

Irish Soap Journal

Poetry-Rambling-Poems-Short Stories-Art-Stories-Ball

4-4-16

There was a bright light early this morning
shining through the tiny hole in my wall
lighting up my cell at 3: A.M. I look out this
small opening and there you are the woman in
the moon still shining down on me lighting up
my world with your smile - I love you more...
**No matter how upset you are, let it go, because
tomorrow is not promised to us.**

We're a vanishing generation from a different world,
a different culture. Some of my earliest memories
are of listening to records of people like Hank Williams
and Billie Holiday. The records are gone now but the
memories will always live on in my heart - I miss my
brother James.

"I Cover the Waterfront" Billie Holiday wow sadness,
watching and waiting for ones love to come back to me ♡

As a painter, a poet, I understand how something
beautiful can be made from sadness.

Punishment comes to a point where one will lose his
moral compass, his humanity. A brain can only take so
much pressure before ones humanity leaks away.

Once great wrongs are done its rarely possible to
undo them. This I know because I've tried many times.

You and I will not be finished at midnight - what we've
shared will definitely last past forever. Love didn't just
happen to us. We're in love because we each make the other.
Los Angeles moves 2.5 miles closer to San Francisco every
year - cuts down on that travel time ☺

Driving over the Golden Gate, looking across ~~the~~
San Francisco's Bay - I see my Uncle Dee beside
me and I become a boy again -

Leave a message and/or ask a question, say hello, talk about
my poetry, my painting - let me know what you think.
My new job will be to surprise people with kindness

r n K t

Brain In Love



To see more art by California State Prisoner
go to: WWW.EBAY.COM/USR/CAPRISONART

This picture remind me of my mother in
the 50s.