



A DAY OF SILENCE

Today, after work, I just came in ... checked the kiosk for any emails, called and spoke to my family. I was glad to hear that my son got the art supplies that I'd ordered for him back before Christmas—though, it would have been nice if the package had arrived *before* the holiday. I bought him the same supplies that I use myself—professional pencils, paper, and nice drawing board, and even a clear, plastic bin to keep it all in, neatly organized. He just started a new art class, and my idea is that the supplies will give him an edge that could help him shine, and work to his full potential.

Other than that, I just didn't feel like talking to anyone today. I went to my cell, avoiding contact with everyone, and just got my shower stuff, took my shower, ate (very little), and went to bed. I woke back up later, watched an episode of *The Gifted*, and then *Star Trek Voyager*, but didn't write letters or anything—felt all hollowed out, inside. Some days are just worse than others, and there doesn't have to necessarily be a reason ... not when you think of where I am.

I just need Valentine's Day to hurry and pass on by.

As pathetic as that sounds, it's on my mind, this is usually the time, that I'd get a card, gift, make plans for surprising the one I'm with—but, I'm not *with* anyone; and in a way, Valentine's Day is worse than Christmas and New Year's Day combined, for those of us alone.

Valentine's Day:

The holiday probably derives from the ancient Roman feast of Lupercalis (February 15). The festival gradually became associated with the feast day (February 14) of two Roman martyrs, both named St. Valentine, who lived in the 3rd century. St. Valentine has traditionally been regarded as the patron saint of lovers. On February 14, brothers and sisters in Rome were allowed to marry, with the approval of Bishop Valentine. (Microsoft® Encarta® Reference Library 2002.)

It's just harder at certain times to do this—to be here like this—12 years is such a long, long time; and, it's not just Valentine's Day that needs to pass on by ... I need all of this place to pass me on by. I need a home, a pillow to lay my head on and a love to call my own ... to be the love that she can call her own.

"In Japan, dramatist Chikamatsu Monzaemon, who wrote for kabuki theater and *joruri* puppet theater (also called *bunraku*), wrote violent depictions of historical and legendary warrior heroes that were wildly popular, but his most lasting achievements were domestic dramas based on actual incidents. These dramas feature characters from humble merchant-class backgrounds in Osaka. In the most famous of these, *Sonezaki shinju* (1703; The Love Suicides at Sonezaki) and *Shinju ten no amijima* (1720; The Love Suicides at Amijima), Chikamatsu uses richly poetic language to portray a young merchant and his courtesan lover who find themselves caught between the immovable moral obligations of society (*giri*) and the irresistible force of human emotions (*ninjo*). The only escape is a lovers' suicide that shows commoners willingly engaging in a kind of heroic self-sacrifice that was previously considered exclusive to the samurai class."(1)

I don't know if you're reading this one, Yoko, but I know that there in Osaka, it's no different than it is here in America. I've heard of the "suicide forest" over there—that's horrible, so many people choosing that. It shows how painful a broken and lonely heart can be. And that whole thing about Time healing all wounds, is just a bunch of bull, the pain never goes away, we just learn to cope with it. Or, pretend that we're coping with it.

In my own situations, it often was "immovable moral obligations of society" that got in the way of the emotions that battled for love at any cost—and it cost me alright. It cost me EVERYTHING! And what was I doing but, acting out the very things taught to me by my society's media and entertainment industry? A lose, lose situation ... and I lost, all the way to prison. Leaving my family to have to pick up the pieces...

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References:

1. Microsoft® Encarta® Reference Library 2002.