

"You endure what is unbearable, and you bear it." - Cassandra Clare, 'Clockwork Princess'

Dear Readers,

03-30-19

Howdy! There was a stretch there where I was going pretty good & now I'm way behind on writing again. I just can't get into the groove of that - especially when Miles is around. And he's ~~still~~ around.

Miles never goes anywhere but Clow, & that's it. That really sucks. He's really not been boyfriend material, so I broke my streak of having a new boyfriend every winter.

Looking back, moving in here was a big mistake. I was much better off in Club 17. Miles' constant griping & complaining get old. Fast.

There's been a lot of crap going on & I've missed writing about it.

One new thing is that they put a memo up on the e-bulletin board several weeks ago. Most of it was about cell inspection & all that, which was pretty standard.

One other part of it was not.

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The new twist to everything is that they are saying that they are gonna start turning the TV's off at 9 p. What the fuck? We are grown adults who are already in prison, & now we're supposed to go to bed at 9?? Are you fucking kidding me?

Why the hell do they do stuff like this? It serves no useful purpose whatsoever, it's just another excuse to fuck with us. It's bad enough that we have to be locked down at 9:15 p - which is WSHK. But now they want to go even further & shut off the TV's entirely?

At this place, there is one TV room (controlled by blacks, of course), but most of the TV's are in the big common area & if you have a cell that faces a TV, you can watch it all night long if you want. Or at least you could - this whole BS is supposed to start on Monday, the 1st. And it's no April Fool's joke.

This crap is so fucking stupid. And the whole policy is being started by some moron A/W (Asst. Warden) - not even a real Warden (that position needs to be filled).

I've been having a few "spiritual moments"

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lately. That's partially a code for something.
Anyway, I took a hard look at myself recently. It was really tough. At one point I just sat on this fucking metal stool at this metal desk & put my hands over my face. I realized that everything from here on out is all downhill. My life is just going to get continually worse. I just don't see how the hell I'm going to pull myself out of the gutter when I'll get out of prison in my fucking 60's & have absolutely NOTHING & nowhere to go. And on top of that I'll have all these completely ~~no~~ insane restrictions on my life & have to somehow get by with this Scarlet Letter following me around for what's left of my miserable life.

I look at this stupid bunk bed & keep telling myself: this is my home. And it could be the best home I have for the rest of my life. I'll me now.

I had another "spiritual moment" that was tied to this recent one, & I just saw how I've set things up as a tribute to my mother. I feel like it's my way of saying, "I'm sorry."

I think I've described my cell recently, but

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it's got the old picture of my mom on the side of my locker & the small paintings, & it's like a "shrine" to mom. Dad, how the hell did I fuck up my life so much?

Sat. 04-06-19 8:07 p

Hey again. Been really busy with work, but I also got a raise to help pay expenses like ribbons. That's definitely a blessing. I'd like to save up some & get into Leather Crafts & start making purses & such. There's a good market for that.

There's been some political bullshit & even stabbings between the blacks & the Mexicans here. These idiots are trying to act tough in a soft-ass yard like this. Stupid.

OK, so I'm including the copies of the 2 old pics of me. Pam had the originals, but there's no telling if she threw them away or not.

These were taken when I was 28 or 29 & living in Houston. I've never thought I was good-looking (average/nice at best), but I look back on that guy & think, "Damn, he's kinda cute!"

I was a Hot Mess in Houston - this is just before I met Ken. The pics were taken by Scott Baker - a super cool, yet perverted guy

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who used to have the website: SLUTTE MASTER.com.
The last I heard that site was now inactive.

Anyway, there are the only 2 clear pictures
of that session. There was Scott + 2 other guys
(who were lovers) + they did a solo video + took
stills. During a lot of it I wore my favorite
Halloween costume - some old cowboy longjohns
(unbuttoned, of course) + a hat + boots.

It was OK. Scott even made a music
video segment set to a song + it was really
cool!

That's probably the best I ever looked. Ten
years later when I was living in Ft. Lauderdale,
I did some semi-professional gay porn which
you might be able to still find. Yes, I was
a mess.

Until next time, I wish you...

Love + Blessings,

