

## Irish Soup

Rambling - Notes - Poems - Art Work - Short Stories

My dear Brother James part away on the 10<sup>th</sup> of April. We will all miss you so much we love you brother.

Lifting my face I've tasted the rain, I've cried with my tears, my pain, my fears. From time to time all our past floats to the surface of my mind - where we all that spare?

I often get lost in grand ideas, beliefs, ideologies, differences identities, and daydreaming.

James my brother - I can still hear you laughing about all of it - I had the best brother ever - say hi to Tim...

When your eyes fill with tears it is hard to focus, when you smile I can see you in all your beauty.

How is the world doing? No one seems to know how to write or even talk anymore. I am your lost brother - friend - son - father - nephew - cousin - lost on this big rock in the dark.

The truth is my love I have become more deeply involved than I ever dreamed - from the reflection in your face I glimpse the radiance of the stars.

I'll be taking a Psychology class during summer semester. I'm finding that the administration is ~~as~~ as unresponsive and <sup>is</sup> difficult to deal with as the prison administration.

My mind is volatile, uncertain and difficult to control. I am today a blank. Make a comment on any of my ramblings I'm open to any advice. I'm even open to a praise 😊

As long as you don't have to go into the fields, it's a good day.