



## From the Cell of JEFFERY A. SHOCKLEY-ES4796

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### WHAT GOES THROUGH THIS MIND?

What goes through this mind that in time I must resign to be what I was not taught to be by a man who I thought would be free for his family within a society that waited for me to be everything he was not to be?

As I wish to see the ability within me there is a loss at the cost of becoming more of what I'm not free to see for fear of repeating a past that I was not part in but started in when too young to know anything other than what was because it was only what I could see.

How much time must pass before at last my life does grasp a reality I can be free in to be me in and not fear repeating the mistakes of the father I've not nor will ever grieve in?

And yet... here I am.

Outside of the lives of those whom I've claimed to love while I reside, again, inside this vast crevice of pain, shame and societies disdain of who they say I should be.

Why be angry at me for the sins of the father?

I did not know the all of him but wanted to grow up to be tall like him because he was that man who'd beam at the successes, removing any crutches while teaching me, his son, what it takes to be a man that can stand the test of time in life itself.

What a wealth of dreams and ideas in my youthful mind that in time became empty conclusions, distorted illusions and as I got older and bolder went off to become a soldier to get away from those pains that remain of all I have tried to be in spite of or because of this emptiness inside of me.

What goes through this mind as I wonder what in me others may see while trying to determine how to be the man I desperately want to be, proudly be, for the mother and grandmother that raised me to be the man my father was not to me.

As I reside Outside of the lives of those whom I've claimed to love while I reside, again, inside this vast crevice of pain, shame and societies disdain of who they say I should be...

I am doing the best I can as the man I am and sometimes...

That has to be enough.