

Poems - Ramblings - Notes - Short Stories - Art Work - Potatoes
I'm always in a hurry to do nothing, or to get to nothing
I've promised myself to slow down and enjoy the painting
the poem - the day - the love of my life - like itself.

It seem like forever has gotten longer
a black moon / a burned out star / lost in darkness
More than anything, I am afraid of being uncrazy
Aunt Alice, I love you, I hope you are having a good day
I survive on silence and denial

I can remember getting up in the morning and washing
down 3 aspirins with a Coors before brushing my teeth
Idleness is not just an indulgence, or vice. It's peace
and quiet, it's a necessary condition for looking at
life, seeing in the past and in the future,
I see your face on every blank canvas.

It is truly an act of cruelty to create, even for a
brief moment, the illusion of hope where none exists?
The days here have been beautiful Spring like - not
enjoying them as much as I should.

Aunt Alice, I hope you are feeling better; I miss your letters
Georgia's new gun law lets people carry a gun in plain
sight almost anywhere: "you don't like the way someone is
looking at you, don't hurt your hands hitting him, just
shoot him before he shoots you." ☺

Baby sis, hi - how are my two sisters doing? Love you
My painting, my writing has slowed down - my inspiration
on a break.

☺ If I close my eye tight enough I can see your face
lighting up the darkness

There was a breeze blowing through the ~~oaks~~^{scrub} oaks as
the sun was warming my skin - I could hear and
feel the sounds of peace

CK LAHOMA I know why don't they just put a morphine drop in their
vain and let them go out until their head - to humane.
Happy Mothers Day to all you Mothers ☺