

Drish Soup

4-1-12

Poems - Art Work - Short Stories - After - Ramblings
Sitting here in the pre-dawn darkness waiting
for the sun to rise over a large mountain, I
can hear the continuous coughing from a nearby
cell, the sounds of a toilet flushing from far
off down the tier. This is a large tomb where
there is no silence

There are butterflies in my stomach this morning,
where is everyone?

Baby sister: if I don't hear from you I don't know
how you're doing and I worry

Ted: do you need a stamp?

Aunt Alice: I hope you are doing better up and
moving around. I think about you every day - I love you.

I know I haven't put anything new on the blog since
the end of Feb. but I haven't been feeling well this
last month, besides I haven't heard from any of you
I'll try to do better if you do. Depression!

I hold all our memories - I hold them deep inside
of me - I hold them in my heart.

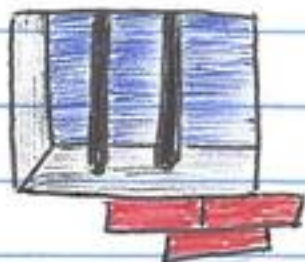
They've emptied out the gyms - now they've taken
the E-beds out of the dayroom ☺

You repeat something often enough it becomes
etched in your ~~basin~~ brain as a true memory daydream

I have you here in my heart, holding you in
my arms here in the small hours of the night.

Together we watch the wind blowing rain drops
against the window pane - Jeanne's Lover

Just a thought, a note: Tag, you're it.



Just seem to be out of
gas right now and gas
prices are high.

<http://betweenthebars.org/blog/s/524/steve-j-burkett>

I have never forgotten
the words of the song
we sing together
I sing them everyday
as we walk in the rain
or sit alone in a corner
like all the other idiots
I have closed my cell door,

Steve Burkett 8-12-11

You are my
quiet poem
carefully done
volunteering
to establish
the fact of
our love

Steve Burkett