

Lush Soup

Poems - Art Work - Short Stories - Notes - Rambling

I can still see the north star from my cell window,
what happiness it is to have someone love you.

They let the first of the 3rd strikers out this week under
under Ca. Prof. 36. A friend of mine who never should have
been in prison for the small amount of drugs he had in his
possession I believe he will never be back.

The best of the New Year to Aunt Alice I happy to hear
you're doing better I so much enjoy those cards & letters

Among those whom I like or admire I can find no
common denominator, but among those whom I love,
I can: all of them make me laugh - WITH AUDEN

you still scare the hell out of me ☺

Baby Sister I'm glad you're my sister - I love you - I hope
you're back home when you read this.

I'll love you forever & ever: these are days I feel all alone.

I hope you and Nancy are having a good day brother, I love you
Aunt Alice just turned 87, she says it may take her
a little longer to get somewhere but that's not going
to stop her from going.

I'm only taking one class in college this semester and
that's Political Science - this I understand, almost.

Old age is ready to undertake tasks that youth shirked
away from because they would take too long. I started painting
at 65.

You fill my heart with all the joys I've ever dreamed.
I just want to sit here with you from then till
we are old, with the illusion. It is hard not calling your
name out loud at the top of my voice, anywhere.

If you don't have time to write leave a short message
on the page it's all good, just say hi.

If you had to name the nicest thing that has
ever happened in your life, what would it be? ...

Forever & Ever ☺

These granite walls
that surround
Folsom old prison
rise high into the sky

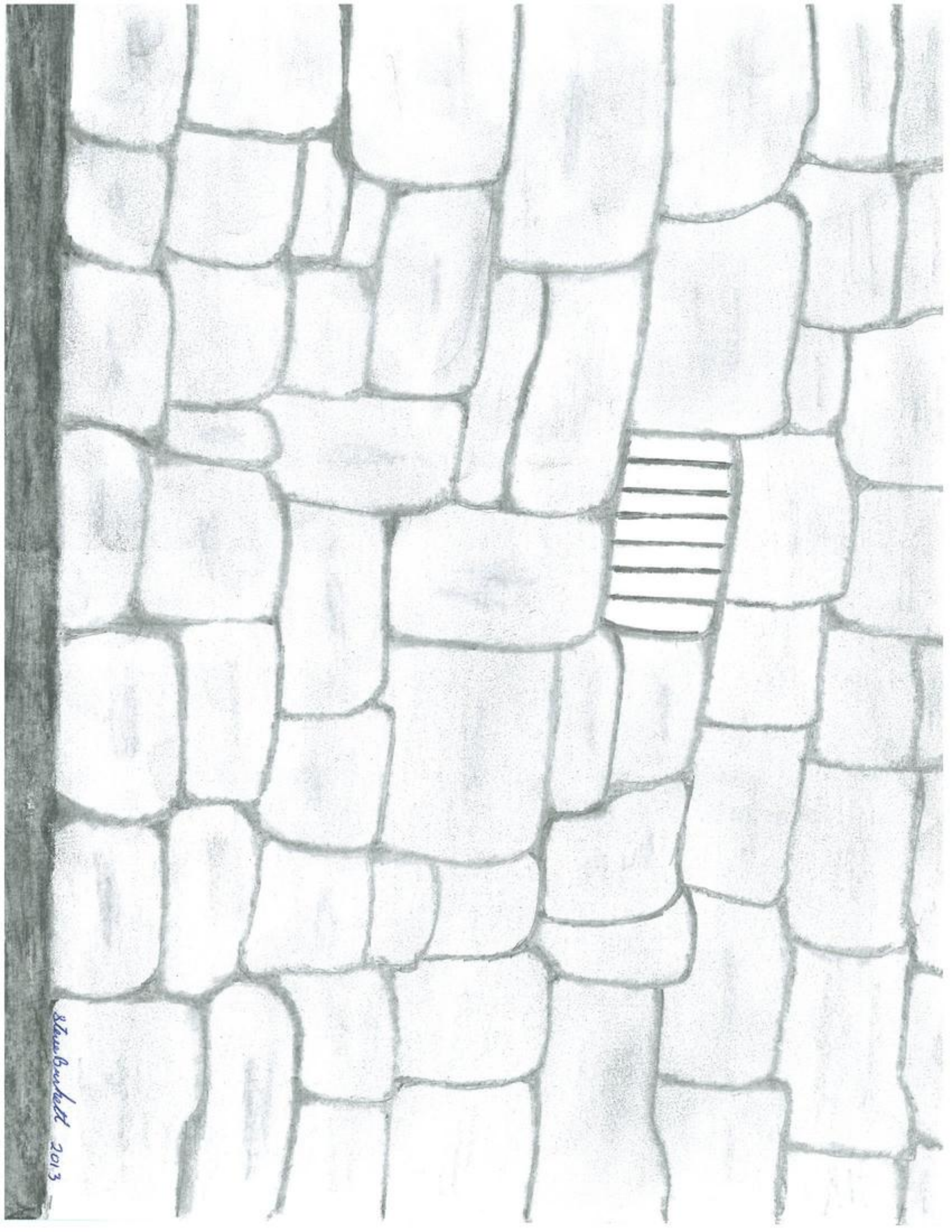
One would think
they would keep
the madmen out

yet they enter
through the gates
each day

The window bars
set so high
one cannot see
freedom

Steve Burkett

1-13



Steve Burdett 2013