

To: ccallahan1983

(That is, if this is really you....)



Dear Candice,

I am actually glad to hear from you--despite the circumstances--and know that you are alive, and doing well. I am glad to hear that at least one ex from my past went on to be happy. It seems like I destroyed nearly everything I came into contact with. Though, I never meant harm.

I do apologize to you for any inconvenience my presence ever made in your life--and know that I only have fond memories of you. "Nasty rumors" are not something I could have said, because I know nothing negative about you. I had some rough years after you ... you set the bar pretty high for those that came after, and no one met it until I met Jaime. But, she and I are no longer together, she made that very clear to me in October. I was never what she wanted--and she admitted to only telling me what she knew I wanted to hear. She said that it was easier than telling me the truth. This is the life I made for myself. Your mother was right about me, and you dodged a bullet by leaving me.

I have not spoken to Opal, in over 12 years! She has commented on this blog--but, you can see those for yourself. I know it may seem ... odd, for me to even still think of you so many years later; but, understand, that there was one thing everyone was wrong about: for me, it was never just an "infatuation".... I wish you luck in your life, and hope that you are always happy, you are a very special person ... and though I never got to know the woman you became--I'm sure that you are just as remarkable today, if not more.

I am a 40-year-old, twice divorcee, and I am in total Hell. I am treated like a subhuman ... thing, every day, and I have to accept it as my lot in life. I don't feel that this is the life that I have earned, but is what I have. In all my 40 years, I have about 11 truly happy months--and some of those, are from the summer of '99, with you. I grasp at what good memories I have, because they are all I have. I am broken in more ways than you--or anyone--could ever imagine; yet, people still find new and creative ways of putting more nails in my nearly-shut coffin. That fact that I have earned such detestation from so many, for so long, tells me everything I need to know about myself. I must have been one hell of a jerk.

I hold no animosity towards any ex, or any one. No grudges, no jealousies of any kind, or any of that. If you have any happy memories of me, please remember... those--not this--not what I have become. The Johnny you knew, is just a small voice trapped in the dark recesses of my mind; screaming ... never to be heard. It's not safe for him in this world.

With the greatest of sincerity,

Johnny

RIMAS CANDY 56 TO 22

- I. For Her to so vindictively fictionize
- IV. a story to push your buttons and scandalize
me further in my time of fall
was something to be seen for what it was: a slur.
This not being the first time she'd tried such lies.
- III. Yet, to you, I must still apologize;
but, I am not quite the slimeball
she--or they--are making out as such a stir--
- II. their goal for everyone to ostracize
me as the target of some dehumanizing free-for-all.
- II. What's left of me to pulverize,
kicking me while down the favored cure-all--
- I. yet, they inadvertently help to martyrize
- IV. me in Time, as the man unknown behind blue-eyes.
I am quiet, your past secure behind each stone-wall.
Imagine, back then, if I'd known this would occur:
that I would go to where all love and hope dies.
- III. My pain, for those like Her to advertise,
but, this, to anyone, at any time could befall.
All these years, and her broken heart, still our saboteur.

