

What's Inside My Private Prison Journal?(Coby's Birthday & new Friends)

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Part 4 - Jan, 2, 2025

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Well. This wasn't intentional, yet here we are. No entries for Thanksgiving, nothing on Christmas Eve, Christmas, New Year's Eve, or New Year's Day. Nothing on Daniel's birthday, Adam's birthday... how many years since I've skipped all of these here? Well, all of them. All the years. It's been all the years, as long as I've been writing, ~~but~~ ^{since} I've failed to acknowledge any of the important days after my death day. It's never happened before. So, what day do I return to write in my journal? Today. Coby's birthday. Of course. That seems to say a lot. Or maybe just a little. Maybe all it really says is, I last wrote in late October, 2 1/2 months ago, and I clearly don't have the mental energy to drop in here more than once every couple of months anymore. That would say relatively little. But it would be supremely sad. Is it true? " "

Something else has happened in between that's very important and should've gotten attention here. My friend David came home from prison. That was a big one. We weren't caged in the same place, but he's been an amazingly loyal friend for... what, about 17 years? How can that be?? But we met in early 2008; well before April 10th, which I believe was when they herded Coby to San Diego to testify against his friend. Maybe April 8th - it was a 2-day preliminary hearing (the one the DA Larvamickoo threatened to put him in jail for to ensure he showed up). Either way, David and I met long enough before that travesty that he knew exactly what it was and what it meant for me, which means I'd known him long enough to ~~trust~~ ^{trust} him, so probably we met around February '08? Nearly 17 years ago. Man, that guy has had some outrageous ups & downs since then, maybe worse than anyone I know of. I say "outrageous" because outrage is truly the only reasonable reaction to what he and his family has been put through, all wildly, tragically, sickeningly UNNECESSARILY put through. Just outrage. And sorrow.

~~David's~~ David's latest "up" (also a down, of sorts) came in early November, just a bit after I wrote in October. But I said nothing here, though we've been in regular contact ever since.

Shortly after David, another important thing happened, just as noteworthy and maybe even more so. There was another dungeon departure, but this one from my dungeon, so it had quite a bit more direct impact on me. Anthony left prison on Dec. 11th, I believe. 3 weeks and 2 days ago. I won't write much about it now, as I've already produced a dozen or so gut-churning pages in what was supposed to be a letter to him but became more like a journal itself, still unfinished and unsent now nearly a month later. Suffice it to say, I'm happy for him, but that one hurt. A lot more than I ever would've believed it could if you'd asked me pretty much any time over the last 12 years up to about 6 months ago. I ended up caring about his departure a whole lot more than I ever thought I could. Nuff said on that, for now, but only because...

Today is Coby Day. Or, I suppose, Coby's day. It's not much of a "Coby day" for me, as I was denied the privilege of spending this anniversary with him when the murderers and thieves took that away from us. Robbed us both blind. And for what? To "save" him? That's what they'd

claim, but ask him how "saved" he felt. Feels. I still have faith that he remembers the truth. I have to. Maybe he has to. Or maybe the opposite - maybe he can't. Maybe the truth is too much for him now. Maybe those thieving filthy fucks robbed him of that, too. Of his own truth, his own lived experience. His life, or a small piece of it, anyway. A finger is just a small piece of a body... is it ok for them to take that away, just because they want to?

So, I came to talk about Coby, about us... the trampoline he planned to have at his upcoming B-day when I knew him, the plan to jump off his roof down onto it... but as soon as I pulled this out I saw how Coby-centric my last entry was. I suppose I can leave it at that, then. I have other letters to write, anyway. So many, and all to new friends, or current friends anyway, amazing people who've been there for me, gotten to know me and decided I was worth knowing, worth their time, their energy, their investment. People who've respected and, I think, appreciated my humanity. People who've wanted to be my friend, sometimes even after I seemed to do all I could to push them away. They're real friends (not that Coby isn't), and they're waiting for letters as I sit here scribbling my pitiful plings for someone who, in all reality, has been very gone from my life for a very long time. And still, shamefacedly I must admit... I'd still probably trade all my genuine, new, post-Coby friendships if doing so would restore that one I lost so long ago, ~~and~~ maybe even with no guarantee that Coby and I would carry on from that day to have half the friendship that I treasure now with any one of these 3 friends I need - and want - to write to right now. Would I sacrifice these friendships for just one more uncertain shot with Coby? It seems so. And what does THAT say? A lot? A little? Just incoherent gibberish? I don't know, but my new friends ARE friends enough, I think, friends who genuinely know me well enough to accept what I've said (though I think I'd never have the courage or coldness required to say it to any of them), because they know that the me they know, the person they met and came to care about, maybe even to love, ~~was and is~~ ^{was and is} a deeply broken, shattered person, devastated and demoralized after a string of utterly unnecessary losses - lost loves - and these people, my friends, understand that for me to get a second chance at any one of those losses may be the only thing in life that could ever make me truly happy again... yet that thing, the second chance, is impossible.

I think my real friends might understand and accept that I might sacrifice even our friendship (I had almost said "them" - but no, that's far more than I could ever imagine!), for the impossible. I like to think, really, that they'd even insist on it, and then cheer me on. I know I would for them.



* Want to be a new friend? You can write me!

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