

Irish Soup

1-14-16

Notes - Rambling - Poems - Short Stories - Art - Steve - Bull
 I'm struck by how old friends connect us to parts of
 ourselves long forgotten; reminds us of who we
 really are, rather than the person that the years of
 doing time has us thinking we are. You're still my
 wake-up call on rainy morning - a hot cup of cocoa on cold days.
 I know, I know, I know, the truth is I will have to forget
 all I've ever known. Get involved + get creative!

1-10-16 Happy Birthday, Mama I miss you so much. Love you,
 give my love to Aunt Alice. Tell Stevie, James + Tim Hi, Hi Dad.
 Happy Birthday Ted 1-6, Tony 1-8, Mindy 1-18, Baby sister 2-16. ♡

I started learning how to draw and paint at Folson in
 the 1970's. Self learned, yes, maybe, I - had a lot of
 friends over the years who were teaching me by telling
 what I was doing wrong. Life, like painting is always
 dreaming of new things and better ways with more color.

Creativity is allowing yourself to make mistakes. Art
 is knowing which ones to keep. Sometimes slower is faster.

Let go of a traumatic past and embrace a second chance. Not
 everyone is lucky enough to get one.

What if we remain prisoners of our mistakes, fearing to
 know to much about the whole of things, no matter how
 many years we put between ourselves and our worst
 moments of weakness and shame. How much do we really want
 to know about the whys?

I see a lot of people here that are happy in not seeing what
 makes them mad. They pay attention to every slight, self-
 righteously to every time someone is wrong, and exact
 in every opportunity to point out when someone else is bad.
 Always, they are angry and feel justified in retaliating or
 in punishing others, and not just the CO's.

I miss being able to talk to you, being able to just write you
 with all my sorrows + worries (someday I feel all alone - depression is a
 bitch) you know how you get to feeling no one cares.

Leave a comment ask a question