

Pg. 1)

Prior to prison and jail I was at a loss in direction. Rockbottom for me was not having any more options and not knowing how to ask for help due to half pride that I don't need no one and half fear that I don't want to be judged and looked at like scum. I'm almost 28 years old and I'm finally settling down. My life style from birth is "get up and go"; Patience and ADHD don't go to well; Add drugs and you get a non stop human avoiding anything causing ill feelings. I've live MY teenage and adult life aiding to my feelings, which I know now can be lies. I'm the liar not trusted, the friend pushed away because he's got too many problems, I'm the guy you walk by and say thank God that's not me. For the last 3 years I've been taking these sub help groups through mental-health services and connecting that with 3 years of soberness to reach a point of understanding. I never said acceptance but rather a understanding of how a little boy never felt safe by the repeated outcomes of life beating him into submission that by the time I was 16 I was numbed from my past. Today I sit more safe then I ever was when I was young. The wolves got ahold of me and taugt me. All that I know is all I know

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and Prison has shown me a different light. Wolves surrounded me again and taught me how to heal. I've regained trust in my spirit, Why? because I'm thankful to be alive. Everyday I get to apply and mistake things I should have done as a young child, But my reasoning has matured. The loneliness in prison teaches a Wolf to be content in whatever cage. Institutionalized is literally a matter of time. ~~The~~ All behavior stems from a thought and my thinking is changing due to rationalizing, I never cared because I didn't think anyone really cared, I tried dying several times and the truth is I want everything that's ever rejected me, Every friend, Girl I liked, even every animal I scared away. My truth is I felt pushed away young so I stared away and it's been my goal in finding my way back.

I have worked to be different now all I want is to be the same and fit in.

Love has stolen my heart several times, I felt unloved when not loved. I struggle with the truth of all my past's actions. I can't answer for many times but today I apologize for every one that ever hurt someone that cared for me when I wasn't caring for myself. Being a Sex offender was an act, Not who I am.

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I've seen the damage done because of drugs and alcohol families,
I realize domestic violence is an epidemic in today's communities,
People are afraid because asking for help shows the
signs that people don't have it all together.

Truth is getting help just means I want advice
so I can be the best me and I'm lost and don't
know what to do. 3 years ago you couldn't put a gun to
my head to say that.

Prison has placed me in a box, A box where I can't
run from myself anymore. I'm thankful but yet I hate
what I'm thankful for.

I've been this lost hurt soul wandering North California
to Texas, to Iowa, to Georgia, to South Korea and
back to where I started.

Life has given me plenty of opportunity I
got in the way of myself because of how I felt
and thought. I still suffer in the complex of my life
yet I'm finding myself more comfortable which is odd
because any time I use to get comfortable I'd blast away
like a rocket. I don't trust myself because of my
mistakes, Getting vulnerable was me getting beat and
victimized as a boy, As a Man I hurt before I
got hurt and I became all the people who
ever hurt me in one body. Truth is the beginning of Acceptance

"For me" - GT McD53