



THE UNSUNG VICTIMS OF MASS INCARCERATION

When I was sentenced to life in prison, without the chance of parole, the prosecution didn't care one iota about MY family, MY children, MY dependents. They were worried only about notches in the proverbial belt for their career advancement and retirement; and, about putting on a good show for a manipulating set of jury tampering pity seekers.

Now, yesterday, I find out that my wife, and kid have been victimized by some effing pedophile! Some manboy of a thing that should never have even been in their neighborhood! The laws are NOT strict enough for these sickos. These little boys trapped in mens bodies that parade around freely in South Carolina. Successfully preying upon our children, and targeting single mothers. They find a single mother that's struggling financially, and pretend to be normal to gain her trust, when in all actuality, it's the little boy or girl in their care that they have their eye on!

Jaime may not be my wife anymore. And she may continue to hate me for the rest of her life, but, I still love her. I see her the same as I did the day I married her. And reading through these police reports that I've just been given copies of, is making me mad as hell. These manboys had no right ever being near her or the kids.

If I wasn't in prison, this would not have happened....

If I wasn't in prison, she would be taken care of, and protected. I wish ... she would've let me help her over the years. I'm not dead. The man she fell in love with is still here, I'm just lost. Alone. And forgotten. Or, at least, they pretend to forget. I don't really think she's forgotten me like she wants me to think. The love we shared, I just can't believe it would go away like that, so easily. I won't believe it, because that would undermine everything I know about life, love, and how the world works. Unless, I was the only one in love and she was just pretending, using me--like her predecessor. But, I don't think she did that. I felt her love for me in every ounce of my being ... and I still sense it.

In my mind? Maybe; maybe not. But, either way, I know what I had for her was real--because I still feel it. I just wish I could've been there to protect her. But the legal system doesn't care about that, they're not concerned about the victims of my incarceration, and what they're left to deal with in my utter absence.

This is all my fault....