

## Irish Soup Journal

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

5-7-17 It's Sunday and I'm sitting in the dark watching you sleep - you're smiling; you must be dreaming about me in the way I dream about you.

Here we give each other old stereotypes full of empty rhetoric while we kept skeptical eyes on each other. When we talk honestly about something it is considered a weakness - need human contact

Stress causes a lot of weight gain: it turns out that prison causes a lot of stress causing emotional eating - everyone I know here is overweight. I myself must be under a lot of stress. ☺ ☺

I'm remembering when Tim was staying with us in '73 and would wake us all up early in the morning cooking breakfast I can still smell the food cooking after all these years - he was a good brother to both of us - to everyone.

The deep breathing associated with singing has been shown to improve your heart health. So I'll sing to you even more now my love. I know you love the sound of my voice ☺ so sing along with me - sing happy.

Most people are just trying to make ends meet, wishing they had more money, a better job, less pain, or that certain event in their lives would not have happened. I'm one of them.

I often dream about unusual things or places, mostly with you, about you, or looking for you. Last night I dreamed of a giant tidal wave. I've been told dreams are a resource for insight. I remember dreams with you clearly ☺

It should be noted that I have finally forgiven myself and have quit carrying that bag of shit up the stairs. Sometimes all it takes is a smile from you to make my day ☺