.
Sitting alone, facing the rest of my miserable
life in prison. No one in my corner. No one to
help ease my pain. No one to talk me out
of ending it all; cheating the state out of
all that time.

I did it for her. I was protecting her, from
a beating she was taking just because she was
my girlfriend. It's not like I was trying to
kill anyone. There was only a 1/2" Knick, no
stitches, just a scratch. But I was on Parole
and had no business with a knife in my hand.
Anyone else has a right to use force to
stop someone else from using "Deadly Force" on
one of their loved ones. Not me. I was on
Parole.

We ran for 2 years. Sometimes it was hard, but
we had each other. When she got pregnant my
anxiety went through the roof. Now what?
I can't run forever with a baby. I knew it was
only a matter of time. Standing on our balcony
one night in Reno, looking over the city, quiet
and peaceful I started crying and couldn't stop.
Knowing my life would never be better than
that moment, there with my beautiful girl and
our baby. Nothing ahead but a life in a loud,
dirty, dangerous prison. Alone. She didn't under-
stand, or maybe she did. I don't know.

The trial was a farce. My Public Defender
threw me away, which is what Public Defenders
do. The jury wanted to see the police report
and the preliminary transcripts. That is

all that they needed to see that the witnesses lied and changed their stories to fit. But... my fuckin' PD forgot to submit them as evidence, even tho' that was his whole argument! The judge denied the request, so here I am. They could do nothing else, because they weren't allowed to see the evidence. And that was the last time I saw her except once or twice thru glass, with our son, at the County Jail, that was it. The worst part is I haven't got to see my son Seven. I last held him on his 1st birthday, which was the first day he walked. 8.22.99

Maybe 6 months or a year into my 32 to life, I heard that one of my other ex's told her that it would be better for Seven if he never knew me. I guess that's why she never wrote. My other ex wrote several times (hypocrite) but I never answered one of her letters. I'm sure her motives, as always, were shady.

I finally heard from my son Seven 10 yrs later. He wrote me a letter on the computer. 10 yrs! He didn't deserve to be kept from his father. No matter where I was. I was only 2 hours away, but I might as well be on Elba.

Luckily I have got to be there for my son Scotty. My mom has always brought him to see me. I am so thankful for that. If I didn't have that I probably wouldn't be here writing this now. He's the only one of my sons I don't know. My ex's mom has custody of Nicky and she won't let my mom bring him so I haven't seen him in 8 years or so. And my oldest, Dustin, I've only seen him a few times ever. Thank to his mom. She hid him from me 'til he was almost 10 yrs. old. Evil. You should never use your kids to express your hate.

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Every once in awhile, every month or so, I try to think of why I'm putting up with this shit. After all the only thing I can really control is my exit date. My Homeboy Sandman killed himself because he was facing a 3rd strike. Just think of all the pain and misery and heartache I could have avoided. Why do I keep doing this time? There's only a couple of reasons to live and a million reasons to die. First of all I don't want to hurt my mom like that. Not after losing my brother. And then there's my kids. Scotty's the only one who even knows me. The others... they don't know me to miss me. But still, that's enough reason to live, I guess. Not wanting to hurt them.

So for now I'll just sit here and try to be a better person than I was yesterday. Try to push all those thoughts and plots of revenge aside. That's all I can do for now. Until the law changes, if it even does. I put up with a lot in here. We all do. And it's so much easier when you have someone out there who cares. I've had short stretches of time when a couple of my other ex's have reached out and showed me some love for a few months at a time. That is so nice, but since I'm doing a life sentence it doesn't last long. Can't blame them. They can't really get what they are used to getting in a relationship so it doesn't even go any where. They don't care for me that much. It doesn't help that the State tries to keep us all incommunicado. All we have is writing letters and a phone call here & there.

I try to keep my mind off of it. I've read so many damn books it's ridiculous! Sometimes one a day, but that's Ad. Seg reading, 9 or 10 hours. Usually one every 4 to 7 days. I couldn't cope without putting my brain in a book and leaving this reality for awhile. A bad book is better than

the story I'm living.

That's enough of my negative attitude. I can't dwell on the bad stuff all damn day. I think I'll go kick back and think of my next visit and all the things I better not get caught doing out there! I'm looking forward to those few hours that I'm not alone. Can't wait!