

Irish Soup

2-21-16

Notes; Rambling Poems - Short Stories - Art - Steve - Bull
You have to lose part of your humanity in prison in order to survive. With the power of love, it can grow again.


I love trying new things when I painting. I experiment with my art now and find I can do new things that make me a better artist and person with self-assurance.

I feel lucky and expect good things in my art so I court chance and trust my gut with colors.

I've never did one thing right in my life - that takes skill, just because you can't dance is no reason you shouldn't dance.

I have to take a few deep breath or I'll blow my top. A meaningful conversation with my family, friends, + love ones would be ideal - to feel that comforting connection that happens when I hear their voices.

Our ability to feel sad is what stirs compassion in others and empathy in ourselves. There is no growth without loss, and no art without longing.

Baby sister - your new phone number - maybe a message here now and then to let me know things are o.k. Happy B-day 

They're opening up a new Level 2 upon the hill here 1600-1700 beds-downs - I can't go, points are too high, but even if I could I wouldn't - why would anyone doing life live in a down unless you have a date - for you that do may you have a good life there for the rest of your lives.

Are you realigning in the years, gathering up the tears, have you had enough of mine?

The more one forgets himself - by giving himself to a cause to serve or another person to love - the more human he is (Viktor Frankl, Man's Search for Meaning) #119104

No matter how harsh the present or unpredictable the future, there's almost always some measure of joy to be extracted from the moment.

I feel brave whenever you're with me in my heart + soul. On my own I can feel my own vulnerability.