

Dear: Nicki

If only her words had been true enough to last more than a few days ... we were over before this post even hit the web, I just didn't know it yet.

I do still love her though, and always will.

And, I don't fault her. It was not her intention to hurt me, or "play" me, as she said. I know that she's been through a LOT--more than any woman should ever have to face--so I'm not mad at her, or even the least bit disappointed. I am grateful for the days of happiness she gave me around my birthday, and it's awoken something inside me that I thought was long dead--trust.

Not just hope, ambition, or longing; but, actual trust in someone. Enough to open my heart completely, without guard, and without any conditions or expectations. I didn't think I would ever be able to do that again after so long. Being alone for 12 years, I'd forgotten what it was like to have someone care about me. To be loved. To have someone to call and talk to as a human, that cares about how I am, or if I made it through the day alive. And whether it was real, or not, I still thank Jaime for giving back this feeling: that I matter.

I don't know what my future holds, or if I have one.

But, I know that I am worth knowing. I am worth loving. And, I have a lot to offer, despite my circumstances. Maybe one day someone will realize it. Then again, perhaps that is my penance, to be the man that WANTS love and commitment--but will never have it.

I see crack/meth heads with devoted paramours. Child molesters with wives that come see them, write them, talk on the phone. I see cold-blooded, worst of the worst, killers that have a woman at the gate crying for them as they get out. Robbers, and thieves, or hardcore drug pushers--have love. And most of these men, could care less, they EXPECT those women to be there, and they cheat on them (with female staff, or officers, or other prisoners), lie to them, use them--but, here I sit, doing the right thing every day, alone.

There are a lot of people out there that want me dead (or, if not dead, they want me in pain), and they are going to take a lot of pleasure in these extra nails Jaime just added to my coffin--in fact, they will probably want to give her a medal, or a trophy. And they're right--she does deserve one--just not for what they think.

She deserves it just for being her.

For being a survivor, a strong woman, and someone I'm proud of. A woman that I am glad to have known, and had the privilege to love.

My chosen graphic could not have been more spot on: I say piss on 40, this is a year of my life that I would rather not have made it to see. I'm afraid to see what comes next; but, regardless, I will push on, and keep doing what is right. This recent experience has changed me, and taught me valuable lessons about myself, and life. I'll take what I have learned, and apply it. X

