

Happy Birthday Steve: You are loved and missed.

Linda: when are you going to send me a copy of the picture of Daddy you have? :)

Forever & Ever my love - ameliaus

You still drive me into the crazies

There are days when the sun does not shine here and I view every word from you as a ray of sunshine.

They wore stripes in the old day and not just on there clothe.

Theresa: Baby I am still waiting for those pictures

I am who I am so let that be good enough. The doctor here said to just walk it off so I spend my days walking in circles, playing dominos, and daydreaming of another life.

My night are spent dreaming of my love.

I'm taking a computer class here - I had never been on one before this year. I'm enjoying learning how to use it - my typing is up to 31 wpm, not bad for someone with Arthritis as smart as I think I am I can always learn more :)

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

Greeting to my lovely niece in reno - I'm glad you enjoyed the work on my last blog. I hope to put something knew up once a month - tell your dad to blog me - so far you are the only one to leave a comment - thank you and keep it up.

going under

there is a hole
in my wall

water is coming in
through this hole
filling my space

I am bailing
out the water
the best I can
both day and night
just to stay above
all of the water

the more I bail
the more water
seems to come in
like in a boat
in the middle
of a great lake

the water continues
to come in
I continue to bail

Steve Burkett

1-11-07

Thunderbirds & Star Dust

A little girl's dreams, an old man's
memories. Once upon a time, a long long
time ago. Back as far as the early Nineteen
Seventies, in a beautiful place known
as Sacramento lived a little girl name
Theresa. She lived there happily with her
mother and her two uncles. Her Uncle Steve
and her Uncle Tim whom loved her and she
loved them very much. Her Uncle Tim went
off to visit this far away place called El
Monte. Her Uncle Steve had an old Thunderbird
that she loved to ride. - So Theresa and her
Uncle Steve rode the Thunderbird to
this far away place to help her Uncle Tim.
They flew over these high mountains at a
place called the grapevine pass. The stars
were so close that Theresa reached out and
grabbed a handful of star dust giggling
all the while. Soon she fell asleep with the
star dust in her hand and when she
awoke she rubbed her eyes with the hand
that was full of star dust, until this day
I can still see the stars in Theresa's eyes.

Steve Burkett

Stinky

My cellmate Stinky is unconsiderate about his lack of hygiene or how much it disturbs those around him. First, he is insensitive to all the discomfort his bad odors cause others. He's forever passing gas and laughs about it. He won't shower daily or even use soap when he does and I've never seen him brush his teeth. He never cleans up after himself, not even when he makes a large mess; he leaves his dirty smelly clothes laying around the cell and hanging off his bunk. He won't change his sheets, and will not clean the sink out after he has used it. All he wants to do is lie around on his bunk sweating, waiting to die. It is unconscionable that anyone could let themself put off such a foul aroma and not do something about it.

Steve Burkhardt

