

pjbu

♡ For You ♡

I can still feel the warmth of you around me. I woke up at 3 A.M. It was pouring down rain, the big drops. I sit here in the dark watching as the wind was blowing the rains big drops hard against my pain listening to the music from the sound of the storm as the razor.

I got your 3 messages from last month ¹⁻¹²⁻¹⁶ ♡ I know that you are always with me my love - I see you're still ready to stand up and fight for me. The letter we get with each message is the best response to negative comments is usually no response.

I started the VAOP (Victims Awareness Offenders Program) on the 12th. I should be able to learn something about myself is about one's Accountability & Responsibility. Taking ownership of one's behavior and admitting our decision to commit a crime resulted in the victimization of someone. Examining our previous/current values and beliefs so that we may gain insight into our behavior. It would be nice to know the whys. To continue to grow to change I need to know all the whys of the past. Knowing that I'm not alone that you are always there makes it easier for me to grow.

I did 4 paintings of myself this week. send one to Lorene, one to Linda, I have one for Theresa B-day March 15, and one to keep in my Po. I await your every word. Always + Forever + Ever ♡

Obviously, I wasn't thinking much at all. I made a mistake I apologized to my love ones.

The hope that we will be remembered after we are gone is both elemental and universal. The poet Carl Sandburg captured this feeling in his 1916 poem "Truths"

Yellow dust on a bumblebee's wing,
 Grey light in a woman's asking eyes,
 Red ruins in the changing sunset embers;
 I take you and pile high the memories,
 Death will ~~beat~~ ^{break} her claws on some I keep

Not to Be Forgotten

I fight to confirm
 my final vanishing memory
 in my wondering mind
 I lie at times
 if only to myself
 some are not whitewashed
 blue in my poetry
 green in my paintings
 yellow in my stories
 red in my heart
 coloring all my memories
 as not to forget
 sharing all my memories
 not to be forgotten

Steve Burkett

1-1-16

pjbu

once upon a time
like the other day
we were so young
so happy, so free
my how the years
have all past away
we have one thing
that has never changed
the love we share
that remains the same. 1-13-16
Steve Barlett

Not a day goes by that I'm not thinking
about you.