

Crush Soap Journal

7-14-16

Notes - Rambling Poems - Short Stories - Art - Bull - Stone

7-3-16 Walking brings me back to life making me forget all about all my sorrows, prison, and life's pains with only my day dreams and memories of our good times to keep me company. You can never get to old to enjoy the good stuff in your life. Old friends, old hobby, old music, old loves. ☺

7-4-16

~~Happy Birthday Steve my sun I love you I miss you.~~ Sorry is the pain I feel in my heart, happiness is the joy I have in my heart from loving you for my sun I love you. I lost control of my destiny long ago before I was old enough to know the meaning of destiny. Now I'm mostly just anxious, scared, and confused about what's to come. I do know addictions, helplessness, and rage well.

It's normal to watch everyone around you in prison to see if they have a weapon in their hands or that crazy look in their eyes. It's normal to have your dead friends and loved ones to continuously run through your mind, and it's normal every now and then to think about running your head into something.

The best meal I ever remember was went I was 13 at my Uncle Ruben & Aunt Silvia's: corn bread, green beans, fried taters, and cold milk, yes Cella we were poor.

For a long time in my family there was an understanding we didn't talk about anything. Now we don't talk at all. :-)

People who feel they have a sense of purpose in life live longer: a hobby that you enjoy like painting. ☺

I started PHASE 2 of VAOP today: Restorative Justice. Feeling connected to family and friends keeps people engaged and facilitates healthy aging. Being isolated works in the other direction and can lead to chronic illnesses (Walston) If one gets sick he needs someone he can count on to be right there to help him, a friend, a loved one, someone to care. Carrying a grudge can literally weigh you down.

For Stevie
never again
will I feel
your loving arms
holding onto me

never again
will I feel
your sweet kiss
on my cheek.

never again
will I feel
your small hand
holding my hand

never again
will we wrestle
playfully upon the
living room floor

never again
will I hear
my little boy
laughing out loud

never again
will I hear
my son say
I love you

Steve Burkett 7/5/16