

Jan 4

At 5:32 a.m. I started to get up early, like I, but my head didn't feel right, so took it as an excuse to hop in bed. I'm at my usual position in the back here.

Well, at mail call yesterday I got a letter from Debbie. It very much made my day. Debbie's a really dear friend. I think a french term would describe our relationship to the tee. It's called "amiteensosa" or loving friendship. If I understand the concept fully, then it is a more or less free spirited relationship between a male and female that is more than mere acquaintances and even more than marriage bounded in many self-imposed mutual agreed to limitations. To me, the key is that love is allowed to "flow" and it makes the relationship more alive, enriched and pleasing. Love the imagined horrors and calls of uncivilized to the moralists who are afraid of human nature.

I hadn't heard from the sister in a while and as usual, worried. She has what's probably the worse problem a human being can have: that of not loving herself. Yet to know her you wouldn't think so, because she has such a beautiful personality. But anyway, we're friends and we share our problems and ideas about things. I felt especially good, "high" even, when we do talk, by mail, phone or face to face in a "visit," and witness some sho-nuf relief and pleasure in her eyes. That I could help "bring her out" and that she would allow me to bring out my intimate self to her puts me on Cloud Nine.

I'm digressing? Maybe not. So Debbie's letter seems written in good spirits. Tells me not to worry, she's in a different environment and I hope that means she give herself to some self-healing and inner strengthening. Says she'll give me a number to call & may try to come see me at the jail here. I wrote back immediately. Soon after I read hers matter of fact. And for me to move on answering a letter that fast says

something! Ha! Oh Debbie, I love you, too (the lights just came on!)

I wrote Safiya yesterday. Had to write her. When a certain number of days go by without getting a letter from her I worry. Different from Debbie, I worry about what changes Safiya is going through now that she's so damn close to being released. I've seen from my side of prison how when a person is "getting short" (closer to release date) they get short-nerved, impatient and sometimes subject, more than usual, to an administrative ploy to make them blow their date. Oh, believe me, I've seen it often enough while at Lewisburg Federal prison and other prisons.

Safiya's in work-release now. One step from complete release. It's been 8 yrs for her too! In the last several years, since our "confessions" of having always harbored loving feelings for each other since our platonic political comradeship on the streets, our love has spiraled. Can't wait to see her walking into the visiting room and into my arms. She's truly beautiful and I believe that our relationship when I'm out on the streets will be beautiful too. Betcha I get a letter from her today