



### MY INNER 2-YEAR-OLD

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We all remember when we learn the word: MINE!

It's a huge turn of events in our life, and a massive headache for our parents; and when we grow up, we're expected to leave it behind in our youth. But, that's not always quite so easy.

For me, I want love.

I want a woman I can call my own.

And in that, is my own downfall, because she cannot ever BE my own—she is not my property any more than I hers—yet, it still doesn't make it any easier to deal with. It's something we learn, so share those we love with others. God knows I've had to despite any effort to the contrary. And ... it sucks!

I admit it. So, maybe that's a step in the right direction.

Maybe that puts me a little closer to someone that will understand me. Maybe not. Maybe it distances me further ... locks in my Fate. Maybe it won't matter for me either way, given my circumstances.

A prisoner died today in here ... beat to death by his cellie because he talked to himself all the time (it's said), at first the rumor was that "his head was cut off," but that was not true. There was no weapon(s) involved, only rage. Blind, stupid rage.

He was an older gentleman too.

He didn't deserve to die like that, no one does.

I know that it could be me, at any time, meeting an untimely end in here—so I try, I try so hard to connect with those I have lost before it's too late. The phone connected a couple of times today and allowed me and Jaime to talk briefly. It's still not right, it cut us off, and at one time she could not hear me speaking but I could hear her, and vice versa on another try. But, we did talk. She is in so much pain. I hate this, I hate it so much.

Junky Jason's inner 2-year-old thought Jaime was his; and he wouldn't except anything less. I fear that he could be capable of killing her, and hope she keeps her distance. She's not mine, by any means, but I want her alive, safe, and happy. My inner

2-year-old might like the word 'mine', but not at the cost of it hurting anyone. (And, don't go throwing my 'crime', 2006, or any years prior—that was then—and this is now—this is an older, wiser, more seasoned me)

But, you know what?

I would love for a woman to claim me as hers.

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