

Irish Soup

Poems - Art Work - Short Stories - Notes - Ramblings

Home is not just about where we are born, or where we grew up, fell in love. Not just where our hearts are. It is where we'll die and be buried. It is the center of gravity, heart and soul, beginning and end. It is the ones we love, the ones who love us. The ones who will remember us, and maybe, just maybe, will say a good word about us when we're gone.

Saudade (Portuguese): is a strong feeling of missing someone you love. "you bury me."

Last semester of college and I have intermediate algebra I promise you I will never use any of this :)

The gift of your heart makes my world go round. 

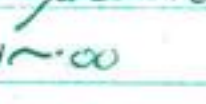
I know my brother James + Tim are fighting over something dumb. by now : they both like a good fight. I miss you both, Hi Ginny read the blog to you Grandma for me. I love you Aunt Alice and I think about you everyday.

I've often wondered if anyone ever gets my letters or if I just forgot to address them. : summer

The overcrowded prison problem calls for an extra strength ENBax
There are days when words flow like wine from a bottle - then there are days like today when the cork is in the bottle and all the words are lost.

Baby sis when I don't hear from you I worry, address
Not long ago I was only a small child chasing butterflies
Now I am an old man with butterflies in my stomach.

Steve Burkett was a young poet singing his way to the gutter dump - he grew old on his trip, so he was left there with all the other discarded. That the way I feel right now.

The requirements to make any relationship work is just to keep putting it out there. My love is forever. You are my heart. I could sure use a hug right about now. 

You can leave a comment anywhere among my writings blog - it would be nice to hear from someone and would at least know the blog is still up and running.