

Irish Soup

12-15-15

Notes - Ramblings - Poems - Short Stories - Art - Steve - Bull
There is always a little use, a little good, a little life left in anything, and who are we to decide when something is done for good, it will not well away the time.

I got this blog from baby sister telling me to call it was dated Nov. 27 and I got it on Dec 9th. Of course it stated it was posted 2 months, 1 week, before it was printed out. So if I take awhile to answer your blog it ain't because I ain't thinking about you.

I sold two paintings at the Piar 5 Art Show for \$35 each \$70 it cost \$7 for J-Poy \$63. 55% for fines \$28.35, \$7.48 for insoles for shoes I don't have and I didn't get the insoles. \$10. for sick calls (I didn't see a Doctor but on R.N.) one for my lungs, one for an ear infection. \$10.87 for store (toothpaste, soap, deo, etc.) if I spend it real fast. ☺

We try to be good at the heart. We fight for things, sometimes we lose, we fail, we get lost, we make mistakes. We hurt the people we love. We hurt ourselves. We get rejected. We fail tests. We break promises. We break hearts. We drink too much. We do drugs. We laugh too little. But we always show up. We are hopeful.

It has been cold and damp here the last couple of weeks. The damp makes my arthritis (small joints) act up. My fingers get to hurting so bad it hurts to hold a pen. My fingers locked up while I was trying to paint over the week-end so I've learned to push through to get the painting done. Without my painting and writing, I may go sane and no one wants to be sane in prison.

Odds of you going to jail in the USA during your life time is 1 in 40. ☺

My state of mind - stressful, confused, lost. It took all day to sweep the sunshine off the sidewalk.

I know it takes awhile for me to get a message but leave one anyway - let me know someone's there. ♡

Send my art out art. ☺

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Journal

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Nov 5, 2015

The days are long the nights even longer - I've been alone most of my life, gone years without hearing from anybody - this time it feels different, emptiness/loneliness goes deeper it all seem so surreal - the inside pain never goes away.

11-10-15

It rained yesterday - still raining a little here in the pre-dawn - I use to love walking in the rain - now it's just a place to hide my tears.

11-13-15

Somewhere between midnight and dawn, another full moon has my cell lite up like the light on "K" street. Another long cold night, blue.

11-15-15

Have another ear infection - hurts like hell, ^{right} ear this time, back teeth killing me, my right eye has swollen damn near shut, can even think. Been up all night waiting for the pills to kick in - I just took two more. I get ear infection all the time so I have the pills on hand. I get them by scratching the inside of the ear with my finger, clearing with toilet paper, drying with a towel.

11-19-15

I worry that I'm going to lose my memories. I've already lost the control key. Maybe I should try just turning it off, but I tried that, they stay with me. The only thing I have. Confusion, exhaustion. Forgot what page I was on.

11-21-15

This has been the slowest of my slow days. I haven't been able to get myself out of this hell within a day-dream. I feel lost, without love how much longer can the days get before they end, alone.

11-25-15

Thank you - homesickness is distressing and unpleasant. I miss that aroma of someone cooking with love. I miss the ones I love. It's cold today - frost covering everything - thing that once made me happy now can cause me to hurt, make me sad. Guess I'll get over it someday but I don't think I want to.