

Crush Soup

Poems - Art Work - Short Stories - Notes - Rambling

It is not an act of cruelty to create, if only for a moment, the illusion of hope where none exists.

My brother James - you have always been the best friend. Do I worry that I'm going insane? Certainly. Don't you? On the other hand it is an escape, a fortunate type of insanity - besides, you're there.

How is my Aunt Alice today? say hi to Ginny.

The weather here is like life, warm for a few days, then cold and damp for a few days, then warm again. Baby sister your letter always make me smile. The days they arrive are warm days even if it's raining and cold outside. I love you sis.

I have not taken a pill, but I believe far too many prisoners talk to imaginary friends - which is a good thing, as they're not paying attention to our conversation - most of the time they can't even see you.

I can hear you whispering I love you in my mind's ear - Forever + Ever I love you.

It has been raining the last few days - the damp air has my arthristis acting out all over - right now I can close my hand my fingers are stiff...

I hope everyone is enjoying the little paintings I do for them? I know that I enjoy painting them...

#35. The active mind is difficult to tame, flighty, and wandering, wherever it wills: daydreams.

I see the world through your eyes; I glimpse the moon and stars; I've found a little peace in your heart.

I'm still working here, taking a college course, drawing and painting, and trying to write; daydreaming takes up most of my time; I daydream a lot about the ocean, lakes and rivers; sail boats and lighthouses.

If you have a minute before you turn the page or hit the off button, say hi, leave me a message, let me know you.