

Laish Soap Journal

Notes-Rambling-Poetry-Short Stories-Art-Bull-Steve just thinking about your daughter in my ear brings a big smile to my face; you do remember how handsome I am when I'm smiling. ☺☺

Always speak well of other people (no faces, sighs, impatience, etc.), we're all herd animals - get used to it - we need one another, do not discourage anyone else's fantasies, sometimes we need them. "Lengthy incarceration is a waste of human potential and tax money. It puts people in a time vacuum where life has ceased to move forward or backwards, it just exists." (K. Davis)

They say that with patience and practice most people can get better at painting - not true - some people just can't paint.

Old Man: a man in the evening of his life - only in the autumn of life (from the September equinox to the December solstice) can we find concepts and ideas; we have learned how to feel things.

My mind is filled with my imagination running wild, you, old woman, are my inspiration.

♡ Lover, my neuroses, phobias, and eccentricities are normal for someone as crazy as I am. ♡

I need to learn to be mindful of my thoughts, my words, my actions and learn not to react impulsively to someone in argument.

rnkt

A Note to My Heart Holder

2-9-17

Don't think I don't think about you everyday because you're forever on my mind. You're here with me in the hours before dawn. You're the body that warms me when the morning's cold, you're the one who pushes me out of bed to start my day. You are in every poem that I write. You are every painting that I paint. You are every dream I've ever had. You are the cold milk with my cake. You are with me when I go to work in the day, when I just sit around and play. You are with me on long walks, sometime in the rain. You are there to touch my heart when I am in pain. You are the music that I play. You are the one who holds me when I'm scared. You are the one who holds me when the lights go out. You are my love, you are my heart, you are my Jeannie. Forever & Ever Steve

1958 I'm still standing at the end of the driveway watching Aunt Alice's car fade away on Herber Rd. I often wonder if they would have made room for me in the car where I would be today, or was my life already set.