

**From the desk of JEFFERY A. SHOCKLEY-ES4796**

*SMART COMMUNICATIONS/PADOC - SCI-MERCER, P.O. BOX 33028, ST. PETERSBURG, FL 33733*

**Prison Express Word Theme**

**"SCARS"**

Scars are imprints of my life leaving discolored reflections of  
Mistakes made along the way through undesirable destinations.

Revealed only after healing which takes time and  
A life time of time is what I am doing because,  
Of the scars I have left behind.

How does one describe the scars that can not be seen?  
When shall we tell how those unseen scars are healed enough,  
When we have grown enough,

Taking responsibility though rough,

For the scarred blemishes inflicted forever,

Upon those I've claimed to love above all else,

And yet salt open wounds with momentary kisses,

Empty promises, and lies I tried to make them believe?

Why I have I done these things to get behind these bars of prison scars,  
Self-inflicted?

Behind not wishing to face the reality of my own scars  
Deeper than any flesh can comprehend.

I have been a dead-beat dad to my children like my dad with his children, and like he, I wish to be forgiven. Knowing their scars like my own will remain, unless change is made but how can this be done when I sit in prison for some 24 years of a life sentence.

At the age of 33 my daughter found me and came to meet with me, signifying her strength and independence. The added blessing was beimng introduced me to my 11 year old granddaughter. I was so proud.

I wanted a dad to sit with and discuss the meaning of life, how to find a proper wife from a man who played more games in life than Super Mario® on Nintendo® I was nopt aboe to comprehend until my life took a path of destruction and old unhealed wounds flourished and I fell into addiction.

There are scars upon each of my wrists that remind me of the hurt I've caused to others,

behind not dealimng with the blemished scars I could not see but shall remain sadly in the lives of those I love but never got to know.

Scars are often funny like that.