

Drish Doups

Short
Poems - Art Work - Stories - Notes - Rambling

I know I haven't posted in awhile - I got busy with the college classes - the Algebra made me crazy but I already did the finals now that it's over it wasn't so bad - getting ready for finals in Art Appreciation now I'll try to do better until next semester.

It's raining outside right now - rain drops are hitting my tiny window

It looks like I'm not going anywhere for awhile.

Can't seem to get my mind wrapped around writing much anymore - maybe if you left a message it would help.

I would like to go walking in the rain with my Jeannie - maybe after daybreak. I love you.

Dearest Aunt Alice - thinking about you everyday - I love you - hi Ginny.

My Baby sisters - thank you for your letter & picture. Love Big Brother My Brother James & Nancy - remember we are just kids in old bodies - lets enjoy what we have. My love to both of you the photos on my wall remind me of my life's many joys, sorrow and mistakes.

I wept right here in the cell - I wept for the best of life, the joy of it, the hope and the despair of it. :)

Did I tell you about the dude that stole a case of beer - the judge gave him \$2.5 million because that's closer to the real cost of keeping someone locked up for 25 years.

Honesty and patience is a sweet hangover - it could be worse. Sometimes I worry that nobody will ever dig a grave for me - I guess I'll never know.

I cannot see the world through your eyes and you don't want to see it through mine.

I have glimpsed the radiance of your smile (♡)

It's fine a little peace in my world knowing that you love me - I can see you - all of you rolling across my eyelids - I'm fully awoken.

I am naked
sitting on the edge
of the bed, except
for the white shorts
and a pair
of worn out
old shoes
I want to think nude
I want to be nude
I am happy
with this body
aging old body
that it is
with its many scars
I position myself
on the edge
of the bed
staring out
from the window
into the darkness
of the night
with only
my own reflection
staring back at me
my naked belly bulging out
why are you laughing
you're sitting here
beside me
not even wearing shoes
what a sight we must be
for the man in the moon
no wonder, he goes away
with the break of day

Jeanette Loner

10-2-12