

March 5th, 2017

WRAPPED AROUND A FINGER

Hello my friends...Welcome back to my humble abode. I hope that all is well within ya'lls world. Things are going alright in mine, as far as they can be, anyways.

Well, before I get to my topic of the day, I do have some good news, yet it could be bad news too...I finally went to my first Phase Two group on Friday, the 3rd. Thats the good news...The bad news...its one less time to go to group!!!:-) Oh well, I guess if I'm to advance in life and better myself, then I have to accept the fact that I can't stay in Phase Two forever...

So, what's todays topic? I don't know what to call it, but am thinking of Wrapped Around a Finger. Honestly, I woke up in the middle of the night and got to thinking about it. It kinda came outta nowhere, yet to be open, I guess it has been sitting in the back of my mind this whole time. I know you can guess who is the main subject of it, but it's different then before. This goes heart deep and to my very core.

So, in my forty years of living, there has been many women in my bed. Yet, do you know the only ones that matter are the ones that have never been there. Hmmm, lets see if I can explain this without messing it up.

In an earlier post, I mentioned my Aunt Laura and Uncle Chuck (my moms best friend and her husband). They had a daughter named Tammy. I can remember always going over to their house almost every weekend when I was about 6 til about 9. I mean they were like family. And I am so embarrassed to admit it, but Tammy had me wrapped around her finger. I mean, here I am a boy, and she had me playing dolls with ehr. Of course we were young when all this happened, but still! It didn't matter what she wanted, I would do it. I was hers no matter what. It wasn't until later that I found out that our parents were hoping that when she and I got older, we would become a couple and so forth. Well, that was dashed when I was sent to Louisisana.

I lost contact with her, and when I went back to California in 89 - 90, to live with my mom, I never even seen her then. But I still remember those times we had at her house, or at church, or the park by her house. Yeah, she was kinda spoiled too. I mean, her mom and dad made sure she had all she wanted. Yet during those times, she was mine.

That was the first girl to ever have me wrapped around her finger...

And the second...I talked about her in an earlier post too. I think the post was called First Love. Yep, I'm talking about Lydia Darr. She was the 2nd girl to ever have me wrapped around her finger. Then were just kids, but I thought she was the one. Once I wasshipped back to Louisisana again, we lost contact because my family didn't want to get her address for me so I could write her. Remember you young whipper snappers, there wasn't a thing called internet at that time.

The third and final lady who has me wrapped around her finger, is the one and only Spider Whisperer!!!

What is it all that these women have that none of the ones I have been with do? Well, lets see if I can explain it with my Spider Whisperer....

Yes, she looks awesome, could win any beauty contest as far as I'm concerned, and is rightly proportioned. Yet what stands out the most to me, is her personality, her demeanor, her love of life, and she is willing to push you to be your best. There is something to be said for looks, I agree. As for me, I look inside the woman and that tells me who she is. Damn, I'm getting tongue tied now.

I enjoy her company and what she has to say. All the girls I had been with before, they didn't interest me more than a month or two at the most, even if I stayed longer. It was security until something better came along. I haven't found a woman who could hold my interest and inguage me totally into their lives. They lived boring, unassuming lives, the same shit day after day, wanting the same things over and over. No imagination or drive or desire to do anything with themselves. I would buy them clothes to dress up, cause I like my women to dress nice, especiall when we're going out to dinner or the club. they didn't like putting in the work or time to look good for me, or themselves.

Their conversations were boring and showed no imagination nor inspiration. Now, I'm not faulting them for these things, its just the way they were raised. But they wouldn't put no effort

into the relationship, to change it or make it better. I would just go on until something better came along, or I got arrested.

Yet I know my Spider Whisperer is different. She broke the mold when she was made. Shes classy and sassy; imaginative and can talk about anything. She dresses like shes a million dollars, and she is. She carries herself respectfully, but underneath, you can tell shes confident and proud of who she is and what shes done. You can also see, if you look closely, that she has that wild girl side to her too. Shes expressive and open. I don't think she can talk without using her hands at all! ;-) And I love it. She has this whole range of looks that she'll give you, depending on what type of mood shes in or what you've done.

While we're talking about her attributes and looks, let me tell you, I am blown away because of my reactions to this hot firecracker of a woman. I don't date white chicks, unless thier red-heads, but here I am totally smitten to this beautiful dirty blonde, who can charm spiders and men. As for her height, yeah, shes perfect in that regard too. Just the way I like'em...Short and fiesty!;-)

Then, what I think has me the most, is as a woman, shes not afraid to listen to people. I don't mean just while you're talking and having a conversation, but she sees deeper into what you're saying and can figure out where its coming from. I know everytime I talk to her, she is very attentive and understanding, but not patronizing. And if she doesn't understand, then she'll ~~probe deeper into it til she does.~~ She doesn't look down at you, but wants to build you up to be better, to do better the next time, and to be the best you can be. And she does it easily, it seems, without any type of effort. You know how you can feel it when someone is faking interest. With her, you know shes the genuine article. When you're done talking to her and walking away, you feel saddened that the conversation is over.

She has made such an impact on my life, that I'm ruined for the rest of womenkind! (HAHAHA) No joke. After meeting her, I don't want anyone else unless they can match up to her standards. And I don't see that happening. To me my friends, I know she has her life to live, and doesn't have time to wait for me to get out. I wouldn't want her to wait, because that would just stifle her. I would rather just be able to call her friend and know tha tI could tell her anything, and she me. I would rather have her in my life as a friend, knowing that I have her back no matter what, that I'll be there for her when she needs someone to talk to, then not have her at all.

Yes, I'd love nothing better then to ba able to call her MINE! Have her all to myself to enjoy her smile in the morning, and watch her go to sleep; to see her just be herself. And that is a goal that can never be extinguished. But reality is, I have to work hard for it and I have along way to go, especially after the fuck ups I've been doing lately. But a man without a goal or dream, is a man without direction and no hope in succeeding. I have a goal, even if I don't reach it, I know what I'm aiming for.

Well, there it is...I woke up in the middle of the night and it hit me. I know that there are lots of other things I could tell you about her, but I have to find them myself. She's like a puzzle that you have to refigure out everyday anew. Shes exactly what I like: A woman that makes me stay on my toes and guessing whats going through that beautiful head of hers. Yep, I'm wrapped around her finger and I've got it bad!!!

When I have some more, you can be sure I'll let you know about it. I'm sure if she ever reads this, she'll brain me if she can. But I can't lie about what I feel or want. She's got herself to blame for this really, because she's the one who woke me up and brought me back to life and wanting to live the best I can..(Shes the best)..So she can only blame herself. Yet we all know, a woman will always blame the guy. And I'm cool with that. Right now, she has the upper hand.

Alright my friends, I guess I'm not talking about much else right now. I'm probably boring you with my running commentary of my Spider Whisperer, but hey, it's whats going on in my head at this time. Besides, nobody is giving me any topics to talk about, so I will write whats going on in my world. You want me to write about anything, then let me know, and I will. Until then, I can only write about what I know or am living through. Right now, I have to come up with my own topics... and right now, it's all about the finger I'm wrapped around;-) It's so wonderful!!!

Hope to hear from ya'll soon. Until then, take care, keep your head up, write when you can... and know that my world is ya'lls world, too...

The Grizzly Bear

Grizzly Bear