

On June 30th, 2012, on a Hot and Humid
afternoon, I killed my Lover while we
Both were in Prison. I did not know
what else to do, and if I Had of known
what to do, I don't know if I would
Have Been strong enough Psychologically
to do anything different. As I write
This, I am still in a sensory deprivation
cell, as it that's the answer. "For
Kentucky it is."

Because I was a lovely 62 year old
man who'd Been Locked up since 1977,
I did not see until it was too late
that Darby, "the young man I killed",
was, and Had always Been while locked

up, a Fuck Boy. And Prisoner Fuck Boys
get Fucked By wh. ever. But the First
time I saw Him and spoke with Him I
Fell in Love with Him, or Perhaps a
False image He created For Himself.
People told me He was Trouble and a
Habitual Liar, But I Figured they were
trying to get me to Back away so they
could get to Him. They told me also that
He liked Being ABused and used, which
accounted to the Fact of Him trying so
Hard to get me to Beat Him up. In
the end, it Had run me crazy, and
a Life without Prisoner sexterce, I
now Have.

I Believe What contributed to my state of mind was the fact that from last latout for inmates Breakfast at 2:AM, until lockup at 11:PM, I had to constantly watch and be with Darry for fear of what He'd say or do to other inmates, and then watch others who wanted to get to Him Because of Past wrongs He did to them, "Purposely."

I Had Been without sleep a whole 6 1/2 days Prior to me killing Darry. I could not sleep, angry all the time and stressed out to the Max each and every day. I did not trust Darry and knew I never could, But

I could not walk away. I was too far gone — totally in Love and caught up with this 23 year old young man who said He loved me and desired to Be with me.

To actually Pinpoint a reason I killed Darry, I don't Believe there was one certain thing, I Believe it was a combination of all things said and done. No matter how small or large, they all worked on my mind and heart and could not put none of them to rest. It was like Being married on the street, How do you get anything done — relax, and Have Peace of mind if you Have to

Watch your wife or Partner, or others who is trying to Harm the relationship in some way? It drives you crazy trying to figure out all the moves that may occur so you'll be one step ahead.

Darry would make people extremely mad before we hooked up, and when they went off, and threatened him he'd tell them, "Don't Beat me up and I'll do what you want," when that was what he wanted all along. He just didn't want to out and out say, "Beat me up and you can Fuck me".

Investigating confrontations He was good at and trying to figure out what he wanted, Haunted me day and night.

(6)
"He'd tell me of the older guys He desired to Have Sex with."

" Said He liked cum, He ate His own"

"Told me He was good getting in and out of cells."

Talk like a child and said people wanted to use Him.

Always lying.

SHowed off Body to other men

Told me He liked guys Fighting over Him.

Try to Humiliate me in Front of others.

He did alot of these things to try and get me to Slap the Hell out of Him and Dominate Him. I said it was a total Combination of things that Pushed me to kill Him, But one thing stood out, He was too Willing, and trying to school Him For the Better was out. "A dog Will return to its Vornit"

I learned after I killed Him, that
no matter how much you love someone
or Give them — love is not a "cure all".

Some people Have to Have more, because
of what's inside them — what there
made of, even thou there words are
inticing, words you want to Hear
and Have Been Waiting to Hear all
your life.

Randy Bowman
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