

Irish Soup Journal

Notes: Rumbling Poetry - Short Stories - Art - Bull - Stone

2-28-17

I hadn't ever seen you, I didn't even turn around, and I knew I was in love - it was that laugh of yours. Oh, I wish we could go back then - Heart's, your B-day 1963. I wake up every morning remembering your laughter in my ear. ☺

I miss my brothers - not the ones I don't hear from - although I do miss them too - but the ones who have passed - I can feel alone in this world without them. This place likes to punish go-getters and reward indolence, so you submit, surrender, lay down, bring things to a standstill, just become tired, lazy to do.

A note from you puts me a piece of chocolate cake and some milk away from the best day ever. ☺

Sometimes I'm lonely, I need to talk, and there's no longer anyone I can talk to, so I write - it's only Feb. and the days are getting longer already.

My heroes were my brothers, my son, my dad, my grandpa Jackson Doyle Smith who just away in 1961. My favorite food is beans & potatoes, corn bread & milk made by my Aunt Sylvia (1950's) did I say we were poor. We aren't just the sum of our memories, we're also the stories we construct about ourselves, the stories we will never forget - forever & ever. ☺

Humans don't mind duress, in fact they thrive on it. What we mind is not feeling necessary, S.J.

They say the lessons we remember are the lessons we learn the hard way. Then I should remember everything as I do everything the hard way.

I try to smile about something everyday even when I don't feel life smiling with me.

I keep hearing the words those people from the new people taking over - that's most Americans. Most of us have been on one program or another - did for college or something those people - you mean Americans? ☺

It has been said that when an old person passes it is like a library burning down. ☹

So precious and sweet, you raise goose bumps all over me, inspire my awe, most of all, you touch my heart. ☺