

Irish Soup

Notes - Rambling - Poems - Short Stories - Art - Steve

7/13/15

Happy Birthday my sweet Louer. To me it will always be your 17th birthday. 🤍

What will the message I leave on the prison walls be?

My worse fear is waking up one morning and being unrecognizable. Can you imagine how hard it would be being a sane man in prison?

Every night I go to bed holding you in my heart.

Every morning I get up and tell you I love you, I miss you so much. - I'll try to call today. 🤍 🤍

I try to paint a little everyday. Some days, like most of June it's just too hot, other days depression sets in so bad that it's actually physically hurts.

Although I use mostly pictures to paint from I don't, hardly ever, paint the same picture but what I see in the picture - the shape, the color, I add & subtract things from. You wouldn't even know some of the paintings are from the pictures I use. 🤍 😊

Some days seem to go on forever. but they're not nearly as long as the nights - the long midnight hours - waiting in the pre-dawn hours. Am I the only one that feels it. Blue 🤍.

I need at least 2 or 3 feet of my own space around me - I hate it when people just reach out and touch me while they're talking or to get my attention or for that matter any other reason.

The reason older people sound impatient is simply that we are. Time is slipping away and we have only so many years left. I don't want to spend them alone and waiting. "Wow, this is taking forever!" 🤍 🤍 🤍

Every morning I get up and look at the pictures on my wall and say I love you to each and everyone. 🤍

Leave a message, ask a question, give me advice, just say hello - paint me a picture with your words - remind me how great life is. 😊