

The following was written from 5-23-14 to 6-8-14

I have to write of my condition when I am safely distanced from it — for in the midst of that affliction I am paralyzed with the venom of despair. Thoughts of suicide and self-mutilation greedily consume me, leaving virtually all rationale to float insignificant on black bonefreezing tides. I must wait... sleep and wait for the prowler of depression to loose interest and move on — otherwise I am helpless. Oh, I cry somewhere where tears are conceived deep in the psyche, but never shed. My grief rarely cleanses and barely a tortured moan escapes me anymore. In giddy spikes my torment will drive me to at times ejaculate: "I should have taken the seven years! What was I thinking?" and the like. Those times bring a strange clarity to things even as I come close to pounding my head against the wall.

All that is past now and — briefly — I can write. The question is what to write.

I am in solitary confinement. This is the end of my third week in a place where time moves more slowly. The more difficult the circumstances of incarceration, the more assailed I am with the past, the things I've done to sabotage my life, and my failure to choose the seven years. Just writing about that tragedy draws forth the aforementioned depression, but I must somehow weather through this if the story is to be told...

I moved down from MA to Connecticut around 1998 to be near a religious order. I met one of their followers in Massachusetts and was drawn to them. It turned out that they were a strict sect that preached the Lord Jesus' return in the form of a sinful man named Julius. Having overcome all sin, he ~~preach~~ taught how one can live perfectly by closely abiding by the commandments of Jesus Christ and living a bible-based life.

Seeing the decency and sincerity of Julius' followers inspired me to move ~~at~~ as close as I could to 'the work': a small publishing company in Cheshire Connecticut. I too wanted to become perfect — (or at least strive towards it)

like Lord Julius.

When I reached CT, however, I was not as welcomed by Julius' group as I had hoped. I was quickly relegated to the fringes where only a few followers in this small sect would deal with me. They thought me strange and rebellious with unruly long hair. The more isolated I became from this group, the more my mental state declined.

The truth was that I was headed for a nervous breakdown in MA but fled to Connecticut as if I could flee from my own skin. I know now that living among those people only postponed my disintegration for as long as they tolerated me.

By the year 2000 even the ~~my~~ majority of my natural family shunned me because I had abruptly left them for that spiritual family in CT. They were even afraid of me in the last months leading up to my arrest — everyone was. At a friend's house in Massachusetts my erratic and unpredictable state led to a brief stay at a mental hospital weeks before the arrest. The religious group in CT were now closing their doors to me. When I called people — even my own mother — phones hung up. People saw my deterioration and were afraid. No one wanted to get involved.

<sup>Near</sup> the end of April 2001 I was almost in full thrawl to the voices in my head, visions, and random impulses.

My most respected mentor — an elder of the church ordered me off the premises and threatened to call the police. (The night before [2:30am?] the universe had instructed me to drive over to his house and deliver a movie rental titled *Fearless*. The order was clear that the video should be accepted and, in the doorway, his wife had accepted it with wide saucer eyes.) I tried to communicate with him telepathically but he didn't respond. I drove home in the most devastated state. I had lost everyone and now I was stranded a state away from my family who shunned me. In

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my car at home I sat there for a long time lost, not knowing what to do nor where to go from there.

The next few days are unclear,\* but I remember I didn't sleep.

On Mother's Day May 8, 2001 — on the notion that I would be 'born again' — I made an abortive attempt to kidnap my downstairs neighbor.

About three years later, in prison, I was offered 7 years to serve in a plea deal. Still unhinged at the time, I refused the offer, took it to trial, lost, and received 55 years.

Even though I didn't really hurt anyone (I put a scratch on a court officer's leg.) I'm doing what is considered a life bid. There are glimmers of hope if I file habeas corpus and possibly a federal appeal but I'm terrified that those glimmers will one day be extinguished. The fear leads me to wait and stall towards the time limit I have to file.

At trial the state convinced the jury that I was faking a mental illness or insanity, at the time of my arrest. That's why I lost. After losing trial, however, the state has labeled me insane and prescribed a regimen of anti-psychotics that I have been forced to take for years now — even until this day.

I cannot find the justice in that. It is, rather, the epitome of everything fairness stands against.

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She cares. She actually cares. Ms. K. is a strict and formal psychiatric social worker (PSW). — Rarely shows much emotion, but she was near tears when she acknowledged the injustice of my situation. Ms. K says that for what I did, the time I got was completely incongruent.

What CT (and probably every other state) does is stack up charges so that one event is closely divided by many acts. Unlike ~~the~~ the generally more civilized European countries, the US likes to lock people

The next day in court I blocked out and allegedly attacked a court marshal with a chair, I was handcuffed to ~~the~~

up for terminally long times. That is one of the reasons why our country has the largest prison population in the world.

Am I sorry for what I did? In large part, throughout my sentence, I was not. I felt that by attempting to kidnap my neighbor I was fulfilling a duty and that by doing so, I had prevented a cataclysm worse than the 9/11 attacks. Although part of me still believes that my actions averted disaster, I am sorry for harrasing my neighbor. I'm glad that I did not hurt her. Hurting her was not my intention.

I am approaching a point in my life where I am beginning to come to realize that what one of the doctors for my professional witness testimony said (about my being extremely self-destructive) was true. The events that got me arrested had nothing to do with my neighbor and everything to do with my self-sabotaging my life. How I continue doing that is becoming more apparent but *why* I do it is still a nearly unexplained mystery. Why do I hate myself (so much)? If I were free, I could seek long sessions with a psychiatric doctor or social worker. I could also take hypnotherapy. In prison, however, I am considered fortunate (and a drain on resources) to receive half an hour a week of individual treatment. The quest for self-realization — for now — must begin and end in the cell to which I'm confined 21 to 23 hours a day.

Lately I feel like I'm suffocating. Each minute of every day is a slow asphyxiation. The worst death sentence in this country is being buried alive in prison without hope.

I wish that I could write more — that my flowering weeds could push through more cracks in the concrete.

I know that in me there must be a human being beneath all this agony. It is a faith belief.