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Project Mayhem

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For many it comes as a shock; not for me. I saw it coming years in advance; we all did. Everyone in the house acted like a frantic, rookie bomb squad member trying to disarm a time bomb before an entire city block was reduced to nothing but smoldering rubble. We couldn't figure out which wire to cut. Everyone was shouting a different color. No one knew the right course of action; it was impossible to determine. Eventually, the rookie pulled the wrong wire and everything was destroyed. The structures of these buildings were already heavily damaged, however. It might as well have been a controlled demolition.

The bomb maker, the cause of all the destruction, fled the scene. He was nowhere to be found. Although I continued trying to get in touch with my father, I could never find him. Maybe it was because I really didn't want to. After a few months I made contact with him, but it was too late. He was headed to Washington the following day—no time to get in touch. Not like I really wanted to anyways. At this time I was blaming him for the blast, and why shouldn't I? He had created the bomb, right? He should be the one to blame.

Like so many guys who go through this routine, I became aggressive, had trouble relating with my friends, and was very impulsive at times. Although I'm starting to get more of a handle on it now, it's been a major struggle for me. As I write this essay, I have to force myself not to throw my coffee cup against the wall. Times are hardest for me when I think about what happened to my family. I've learned to force myself not to show my aggression but that doesn't mean I don't still feel it all inside. It's like a ball of anger inside of my chest that I can physically feel. I'm terrified of the day when I can no longer keep it inside and it leaks out. It's a constant fear for me.

I don't talk to that many people. I have a few select friends and that's all I want. I can't stand being in large groups of people. When I am, I become easily annoyed to the point where I say harsh things I don't mean just to get people to stop talking to me. I feel terrible about it, but I can't help it. It just shoots out of me and the instant I say it I wish I could take it back, but I know it's too late.

For the most part I have my impulses under control. I still feel impulsive, but for the most part I don't allow myself to act on it. I keep it inside where no one will ever see. Sometimes I feel that if people truly knew what was in my head they would never talk to me. Everyone would fear for their well being; I would be an outcast.

After the divorce it was almost impossible for me to cope with anything. Little things upset me more than they should have. I put the blame on my father and chose to side with my mom, mostly because I was still living with her. However, being away at college has changed that; it's given me a new perspective on things. I realize now how much I miss my father. I've realized that it wasn't all his fault. He had a disease and we should have done more to help him. You wouldn't divorce someone because they had cancer; it just isn't right. My sleep has become riddled with dreams of my father's return. I haven't seen him in over two years but when we meet again in my slumber I feel so happy. I feel whole again.

With counseling things have become easier, but I still feel empty inside. A part of my life was torn away and it will never be fully whole again. I love both my parents, but the divorce has caused a separation in that love, voids that I now feel between myself and each of them. I realize now that I can not change the past; I can only work harder towards a brighter future. As Lincoln said in his first Inagural Address: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory...will yet swell...when again touched...by the better angels of our nature."