

Drush Soup

Notes - Rambling - Poems - Short Stories - Art work
Don't think ill of crazy people - you may be one of them.
You make a perfectly rational decisions that turn out to be dumber than dirt, no way around it.

I woke this morning to a sad world, what are the odds I laughed out loud. I try to decide what letters to keep as I try to down size my life to 6 cubic feet. I take back another piece of my ~~past~~ from the trash and put it in the keep.

You are at the top of the mountain - you are sitting naked on the ground your bare ass touching the earth - you are sandwiched, naked, between heaven and earth. I imagine I'm sitting next to you, of course I'm naked it's your imagination.

Life for me is no more than Memories, Dreams, and Reflections. I am still crazy.

Baby Sister: I hope your hand and wrist are doing better - love to you and little baby sis - be more careful. Wouldn't it be nice to have a dream recorder so we could watch the good ones over and over.

I have more time to draw, paint, and write since I was unassisted last month. I just can't find the drive right now. I am painting and drawing doing more details - trying new things - I'm doing a lot of reading I daydream to escape my melancholy life.

I was born, I exist. Must I stand alone in a world of such beauty in my old age.

About being old; I find younger people addressing me as Sir. When I speak, they get quiet as if I have something important to teach them (or maybe I'm talking low). It took me a while to get this veneration. Since I'm here I might as well give out some wisdom. How where did I store it? :-)

♡ The memory of our first kiss still lingers in my heart.

Don't this bread about over?