

Personal Journal

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1-12-18

Fri

are here in prison. At least it wasn't raining. I like going for walks in the rain but standing around in it, or working in it not so much. They said it was going to be foggy this morning but it's clear outside my window hope it stays that way - let it be foggy tomorrow I have to work there. * Fridays are my days off.

1-13-18

Sat

Daydream

The lowering sun shows across my path, sparkling on the lake, and radiating peach tones across my canvas. I sit in my open tent doorway, feet freed from shoes, my dogs laying to each side of me. James' tent set backed up on the bench to my left, and Tim's tent straight across on my right. Our tents surrounding the lake, dust slid over our camp, my dogs, my love and I retired to our sleeping bags. Late into the night a gusty rainstorm convulsed our tents and popped the stakes. As Jeannie and I desperately held onto our tent and re-set the stakes, the full moon created a rainbow in the withdrawing rain clouds. The moon rainbow made the disrupted sleep and wet socks totally worth it.

1-14-18

Sun

"Baby got her ⁷ blue jeans ⁵ on" I've been feeling better the last few days. Hands still hurt (fingers) but my mind seems better. Cold in the cell, foggy outside so another day of cell time. I've even been working on a painting of the 'Big Sable Light House' in Michigan, ~~Fig~~ 1867 working slow but it's coming out nice. Nothing ever happens around here anymore one day is pretty much like all the ones behind it. I never hear from anyone so I alone in this little world of mine.