

Irish Soup

Poems - Art Work, Short Stories, Notes - Ramblings

Things happen so slowly in prison you really don't notice them happening at first. Then one day you wake up and wonder what happened here. Who is the old man staring back at you in the mirror.

Lonely it is here sometimes and the tears flow freely and silently in the darkness of the cell.

"Nobody has ever measured, not even poets, how much the human heart can hold." Zelda Fitzgerald.

You are the flower that brings happiness into my world - loving keeper of my heart.

Contemplate cement and razorwire outside your window while on the inside a locale even more arid...

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

Baby sister - I think about you every day. I glad I have you for a sister.

I'm taking an Intermediate algebra class, just so you'll know where my head is in the fall :)

Tuesday 5/28/13 People say he had been trying to get a cell move to avoid any trouble - the guards told him to deal with it - He did, there have been at least 3 celly killings here in the last year or so and all three had begged for a cell move before it happened. I'm sure the guards just think it's funny. If I have trouble with a celly I'm just packing my bags and moving. Nothing wrong with a little hold time.

I'm going to get back to posting every month for awhile - maybe more after the fall semester. I should complete my required for an A.A. :)

Even a poor excuse is better than no excuse.

A weed is a flower growing in the wrong place.

Don't be afraid to write on the blog. You're hella make me want to pick up my pen more.

I miss you brother