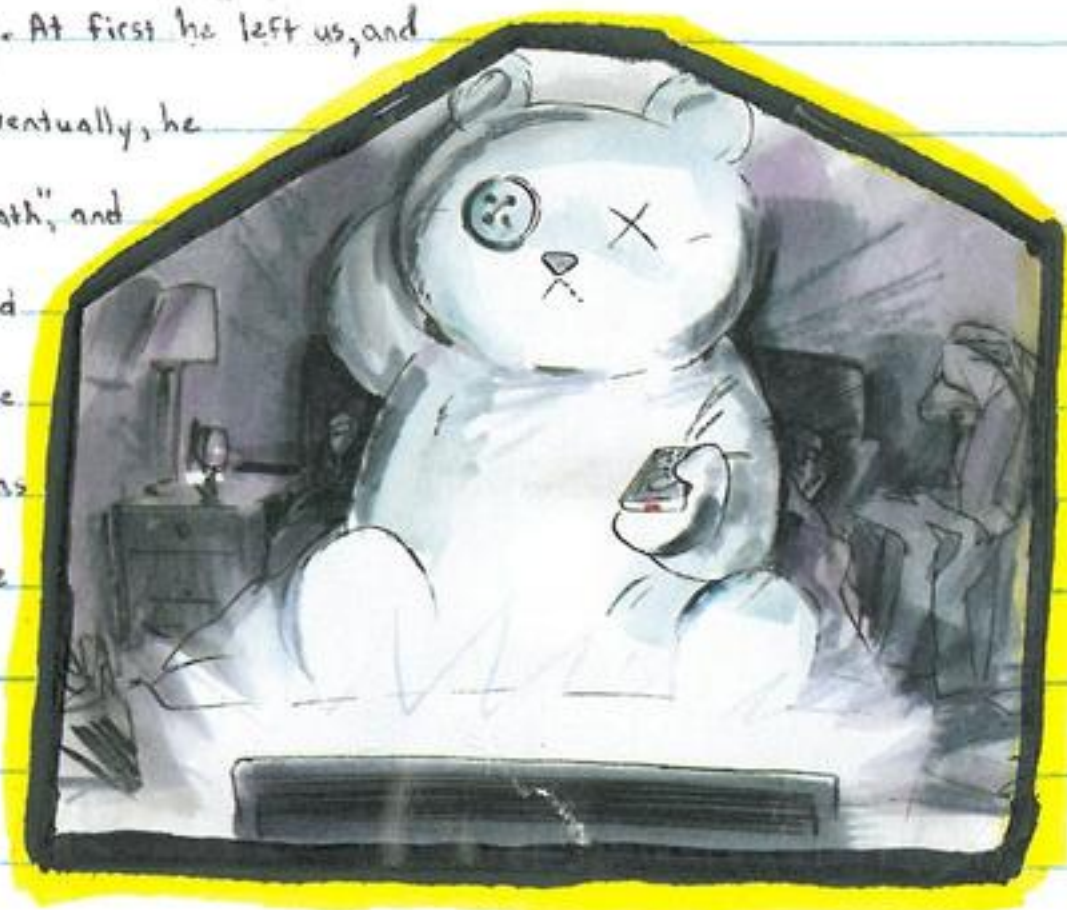


MY WEeping SOUL

When I was younger, I really wanted what many others had, that I did not..... A father. But my father was absent mentally and emotionally, even when he was there physically. But eventually he stopped being there physically, which was something that left me wounded emotionally. At first he left us, and neglected his fatherly duties, to be with "Mary Jane" (weed). Eventually, he dumped her, and started dating Mrs. "Herion", who he loved to "death", and it was her who took away his final breath. To be abandoned, and to have put my trust into someone who was suppose to love and be there for me, hurt greatly. You would have never known that I was hurting, because I only wept inside. But if you would have looked close enough, you would have seen the pain in my eyes.



I thought that all relationships would be the same, as what I seen in movies, and TV shows. I thought that they would all be what love songs spoke about, but I was wrong. She lied, cheated, broke my heart, then abandoned me. The one after that did the same. I thought that I had it all figured out, but I was wrong. I was only 14 years old, but after that day, I decided to never again give my heart away. I decided that the movies, TV shows, and love songs had all lied, because a loving relationship did not exist. I decided to become a heartbreaker and womanizer. Deep within my mind, I still wanted fairy tale relationship. I still wanted to love and be loved, but my heart would not allow it. At a brief glance, you would of thought that I was o.k., but if you would have looked close enough, you would have seen the pain in my eyes.

I turned to the streets, looking for a father figure in all the wrong people, and in all of the wrong places. Gang members, con men, pimps, womanizers, drug dealers, etc..... In the process of looking, I fell in love with the "street life", but was it really love? NO, but it sure felt like love, and I felt accepted. The money came fast, and was spent even faster. The money, women, partying, violence, and everything else that came with the street life, was the daily norm, and the days came and went in a blur. Being married to the "street life", only came with two possible end results. Either Prison or a grave yard, but I did not seem to care. I appeared happy, but if you would have looked close enough, you would have seen the pain in my eyes.

MY WEeping SOUL

I was sentenced to 18 months in Juvenile Jail, and after 13 months, I was sent back to the "streets" that I thought had love for me. Eventually these same "streets" put me in a position which led back to incarceration, this time for a life sentence for crimes I am innocent of. Earlier on in my incarceration, I acted out verbally and physically because I was angry. I was angry with the criminal justice system that has failed so many, myself included. I was angry at everyone out in society who viewed me as a monster, without even really knowing me for me, and only knowing who I was made out to be. I was angry at



many of my so-called family and friends, who abandoned me from the beginning, or somewhere throughout my incarceration. I was angry, and felt guilty that I had cheated death on so many occasions, while many of my family and friends were not that fortunate. They were either killed, committed suicide, or died from an illness. I say was angry, based on all of these things, but sometimes I still am. Despite my feelings, I pretended as if I was alright, but if you would have looked close enough, you would have seen the pain in my eyes.

Even though I experience moments of depression, despair, resentment, hopelessness, bitterness, and anger, my main issue is trust. I am capable of trusting, but my trust is not easily given. What I do trust, is that if I do trust, I could potentially be hurt and/or abandoned. Somedays I do not even trust my own shadow, because even that abandons me when the lights go out. All of my emotional hurt and pain becomes so unbearable at times, that I can't help but weep. But the tears do not fall from my eyes, the tears I shed are shed within. The eyes are the windows to the soul, so if you look close enough, you will see the pain in my eyes, and the weeping of my soul.