



MELODRAMA EXTREMIS

There was a small riot yesterday: The "Mental Health" boys busted their windows out, broke their cell-door locks (or bent them, rendering them temporarily ineffective), started a fire, flooded the building, and while there is more--I'll leave that hornets' nest alone.

What was I doing while so many lives were in the balance? I was in my cell, minding my own business--typing my previous post; and drawing away on my art projects in an attempt to provide something for Christmas for my family--priorities. It's nice to be an adult, to know what matters, and be able to see the bigger picture.

Things like what occurred yesterday, have a way of putting things into perspective. I know that any day could be my last, but when you have idiots doing stuff like that--I can't help but think: Damn, and I didn't even get that last call out. I was trying to remember if I had told Jaime that I loved her. I did. I know I did. But, still, in the midst of such violence, a helicopter circling overhead, gunshots, rubber bullets and gas being fired--your mind isn't sure.

My next breath, at any time, of any day, may be my last.

I have to make every moment, every act, every word, count.

And, if there is ANYONE out there, that feels that I have wronged them--in any way WHATSOEVER--I truly am sorry.

For anyone that feels that they have wronged me, in any way--please know that I have no animosity, hate, or anger, for anyone. I have already forgiven any, and all, trespasses.

Life really is too precious for grudges.

I am thankful for the life that I have had, the love that I have had the privilege to experience, and for my awesome kids, and grandchild. I hope that I do live long enough to get out and be with my family, and to have enough time in my life to finish my writing and art projects.

All-in-all, my soul is in good standing.

I am not disappointed with life, or anyone I have known.

I only wish that I be given a second chance; but, if not....