



HAPPY HALLOWEEN FELLOW MORTALS

We are on a lock-down ... and that means I can't call my wife or kids. It sucks. I don't even have a way to tell them why I haven't been able to call, other than send a letter in the mail (just as I'm doing with this post.)

I mailed a letter Monday, and today is Wednesday, and my letter usually takes only two days (average)--so, they should have it in hand now. I know my wife has been worried. I said some things during our last phone conversation--just minutes before the lock-down--that I immediately regretted the moment the words had left my mouth. But, that's me, I'm so out of practice with relationship stuff that I was doomed to fail at it. The lock-down couldn't have come at a worse time for us.

Incarceration destroys family.

It kills any route of love or forgiveness, of understanding.

I love them, and I miss them. I miss all of my family: Jaime, Collin, Juliette, Connor, Eleanor, Michaila, Shylynn. I miss my parents, my grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, friends (yeah, I did have a few), and I miss my dog, my cats, my fish. My home, my cars, my bed, my couch.

My cellie made parole. I see a lot of people with MY SAME CHARGE going home, against all odds. When will it be my turn? And, they have family, waiting for them, that will be outside that gate to pick them up--with a change of clothes--and a hug. I don't know if anyone will be there for me, or if anyone will want me.

Everything I say, is always from the heart, and my heart is full of love, hope, and ambition. People think I have some ulterior motive behind things--and I guess in a way, I do. It's just not what they think. All I want is family. I want a home where I will be safe, where I can live out my days devoted to my love--spending every day of the rest of my life showing her that I am real, that I am me, and I am who I am. Does that make sense? No games. No set-up. No spite, or "get back", just old me, walking the grandkids through our gated community in their Halloween get-ups, enjoying life.

Maybe things will work out.

What would I be for Halloween? A corpse, a walking zombie.

That would seem ... appropriate.

