

" Temptation isn't a vice you triumph over once, completely, and then you're free. Temptation slips into bed with you each night and helps you say prayers. It wakes you in the morning with a friendly cup of coffee, and knows just the way you take it, heavy on the sin."

- Karen Marie Moning, 'Burned'

Dear Readers,

Sun. 09/25/22

6:49p

Hey there. I'm sitting at the desk in my cell on a gloomy evening. No music today. I've been putting off writing, but I've been doing nothing much for days except laying in bed and reading and I needed a break.

I've had a horrible, horrible week. I really screwed things up not only for myself, but also for a really nice guy in here. It wasn't intentional, it was a stupid accident, but I'm still responsible. I may go into it later, but not right now.

Surrounded in this misery and self-disgust, I called my friend Pam today to wish her a happy birthday. I rarely call her 'cause there just isn't much to say. "Hi! I'm still in prison and life sucks. I wish you'd write." Depressing.

After asking how I was doing, "Really bad. I

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can't talk about it on the phone," she told me her mother had died.

I broke. I've been on the verge of tears all week and that was all it took. I fell apart. I came close to telling her that I needed some time to pull myself together and hanging up, but we can only call once an hour so I stuck it out.

Death happens to almost everyone in prison - or, to rephrase, it touches all of us, and it is fucking horrible. This is when you feel the most helpless and alone and powerless. You want to give and seek comfort with those in the Real World whom you care about, and you're stuck behind these goddamn walls and there's nothing you can do.

For those who lose a close family member or loved one, it's the worst thing on Earth. I knew Pam's mom and cared about her a lot, but to be honest we weren't that close. I may have heard from her once after I got locked up, but that's all. "She doesn't know what to say," I was told. I don't blame her.

But the fact that I couldn't be there for her or Pam during her illness and I can't pay my respects now is heartbreaking.

I'm so lonely.

May the Goddess bless and keep you, Patsy. I wish I could've spent time with you before you left us.