

Irish Soup Journal

Notes - Rambling - Poetry - Short Stories - Art - Bull-Steve
 January 1, 2017; 5AM: I woke up dreaming about
 you, then to begin the New Year to find you here
 in my heart ♡ I love you - miss you on these
 cold nights - your heart warms me inside.

I've got a touch of the holiday/winter blues, now
 it is time to get up and sing ☺ ♡

Sadness is like beer & wine: In moderation,
 it's nothing to fear.

I just read that bad fat is linked to
 forgetfulness. So that's why I don't remember
 things - and I thought it was just old timers ☺
 My New Year resolution is to say something
 nice to someone everyday even if it's just hello,
 how are you today? show a smile.

My obligation as an artist is to paint what
 I want to see in the world.

You don't have to be crazy in here, but it helps.

Christmas morning, thank you for being you the one
 I love, I have always loved, will always love ♡

Now that I'm older I'm looking forward to my
 sunset years. What does that mean anyway?

I often dreamed about family and friends who have
 past and more past, the more I have to dream
 about, I don't want to join them but the dreams are always
 good. ☺ ♡