

Reply ID: up4h

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Hello Alyssa,

you asked some great questions.

Here goes

I started this blog because I wanted to share the poetry of my life with the faceless people in the world. I also had a warped wish that a woman might read one of my posts and feel the urge to write me. A male bird in a cage still sings his love songs, he still struts around and shows off his beautiful plumage because it's in his nature. I remember the sublime beauty of making a woman laugh, their casual touch and looking into their eyes and seeing an inviting openness. In prison when I look into a woman's eyes all I see is judgement and disgust.

Alyssa I'm going to give you my side and then my opinion on how my fellow prisoners deal with your questions.

What are the ways that some men deal with missing women in prison?

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When I was sentenced to prison I had a caring and loving wife. I would miss her with such intensity that at times it would take my breath away. As the years dragged by she didn't ^{miss} me, because she had someone in her life that made her laugh and kept her warm at night. I had nothing but cold memories and reality tv to remind me of what women were like. I craved attention from women, the only interaction I had would be a woman correctional officer yelling at me to do something, a nurse passing out medication or a free staff at one of my jobs. They all treated me like a number instead of a man.

I've seen other men in prison start to miss women so much that they slowly become women. Other men miss having women in their lives that they begin relationships with the men who think they are women. The state of California took away all magazines that pictured nude women. They have a prison that is aptly called Sodom and Gomorah in California, because it houses all the men that are taking hormone shots so they can develop man made breast. In essence the state of California's prison system promotes homosexuality. Some men become stalkers who will go out of their way to talk to any female that crosses their path. Do you know the saying "Any attention is better than no attention" .

one night I was depressed and walking around the day room listening ^{to} some sad music. It was a Friday night and I could only imagine what my wife was doing with her boyfriend, I was lower than an ants pecker. A very pretty redheaded correctional officer made eye contact with me, smiled a beautiful smile at me and slightly waved. My heart melted because in that brief moment I was a man again.

I had been in prison for 9 years and my sometime wife decided to bless me with the first of three family visits. I was alone with my wife in an apartment on the prison grounds. Imagine going 9 years without the touch of your loved one. I savored every inch of my wifes body, I clung to her as if she was my life raft in a violent storm. Sex before I went to prison was a way for me to feel good. The sex I had with my wife was mind blowing in prison because for the first time I really appreciated the whole process. I look forward to be around real women again. No reservations here. 😊

Alyssa, I hope I was able to answer your questions. Can I ask you a question? Why did you ask these great questions. Also if you ever have any more questions please ask. Thank you for writing

Sincerely
Roland

1/17/18