

## Irish Soup Journal

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

11-29-17

The faded tattoos on my arm reminds me of you and all the faded memories we share - let us say nothing just sit here in this dimly lit cell holding one another sipping our coffee.

I'm drawn to the story beneath the surface of color lines and composition; realistic watercolors capturing the souls and stories of my subjects be it a horse, a person, a boat, a lighthouse. Every drawing, every painting is a story of their own.

There will come a night when I'll see the distant lights from your lighthouse and I'll be coming home.

To travel alone isn't to rely on yourself. It is to force yourself to ask others for help. Will anyone ever ring for me again? or will the music continue to ring in my mind alone.

I didn't say it took me five years to get on the dance floor with you; I said it took me five beers. 😊

The positive reinforcement that art provides leads us away from involvement in negative behavior. What we do and learn leads to increased chance for lasting success within our lives. Now, the anger, anxiety, and loneliness we feel can be put into drawing, painting, writing, and more.

I do need you to comfort me once in-awhile, to catch my mistakes, help ease my pains. I need you physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually.

Next month is my birthday - next month is Christmas - next month is the end of the year.

Are you still there with me? ♡