

## Irish Soup Journal

Notes - Rambling - Poetry - Short Stories - Art - Bull - Steve

4-3-17

I can feel your breath on the back of my neck and your arms locked tightly around my chest keeping me from falling into oblivion, your body warms me here and I don't want to get up and immerse into the dark and cold world of this prison cell. ☺

Once in prison we're taught to watch our backs at all times, to trust no one, and to throw the first punch in order to protect ourselves.

I have no idea after all these years about how to have a normal family life, a normal friendship, or a normal romantic relationship - I look to you to help me with all of this - to teach me normal. ☺

The line that simply overwhelms me: "your Joanne loves you."

I've grown up in these little cells, enduring abuse and assaults one can't imagine and that's just by the guards.

The guards a CDCR receive one of largest pay increases and pensions while producing one of the highest recidivism rates in the country. Good job California employing all these layabouts who feel people in prison are less than human and treat them that way.

There is an old Tibetan saying: "wherever you receive love, that is your home."

I remember playing pinball a lot with my brother James at that joint on 7<sup>th</sup> street next to the Governor Grill. ☺

Tomorrow, my spring cleaning is going to start, just mail, old magazines - empty - empty - that - old letters - which one to keep, which to part with - but that's tomorrow's worry. ☺ ☺

I hope I will always be able to find the dream of my youth - dream of happiness - dream of the warmth of days gone by the days before the clouds covered my world. ☺ ☺

I'm an old member of the Procrastinators Club of America.

It always took my brother Tim awhile to warm up to people but he'd kiss a dog he just met on the mouth. ☺

Something offered in the right spirit can act like a jolt of electricity, benefiting body and soul.

Days are getting longer now and I need you here in my heart - in my dreams - in my world - I'm so close to that crazy place I'm afraid to make a turn. ☺