



IT'S NOT THAT BAD

I was a little worried about this year—but, you know what?—I'm not so much anymore. It's going to be a good year.

I've sent in some papers to help Jaime with her criminal charges, because I still don't feel that she's culpable in the things that happened, and I'm worried that the court is just going to see her as a case number and nothing more.

Just like they did with me—and most defendants.

The peculiar thing is, that she doesn't "trust me"; yet, all I've done is help her, and that's both sad, and hurtful. I asked her about it, and she finally told me that it's not anything I've done (or said): she's just basing off all of her life so far, and how others turned out in the end not to be trustworthy, and were not what they'd led her to believe. Here I am, a decade-and-a-half nearly after cops took me from her, and all I think about is: what's going to happen to her, and is she going to be okay. She doesn't understand WHY I would care; but, I don't understand how anyone could think that I wouldn't.

People love, and go on with their life; I don't quite understand that. I mean, you have to in a lot of cases, but, you still feel what you felt. How can you not? It seems to me, that if right now, if I DID NOT care, it would mean that I never loved her to start with. It's kind of how I felt—and feel—about her not caring when I went to prison, or if I ever get out, or the fact that she went 12 years without wanting to hear from me—to me, that makes me think she never loved me from day one. All I have for comparison for love, is what I experience: and I know, that I could never, not care.

Look at Candice for example: 20 years almost now, and she still cares. She wants me alive, and not to suffer, or be forgotten—and that in itself stands in testament to what she and I shared all those years ago.

And, the same can be said of Opal, even though she spitefully slanders me here on this blog—the fact that she keeps tabs on it shows that she in fact cares if I'm alive.

Jaime's done the same, reading the posts over the years. Even commenting under a pseudonym—caring from the fringes, not wanting anyone to know, or just not wanting to take that extra step and all that it may entail.

All my exes have done it at some point.

Some more than others.

And, of course, I've obviously thought of them.

Worry about them even: that they're okay, alive and well. Happy even. I don't hold any grudges, and talk blame for all that has happened: nine times out of ten, anything that happened was my fault anyways. But, I don't think everyone's heart is full of just hate, or indifference.

So, I guess, in the end—I've never really been quite as alone as I thought—and this year, I'll be taking that to heart as I post, and as I complete my various projects. Though, I would appreciate some more feedback on my writing (especially stories and poems that I post), and my art. I mean, seriously? Do I have talent, or am I wasting my time?

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