

When I saw her in jail she was the only sunshine, she was gold. I could never have imagined that it would take jail time to strengthen our love.

My relationship with my wife wasn't at its best. I came to the Netherlands and met my Dutch partner in 2000. Three years later, we had a son. I always wanted to be her friend. I tried my best but could not give her what she needed. I could give her physical attention. Not emotional and spiritual. She had a big character and was sometimes aggressive. I loved her and wanted to be with her, but it wasn't working. I needed to be locked up to see the light.

In 2008, a trip took me to Malta where I got arrested and initially put in jail for twenty-two months. Those months gave me a new perspective on life. The process of detention gave me the chance to finally look at myself. It opened my eyes; I saw how our relationship could improve. And she felt it too. The separation revealed deep feelings. We could do this. Our love grew stronger. When I was in jail, she would visit me occasionally with our son. There was a glass wall between us and we had to talk to each other through the phone. Two times we were allowed to be together in a room and I could cut my son's hair. That was a very special moment for all of us. At that time, I did not care if she slept with someone else. I was thinking: 'If she was the one who was locked up, would I see another person?' I realized that I would want that too, I would want to be held, feel someone's warmth. I asked myself whether it would make a difference if someone else gave her warmth? Warmth is a human need. Life has to go on. I put myself in her shoes and thought, she has to be happy.

All this changed when I went out on bail but had to stay in Malta. They refused to tell us how long this period of bail would last. We asked so many times but never got an answer. In the end, I spent nine years in total in Malta. My wife needed a time frame; the uncertainty drove her mad. It was easier for her when I was locked up in jail, the situation was clearer. During that period on bail, I had curfew. Every evening I was back in prison at nine o'clock and Skyped with my wife and kid. I was really happy to be on Skype, so I could see them every day. It went on like this for a year. Then she started complaining about being lonely. She got involved with her ex again and fell in love with him. This guy was married, he had a wife and kids. He could never give her full attention and I felt sad for that. Yet I realized how deeply I didn't want to lose my family.

She came to Malta. We were in bed together and she was telling me how she and her ex were fantasizing about growing old together. She told me this while lying in bed with me. This somehow upset me and I told her that I had been unfaithful as well. That was a huge mistake. It totally shocked her. We could not recover from this and divorced in 2014. I cannot regret the fact that I loved, that I opened my heart. I keep on saying thank you to the Universe for the passionate time we had together. I don't know if we were meant to be together, maybe we were only meant to have met each other.