

"Kill the clocks and live in the moment
So cogs or gears can steal our now..."
- Karen Marie Moning, 'Fever Song'

Dear Readers,

Wed. 02-06-19

8:30 p

Hmm... what the hell has been going on anyway -
now that I pause to report. What exactly is
there to tell?

It was a really nice day today; high around
70°. We're supposed to have highs in the 40's
in a couple days. I played hooky from work
today - I didn't have a lot to do. I went out
on the Rec yard after lunch & did the strut for a
bit until Jason showed up & then we walked a
bunch of laps.

Jason is such a great guy & I have a HUGE
crush on him. He's getting out in a couple months
& is stressing & making plans about that. I'll
sure miss him. He's so goofy & he always cheers
me up.

I've been hanging out with Miles for the
most part. It looks like he's going to be the
official boyfriend for the winter of 2019. If
his celtie moves out - which is the plan - then I'm
planning on moving in. I really hope it works
out this time. I loved living with him last time,

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but it was only for a couple weeks so who knows?
He just popped in & out & over here. I make his
coffee for him (yes, I'm pathetic, but I enjoy it).

Seen, we can butt heads sometimes, but I
do adore him & even when I was mad at him
I still lust after him & I'm hoping that we
can work out any problems living together.

They started some new stupid-ass policy here.
Before this past Monday, whenever they unlocked the
doors, we were able to leave the cell as soon as our
door was unlocked. Now they expect us to stay in
our cells until all the doors are unlocked & the CO
yells, "Clear!". WTF?? Does this really serve
any purpose besides creating a clusterfuck?

Whose brilliant idea was this?

02-15-19 10:51p

Club 17 has closed its doors.

I'm sitting here in cell 43 with Miles. Yep, I
did it. Now, what have I done??

I moved in here this past Tues., the 12th.

02-16-19 9:07 A

OK. That was a definite fake start. I just
couldn't concentrate last night. Miles & I had just
finished talking about some very serious & heart-breaking
stuff & I was still trying to digest it.

So, we were sitting around after the 9:30p count
& I asked Miles about what his plans were for when

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he got out of prison in 2 years or so, and he responded, "Why does everybody ask that?"

I think that his point was that "why should I even have to ask?", because the future we face when we get out is not very bright.

I'm sure I've described Miles before, but he's now 34, 6' or so tall, blue eyes, former Marine, very handsome guy. I think he said he got arrested when he was 29 or so.

Now, Miles had a hard childhood compared to mine, but nothing he couldn't deal with. At the time of his arrest, he had a fiancée who was expecting their child, his daughter Lora who is 4 or 5 now & who he's never seen.

OK. So Miles, I believe is the story (I could have some details wrong), was fooling around with a 16-year-old & they took pictures & these pictures were used to send him to prison. I think he said that he was cheating on his fiancée at the time, which I'd agree was not a good thing to do.

However. You can say what you want, but saying that 18 is the age of consent & using that cutoff to send people to prison & destroying their lives is insane. This country is so fucked up.

Miles never hurt anybody. Period. This girl sure as hell wasn't hurt or traumatized in any way.

So, Law what is he facing? He'll get out in a

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couple ~~of~~ years & he'll be 36-37 or so. At best he'll have to get a shitty minimum-wage job somewhere near his daughter.

His "fabry-mama" returns every card that he's sent to his daughter & has completely cut him off from his daughter in every way.

The future he's facing is to work at some shitty job branded as a sex offender for the rest of his ~~life~~. He said that he'll have ~~an~~ 8 hours of socializing at work & then going home to some shitty apartment & being alone. If he meets any girl he likes, she'll end up "Doogling" him & that'll be the end of it. The rest of his life is now ruined.

Miles is a really good guy. These crimes should not destroy the rest of your life. I really hate this country & its laws.

If anyone would like a penpal, Miles is a great guy. Just ask me. His own brothers - one of whom is a preacher, don't even write him.

I was so depressed & heartbroken after his telling me all this. And my life will be even worse 'cause I'll be in my 60's before I get out. What the hell am I supposed to do?

02-22-19 10:18p

I am so very behind in writing! My apologies - especially to my penpals!

So, I'm sitting at the desk here in the new cell with Miles. It's later than I ever would have

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written if I were still living with Dan. Miles is very much the night owl. He loves to stay up late & watch movies on TV. Cell 43 here has a great TV view, so you can watch it all night if you want to. Back in Cell 17, you could only see one TV that was far off & you had to look thru this tiny window with only one eye at a time 'cause it was at such a bad angle.

I had originally made the crocheted giraffe for Miles & never told him - even though he always knew it was for him. Anyway, the now-named George the Giraffe is currently lounging in our north-facing window (17 faced southeast). I put the paintings on the top locker (mine) & the picture of Tom is stuck to the side of the locker, facing the window & the bed. It really looks nice!

Miles is W.S.A.H.Y. O.C.O. So far I have adjusted 'cause it's easier to keep him happy. He is constantly teasing me & mock-chewing-me-out for any transgression of his rules or standards. I laugh at him & tease him back & then do what he wants. This isn't a romance, but I sure do adore Miles. I hope this works out.

One other detail is that this is built as a two-man cell, so it only has 2 bunks & 2 lockers (the area of the cells is the same). I gave up my bottom bunk to be on the top bunk, but I can

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sit upright in here on the bunk. I sure as hell miss the 3rd locker. I'm renting half of the 3rd locker in cell 17 to store my yarn & stuff. It sucks not having that extra storage space. Until next time, I wish you...

Love & Blessings,

