

"The Clothes of My Soul"

by Scott A. Madoulet

My life is over.

I held the power of life or death, love or hate, good or evil, peace or chaos, right or wrong in my hand. Coerced and wallowing in corruption, I chose poorly. I chose wrong. I chose chaos. I chose evil. I chose hate. I chose death. Too bad for me; death comes slow.

This is my new life now.

We reap what we sew. If only I could mend myself, make my colors bright again, bathe myself with hyssop and cleanse myself white. But what's the use? Once I return to the world my colors will fade, my white will become dingy, the clothes of my soul will be torn. Once again, the need to mend and cleanse and brighten and make new will be obvious. The world wears down a man's resolve. Once you

cross a line, its easier crossed the second time. That's why killers are executed. Although, there are worse things we can do to the people we love than kill them. And from in here, how can a man amend his past actions anyway? I can't!! I just can't do anything. And maybe you don't go to hell for the things you do, maybe you go to hell for the things you don't do. Or can't do!

This is my new life now.

I'm glad I was found out. I really am. I think I always hoped someone would tell. It's nice to not have any secrets, anymore. We all like to think we are so good, but we're not. In fact, if people really knew our secrets, we think we would kill ourselves from the shame. That's not the case. People found me out and I'm still here. I'm still me. Broken as ever! Of course, I'm now in prison, but I no longer have anything to hide. And yes, I am terribly remorseful for hurting all those

people. I'm not that broken!

This is my new life now.

Thankfully, the shame has run its course, for now. It's easy to not be ashamed when you live with wife-beaters, child-abusers, rapists, and murderers. So now, I avoid living. I watch others live. I take notes. I write poems. I write nonsense. I puke out all the emotions I've for so long stuffed down, afraid to experience - EXCEPT THE GUILT. The guilt I hang onto. I revel in it. I put on the guilt like deodorant, like aftershave, so everyone can smell the Old Spice of my guilt.

This is my new life now.

It's far from perfect or complete, but this is what my new life is made of. I had become 'Pavlov's Dog', hurting those I loved, just as those that loved me trained me to do. And this, my new life, just gets even more miserable in ways

I never imagined. what I have left, maybe the only way to find freedom, is to do the things I don't want to do. I need to rebel against my selfishness. It's the opposite of following my bliss. I need to do what I fear the most: Work on myself, face the truth, be accountable. Imperfect and messy, this is the world I live in. This far from home, these people I'm put with, the only people who know me, hate me. We all hate eschother. This whole world is my enemy. Welcome to hell, Scott!

My life is over. I killed it.

This is my new life now.

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