

Irish Soups

Rambling - Notes - Poems - Short Stories - Art Work
Happy Birthday my true love.

I'm proud of our brother Teddy - he sure has turned his life around to make sure he's going to be here for those 2 babies

Got a wine beef last week - I lost 30 days of yard and they took 90 days of pay from me - the only thing I can say about that is "I'm getting paid!" news to me. 😊

Every attempt at communication is a leap into the dark, with no guarantee that I will be understood or even heard (well) by anyone.

Across the dayroom drunks sprawl in front of peeling doors, old men scattered like fallen leaves, all dying of something. No one seems to care, each man stands alone. My door opens, I enter, another day ends.

I knew I was in love with you the first time you made me laugh 😊

I often find myself looking for a quiet place in my heart without which there are no dogs barking or crickets chirping nor your laughter heard. With art everything you know comes into question, like love not everything is rational, some things are just poetic and cannot be explained.

I often wonder who will ring me to sleep.
Baby sister - I love you - hope you are doing well.
We who create are blessed to put something into this world that is totally and uniquely us.

It is cold and lonely on the dark side of the moon, there are no stars and the silence is deafening.

I want to dance in the moonlight and walk in the rain with the keeper of my heart, the holder of my dreams.