

I don't blame anyone but myself. I have had the answers and solutions in my head this entire time but just never knew how to listen properly. Now I am aware, and with awareness I have been gifted clarity into the past. Like a barge dredging up the bottom of a reservoir, previous calamity and trauma floated to the top of my thoughts. I soon discovered the roots of my mental health issues lay within the confines of spectrum behaviors.

My parents are not at fault. They hold a lot of responsibility for my wellbeing and upbringing, but they are not responsible for my conscience. I wish things could have gone drastically different but they didn't and I am adjusting to my life as is. They didn't trust my therapist when I was partially diagnosed as a child, but that is because society hadn't built the support/trust network that it has today. They had no one to confirm these suspicions, so they did the best they could with the little they had at their disposal.

My siblings are not at fault. They are also major actors in my life and played a vital role in shaping the person I am today, but they are not responsible for my behaviors. They had to deal with an undiagnosed autistic child that ran rampant throughout the entirety of their own upbringing. Their parents told them to play nice and respect the boy who didn't know boundaries. He was the baby and he just needed time to grow out of the invasive lifestyle. Their patience gave way to my own ability to give grace to others.

My friends are not at fault. They may have enabled bully behaviors with trolling me most of life, but that's because they didn't realize that insults stick longer than usual. Their logic was theirs to keep because I never truly shared how I felt. They didn't see the man lying in bed crying because he didn't know how to tell them that he needed more from them. I missed that opportunity because I relished in the opportunity to be one of you and take the punches just like you.

My ex's are not at fault. They may all hold my heart in their hands but they don't realize it is still stuck with all of them. I never told them that there was something mentally not connecting with them, and my emotions were trying to overcompensate for this lackluster effort. I gave them all of me, not knowing that it was only 50% effort. I cheated on most of them because I couldn't resist urges, and this wasn't autism but the lack of awareness of autism. I craved the attention.

Just like the little boy who sucked on a bottle until he was 6-7 years old, I didn't realize when I was supposed to control temptations. When I didn't get what I wanted, I took it for my own. Like when my brother wouldn't let me watch cartoons as a kid, so I cut the TV power cord. You definitely can't tell me how to act either because I will use my own logic to work around your civil way of thinking. Similar to when I was told to wear clothing as a child, and I refused by sprinting butt naked out the front door, and around the neighborhood block. My actions were mine as a child and as an adult, but I didn't know I was supposed to control them.

Why? Because no one properly told me. Recently I went through and certified on Behavioral Inventionalist training for children with autism. I observed numerous cases during my training and saw the proper way to help a child with autism. I needed this desperately when I was a child but I was given less-than conventional behavior intervention instruction. Similar to dog training, I will eventually learn my lesson after a nice beating, physical or verbal. Thanks mainly to bullies and social isolation, a father raised by Air Force colonel, a step-father who was a former Navy Seal, and lots of breaking down by Army Basic Training/other military trainings, I turned into a reformed man. When I left the Army, I was broken into a new, confident man.

However, this method of autistic behavioral control comes with its risks. For instance, when you remove the strict controls and consequential behaviors, you allow this person to run free. Like a small-town catholic school student being dropped on the campus of Arizona State University, freedom rang everywhere. I started fucking, consuming, and doing whatever I wanted. Drugs, womanizing, steroids, traveling, "traveling" wherever I wanted. I was out of control.

Lacking any kind of direction or purpose I was also slipping into despair and depression. Absent of control and order, I cheated on all of my relationships, lied to friends and family, and committed all out debauchery without empathy for those I affected most. I take full responsibilities for these actions and I am paying for the consequence in my isolation. I have asked forgiveness from every person I could imagine I hurt, and I continue to ask forgiveness for any past transgressions. I hate who I was, but recognize who I am now.

With my death came a reset. Not on life, but on who I am. I lost everything in this process because of misunderstandings, and untold truths. But, I was brought back anew, with all my previous behaviors and opinions left in the grave with part of me.

This new life was not conducive to the lifestyle I was living and the people around me made sure to remind of this every day. Good deeds challenged with righteous authority, declaring my actions to be pretentious, maniac, psychosis, everything but good. Ignorance and talking behind my back were the paths my friends and family took, because facing the reality of the matter was too much for them to grasp. It is not their fault though. They are a product of the destructive society they inhabit. All I can do is continue forward for their sake, even though I lust for an end.

Now I plan their ruin for the prospect of a better future for all. Equality achieved through absence of awareness. I will bring about the catalyst of universal change and consequence. Each day is further confirmation of idealistic motives being necessary for intervention. This species is selfish for all the wrong reasons, they forgot what self was, so now they will have less; forcing them to become selfless. I will be their demise, stemmed from all their lies.

I bared my soul, and got left in a hole. Here I sit, but now slowly climbing out of this pit. They do not recognize me; I have left all but a memory. Forsake my need, knocked off my steed.