

Money,

Hey there! How are  
you doing? I'm sorry  
I haven't written you,  
but I've been really  
down the last few days,  
and I didn't want it  
to rub off on you.  
Did you see the paper?  
That's the main reason I've  
been down. I just wish  
the family and everyone  
else would just understand,  
that prison doesn't necessarily  
mean you spend time locked  
up from the outside-in, but  
I've lived 20 years of prison  
in the free world, and am  
looking at life. Do me a  
favor, and define "prison".  
Never mind, I'll do it. It  
reads "Prison" - 1. Place of confinement ↵

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for convicted criminals, or those  
awaiting trials, 2. custody;  
Confinement. If you were  
to define "confine" itself, it  
would read like this: 1. Keep  
in, or restrict. 2. imprison.  
3. limit; boundary. That's  
all my life has been, "Are  
you gonna do that because your  
brother did it?" NO! I'm  
gonna do it, cause it's normal,  
cause it's part of growing up.  
"You'll never be a basketball player,  
cause you have asthma, and your  
too small." in 8th grade, do you  
remember my ~~last~~ game at tish?  
down by 13 points, last half, I  
come in, and score 3 straight 3  
pointers, get 2 steals, and two  
assists, to tie the game, then  
Belmont hit a last ~~minute~~ minute

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shot to beat us. The ~~all~~ next  
day after the game, the coach,  
Coach Stone, tells me I would have  
been the starter all year, if I  
would have showed up at school.  
Do you know, I should say remember  
why I never went to school?  
Because I was raised knowing  
I wouldn't fit in, I couldn't  
do this, I couldn't do that.  
All the fights, the blackeyes, the  
shoves, the yelling, just because  
I wanted to be something, someone,  
a leader instead of a follower.  
I was "confined" from being a  
kid.

Then high-school came, and  
I found a great girl-friend; my  
1st, and I decided that she was the  
one. Dad quit drinking, and things  
started straightening out, then BAM,

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from nowhere, Papain dies, d'm on  
every day under the sun, dad's  
drinking everyday, d quit school,  
because d'm thinking to myself, "  
if d get a good steady job, d can  
marry mandy, and start a family  
of my own, that's full of love,  
yea, it'll be great." so d drop  
out, and start working at the  
same place you helped me get on at,  
and d'm doing good out on my  
own, and BAM, during a drunken,  
and closet up depression, d quit  
my job, d loose my girlfriend,  
d tell myself, "d need help." so  
d ask my father for help,  
"Can you put me through a rehab?"  
"No, you don't need it, you're just  
lazy, good-for-nothing, little shit,  
that was just a mistake to begin  
with." At that very point in my

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life, is where I decided... "You're  
Right, and I'm wrong, dad, and always  
will be!" I went through a mental  
breakdown, in front of my one  
true friend, Alan, He's the one that  
slapped the knife out of my hand,  
he's the one who when I was  
strung out on coke and pawning  
everything but my life; including  
the fender mustang that came up missing,  
that punched me in the face,  
and said, "look at what you  
doing to yourself; you doing just  
what your father said you could,  
prove him wrong!" When your  
bottle of sleeping pills came up  
missing about 4 months before we  
got in here, I had them, and was  
planning on taking them all  
at once, and Alan was there  
yet again to hold me down,

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at his house, and wrestle them  
out of my hand. This cat is  
running out of lives, and Alan  
isn't around now. You are all  
I have, and they're trying to  
take that away from me now,  
but Mom, I'm gonna tell you  
right now who killed dad, cause  
I'm sick and tired of all the  
lies. I did, and it wasn't for  
money, it wasn't for all the  
abuse to me, it was because  
I can't kill myself. I don't know  
if you understand that or  
not, or if you ever will, all  
I ask, is when I get on  
the stand, and give them the  
one piece of evidence they  
need to prove I did it, and  
you are freed, and Joey is freed,  
I want you to simply, stand

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by me, in whatever that fucking  
court decides to do to me, because  
I've come to the understanding,  
that abuse is a very powerful  
thing, on both sides of the fence.  
I'm sorry I've sat here and  
spilled my guts out, but I'm  
not afraid anymore, of anything,  
so be it life, death, or freedom,  
I'll always be living with the  
reminder, that he was right all  
along. I'm a mistake. I'm sorry,  
but I'm very empathetic at this point,  
and am ready for whatever our  
Cruel God has planned out for me,  
it's out of my hands. I love  
you, and want to thank you for  
standing by me in all the decisions  
I've ever made, cause you knew all  
along, I'd grown up way too early. I'm  
not gonna' bill myself or anything, so

don't worry, but always remember,  
I love you, and will only be  
a heartbeat away...

A Son's Undying Love,

Edward "Rocky" Dimitro-

Sorry  
So  
Stupid

I'm working on a song,

can't wait to play it for you!

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