6-12-12

Irish Soup

Poems ; Art work - Short Stories - Dribbles - Notes - Rambling Words of Love

My Brother James - I miss the closeness we share as kids or teenagers - I know at times things were hard for all of us but I only choose to remember the good things - that side way look you would give me when I'd do something or said something dumb - I love you brother.

The only way to do time without going crazy is to get yourself lost somewhere between a memory and a dream.

Sandra I've been waiting to hear from you. Are you doing alright? the pictures?

all the things you think you're afraid of really come down to fear of yourself. Let go of that most basic of fears, and you'll discover the bravery, confidence and the trust. Vera

How are you doing Aunt Alice - say hi to Ginny.

You are the one who fulfills my dreams.

I can not force myself to write - the words of a story, a poem, of love must flow for themself - I can only hold the pen.

Everyone take care I'll try to do better next time - today I'm feeling down.

Put your name on all you originals so no one else can take credit for it.

I must write more next time - just writing to see if anyone out there -

Anxiety : my troubled and uneasy mind, causing worry.

Father day coming up ? :/

I read secretly
in the dead of night
not wanting anyone
to read my face
not wanting anyone
to see my fear
to see my tears
tears of fear
tear of joy
I read your letter
letters of confused love
my heart never slows
owning your love
scares me deeply
only not as much
as losing your love
scares me
it is dark here
in the dead of night

Jeannie D. Lewis
5-29-12