

Irish Soup

Notes - Rambling - Poems - Short Stories - Art - Work - Thoughts
 Sometimes at night I can still hear the sound of your voice deep in my dreams. I can hear the wonderful sound of your giggling somewhere in the back of my mind.

I often wonder; are you laughing with me or are you laughing at me?

The one thing about getting old that pisses me off is that you have to give up your vices one after the other, not much fun without vices - maybe I take a couple ^{pages} Solitude is something a man both needs and wants in prison, but too much of this wonderful solitude can be harmful as it can make madmen of us all. Jesus Christ Superstars has been playing on t.v. all the last week. ~~Oh~~ how I miss hearing you sing along with the record.

Monday morning; with this new job in the mess hall I have to be at work 5 days a week at 4AM. It takes away my solitude time so I'm looking for another job. I might go the medical unassigned route - I don't need to be standing up 5 hours a day.

Old man that I am with so many limitations - I have revealed to me an unexpected unfamiliar self.

Don't cry, sometimes batteries die and toys break. We play by a different set of rules; your word is your life, I have learned to survive on silence and denial. I watch the moon do push-ups in the sky, then like the little boy I am I cry.

It only takes a smile to make a dark day seem bright so brighter up my days.

Whatever happened to just going out? After all one of the joys of being human is allowing our minds to wander in daydreams.

Maybe I should have built the outhouse first.