

11-14-11

<http://betweenthebars.org//blogs/524/steve-j-birkett>

Irish, Soups
Poems, Art Work, Short Stories, Notes

Still here in Prisonformia

6.A.M./ Dawn out / Drawn-out / birds flying / tree leaves
trembling in the wind / the castle on the hilltop /
in the distance / looking like the forgotten headstone
of a childhood long gone. Jeannie's Letter 9-27-11

Merry Christmas to one and all - I hope that
everyone will enjoy their Christmas this year

If I repeat myself again and again it is
the way of life in prison - each day always a
repeat of the day before with only minor alterations.

It is a great challenge to so what it's really
like in prison without sounding like you're crying.

Baby Sister: just want you to know that I
love you and I do get the comments you leave.
Aunt Alice was telling me about her going to Theresa's
wedding - I worry about her all the time too. I'm ok
and I miss you too sis - look for my letter - love you ♡

Everyone leave me a message (a comment) on any
page on my blog - I think I can, I think I can :-)

To all of you, all my friends and love ones - I speak
only from the heart.

When love makes its way into your heart be
yourself - when you reveal your secrets, it builds a bond

I'm thinking that every prisoner in Prisonformia
must be worth something - why else would the taxpayers
spend so much money to keep us - \$100,000.00 + a year

Irish Soups

I enjoy my solitude, sitting here alone, listening to the quietness in the small hours of the night, watching the soft glow of the pre-dawn light reflecting off the blacken sky as I reflect about life, about God, about love, about death but too much of it cannot be good for the soul or the heart.

I hold your heart my love, I hold your love with my own, I hold it with my heart. ♡

I still dream of us here, in the small hours of the nights and when I awaken I look for your shadow in the pre-dawn light ♡

Tears come to my eyes as I read an old poem I wrote for my brother Tim on his birthday. Tim once said he would rather get a job than to have to think too much and we all know Tim never had a job. ☹

most inmates really don't want to come back to prison. they really want to change their lives - but there is no chance for most - no matter what they do.

This prison problem calls for an extra strength Ex-Lax. ☹

I hope you have enjoyed reading my rambling. Leave a comment - a poem - a thought - a song - a word of advice - just say hi - let me know if someone is out there reading me ☹ Merry Christmas from the bottom of my heart - may all your days be golden. Help us get out the word about our blog site. Put our URL out there - anywhere/ everywhere - let a friend enjoy us. ☹ happiness to you.