

Finding ~~yourself~~ ^{my} In Darkness

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It's hard to sit and do time in Prison for making a mistake. It's even harder when you have no help mentally and don't fully or truthfully understand nor accept why you're in prison nor that you are. Truth is, you made that mistake for a very real reason whether you realize it at the time or not. What makes a difference, is if learn from it or stay oblivious to the truth and blame others for your mistakes. In Prison, you have two options. You can do your time by being active, aware, and consciously making choices to better yourself and prepare for release into society with a better understanding of yourself and your choices so you DON'T make the mistakes again. The other option is to let your time do you in which you go off doing no self reflection, nothing for your self betterment, indulge in your compulsions, lie, and continue being the same person that fucked up ensuring you don't get it, and will do it again and again in a vicious cycle.

Through this life I've lived, I'd always prided myself in being intelligent. Always felt I had a good and strong understanding of many things. Really felt like I had a good understanding of myself and other people. This is the Egotistical LIE that I lived in as I was feeding or more so "stroking" that ego. Holding on to senseless hate, anger, fear, including every falsehood and lie a person can imagine like a CHILD with a sucker. Yep, I was the "sucker", living in my ego, the compulsive ego that is unconscious and unaware and FEEDING it all it wanted.

I've committed a LOT of supposed "crimes" in my life and have honestly gotten away with all of them. I always had an excuse. There was always a reason, a justification for my crime or for my addictions, for being SINFUL (missing the mark). I was trapped in my own Darkness. Trapped in my own PAIN. Trapped in my own mind falsely believing

I was living life when IT was actually life like me. I wasn't active in life, I was unconscious and reactive in ego as life was living me. I was trapped in a very narrow little cloud of my Ego, in Darkness, and I hated myself and life as well as most people in it.

Arrested on December 27th, 2016 I was so very distraught. I attempted suicide because I figured I lost everything and everyone I loved and cared about would hate me. I was lost in pity, shame, ~~and~~ ^{and} blame. "I didn't do anything," how could this have happened? I tried to turn to the Holy Bible turning away from my own Native American and Pagan / Shamanistic beliefs in hopes of finding ~~answers~~ ^{answers}. I couldn't see the answers. I was looking for a "fix" and found NOTHING. I completely missed the deeper teachings of my own beliefs as well as those of the Christian messiah Jesus the Christ.

The Arkansas Division of Correction (formerly Arkansas "Department" of Correction), (ADC) has no real programs or meaningful help for people who are really and seriously seeking self-help or behavioral therapy. (This is as of February, 2020). This makes it so very easy in Arkansas to let "Prison Time" do you instead of you doing your time. I continued to remain very bitter still wanting to hold others accountable and responsible for my being in Prison. I was unable to accept the things and situation for what it truly is... mine own shortcomings, flaws, and mistakes. This was driving very severe mood swings and psychotic episodes for the bipolar and psychosis plagued mind that is mine own. Combine that with ADHD, Aspergers, and PTSD, (brought on by early childhood sexual assault, rape, and near death experiences), I was losing my MIND, and losing myself.

In truth, I had to lose those I loved most, lose everything

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and hate those I loved the most to lose myself so that I could look past them and my Ego, deeper into my self to see the light of truth. IT WAS UGLY, hurtful, shameful and it was so BEAUTIFULLY PERFECT. It hurt like hell but was a massive true freedom to finally just see and accept.

I'm NOT in prison because of the wife and the adopted daughter. I'm in prison entirely because of myself, my own actions taken in the unconscious ego and its driven compulsions. I was NOT consciously living life but was unconsciously allowing life to live me as ego had me caught up in wants and desires and not the needs of those around me that I love. This was a self serving and clouded misconception life of destruction because that's what the ego of PAIN, of Darkness wanted.

In a deep evaluation, the truth of the first failed marriage hit HARD. It was not LOVE that the relationship was based on. No! That was a wet dream facade she and I both shared because we were in love with the "idea" and "image" of being together in love in a "happy" relationship. To identify with a partner. I was in love with the idea of who I thought she was and not the truth of who she actually was. This is when a truth emerged that frightened me... "we were actually and honestly together because our misery, our demons, our PAIN DARKNESS played well together complementing and feeding each other." Misery truly loves company. Because of a lot of personality traits, some good and most negative, this first wife also has a lot of similarity to my Mom lending some credit to Freudian Theory...

This first wife was raped as a young teen and has been an ^{issue} ~~huge~~ for her just as it has for myself because of events I too endured.

This is a huge PAIN both of us shared. For her, this also was a huge turn on. This has also caused her to have an attraction to younger teen females. She would play the sexual game (as outlined in "The Game People Play" book by "?"), the fringed woman in being a seductress trying to get myself turned on and excited and when it all heated up to that point of intercourse, she would shut down and bring it all to an end stopping it right there. She did this a lot and so I, later in the relationship after marriage, would forcefully touch her and have sexual intercourse with her in her sleep. This was a huge turn on for us both and became a perverse compulsion. It was an extremely BAD negative. It was toxic... and we made it worse by adding alcohol and drugs to this awful mix. Then towards the end, another weird and SICK game was started. I started having to pay her, the wife, for sex while she was awake so I could enjoy a fake compassionate return that was never really there. It fell apart.

One day after 8 years of being together and 4 years of that 8 being married and abusing each other, feeding each others Darkness and sickness, she said she didn't feel like she was "in love" with me anymore. I seized this opportunity and advised we separate so "SHE" can figure things out and so we separated. In truth, I needed to figure things out and I jumped on the opportunity to file a divorce from her. I was a match made in hell and our Darkness, our misery fed each other. Who was benefiting from this? Our sick Egos!

This caused a deep evaluation of the current wife and adopted daughter. To look at it in brutal truth and the reason I'm in prison. In this I found yet another hard pill to swallow.

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Again, the relationship was falsely thought to be one of "LOVE" but was a match made in Hell. The wife has a lot of traits similar to my grandma, my dad, and my mom ("my" used to signify my side of the family NOT hers). She provided an odd security and very sexually aggressive contact that was actually too aggressive for me and scared me. The daughter, personality wise is nearly a CLONE of myself both Good and Bad and especially Ego and Darkness including nearly All "BAD" habits. The daughter, like myself, is very touchy-feely and is so very tender, compassionate, and sensual all things both of us love. She does have "daddy" issues and we latched onto each other strong and hard as we got close FAST. Too close and too fast. The wife would try to provoke me and try to get me to go off on her or "blow-up". The daughter was always trying to hold my attention and to stimulate me and my mind. It all turned into a very strange love triangle that never works and mother and daughter would argue about who "owned" me and who should be holding onto me or close to me. Our Darkness Egos, PAIN, our Misery was all playing well together feeding each other. My wife was turning sex into a chore and mistook me as playing hard to get when I said "NO!" and she went for it, getting it anyways. I began to dread and hate her turning to a relationship with the daughter.

In this daughter, I was in love with the idea that here is this beautiful and amazing young seductress that wants and needs me. She is so soft, so sensual and compassionate. She learned me so well she knew how to appeal to me physically and mentally even in all my interests. I started to have fantasies of my wife passing away from a disease so I could be with the daughter. Scummy part is, this so